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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I HAIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A BOY, BUT I GOT TO ACK LIKE A MAN NOW."

—"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," page 87.

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VOL. XXXIII JANUARY, 1903 NO. 1

THE OLD ROUTE TO ORLEANS

THE MISSISSIPPI

By Willis Gibson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

NEAR the beginning of the eighteenth century a restless civilization, sailing over seas, reared a town upon the marshy banks of the Mississippi River, hard by the Gulf-gate, and called it New Orleans. Boldly then this civilization turned her canoe against the river's lonely flood, planting, as she paddled northward, many flags of France, and here and there a stockade, beside the tepee of the wondering red man. Trading-posts followed the flags. In a little time St. Louis, a thousand miles and more from the Gulf, was born, and even in the far reaches of the mysterious upper river fur stations, hundreds of miles apart, sprang up.

With the coming of another century, the American pioneer, straggling over the Alleghanies, commenced to drift down the Ohio on his raft to raise the log hut upon the Mississippi's hospitable soil; so many of him that by and by the distant Congress was prevailed upon to possess itself of this new barbaric highway on the Western frontier.

But now that the American had his highway to himself his commerce progressed sluggishly, for his raft, after completing its tedious down-stream voyage, had no means of getting back, and even that innovation, the oared barge, consumed weeks in its journey with the current and months in its return.

Then, abruptly, in the hour of need, came the Steamboat, founder of trade, shaper of migration, first builder of the West. Within twenty years a brave fleet of rude, slow-going steamers was plying the lower Mississippi, interchanging the products of North and South. On the upper Mississippi — a land of terrible winters — the pioneer had pushed his clearing into the extreme North; for his protection Fort Snelling had been established at the head of navigable water, and packets were running in season between St. Louis and the new fort. The steamboat route to Orleans and the sea was complete. For the gateway city was known along the river as Orleans now; the christening of the French had proved too long in the saying to suit the men of this stirring period.

But it was in the forties and fifties that the old route came into its glory. With its more than two score teeming tributaries, the Mississippi was such a transportation system as the world will probably never see again; bearing in its service a multitude of stately vessels—very different from their clumsy sisters of earlier years—each satiated with patronage, each operated in royal style, each reaping a fortune for her owner. It was an era of extravagance, of display, of gigantic commerce, of amazing prosperity.

Then the Rebellion. The Stars and Stripes ascended along the upper Mississippi; the Stars and Bars along the lower. In a day commerce was disrupted; the

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wonderful Orleans route was become a battle-ground.

The contest done at last, the Mississippi Valley thankfully saw its demoralized navigation resume, with a considerable semblance to its former vigor.

But in the years of battle a new force greater than the steamboat had been breeding, a force economic, invincible, inevitable, with never a trace of sentiment in its make-up: the Railroad. Ten years after the close of the war the steel tracks had not only paralleled the river, but tapped and transected it at so many places that in the fresh maps of the Valley all else was smothered beneath the blur of lines present and projected. Going absolutely where it willed, striking out in any direction that conditions seemed to justify, the railroad entirely altered the paths of trade, took unto itself a widespread inland territory which had been tributary to the water route, and even between river points effected marked savings in time and distance. The strife that ensued between railroad and river could terminate in but one way: a vast traffic departed from the river; steamboats by the hundreds bitterly drew their fires, never to rekindle them.

All the river's traffic did not depart, however; all the steamboats did not surrender. Over this land it had built and peopled, over these men who had lived and prospered beside and upon its waters, the silent Mississippi held an influence that no change of fortune, no desertion of the world without, could disturb. The hasty fashions which the railroad introduced elsewhere were utterly ignored through the Valley. Serenely navigation continued, the navigation of the fifties and sixties, its scope sadly diminished, but a haughty industry still. River and river people lapsed into a lethargy, lost in dreams of ancient splendors, confidently awaiting the time of their return.

He who sets out, as I did the past summer, to pick such an acquaintance with the old highway and its fortunes at the beginning of the new century as may be gained in four or five weeks' association, must not be discouraged because of what he sees at the start.

For the Mississippi is not well remembered at the official head of navigation, St. Paul. True, one can journey a few miles up-stream to Fort Snelling, and prowl about there until he stumbles over the original fort, almost hidden among the newer buildings of the post, a deserted ruin still standing guard over the joining of the Minnesota and the Mississippi, where steamboats were trading twenty years before there was anything more at the site of the State's capital than a group of barren hills.

But as for St. Paul, she is now the railroad centre of the Northwest. On the Mississippi's east bank, huddling between the water and the main city, are great railroad warehouses, depots, and terminal yards. On the west bank are new, bustling factories and—more railroad tracks. Gone is the old broad levee where single steamboats sometimes landed as many as 800 settlers for St. Paul and Minneapolis at a trip, where the townspeople were wont to gather for news from Washington and the East, where the First Minnesota Volunteers embarked for the front—all sacrificed to the railroad. And very lately—consider the ingratitude!—the city looked smiling on while the Union Depot Company, with pile-driver and steam-shovel, to make room for additional trackage, impudently moved a half-mile of the eastern shore some sixty feet out into the river. The present levee stands largely upon made ground. It is neat enough, but so pathetically small that when three or four steamers are moored there a newcomer counts herself lucky if she manages to pass a line ashore—let alone finding a space to drop her stage-plank.

So to-day St. Paul, from her hills, gazes indifferently upon her river. Strangely enough, however, Minneapolis, the up-stream neighbor, who has never known any navigation save that of the loose logs that come drifting into her saw-mill booms from up-State, cherishes an ambition for south-going steamboats and a levee; hence a system of locks and dams, designed to extend deep water to the foot of St. Anthony Falls, is now under construction above Fort Snelling. Perhaps when the river-craft commence to plough past the forgetful head of navigation on their way to and from the rival town there may be a different story to tell.



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Fort Snelling, the Meeting of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers.

But the steamboats that come to St. Paul's dock are as they should be. The St. Louis packet upon which I covered the first stage of my voyaging—a lean, stern-wheel giant so long that, as she lay quartering at her moorings, her wheel rested full in midstream—looked inch for inch, line for line, like the queenly ghost of some champion-of-the-waters of the days before the war. And the small fry that snuggled alongside, a half-dozen packets and towboats, if youngsters in length and breadth of beam, were faithful counterparts of their big sister, so far as their several uses would allow.

Viewed broadly, steamboat architecture from St. Paul to Orleans is as it was in the years of pomp. And why not? The ideal Mississippi packet is, within, a hospitable structure of cavernous spaciousness; without, a glittering pile of white splendor, whose dignity the deep-water vessel can never approach. In the length of the river there are many sorts of steamboats—boats fresh from the building yards, boats so old that men have grown gray in their service, boats with acres of plate-glass and gold-leaf upstairs and a steel hull below, boats with tottering cabin, musty furniture, and no hull worth mentioning, but all alike are followers of never-to-be-forgotten ideals, proud representatives of an old-time life that will not die.

So let the pilgrim who quits St. Paul on a down-bound steamboat be of good cheer, for in less than an hour's time he will find himself inside the boundaries of the Mississippi's true world, a strange land cleaving the heart of our hurrying republic from north to south, to find whose end he must travel as far as from the Atlantic to the Rockies. But the new-comer will not fully realize the change that has taken place until he sights the first landing, Hastings, Minn., or, perhaps better still, the second, Prescott, Wis., by the entrance of the St. Croix River, some thirty miles below St. Paul. My St. Louis packet blew her landing signal for Prescott at twilight of a splendid evening in May. Prescott, be it understood, lays claim to a thousand inhabitants. As we began to round-to, while the echoes of our mellow whistle were still surging merrily back from the surrounding hills, more people came swarming down upon the sloping levee from out this village of a thousand than one may see along the entire river-front of St. Paul. They were not passengers, these men, women, and children, nor shippers nor consignees ; they had come merely to see a steamboat. And it made no difference that they had seen this self-same boat hundreds of times before, that they were to see her every week of the summer, not counting scores of other craft, because this was a real river town, where the joys of steamboat-hour never pall.

Back of Prescott's levee, setting its face squarely toward the Mississippi, stands a solid row of queer old stores and warehouses—not all tenanted—with the stable look of fortresses, brick or stone every one, with iron lintels and quaint tilting roofs. Years ago the commerce of a wide inland section flowed through these structures. To-day they seem sadly out of place in so small a settlement, oddly out of harmony with the white cottages that cluster on the hill behind. Sneaking along the base of the hill may be seen what has cast this spell of stillness ; just two rusty strands of steel—not these particular strands, but some like them in the back-country, which gave to Prescott's former patrons markets of their own. Such is Prescott, a drowsy village, infinitely peaceful, wholly content, a projected metropolis, a forsaken market, a typical upper Mississippi landing.

At Prescott the voyager is upon the threshold of the upper river's wonderland. The stream begins now to widen rapidly, to split into many glassy channels, heavy with the fragrance of woods and waters, and shortly the bordering lines of mountain-bluffs, whose beginnings are to be seen at St. Paul, draw near to follow the winding shores, save for a lapse between Dubuque and Keokuk, all the way to St. Louis and beyond. Towering ranges of solid rock, a hundred fantastic shapes, sheer, inaccessible, rarely colored, some stark naked, some turf-clad, some cloaked in timber, they make of the river's valley a wilderness, magnificent, primeval, eternal, so lonely that one may travel for hours and see upon the land no trace of man or his works save the hounding railroad. And all about lies a filmy blue mist, as though the soft smoke of Indian signal



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Village of Prescott on the Upper River.



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Rafting on the Upper River.



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The Hills of Iowa, Looking Up the River.

fires of centuries past still hung over the river.

It is thickly peopled, this fair upper valley. Between its terminals nearly a hundred old settlements nestle by the waterside, a hundred Prescotts, great and small, some stagnant, others mildly thriving, the majority ingeniously fashioned to fit the lay of the rough country, their business structures hugging some narrow niche between cliff-base and river, their churches and dwellings clinging perilously to random ledges on the bluffs above. They are proud towns. Many sit upon Indian hunting grounds and council hills that were gained only after bloody strife, and not one of them is there that had not once—if it has not now—a far-reaching name as a depot of trade. At every landing, no matter how tiny, one sees sturdy store buildings where fortunes were born, bulky warehouses where the properties of hundreds of inlanders once awaited shipment. The stores are occupied generally, but most of the warehouses stand empty, cobwebbed and crumbling, sad monuments to a short-lived traffic.

In the upper river cities, of which there are a round dozen, the passage of great east and west railroads, the establishment of latter-day industries and the influx of men to whom the Mississippi is a stranger, have accomplished an odd blending of past and present. But none of them betrays the slightest desire to shirk its river ancestry. Quite the contrary. Winona, for instance, displays a river-front park, sea-wall and all, that rivals New York's famous Battery. Rock Island, Davenport, and Burlington maintain levees almost big enough to accommodate the shipping of Chicago. And Dubuque has a shipyard where I saw, nearly completed, a monster towboat far greater than my admired St. Louis packet; so great indeed that it seems a pity that her owners, instead of placing her in the Orleans coal trade as they intend, do not prop her up on the front lawn of the Capitol for the inspection of those cautious Congressmen who have their doubts concerning the worthiness of our Western waterways.

These northern hill-cities are beautiful. All have stately public buildings and magnificent homes—for much of the wealth that was won in the days of thrift is still in the Valley. All have the old-fashioned river-front: weather-beaten wharves and warehouses, drowsy save at steamboat-time, a swarm of idle skiffs and blanketed launches nearby, maybe a loafing steamboat, two or three droning sawmills, a grumbling boat foundry and a slow-going boat-store, where the steamboat-man purchases his capstan bars and cans of milk. And all love their river. That staid aristocrat Dubuque, with a half-dozen railroads and all manner of "world-famous trains" passing day and night, will scurry leeward in answer to a packet's whistle as hastily as that little village, Prescott.

Four months of the year, sometimes longer, the valley of the upper Mississippi is a bleak white land, and the river itself, as far south as the mouth of the Missouri, flows sluggish and unseen beneath impregnable thicknesses of ice. But early in March, perhaps, after the spring sun has loosened the grip of the ice on the rocky shores and set it floating Gulfward, while the nights are yet wintry and the snows by no means done, the hardy raftboats begin to start out of the northern ports the drives of logs that have been hewn during the winter up in north Wisconsin and north Minnesota for the down-river sawmills. Next appear the short-trip packets, which make daily runs of from 50 to 100 miles between principal points, and are glad to land at any place along the bank where there is a chance of business and not too many rocks, boats to whom hours are no object.

But the industry of log-raft towing is the bone and sinew of the upper river navigation. To give an idea of its magnitude is difficult—to name the hundreds of millions of feet of timber annually transported would convey little meaning. But the traffic is so big a thing that the railroad makes practically no effort to undertake it.

The ease of its movement by river, however, is surprising. Into the everyday Mississippi raft enough logs are bound to load a mile or two of railroad flat cars. To the rear of this wide-spreading bulk a small but powerful sternwheeler puts her blunt nose; broadside-on at the head a sort of baby tow-boat, called a bow-boat, makes fast, whose work it is to swing the



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The River from the Wisconsin Bluffs.

raft's forward quarters in the bends ; a crew of nimble-footed raftsmen scrambles abroad to keep logs and lines in order, and, presto, the helpless giant of an hour before goes slipping down-stream on a three or four hundred mile journey as deftly and daintily as though each log had a paddle-wheel and rudder of its own.

A month or two later, say in May, when the warm winds begin to stir through the valley, other classes of craft emerge from their winter quarters.

By midsummer the navigation of the upper river has become a veritable spectacle, a double pageant more than 700 miles long : St. Louis liners, to the river what the limited express is to the train service, straining every fibre to make their 1,500 mile run in eight days, stopping at none but important landings, and then only to touch and go, promenades gay with tourists, a lounging crew of black deck-hands chanting down-South songs on the forecastle, a troop of white-jacketed waiters flitting about the cabin ; trim Burlington night boats black with passengers, and asking no favors of any railroad ; rival fleets of down-bound raft-boats pushing forests of wet, glistening logs, and sometimes a tow of sweet-smelling sawed lumber ; raft-boats and consort bowboats, lashed abreast, hurrying north after fresh loads ; new-painted, gaudy excursion boats with brass bands and dancing barges ; heavy-laden small-fry packets, maindeck guards in the water ; millionnaires' houseboats, gorgeously fnrnished ; dainty gas and steam launches, bright with brass-work and blazing awnings.

This is the upper Mississippi in summer-time, a wonderful land of painted hills and great sweeps of gilded water, a land of warm sunshine and lazy breezes, a happy highway of gala pleasure traffic and rollicking commerce.

With the first frost the fickle pleasure-seekers forsake the river, and in a few weeks at best the carnival of summer navigation is over. But months later, way along in November, when the icy winds of the hastening winter are sweeping the naked bluffs, the raft-boat is still at her task, grinding a path through the thin ice that forms of nights, and so she continues until the coming of ice that she cannot break.

But even in the dead of winter the steamboat is not forgotten in that valley, for she is a lady of varied ailments, and the frozen season is the time of her curing. At many a town some snow-covered boat sits high on the bank noisy with shivering carpenters and machinists.

Climatic, commercial, and navigation conditions make St. Louis the division mark between the upper Mississippi and the lower, although from the pilot's standpoint the upper river extends to Cairo, 200 miles farther south.

St. Louis is nearing the million figure, she is the railroad hub of the Southwest, but she has not outgrown her river days. Approaching the city from the north, one sees easily enough whence the settlements of the upper river drew inspiration for their architecture. The river edge, and all of old St. Louis, is simply a greater Prescott—two or three square miles of her —the same stout structures of brick and stone, the same iron lintels, the same tilting roofs.

St. Louis's levee, however, is at once impressive : a flagged slope of interminable length, a broad hill whose height varies with the stage of the river. A mile strip, below the Eads Bridge, is given over to the packets and their wharf-boats —floating warehouses made necessary by the changing water-level.

The reminiscent veterans about the wharf-boats will tell you that where you see perhaps a score of steamers along that strip there were once seldom less than a hundred at a time. They will tell you further that those two biggest boats of all, placarded to carry twenty-five cent excursions, whose main-decks have become common dancing-floors, whose promenades are littered with vulgar catch-penny devices, whose tiers of staterooms are locked and empty, are relics of the greatest St. Louis and Orleans line the river ever knew.

But to one who never saw St. Louis at that glorious day, the levee at five of an afternoon, the leaving hour of tradition, is a stirring sight. The last time I visited it, there were behind the dingy wharf-boats fifteen great packets, stern-wheelers and side-wheelers, blazing white beneath the afternoon sun, packed together in a fashion that would have turned a sea-captain's hair, loading for five rivers and



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The Hour of Departure of the Packets, St. Louis.



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Water-front at Cairo, on the Ohio River.



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The Levee at Memphis.

ten states. Up above the bridge there was even one smaller packet, striving to revive a lost trade on the desolate Missouri. It was an hour of escaping steam, of shodden hoofs slipping over cobble stones and thundering onto wharf-boat decks, of shuffling feet, of oaths, of discordant orchestras, of utter tumult, the one place, barring Memphis and Orleans, where the serenity of river life is disquieted.

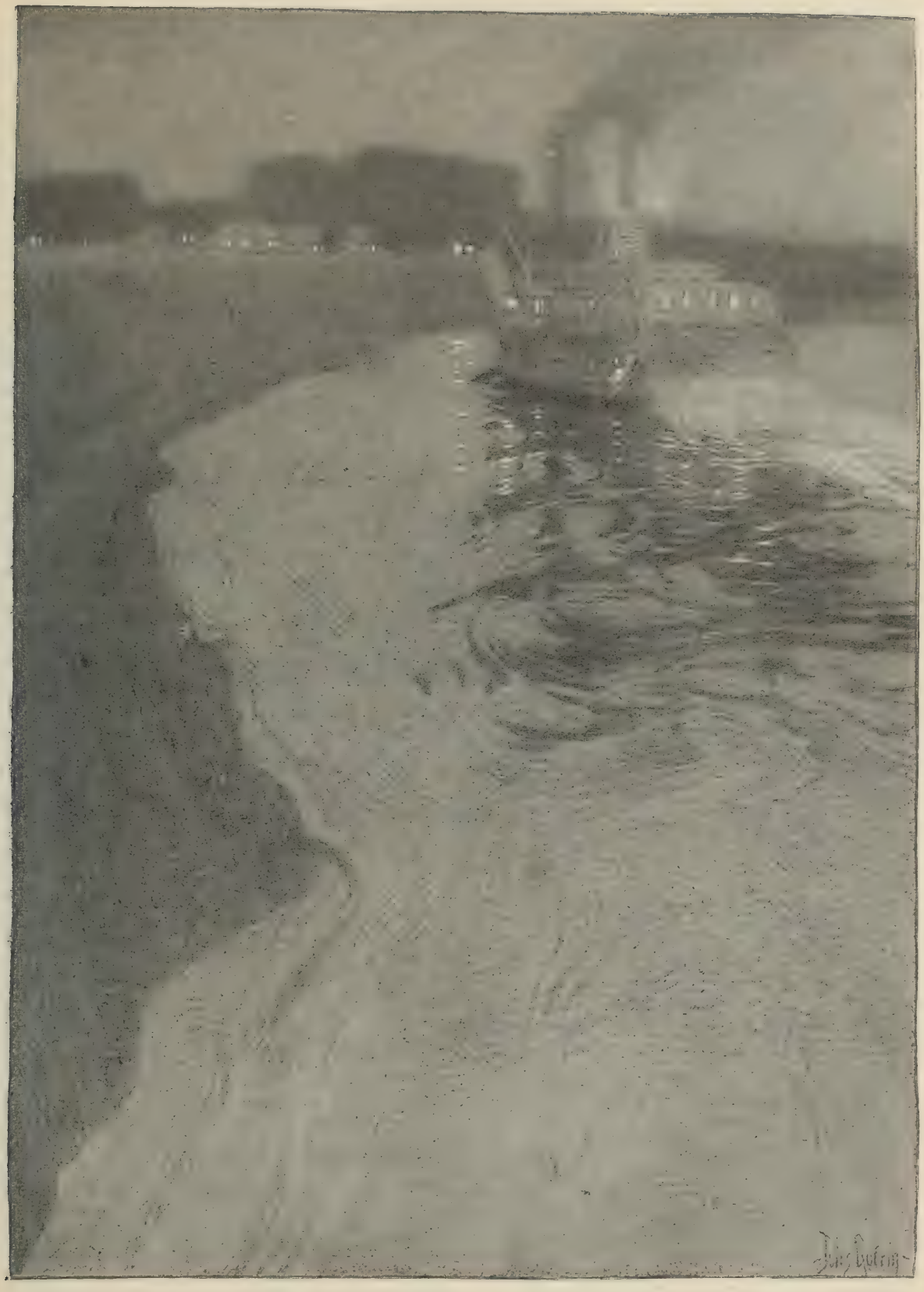
The Missouri River, vomiting out its ugly torrent, inky black as dirt new-turned by a plough, some twenty miles above St. Louis, seems to foretell evil changes in the Mississippi's fair country. So when the south-bound voyager, having left behind him St. Louis's busy harbor, begins to notice the same lovely bluffs, the same rocky banks, the same old towns, that he has seen on the upper river—though the stream is much wider and deeper now—he will be perplexed. And when this state of things continues down past Cape Girardeau, 150 miles below St. Louis, he will perhaps conclude that this kind of country is to last all the way to Orleans. If he does so, he errs sadly. But a little distance farther, a transition begins that is far more startling than that change below St. Paul.

With the passage of Cairo and the mouth of the Ohio, the transformation is complete. The many-colored bluffs, the rocky shores, the old-fashioned towns, the warehouses, the levees, the frivolous excursion boats, have vanished. The river has entered an awesome solitude, an empty stillness as of the sea. From Cairo in Illinois to Baton Rouge in Louisiana—900 miles—the outlook is ever the same: by day, a vast field of frowning water, losing shape in great hazy bends ahead and behind, hiding dread depths beneath its black bosom, silently, sullenly eddying between high gray banks, water-soaked and crumbling, topped by a never-ending fringe of shaggy timber; by night, a pathless waste of murky shadows, with never a light anywhere save of the stars, and now and then a government beacon. Yet there is a wonderful fascination about this grand, grim lower river, that seizes upon even the visitor of an hour—an impression of mighty energy, of smouldering rage, of resistless, ungovernable strength. And it is far more than an impression. Over this lonely realm the Mississippi, backed by the Ohio's yellow flood, exercises a sway that is whimsical, pitiless, absolute; shaping its soft, rockless shores as it chooses, tirelessly tearing them down, tirelessly building them up, giving no peace to the puny men who seek to dwell in its vicinity.

For all the apparent loneliness it is in the lower river that the steamboat gets down to real business. Dancing barges, flags and brass bands play a very small part there. And the negro roustabouts seldom group on the forecastle to give vent to song; the mates have something else for them to do. For that unending fringe of timber is not deep, and behind it, on either bank, stretches out the most bountiful corn and cotton growing country in the world. Save at points extremely far separated, the whistle of the locomotive has never been heard in this region, and probably never will be. Foolhardy the railroad that plants its bed on these changing shores! Aside from the lines at the principal cities—Memphis, Vicksburg, and Natchez, which occupy three of the half-dozen lonely hills between Cairo and the Gulf—the railroads that touch the river are weaklings that run back to no place in particular. The paralleling roads, that robbed the river of the old-time St. Louis and Orleans trade, lie scores of miles inland, out of the reach of high-water.

So every great planter and every little planter hereabouts, every great storekeeper and every little store-keeper, has his private landing, which is convenient for him, and not inconvenient for the steamboat, because in this river the banks drop off sheer; a boat can loaf along shore almost anywhere, as carelessly as though she were in mid-channel. Odd landings these are, usually nothing more than a solitary ramshackle box, by courtesy a warehouse, no bigger than a railroad hand-car shanty. Frequently a rude platform, or a roof perched on poles, takes the place of the warehouse. Sometimes a black plantation hand, with mule and cart, is all the steamer has to welcome her.

A strange sight it is to come upon a pile of freight, sacked wheat say, wait-



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Packet Making Night Landing—Arkansas Shore.

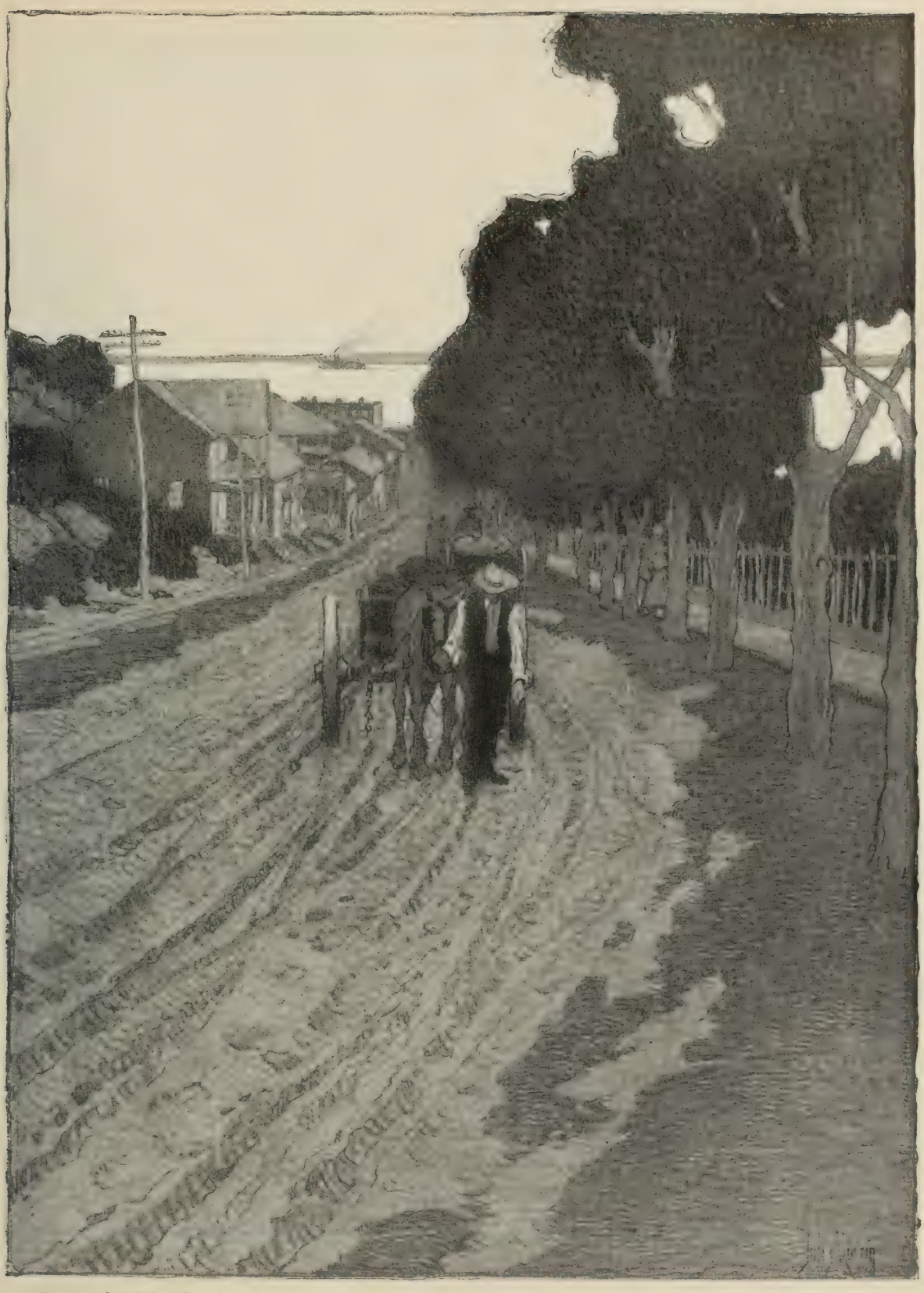
ing shipment in the midst of a seemingly impenetrable forest, unguarded and alone, as if it had lately risen out of the earth, or, again, on a shore that appears barren of man, to see a group of passengers, from a plantation-house a mile or two back, suddenly spring up from behind a shading shrub, and begin to wave coats and hats in a frantic hailing signal. Of these private landings there is an interminable number—three or four to every mile—consequently the big packets of the lower Mississippi, of which there are a host the year round, do more landing, loading, and unloading than they do navigating. Owing to the steep soft banks, which offer no footing whatever, the moving of the immense quantities of freight transported is a work of the greatest hardship. And the great changes in the water-level cause fresh difficulties with each succeeding week. When the river is falling fast, a steamer which calls on her up-trip at a warehouse atop of a ten-foot bank, is liable to find that warehouse thirty feet above the forecastle on her return. In the time of slack water and lofty banks it becomes necessary at nearly every stoppage, before an ounce of freight can be transferred, to set the deck crew to cutting an incline up the steep with pick and shovel.

As for actual towns and villages along the lower river, they are few and far between. But when the traveller does come upon one, he sees downright antiquity. New Madrid, Mo., for example, was bothered by an earthquake before the war of 1812. In these places brick, stone, and paint are elements unknown, although, at intervals, a settlement is to be noticed whose listless buildings disport themselves in whitewash. Ginghams, sun-bonnets, and bare feet are the prevailing fashions. Up north the citizens come scampering out as the steamboat approaches, but down here the populace is already posted on the bank when the boat heaves in sight.

There is little reason, however, for a settlement in these parts to bestir itself. Its future is too uncertain. The town that is on the river this year may be on a useless swamp the next ; the town that is five miles inland, with no dream of the Mississippi, may be awakened any morning by the roar of a steamboat whistle. There are many points in desperate straits to-day. Tiptonville, Tenn., a town of more than ordinary prosperity, depending altogether on the steamboat service, once on the main channel, now finds herself, because of a cut-off, on a shallow backwater which goes dry as her streets in low-season.

Which brings me again to the river's vagaries. To begin, its crookedness is something appalling. Approaching Cairo from the north by boat, the stranger, seeing the city's elevators and church-spires within a stone's throw, is pretty certain to rush into the cabin to assemble his belongings when he has still before him a tortuous ride of two hours. Yet this phenomenon is not wholly without advantages. The citizen of before-mentioned Tiptonville who misses the up-bound boat at breakfast-time does not worry over the accident. He calmly spends the morning at home, then, after dinner, trudges four or five miles across-country to Slough Landing, arriving there in plenty of time—likely with an hour or two to spare—to catch his boat, which, in the interval since leaving Tiptonville, has been wandering through some thirty miles of bends. Down in the Great Bends country, below Memphis, the south-going steamer at the end of a half-day's travel may be farther from the Gulf of Mexico as the crow flies than she was at the beginning. One may go from Memphis to Orleans by rail—the distance is 400 miles—in a single night. By steamboat it is, at best, a four days' run ; the Mississippi dilly-dallys through exactly *800 miles* of twists and turns between the two cities.

But it is the river's habit of constantly changing its path that is the most remarkable. Every hour of the day and the night the giant is busy cutting and undermining his yielding shore-line. In a night he may devour more land than dynamite and steam-shovels could demolish in a month. For 900 miles one sees along the high banks uncovered roots of cotton-plants, wire fences dangling over the brink, plantation roads ending giddily in space, that speak eloquently of past devastation. And everywhere, yawning gashes, like raw wounds, in the shores, and long cracks in the sun-baked fields



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The Approach to the River, Natchez.



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Along the Docks, New Orleans.

beyond, betoken breakdowns soon to come. He is no respecter of persons, this Mississippi. Originally, they told me, the buildings of Stockley's Plantation, Tennessee, were far from the water-front, but a cut-off brought the river foaming by Stockley's door-step, and now the destroyer is aiming one of his V-shaped incisions for the plantation-house as precisely as though the course had been surveyed in advance.

It is uncanny to watch this dissolution at close range. One evening at Elkin's Plantation I saw ton after ton of the State of Missouri slide into the black river. Silently, softly, sadly, it went, with neither a tremor of warning, nor a splash to mark its going.

Yet this cutting does not, as might be supposed, widen the Mississippi permanently. When the current swerves into a new cave-in it makes dead-water of a space somewhere across river, a quiet harbor into which the Mississippi at once commences to drop a fraction of the acres of soil which it is carrying in suspension. The beginnings of a bar thus formed, the deposit of sediment goes on apace until by and by a substantial area of rich soil is annexed to the plantation that is lucky enough to be near by.

It is the favorite and almost constant amusement of steamboat passengers on the lower river, many of whom are veteran planters, to discuss the river's changes. "When I first came here the river was over yonder in that clump of willows; where the boat's running now So-and-so was raising cotton," is a remark overheard twenty times each day.

Nor is the Rebellion forgotten, that time when the banks of the lower river bristled with fortifications; when hundreds of boats, theretofore the aids of peaceful commerce, were hurrying ravaging armies to their work; when Orleans packets with a cannon on the forecastle masqueraded as war-ships, and went out to do battle with the Northern ironclads. Passing Belmont, Vicksburg, or Port Hudson, war talk is plentiful. Many of these lower river captains and pilots served on gunboat or transport. Many of them well recollect the noise a solid shot makes when it strikes the flimsy side of a steamboat. But beyond the talk there are few evidences left of the long strife. The river has wrathfully effaced almost everything that smacked of that disastrous epoch in its history. It has made sure that no more guns shall be mounted at Island Number Ten; it has washed away the famous bit of land to the last spear of grass.

Below Memphis the river's country is the same solitude, but a new element appears: the levee, which stands between the Mississippi at high-water and the vast low-lying region adjacent. There are scattered levees above Memphis, but the system proper, in which Government and States join hands, begins there. The levee is simple in appearance, merely a railroad embankment minus its track, seldom more than ten to twenty feet high. It follows the shape of the river in a general way, but is often as much as a mile distant from the bank. The levee is easy to build —the formula, as tersely stated by one of my fellow-passengers, being "niggers, mules, and scrapers"—but not so easy to keep built, because, aside from the strain of floods, the river, when claiming a section of somebody's plantation, frequently swallows two or three miles of levee at the same meal.

These embankments make somewhat of a change in the scenery, hiding as they do the lower extremities of everything behind them. Save for the shanty warehouses, which go under at flood-time, nothing can be seen of a town behind the levee except its roofs. I spent several hours in a typical place of this sort—Lake Providence, La. Though Lake Providence is a steamboat town pure and simple, her people do not glimpse their river from one month to another, unless they chance to climb to the top of the levee. Yet they prefer it so. I heard the story of how, not many years ago, they saw the Mississippi from far back in the town, how they saw little waves washing down the levee's grassy slope, waves driven by the wind out of a river flush with the earthwork's summit.

At Baton Rouge occurs the last change in the Mississippi's world. The river, of a sudden turned sedate, rolls slowly into the so-called upper coast of Louisiana, an odd hundred miles of semi-tropic South, a land of wondrous sugar production, of

white-pillared plantation mansions elbow to elbow, of rose gardens and moss-draped oaks, of quaint French settlements, stray bits of old Orleans.

I need not say what a seaport is New Orleans—ashore, one no longer calls it Orleans. Ships of every nation lie at her miles of wharves. Yet it is the Mississippi steamboat that holds the post of honor there, that looms grandly at the foot of Canal Street; and anyone who knows New Orleans knows what honor is that. Nowhere else does the steamboat so stand upon her dignity; incoming or outgoing, the native American, towering dizzily skyward, she ploughs past those grimy foreigners a very bundle of arrogance.

From New Year's to New Year's the atmosphere of the lower river's navigation is business-like. Besides the packet industry, which I have already touched upon, there are various fleets of towboats and freight-barges, and a monster system of coal towing from Pittsburg to Orleans, which unfortunately is suspended for months at a time by reason of slack water in the troublesome upper Ohio. This last-named traffic is carried on in much the same way as the upper river log-rafting, a number of coal-laden barges being handled by a single stern-wheeler, and like that Northern industry it is a commerce upon which the railroad gazes wistfully from afar. Yet in the busiest season—the fall and winter—when the packets are smothered under cotton-bales, and the coal is moving in fine procession, this navigation is wholly lost in the magnificent loneliness of the lower Mississippi. Nor do I believe that 10,000 steamboats let loose upon those mighty waters would meet with any better fortune.

When the Mississippi is at average stage it looks as clean-cut as the Welland Canal, and as deep as Lake Erie. Thus it is that many a stranger who surveys the stream from a car-window, goes home to lift up his voice against the folly of the River and Harbor Bill, and to scoff at the Mississippi pilots' science, knowingly averring that, given a little practice, he could hold a steamboat in mid-river as well as anyone.

But at low water the reasons are at once apparent why the Government appropriations, so far as they relate to the Mississippi, are but drops in a bucket, and also why the amateur steersman would not carry his boat many lengths before coming to grief. If the scoffer should return then, he would discover that the steamboat channel is a narrow strip of water which wriggles about the river's bed like an endless snake, ceaselessly crossing and recrossing from shore to shore, actually following the bed's centre scarcely once in a dozen miles. He will see farther, everywhere flanking that channel, mammoth billowing hummocks of yellow sand, which the river at its former level had wholly concealed.

Even in its days of prosperity the river was a highway beset with stumbling-blocks and navigation was often subject to grievous delays which everyone made the best of, no other course being open. But with the coming of the feverishly active railroad this uncertainty in steamboating was suddenly realized to be a nuisance of serious proportions, and eventually the Government awoke to the wisdom of putting its chosen highway in condition for advantageous navigation.

In 1864 the Mississippi had touched the shoalest mark in its known history. Taking this as a basis, it was decided, with an easy nonchalance, to establish and maintain a channel between St. Paul and New Orleans in which even at low-water mark of '64 there should be sufficient water to float steamboats of the type and draught in use on the river's several divisions.

What sort of a labor it has been, and will continue to be, to persuade the Mississippi to accept the Government's plan, only the commissions and army engineers who have coaxed and wheedled and fought him these many years can tell adequately.

The Brooklyn Bridge, as an engineering feat, caused a stir at the time of its conception. On the Mississippi, unheard and unseen, engineering schemes the size of the big bridge are hatched every month in the year. But that is not saying they are all successful.

Between St. Paul and the mouth of the Missouri the task is to provide a channel depth of at least four feet during the open season—which is a harder problem than it seems at first glance.

In the vastness of the upper Mississippi

lies weakness. The water that stands limpid in the lovely bays and back channels of which I have told, is water sorely needed in the main channel. Moreover, even the main channel's bottom is far from uniform; the rock of which the wonderful bluffs are made mischievously outcrops in the channel's bed, and at each of its graceful bends the current is incessantly striving to build bars and reefs that will top the draught-line and so block navigation. Neither should the passing of the old-time Northwestern snows, and the consequent high-waters which followed the spring thaws, be left out of account. Nor the fact that because of the removal of timber the rains of to-day waste down the river in sudden freshets whose benefits are of slight duration. In the upper Mississippi the army engineers have dammed the useless back-channels; they have built in the main river innumerable wing-dams, stone dikes, running out from shore at various angles, which are purposed to confine the current to the steamboat channel, and so clear and deepen it; and, wherever that channel forsakes the rocky bluff bases to wind through lowlands, they have reinforced the earthen banks with broken stone—a process called riprapping—to prevent caving and ensuing changes. Furthermore, they have spent years in dredging sandbars and in uprooting snags and bowlders: easily the steamboat's deadliest foes.

Acting in co-operation, the navy department—lighthouse division—has mounted hundreds of beacon lanterns to mark both head and foot of every shift, or "crossing" of the steamboat channel.

All this is a step in the right direction, but only a step. For the river, in its hours of ill-humor, breaks down wing-dams, eats in behind riprapping, and floats it off by the mile, slices away earthen shores, and takes unto itself fresh lots of stumps and stones. In consequence the channel alters, and makes false prophets of scores of the navy's beacons. Whereupon the whole campaign of dam-building, riprapping, snag-hunting, dredging, and beacon-adjustment, is renewed.

There are, however, two works of real permanence on the upper river. In old times the upper rapids, above Rock Island, and the Des Moines, or lower rapids, above Keokuk, shallow reaches of sharp descent, with jagged rock bottoms and treacherous currents, were dreaded places. At low water it was necessary to transfer cargoes over them in lighters. To-day a deep channel has been established in the stony bed of the upper rapids by sixteen miles of laborious blasting, and its wanderings indicated by a score of signal-piers of massive masonry. In daylight an association of special pilots takes steamboats over in short order, but between sunset and sunrise the beacons on the piers shine in vain; few owners care to risk their boats in the night passage. At the Des Moines Rapids, the more dangerous of the two, the engineers have left the waters alone in their wickedness, and have taken away all their romance as well, by building a fine, and undeniably safe, twelve-mile canal, with three locks, in the west side of the river. Running this canal is slow work, however, and when the water is favorable, there is a temptation to save an hour by using the Rapids. Last summer I saw a little Keokuk packet out in that old, abandoned river, swinging cautiously along through the gray of a gathering dusk. In former years I had been over the Des Moines Rapids myself. There is no confusion of waters about them, as in the Niagara gorge, but there are more ugly little rings of bubbles, and greasy little swirls, than one can count, each of which marks a bowlder or point of rock, plenty strong enough to rip away a steamer's whole bottom, and no more than a yard or two below the surface.

Between the mouth of the Missouri and the mouth of the Ohio the work is of much the same nature, except for the fact that here a much deeper channel is required, to accommodate the increased steamboat draught necessary to lower river traffic. This two-hundred mile stretch is the vital link in the river system; upon it depends the St. Louis and Orleans trade. And, sad to say, it is also the weakest link. Though there is seldom a time when a light-draught steamboat cannot navigate it, there have been periods when steamers loaded according to the legitimate demands of their traffic have been forced to tie up because of obstructing shoals. Owing to the failure of the River and Harbor Bill of 1901, Government activity on this important piece of river was represented at

the time of my visit by a great engineering fleet idly rotting at the bank opposite Chester, Ill., for lack of operating funds.

Below Cairo the entrance of the Ohio and other mighty tributaries, and the substitution of alluvial shores, alter conditions immeasurably. There is a prodigious volume of water now, so much that oftentimes the worry is to get rid of it. Sandbars, however, form here in a month such as the upper river would consume years in building, and with the constantly caving banks, snags tumble into the flood in dismal numbers. Hence there is work in plenty for the dredges and the snagboats. But with wing-dams and riprapping the river has little patience. Therefore, aside from the endless task of policing the shifting channel, and the erecting of protection levees, all efforts are bent toward keeping the river within hailing distance of its ports. With the independent landings this is easy : it is merely a question of moving a warehouse ; but in the case of a point of consequence it is another matter.

Vicksburg is an example of this difficulty. For years Vicksburg has been a Mississippi port only in geography and atlas. By a great cut-off, formed since the war, Vicksburg was suddenly left a city with levee, warehouses, and steamboat agencies, in front of which there was no river. The Mississippi was thenceforth no nearer than Kleinston, two miles to the south. Efforts made to bring the Mississippi back through its dried-up channel had to be abandoned. But though the Government could not give Vicksburg her old river it is now engaged in doing the next best thing : giving her a brand-new one. The Yazoo River at present enters the Mississippi shortly above Vicksburg, but the engineers have nearly completed for the first-named stream a new mouth, in the shape of a canal which runs past the city front and the old levee, and joins the Mississippi at Kleinston.

Through the level country below Baton Rouge the river makes but little trouble ; it is nowhere shallower than 100 feet, and its lessened current washes the shores gently.

The railroads which follow both banks of the upper Mississippi were difficult of building. A score of curves and a dozen culverts were necessary to every mile. Millions had to be spent on defensive stone walls and riprapped grades. And many of the river's towns sat squarely and stolidly in the way. When the railroad came to Alma, Wis., it found so little waste room that to get by the place it was compelled to go into the river —on a mile-long trestle. One can imagine how the river must have chuckled over its arch-enemy's dilemma.

And now that the railroads are finished, the river makes things most unpleasant for them—when it is not quarrelling with the Government. In flood-times it terrorizes their passengers by washing the tops of the embankments, and, later on, it cuts deeply into their earnings by carrying out tracks right and left. And now and then through the year the river's overhanging bluffs let fall ponderous bowlders upon the interloper. All night long one may see on either hand from the steamer's deck the dancing lanterns of guarding track-walkers.

But more than all else the river hates the twenty-two drawbridges between Fort Snelling and St. Louis, which force its navigation to squeeze through a wee space that is opened at the will of a bridge-tender, and in the spring-time it brutally buffets and bruises their piers and approaches with giant ice-cakes. Nor does the river hold too much love for the thirteen overhead spans in the same section.

But below St. Louis the Mississippi has the railroad at its mercy. Bridges in that angry torrent are well-nigh impossible. In all the lower river there is but one ; the overhead span across the narrow channel at Memphis. Elsewhere the railroad that wishes to pass, must bow down, and humbly seek the steamboat car-ferry.

It seems a far cry from the rages of the Mississippi to the black steamboat roustabout, but the latter demands attention : he is as much part and parcel of the river as is the water, and quite as necessary. There is an impression that the roustabout is a much-abused individual, an inclination to class him along with the slave-like circus hand. This is wholly wrong. The

roustabout is traveller, nomad, autocrat, man of leisure. He is little seen on the upper river, but in St. Louis, Memphis, and Orleans, there are enough of him to man five times as many boats as touch at those ports. Yet lower river packets have trouble in shipping full crews of the blacks—they are compelled to ship for each trip separately, because it does not please the rouster to take more than one trip in a month ; the balance of the time he plays gentleman of affluence. On the Memphis levee I listened to a group of the brawny fellows as they lolled within the shade of a freight pile. Not one was there who had not visited at some time every point in the Mississippi Valley at which the steamboat calls. They were equally at home in Pittsburg or Orleans, Little Rock or Chattanooga.

In summer the rousters are fairly willing to work, though they exercise fine discrimination in the matter of boats. But in the fall, when steamers are plentiful and labor scarce, they become exceeding coy. They do not gather around the hiring mate then—he has to come to them. They regard coldly the average monthly wage, $40—they ask for $60, and even for $90, and they get it. If they hold a grudge against the mate of a boat they demand his discharge, and get that, too.

But the moment, summer or winter, that the roustabout steps upon a steamer's forecastle his hours of ease are done. He works day and night—a sort of work no white man could stand for even twelve hours—he sleeps at odd minutes between landings, sprawled on deck or cotton-bale. He wears shirt—usually—trousers and shoes, and finds them burdensome. He lays aside his powers of sight and reasoning, retains only ears and muscles, and becomes a powerful machine, answering to the slightest inclination of a mate's will. On the whole it is a good system. A strong mate with fifty blacks can accomplish astonishing results. But he must exercise unceasing vigilance and complete physical mastery. The minute his eye wanders, the rouster begins to shirk with consummate cunning—a half-dozen men will lay ready hands upon a package scarcely heavy enough for two. The least sign of flinching in a mate is not only fatal to discipline, but dangerous to his safety, for the roustabout is by nature quarrelsome and revengeful, a brooder over fancied wrongs.

As the river is a creature of oddities, so is the steamboat-man—with all the evil left out. I have not the opportunity now to delve into the intricacies of his remarkable science, but in sketching his dwelling-place I may have given a hint of the difficulties which confront him. His is a trade of dangers and hardships, of a watchfulness that knows few resting hours, of many rough undercurrents, yet the true steamboat-man, though he often denies the fact, will make any sacrifice rather than be parted from it. He has spent his life making friends with the Mississippi, and has come to know the river ; he has learned how to cope with it when in anger, how to travel hand in hand with it when in happy mood ; he sees about it a thousand things that are invisible to the landsman ; every point and bend suggest to him some adventure or disaster, some mystery or story.

There is no other craft so governed by traditions. The captain who runs a hundred miles out of St. Paul, and who has never seen Orleans, has the same characteristics as the captain who runs a hundred miles out of Orleans, and who has never seen St. Paul.

The river makes its navigators men of sentiment, though many of them do not, themselves, suspect the fact. I remember one steamboat-man in particular, as rough a mate as I ever knew, who, after directing an extraordinarily strong flow of billingsgate at his crew, surprised me by speaking with the finest feeling of the recent loss of two river-men in the capsizing of a raft-boat.

Nor is it peculiar that in this land of mystery superstition should have a hold. No more deep-seated superstition exists than the river belief that steamboat disasters must occur in series of three. Men may laugh at this, but it is a fact that after the first accident of an expected series, vigilance is at top pitch upon almost every boat on the river until a second and a third steamer have gone to the bottom.

The faults of the steamboat-man are those of omission. Easy-going, unassuming, he hesitates to sound his own

trumpet in the way that seems advantageous in this turbulent era.

I wish I could make it plain how wonderful a being is the steamboat. She has a romance clinging to her every timber, and the blood of the thoroughbred in her veins. Into her go the engines of dead-and-gone river racers, and the treasured relics—sweet-toned bells, paintings, bits of bric-a-brac—of famous steamers of the past. Cabins, worthy because of beauty or stanchness, descend from generation to generation. Her name, oftentimes, stands for wife, daughter, old-time sweetheart, life-long friend.

Nobly she does her work. As a rule, the packet steamboat travels at least 25,000 miles in a year. Landing, she does not float smoothly into a deep-water slip as does the ocean liner; she has to grind through sand, stumble over rocks, buffet against banks and wharves. In time of storm she does not have miles of space in which to manœuvre ; she is cooped up at the wind's mercy, with nine-tenths of her bulk above water, in a channel sometimes not wide enough to turn about in.

Her powers of resistance are remarkable. When I likened to a ghost that St. Louis packet which I first boarded at St. Paul, there was more than mere fancy in the words. Thus far in her lifetime she had been once wrecked in a cyclone, once sunk by a drawbridge, once sunk upon a snag—in that last accident losing almost her entire bottom. Thrice the river had viciously wounded her, but it had not killed her—yet.

There is no sadder sight than a steamboat whose day is done. I came across one tied at the bank below Vicksburg, a stern-wheel packet. Her wheel was gone, her chimneys awry, her rotted woodwork protruding through gaps in her faded paint. So she was waiting the end—either dismantling or dissolution — with the river she had known so many years mournfully caressing her decrepit hull.

Of the Mississippi's future, prophets are not lacking. Some of them see things through spectacles rimmed with pearl, others dolefully affirm that with the beginning of another century the river will have become again the lonely stream of the Red Man's time. But to my mind there is small warrant for this latter view. An industry that has survived such troublous years as has Mississippi steamboating has little to fear from the days to follow.

A wonderful highway is the Mississippi to-day, pregnant with possibilities of redevelopment. But it is not a place for the practical man of modern affairs ; he soon loses temper at the river's pranks. Many an ingenious scheme that has accomplished success elsewhere, fails to find favor with the Mississippi. Within the past few years a distinguished Great Lake navigator built for the river two steel barges and a towboat with which he hoped to revolutionize the freight-carrying trade. It was his idea to bring to the Mississippi the method of barge-towing in vogue in his own country. In appearance and design his towboat was much like a big lake tug. She had a propeller, a bridge, and a single rakish scarlet chimney. He planned to carry his barges behind the tug at the end of a tow-line. . . . I saw that towboat at Milliken's Bend. She was still the only boat of her class on the river, and she was carrying her barges abreast of her in the good old way, like any other river towboat—the Mississippi had scornfully spurned the tow-line scheme. On the other hand, I saw at St. Paul a dingy little raft-boat, a dozen years old, converted into a packet merely by the addition of a swinging stage-plank, which was making a run of ninety miles every day and merrily doing freight and passenger business at twelve or fifteen towns served by two of the strongest railroads in the Republic. There was little capital behind her. Her mate, one of her owners, acts as clerk between landings. Her captain, another owner, after helping his crew to move freight, climbs into the pilot-house to guide the boat to her destination. This case well illustrates what may be done on this free-to-all river by men who understand.

Here's to the Mississippi then, Old Route to Orleans. May its waters never grow less ; may its commerce multiply ; may its navigators never forget their kindly fashions ; may its bosom be crowded again with swift-running palaces like the Lees and the Eclipses of the fondly remembered days.

WITH MY PICTURES

Wainscoted windows looking out of life.

How golden lies the light on these deep eaves
And elms of solitude, where I was born—
The broad grouped elms limned in the placid lake!

Oh for an hour back in that grassy world,
With orange clouds low bagging in the west,
Heavy with damp and perfume—loaded wains
With creaky reaches staggering slowly home
Through lanes and gates time-hallowed—poplars tall
High quivering, white above the cock and vane,
From undergrowth that hums with scurrying bees!

. . . . . .

"The Summer Hills"—a breathless, blistering calm!
A spell of silence, that the bated blood
Resents with elfin cascades in the ear. . . .
Those fluctuant butterflies could mount the heavens
With all earth's care! A beetle's pinions now
Would whir like turner's chips. . . . That watching eagle,
Pencilled in loneliness, sees all the gorge!

. . . . . .

You have seen this? The pristine woman shields
Her bosom from the gods—those "sons of God"—
While sighs but she can hear, and hovering kisses
Of lips scarce visible, and faint embraces
Of arms too fine this twilight to reflect,
Bear her away half-yielding, half-afraid,
Out of her mortal lover's jealous grasp. . . .
He seems to say, "Where wilt?—what wouldst thou do?"

. . . . . .

This is my "Hebe." . . . Once Jove's cup-bearer,
But now dismissed, she laughs—she hath the cup!
And prone in flowers will read her fortune in it.
Shall one slip daunt the darling of the skies!

O! brows o'erarching purple pools elysian,
Startled at shadows—though death was not yet!
O! breasts tumultuous as the ivory wheels

That romp the stadium through victorious cheers!
O! fair entrancing swell of the "heaped wheat
Set 'round with lilies" of the King of Israel—

. . . . . .

Ah, that? why, Mars—man at his rankest growth—
The jungle breast to foil a tiger's paw!
A wrist of brawn wrung from the grip of a sword
When breath of battle stormed the loitering peers
With curse fraternal—till they could but join—
And the bolts flew far off the heavenly gates
In streaks of fire, bronzing a front that hurled
Command!—the lion tan of his great eye
Staring straight on to see his will creating
A future for the world!
Was it a future?

. . . . . .

I keep this veiled; not often would I view it—
The haggard lightning, and the infatuate throng
That hold the women back—a bigot crew,
Upgazing fiercely, tho' with furtive looks,
To the white sufferer, hoisted by his hands. . . .
The raw spikes bloody His distracted arms!
The tears fall slowly to the broken heart.
There goes a bleating to the helpless heavens:
"Lamah, Eloi?"

. . . . . .

This is marked "A Sequel:"—
Soft moonlight floats the palaces of Rome,
Save where a few belated, smoky lamps
Invest the Circus with a tawny ring;
Slaves rake the sands whereon to-day nude fighters
Struggled with rampant beasts—but on the morrow
The patient Christians will not strip, nor strive:
Here the world-victor deigns to fight no more.
Above, the woods are shuddering grim and chill,
Where through dead boughs the splintered moonbeams fall
On hamadryads bearing the dead Pan
In quaint procession—and there, farther east,
Some wondering sages of Chaldea muse
Of a new lustre in the heavens—for lo,
The coming race a softer aureole wears:
Forever from the shoulder of the Bull
The Beauty of the Pleiades is gone!



GIUSEPPE'S CHRISTMAS

By Mary H. Peixotto

Illustrations by E. C. Peixotto

If you should ask Giuseppe whether he had ever seen a Christmas-tree, he would shake his head and answer, "No." Though he knew all the saints in the Italian Calendar, if you should ask him who Santa Claus was, he would look perplexed, and vow he had never heard of him. And if, continuing your queries, you should ask what he liked best for Christmas dinner, he would snap his black eyes, and quickly answer, "Eels!"

For little Neapolitan boys have never seen a Christmas-tree nor even so much as heard of plum-pudding and turkey with cranberry sauce. And dear old Santa Claus never ventures as far south as Naples for fear the icicles would melt off his long white beard, and his fleet reindeer would suffocate in the unwonted heat!

But Giuseppe could tell you all about the *bancarelle* in the Toledo, and about bombs they set off at midnight on Christmas-eve, and about the wonders of the *presepi* in the churches—for he had *his* way of celebrating Christmas just as we have ours.

And now for several weeks as he plodded through the narrow lanes of Naples, selling his onions, he had been watching sure signs of the approaching holidays.



Zia Amelia shaking her big copper tub of boiling chestnuts.—Page 31.

Had he not seen the *zampognari* come in from their mountain homes—shepherds dressed in sheep-skins with their legs tied up in thongs of hide, playing bagpipes in the streets, while little boys clapped their hands and danced before them, first on one foot, then on the other? And were not the shops putting forth their most attractive wares, and were not the pastry-cooks making little boys' mouths water with displays of most amazing cakes and tarts, dressed mountains high with candied fruits and icing? And now little booths were being put up along the Toledo. Even at home Aunt Carmela was rigging up an extra awning and dressing her vegetable shop with green boughs, and making it attractive by hanging about the door bunches of small red tomatoes, and yellow grapes and *poppone*—green Sicilian melons tassled with colored tissue paper.

Giuseppe was a little onion-seller. Having no mother, he lived with his Aunt Carmela, and was one of that large class of Neapolitan boys who go about the streets bare-footed in tattered rags, singing at the top of their lusty voices when not calling out their wares, and seemingly as happy as the sons of any prince.

And now the day before Christmas had come, and he prepared to set off even earlier than usual, and with a longer string of onions. But just as he was leaving the shop, Aunt Carmela called him back and said: "Here, take this paper and these seven *soldi*, and before you come home to-night, go to the monks of San Gregorio and they will give you a *torta* for me."

As he started out, the tardy winter sunshine was just squeezing into the narrow streets, and Christmas was in the very air. Every cart flaunted flags and colored papers, and all the donkeys and shaggy horses wore sprigs of green in their harness. The air was alive with vender's cries, and Giuseppe had to scream his "*cippole, cippole*," else he could not even hear the sound of his own voice.

But the onions sell well this morning.

In the Via Conte di Mola the people are all his friends. It must be confessed that he stops often to chat with his comrades who sell garlic and brooms and goat's cheese. At a corner sits Zia Ame-

lia shaking her big copper tub of boiling chestnuts. She hails Giuseppe with a friendly "*giorno*" and takes three of his biggest onions. A little farther on, on a high table outside a shop-door —holding court as it were—sits Benedetto's white poodle, surrounded as he always is by a crowd of boys and girls marvelling at his curly white coat. And to-day an organ-grinder is playing gay tunes, and all the children are dancing, and the half-shaved poodle looks majestically down as proud as a king.

How happy Naples is! It is hard for little boys to sell onions on such a day, but Giuseppe braces himself up, remembering that he must make a few extra coppers, for wasn't he seven and almost a man, and were not some of these very same coppers to help buy the eels for dinner to-night? There, near the corner, Donna Gracia is filling the lamps in front of the Madonna—three lamps there are to-day, and beautiful new



What a bustle in the great thoroughfare! —Page 32.

paper-flowers. And oh, good fortune! for Donna Gracia buys the remainder of his onions, and he jingles ten big *soldi* in his pocket. And he thanks the Madonna, looking smilingly down at him, as he



Donna Gracia is filling the lamps in front of the Madonna.—Page 31.

counts his wealth and then hastens into the Toledo—the main street of Naples.

What a bustle in the great thoroughfare! As far as you can see along both sidewalks, range *bancarelle*—gay little booths covered with rickety awnings, where boys and girls and grown-up people, too, for that matter can buy anything in the world for a cent. There are tin bugs that fly and green balloons that squeak and knives and tiny *bersaglieri* with feathers in their caps and little wax Gésu Bimbi, lying in cradles shaded by parasols of pink paper-flowers. And there are side-combs for little girls' hair and brooches and crooked horns of coral to keep away the evil eye, and beautiful pink shells, in which, when he puts them to his ear, Giuseppe can hear the roaring of the sea just as you can down on the Mergellina. He idles along fascinated, as who wouldn't be, from one gay booth to another until suddenly he finds himself in the sunshine of the Piazza Dante. But he hardly knows it to-day, for instead of the broad open space, bare and desolate, he sees a weaving multitude of venders and purchasers—



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Here is a Christmas street indeed!—Page 34.

a topsy-turvy of crockery, of tinsmith's wares, of blue-glass jugs and thick tumblers. Alighieri, high on his pedestal, his chin upon his fingers, looks solemnly down on the restless throng in the same austere manner as when he walked among them centuries ago.

But Giuseppe is not thinking of the great poet. His little mind is intent on that *torta* for Aunt Carmela.

From the crowded Via Tribunali he turns into the street of St. Gregory the Armenian, and there stands wide-mouthed with wonder. Here is a Christmas street indeed! All along its narrow way, shops put out upon the paving stones richly robed Madonnas in glass cases, and such lovely Gésu Bimbi with real curled hair and golden crowns upon their heads. On shelves around the doorways are ranged boxes of strange Eastern Kings, of black servitors in gorgeous attire, of shepherds and saints and peasants, and camels and elephants. Cows and donkeys lie waiting to be placed in the manger. Angels fly about the ceilings among bunches of gayly painted flowers.

In each doorway sits a young girl. Near her a glue-pot steams over a charcoal brazier, and all about lie baskets of moss and bits of cork, and armies of little chalk figures ready to be stuck upon the rough grotto standing on a chair before her. And Giuseppe's eyes grow wide as under her deft touch the rude paste-board grotto with its triple cave is transformed into a veritable work of art. Trees grow upon its painted mountain-tops. Pink castles and shepherds' huts are built upon its shelving roads. Moss falls in soft masses to break the harsher lines. In the centre grotto the Child is placed, with Mary and Joseph watching over it; the shepherds, the Magi gather about. In a side cave peasants make merry at a Christmas feast. And now the nimble fingers plant gay flowers round the sleeping Child and the *presepe* is finished.

As Giuseppe wanders down the street —so slowly—he sees fond mothers buying these pretty toys, and he thinks of the happy children who will have a *presepe* all their own that Christmas-eve, and of the tiny toddlers, the youngest of the family, who will light the Christmas candles.

In one shop larger than the others, where in a case upon the street such wonderful wooden *zampognari*, dressed in real clothes, play their pipes, he sees a priest buying a *presepe* for a church—each of its little figures made with love and care, the Eastern Kings in velvets and satins, the peasants in old-fashioned knee breeches and kerchiefs. Lovely lambs lie upon the hillsides, and angels hover in the air.

It is a wonderland, this street, but once again Aunt Carmela's errand spurs him on, and with a sigh he hurries along to the Gregorian convent. Its big street-door gapes wide open, and he climbs a long broad flight of steps on whose soaring vaults angels on clouds and bearded prophets are painted. The green double doors of the convent are closed, but in each is a little barred wicket through which the monks can see without being seen—for these good brothers, who spend their lives in cooking for the poor, never show themselves to the world. At either side of the door, in niches, revolve beautiful tables covered with domes of burnished brass. Giuseppe gave Aunt Carmela's paper and the seven *soldi* to an old woman standing by the wicket, and she told him to go and sit down among the men and women waiting on the long stone bench at the head of the stairs.

As he sat, he watched with wonderment those shining brass *rotoli* revolve by invisible means, each revolution bringing round a mysterious package. As their names were called, old men and young girls, poor women and little boys, would receive these packages—one a basket, another a dish, covered with a white cloth, others loaves of well-baked bread, and others platters. And he wondered what that miraculous table would bring around for him. When the old *donna* called Aunt Carmela's name he stepped up and she handed him a low basket wrapped in a clean white cloth. He deftly placed the basket on his head and trotted down the long broad steps, then took a short cut home, for he wished to be in time to help in buying the Christmas dinner.

When he reached his aunt's shop she greeted him quite affectionately, having had a prosperous day. Then she uncovered the basket he had brought, and he saw that it contained a beautiful *susamiella*—a tart covered all over with chocolate and



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

And then he found himself before a wŏndrous scene.—Page 38.



Every cart flaunted flags and colored papers.—Page 30.

sugar—a dish that little Neapolitan boys are very fond of indeed. When she asked him where his onions were, he proudly produced his ten *soldi* and handing them to her, said : " Here, these will help buy the eels for dinner." Aunt Carmela actually patted him on the head, a very great condescension on her part, and Giuseppe was very proud, I can tell you.

The *bottega* was left in charge of a cousin, and Giuseppe and his aunt started off to buy the Christmas dinner.

Day was closing and the narrow streets were teeming with a busy crowd making their last purchases. The shop-windows reeked with good things to eat. The butchers' shops displayed rows of whole lamb skinned to the middles, and kids, heads down, spitted on sticks of wood. In one store-window Giuseppe was fascinated at the sight of a little sucking-pig, roasted whole, of a crackly brown color, lying on its stomach with a golden orange in its mouth. But he knew it was no use wishing for that delicacy—that was only for rich boys. In the wider streets and at every street-corner market-stalls had been erected. Vegetables and fruit littered the sidewalks. Women with baskets were haggling and bargaining over tubs of oysters and clams and sea-urchins (which an American boy wouldn't look at but which Giuseppe smacked his lips over). And there were such quantities of fish with their tails tied to their heads so that their bodies were on a curve and their great red gills stood wide open to show that they were fresh.

But the things that interested him most were the endless baskets of eels—squirming, wriggling eels, the chief delicacy of the Neapolitan Christmas. How slippery they looked in their low flat baskets, and how they wriggled when the man tried to catch them ! Finally, Aunt Carmela, after much bargaining, decided upon some that were not so lively, Giuseppe thought, but they were a little cheaper than the others. The vender dexterously threaded them one after another on a twisted straw and Giuseppe carried them in triumph wriggling home.

By the time they reached the shop it was night. The busy day was over, so the vegetables were brought in from the street and stowed away in corners between the furniture and under the beds.

For you must know that bed-room and fruit-store and living-room and dining-room and kitchen are all one in Aunt

Carmela's house, as they are in the home of nearly every small dealer in Naples. The vegetables are usually arranged about the door-way on shelves and rickety tables. The room, having no window, receives its only light and ventilation from the glass door, shaded by muslin curtains. In the centre of one wall an open fireplace is hung with sooty pots and pans and a copper vessel or two. A cupboard for dishes and two wardrobes stand in corners. The remaining available space is occupied by two iron beds, a half-dozen lame chairs, a deal table, and a tub half-full of soapy water. At the foot of the beds a bureau bears upon its marble top all the finery of the poor household. Blue glass vases and a cup or two—too fine to be put in the cupboard—stand between five-pronged gilt candelabra. Against the wall range three glass cases, two containing artificial flowers, the third a figure of the Virgin and Child, before which an oil-wick is always burning, for though often there may not be bread in the house, there is always oil for the Virgin's taper.

To-night the dark room is the scene of much activity. The fire is poked up in the chimney-piece. The greasy table is moved near the door, and around it are ranged the rickety chairs and several fruit-boxes. For Aunt Carmela, better off than most of her poor relatives, has invited them to share her nine o'clock Christmas dinner—a dinner, you must understand, where no meat is permitted, but which is a veritable orgy of fish and vegetables.

While Aunt Carmela is busy cooking, Giuseppe spreads a fresh cloth on the table and puts a cracked oil-lamp in the centre. And then he arranges ten thick plates along the sides, each with a chunk of bread beside it. Knives and forks are few, but to make up for them there are many bottles of dark-red wine.

And now the guests begin to arrive and soon are seated around a great steaming dish of maccaroni *al pomidoro*—the children propped up in high-chairs, the men in shirt-sleeves with their caps on their heads. After the *pasta*, fish is brought on—*baccala* fried and *baccala* boiled—and quantities of vegetables, all stewed together. There is much talking and much drinking of the dark-red wine. Then come the eels, fried and cut in pieces, saluted with "ahs" and "ohs" and rattling of plates, and everybody begins to feel gay and drinks more wine. Giuseppe, who had been given no knife, uses his pocket clasp-knife, as do Uncle Beppo and the other men, and he feels very warm and happy. Then Aunt Carmela brings in the oranges and nuts and figs and the *susamiella* from the Gregorian convent; and as Giuseppe gulps down his great big slice he thinks there never was or has been such a feast as this!

But the warmth of the room and the weight of this unaccustomed evening meal, combined with his long walks that day, were too much for the little fellow. Even Uncle Beppo's loud voice and the clinking of the wine-glasses and the scraping of the chairs could not keep his eyes open. So he threw himself, dressed as he was, on one of the beds and soon was sound asleep. Not even the loud laughter nor the rattle of the lotto numbers as they fell from the bag, nor the clink of the coppers, nor the scraping of the chairs and benches as the diners pushed back from the table and crowded out to go to the Midnight Mass, locking the door behind them—none of these sounds disturbed his weary sleep.

But in his dreams he heard the exploding bombs and fireworks in the crowded streets—the pandemonium of the Naples night—and he saw such wonderful visions! There, by his bedside, two *zampognari* played their pipes, and he watched the bags fill up and the old fingers wander over the worm-eaten keys, and he dreamt he was their little boy, dancing before them and clapping his hands—dancing first on one foot and then on the other. And then around their heads there grew a wondrous light, and in the light he saw the Madonna smiling so gently at him and the child, while angels with golden halos flew about and cherubim and Magi came with precious caskets! . . .

Giuseppe slept very late on Christmas-morning, but even when he awoke, everyone in the shop was still asleep. For all Naples is tired out from the festivities of Christmas-eve, and Christmas-day is very quiet.

Giuseppe, from force of habit, hunted out a string of onions and set off on his daily rounds. But to-day he lagged about

the churches. He knew that within their portals the *presepi* had been uncovered. In his babyhood his dear mother had always taken him in her arms to see these wonderlands, and when he was older had led him by the hand and pointed out their beauties. But now he had no dear mother, and he was a man and must look out for himself.

So when he came to Santa Maria in Portico, he resolutely ascended the stone steps to the open door. But there sat three old beggars, and one, pushing him back, said: "Here, *piccolo*, out with your onions," and he timidly went back a step or two. How he longed to behold what everyone else was going in to see! Just then some women, with their heads tied up in colored kerchiefs, came clacking up the steps in their wooden pattens, and Giuseppe squeezed in after them unnoticed, for the old beggars were too busy asking for coppers.

And then he found himself before a wondrous scene: mountains so high, as high as Saint Elmo, he thought—covered with castles and strange trees and figures as big as life.

He felt quite at home in the great church, and soon was standing by the candles in front of the manger, saying an *ave maria*. There was the Madonna in a great cave, and back of her a donkey, and a cow as big as Uncle Beppo's that he takes night and morning through the streets to sell the milk. The Madonna is dressed in a long pink satin gown with a blue scarf about her shoulders—blue as Giuseppe's own blue skies. On her head rests a golden crown, and at her feet, on a big wisp of real straw, lies a lovely Child in a dress of white and gold—what a pink little Bimbo he is! Watching over him stands Saint Joseph—Giuseppe's own patron saint in a gorgeous purple robe—he had never seen so elegant a San Giuseppe before. Above the entrance to the cave flutters a half circle of pink little cherubs, and so happy they look! Above them larger angels fly out to proclaim the gladsome tidings. And what a black man is kneeling before the Infant and offering the Virgin a basket of chestnuts! Behind him comes a *contadina* in a lovely red silk dress of brocade, such as the fathers hang upon the church pillars. She is bringing a basket of eggs, and has upon her head a white kerchief such as grandma used to wear when she came in from Castellamare. What a funny little dog follows that old man carrying the oranges!

Descending from the mountains come the black Kings in coats of gold, with great turbans on their heads, and their slaves behind them are laden with golden boxes—what can be in them? And there are the shepherds who saw the Star and more people travelling on camels from far-off countries, and there are castles and palm-trees and fairy roads—all so wonderful that Giuseppe's little neck grows tired looking up so high. And there, in another grotto, he spies an old blind beggar, near a wine-shop, where a lovely *donna* in purple satin is selling sausages and long loaves of bread, and a man is vending cheese of goat's milk—oh, how Giuseppe loves that cheese and bread!

Suddenly he sees that it is real goat's cheese spread on real cabbage-leaves, and remembers that he hasn't had a thing to eat that morning and feels very hungry. But he hasn't sold an onion yet, and there's not a *centesimo* in his pocket. In a chapel he kneels before San Giuseppe's altar and repeats his prayer, and adds: "And oh, San Giuseppe, if you could, I'd so like some goat's cheese, for I'm very hungry."

A side door swings open and Giuseppe sees a ray of sunshine, and out he goes into the daylight and raises his shrill little cry, "*cippole, cippole.*" The same cry answers him from a balcony and a basket is lowered. And there in the basket lies a *soldo*, which he exchanges for three of his onions and off he goes. And there, would you believe it, from around the corner comes a man with a flat basket on his head calling fresh goat's cheese, and Giuseppe changes two of his *centesimi* for a pat on a cabbage-leaf. "Oh, San Giuseppe's always so good to me," says he, as he puts his string of onions down on the sidewalk. Then kneeling beside them, he pulls out of his ragged pocket a chunk of coarse bread upon which, with his clasp-knife, he spreads the lump of cheese—and there, in the sunlight, he eats his meagre little Christmas dinner.

ENGLISH COURT AND SOCIETY IN THE EIGHTIES

LETTERS OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADRESS

By Mary King Waddington

To G. K. S.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER,
August, 1883.

HERE we are after all settled for a month at the sea. I really needed the change and the sea-air after the fatigues of Moscow. . . .

I made my first visit to the Embassy on the 15th of August (*Journée de l'Assomption*). W. thought I had better come over and see the house before arriving in November to take possession. It was certainly the worst crossing I have ever made. The boat rolled and pitched terribly, we shipped heavy seas all the time, and arrived at Folkstone shivering and drenched. All the way to London we felt little streams of water running down our backs, and our hats were a curiosity—filled with water like a bowl. We emptied them on the quay, but the feathers, of course, were finished. We were met at Victoria by two swell young secretaries, in evening dress, with gardenias in their button-holes, who had come to meet their Ambassadress; and I have wondered since what impression they had of the limp, damp, exhausted female they extracted from the reserved saloon carriage. It seemed a few minutes' drive to the Embassy at Albert Gate, where we were received by a stout porter and a most distinguished "groom of the chambers," dressed in black, with a silver chain around his neck. We dined alone in a fair-sized dining-room, with splendid Gobelin tapestries on the walls. W. came in about 11, having had a man's dinner with Gladstone.

The next day we went all over the house, which is neither handsome nor comfortable. It is high and narrow, like a cage, with no very large rooms, and a general appearance of dinginess and accumulated dust. However, the Minister has promised to paint and clean, and to do over the small drawing-room entirely just as I like. Of course I shall have blue satin—you remember how I always like blue everywhere, on me and near me. The situation is delightful, on the Park—just at Albert Gate. The windows and balconies of the drawing-rooms give on the drive, and the "Row" is so near that I could easily recognize horses and riders. The season is practically over, but I have just seen a pretty group pass; a lady mounted on a fine chestnut and a child on each side of her on nice small fat

*** NOTE BY THE COLLECTOR OF THE LETTERS.—Mary Alsop King Waddington is a daughter of the late Charles King, president of Columbia College in the City of New York from 1849 to 1864, and a granddaughter of Rufus King, the second Minister sent to England by the United States after the adoption of the Constitution.

Miss King was educated in this country. In 1871, after the death of her father, she went, with her mother and sisters, to live in France, and in 1874 became the wife of M. William Waddington.

M. William Henry Waddington was born in Normandy, France, in 1826. His grandfather was an Englishman who had established cotton manufactories in France, and had become a naturalized French citizen. The grandson, however, was educated in England, first at Rugby and later at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he rowed in the Cambridge boat in the University race of 1849. Soon after leaving the University, M. Waddington returned to France and entered public life. In 1871 he was elected a representative for the Department of the Aisne to the National Assembly, and two years afterward was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, in place of M. Jules Simon. In January, 1876, he was elected a Senator for the Department of the Aisne, and two months later again became Minister of Public Instruction, which office he resigned in May, 1877. In December of that year he accepted the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. Waddington was the first plenipotentiary of France to the Congress of Berlin, in 1878. In the winter of 1879–1880 he refused the offer of the London Embassy and paid a visit to Italy, where he was received by the Pope and the King.

In 1883 he was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to represent France at the coronation of the Czar, Alexander III., at Moscow, and in July of that year was appointed Ambassador at the Court of St. James, to succeed M. Tissot. He held this post until 1893, and died in Paris in the following year.

Mme. Waddington accompanied her husband to Italy and Germany, and on his embassies to both England and Russia.

The letters, now given to the public for the first time, were written by Mme. Waddington during the period of her husband's diplomatic service, to describe to her family the personages and incidents of her official life; many of them, passed from hand to hand, have been read with such interest, that she has consented to allow me to collect and publish these letters which her family and a few friends, myself among the number, have already so greatly enjoyed.

TOMPKINS MCILVAINE.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1902.

ponies ; close to the little girl, about eight years old, with her fair hair streaming down her back from under a blue cap, rides an old groom, evidently much pleased with his little lady's performance, and watching her so carefully.

Our inspection of the house took us all the morning. The kitchen, offices, servant's hall and rooms are enormous, and in very bad order. I should think it would take weeks to get it clean and habitable, and need an army of servants to keep it so. I am thinking rather sadly of my little hôtel in Paris, so clean and bright, with not a dark corner anywhere.

We spent our evening quietly at home looking over our installation with W.,* horses, carriages, servants, and in fact the complete organization of a big London house which is so unlike a French one. I shall bring over all my French servants and add as many English as are necessary. I don't quite see Hubert, our French coachman, driving about the London streets, and keeping to the left. I should think we should have daily discussions with all the drivers in London ; however, we must try. I wonder if I shall like being an Ambassadress, and I also wonder how long we shall stay here. My brother-in-law R.† says perhaps two years.

To H. L. K.

French Embassy, Albert Gate,
December 1, 1883.

I am gradually settling down, but everything, hours, service, habits, servants, is so different that I still feel rather strange. I quite sympathized with Francis, who was already unhappy at leaving Paris and his dear "Nounou," and very much put out with his new German governess who was deadly ill crossing. His woes culminated on arriving at Albert Gate, when he was solemnly conducted upstairs by a very tall footman to his room (a nice large nursery and bedroom giving on the Park), and he wept bitterly and refused to eat any dinner or to have his coat and hat taken off. A great many people have been to see us, and we shall have some quiet dinners—and a shooting party at Mr. Monk's one of these days.

* W. here and throughout these letters refers to Mme. Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.

† Richard Waddington—now Senator of the Seine Supérieure.

Our Harcourt dinner was pleasant. Sir William is charming—such an easy talker, with no pose of any kind. It is decided that Lady Harcourt presents me to the Queen. Lady Granville is away, and it falls upon her as wife of the Home Secretary. Sir William had been to Windsor, and had told the Queen of the curious coincidence—the French Ambassadress, an American, presented by the wife of the British Home Secretary, also an American, and an *amie d'enfance* of Mrs. Waddington. I had some little difficulty in finding out what I was to wear (as there is little etiquette at the English Court upon these occasions), but they finally told me ordinary visiting dress, so I shall wear my blue velvet. We go down to lunch and see the Queen afterward.

To H. L. K.—Continued.

Albert Gate, December 7, 1883.

I have had my audience to-day, and will write to you at once while I still remember it all. First I must tell you about Francis. He heard someone asking me the other day if I had been yet to see the Queen. I saw his face change a little, so when we were alone, he said, tremulously, "Tu vas voir la Reine?" "Oui, mon fils." "Est-elle toujours si méchante?" "Mais la Reine n'est pas méchante, mon enfant." "Elle ne vas pas te faire couper la tête?" Evidently his mind had been running on the Tower of London, where we went the other day, and was shown, of course, the block where Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey had their heads cut off. When he heard I was going to see the Queen, his heart failed him, and I had some difficulty in comforting him, and explaining that sovereigns in these days didn't have recourse to such extreme measures (at least in civilized countries). I suppose the Shah of Persia wouldn't hesitate to dispose of a head that was in his way.

Lady Harcourt and I started for Paddington at 1 o'clock, and got to Windsor a little before two. We found a landau with two servants in plain black liveries waiting for us, and we drove at once to the Castle. It was a beautiful bright day, but snow had fallen heavily in the country, so that the old gray walls and round towers stood



Queen Victoria, in the Dress Worn During the State Jubilee Celebration, June 21, 1887.
From a photograph, copyright, by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, England.

out splendidly as we drove up. We drove through several courts and finally drew up at an entrance where there were five servants in the royal red liveries with crape on their sleeves (all the Queen's household are always in mourning), a big Highlander in full dress, and a butler in black who ushered us into a large drawing-room with an enormous bow-window looking on the Park. Instantly there appeared Lady Erroll, lady in waiting, and four maids of honor. Lady E. shook hands and introduced the maids of honor, who made us low curtseys. Then came Lord Methuen —Lord in waiting—and we went at once in to luncheon. Everything was served on silver plate, there were four footmen and a butler, but the repast was of the simplest description—an ordinary English luncheon—roast mutton, fowl, pudding, apple-tart, etc. After luncheon we talked a little and then Sir Henry Ponsonby appeared to give Lady H. her last instructions. It was the first time she had presented an Ambassadress in a private audience. Precisely at three a servant in black appeared and said, "Will you come to see the Queen?" Lady H., Ponsonby and I proceeded down a handsome long corridor filled with pictures, vitrines, of china principally, and old furniture, to a room at one end where a footman was standing. Sir Henry opened the door, Lady H. made a low curtsey at the threshold,

saying, "I have the honor to present the French Ambassadress," and then immediately backed herself out, and I found myself in the room. I made a first low courtesy, but before I had time to make another the Queen, who was standing in the middle of the room with Princess Beatrice, advanced a step, shook hands, and said, with a very pretty smile and manner, "I am very glad to see you." She asked me to sit down and talked a great deal, was most gracious, asked me if I was getting accustomed to the climate and the stairs, whether I had seen all my "colleagues," and how many children I had. When I said one little boy whom I had left in London, she asked me what he was doing; I thought I would tell her about his fears for his mother's head, so I replied he was trembling at home until his mother should return. She looked a little surprised, but was really amused, and laughed when I told her his preoccupations, said, "Poor little boy, how glad he will be to see his mother back with her head on her shoulders."



The Crown Prince Frederick of Germany, in the Uniform Worn by Him at the Jubilee Celebration, London, June, 1887.

From a photograph by Loescher & Petsch, Berlin.

Princess Beatrice took no part in the conversation. She looked smiling and very intelligent. The Queen was very simply dressed in black, with her white widow's cap and veil, no ornaments, but a gold chain and pearls around her neck, and a medallion with a portrait of a man in uniform, whom I supposed must be Prince Albert. I think the interview lasted about fifteen minutes. Then the Queen arose, shook hands, said she hoped my husband and I would like the life in England. Princess Beatrice shook hands —I backed myself out, and it was over. I was very much impressed with the Queen's personality. She is short, stout, and her face rather red, but there is a great air of dignity and self-possession, and a beautiful smile which lights up her whole face.

I never could find out any minor details in dress, as to taking off veil, gloves, etc., but I did as I had done with other Royalties and took off veil and gloves, which I hope was right.

Lady H. and Ponsonby were waiting for me in the corridor, and seemed to think my audience had been longer than usual — were also surprised that the Queen made me sit down. It seems she sometimes receives standing all the time, a first formal presentation.

As we had some little time before starting for the station, Ponsonby showed us part of the Castle. The great halls, St. George's and Waterloo, are very fine, and it was interesting to see the great pictures which one has always seen reproduced in engravings—the Queen's Marriage, Coronation, Reception of King Louis Philippe, Baptism of the Prince of Wales, etc. One room was beautiful, filled with Van Dycks. We went back to the station in the same carriage, and Lady H. and I talked hard all the way home. It was certainly a very simple affair; as little etiquette as possible, but the Castle was fine. The old gray fortress and its towers and crenelated walls, the home of the sovereign who lives there with little pomp and few guards—guarded by her people, in the same Castle, and the same surroundings as when she began her long



Windsor Castle.

reign, a mere girl. When one thinks of all the changes she has seen in other countries—kingdoms and dynasties disappearing—one can realize what a long wise rule hers has been. It is such a contrast to my last Royal Audience at Moscow, which now seems a confused memory of Court officials, uniforms, gold-laced coats, jewelled canes (I can see one of the Chamberlains who had an enormous sapphire at the end of his staff), princes, peasants, cossacks, costumes of every description, court carriages, Russian carriages, the famous *attelage* of three horses, every language under the sun, and all jostling and crowding each other in the courts of the Kremlin—with its wonderful churches and domes of every possible color from pink to green—only soldiers, soldiers everywhere, and the people kept at a distance—very unlike what I have just seen here.

To H. L. K.

Sunday, December 16, 1883.

This afternoon we have had our audience of the Prince and Princess of Wales —M. W. and I together. We got to Marlborough House a little before 4, and were shown at once into a room on the ground floor where we found Miss Knollys and a gentleman in waiting. In a few minutes Sir Dighton Probyn, comptroller of the household, appeared and took us upstairs to a large handsome *salon*. He opened the door and we found the Prince and Princess standing. The room was filled with pretty things. The Princess was dressed in blue velvet (I too—I daresay Fromont made both dresses) and looked charming, no older than when I had seen her in Paris three or four years ago, and with that same beautiful slight figure and gracious manner.

While the Prince and W. were talking she asked me a great deal about Moscow and the Coronation, and particularly if the Empress was well dressed always, as she had been rather bothered with the quantity of dresses, *manteaux de cour*, etc., that she was obliged to have. The Prince remembered that I was the grand-daughter of Rufus King, who had been United States Minister to London under George III. He was very pleasant, with a charming, courteous manner. The Princess instantly referred to Francis and his fears for his mother's head, which she said the Queen had told her.

To H. L. K.—Continued.

Friday, 21st.

This afternoon we had tea with the Duke and Duchess of Albany. She is a German Princess and was rather shy at first, but when the tea came it was easier. The Duke is very amiable, talks easily. He looks, and is, I believe, delicate. We have a few dinners before us, and I am gradually getting to know all my colleagues. Mohrenheim is Russian Ambassador; Munster German; and Nigra Italian. Munster is practically an Englishman. His second wife was Lady Harriet St. Clair, a sister of Lord Rosslyn. He is evidently English in his tastes and habits, rides regularly in the Park, and drives a coach with four chestnuts that are known all over London. Mr. Lowell is United States Minister, and is much liked and appreciated in England. Mrs. Lowell is in bad health and goes out very little.

To H. L. K.

Albert Gate, January 5, 1884.

This afternoon we had our audience from the old Duchess of Cambridge. We found her in handsome rooms in St. James's Palace, and one lady in waiting with her. She was lying on a sofa—she is very old, eighty-four—has seen and known every one, and talks easily both French and English. It really seemed a page of history to listen to her. She asked us to come back, and Lady G. told us that when she felt well, visits were a great pleasure to her, and also that she was always glad to see any members of the French Embassy.

We got home to tea—and then I had various skirmishes with the servants. It really is difficult to make French and English servants work together. The butler is an Englishman and directs all the men of the house. It is not easy to make the Frenchmen take their orders from him. They all want to be in direct communication with me. There are always two together in the hall—one Frenchman and one Englishman, and the result of that is that when anything goes wrong, and the bell is not answered the Frenchman tells me he was not there, it was the Englishman's turn; and of course the Englishman the same—so now I have told Holmes (the butler) to make me out a regular paper every Monday with the men's names and their hours of service—Yves et George, 10–12; William and Charles, 12–2—I hope that will work. As to Hubert he hasn't driven me yet. He goes about London all day in a brougham, with one of those nondescript English servants, half French, half English, that we got from the British Embassy in Paris. I find the domestic part of the Embassy rather a bore, but I suppose things will settle down. The housemaids are a delightful institution, though I was amazed upon inquiring one day from my own maid as to who was a young lady with a red velvet dress, and a large hat and feathers, I had met on the stairs, when she replied, "C'est Alice, Madame, la seconde fille de chambre." It seems my maid remonstrated with her for spending her money on clothes, to which she replied that all housemaids in big houses dressed like that, and that she herself would be ashamed if she dressed as plainly as my maids. The two thrifty Frenchwomen were scandalized.

To H. L. K.

Sandringham, January 12, 1884.

We arrived this afternoon at two o'clock, and I am writing in my room, as we have come up to bed, and the gentlemen have retired to smoke. We came down at 2½, found a saloon carriage reserved for us, and the Mohrenheims installed—father, mother, and daughter. We got to Wolferton at six, one of the Prince's gentlemen was waiting for us, and two or three carriages and footmen. We had all sent our servants and baggage by an earlier train, as it had been suggested to us. The house looked large and handsome as we drove up. The party was assembled in a great hall, with a long low tea-table at which the Princess presided. It was easy enough, and I should think a nice party. The Goschens, Lady Lonsdale, the Master of Magdalen, Lord Carlingford, and others. The three young Princesses, Prince Eddy, and the Prince were all there. We talked some little time and then the Princess said



The Duchess of Cambridge.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

Miss Knollys would show us our rooms. I found two large comfortable English rooms opening into each other, a blazing coal fire in mine, which I immediately proceeded to demolish as much as I could. Miss Knollys had told us not to bring low dresses—merely open bodices.

We went down to the drawing-room about 8½, and a little before 9 the Prince and Princess and Prince Albert Victor (better known as Prince Eddy) came in. The dinner was handsome and pleasant, footmen in royal red liveries, men in black in culottes and silk stockings, and a Highlander in full dress, who stood behind the Prince's chair, and at the end of the dinner walked solemnly round the table playing the bag-pipes. The evening was pleasant. The Prince showed us the new ball-room just redecorated with Indian stuffs and arms, and at 11 we went upstairs with the Princess, bidding her goodnight at the top of the stairs, and the men went to the smoking-room.

Sunday.

This morning we went to church, the ladies in an omnibus with the Princess and her three daughters, and the gentlemen walked across the Park, the Prince appearing as the sermon began. It is a pretty English country church in the grounds. In the afternoon we walked about the grounds ; I was much interested in the large stables where there are certainly over fifty horses.

We had changed our dresses after lunch for walking, and the Princess looked marvellously young in her short walking skirt and little toque. One could hardly believe she was the mother of her big son, twenty-one years old. After the walk we assembled again in the big hall for tea, a substantial

meal with every variety of muffin, crumpet, toast, cakes and jam that can be imagined, but it seemed quite natural to consume unlimited quantities after our long walk. The Princess and English ladies were in very dressy tea-gowns, velvet and satin with lace and embroidery; Madame de Mohrenheim and I in ordinary tailor costumes. The evening was pleasant; I remarked the absence of the Highland piper at dinner, and asked the Prince if he was not going to play. "Oh, no," he said, "not on Sunday, he certainly wouldn't; I shouldn't like to ask him to, and if I did I am sure he wouldn't do it." We finished the evening in the bowling-alley, which was lighted, and we all leave tomorrow, the Prince going with us to London. We have enjoyed our visit very much, the Princess always charming and lovely to look at, and the Prince a model host, so courteous and ready to talk about anything.

Monday.

We got off this morning at 11 o'clock. There is one curious custom. The Prince himself weighs every one, and the name and weight are written in a book. Some of the ladies protested, but it was no use, the Prince insisted. One young lady weighed more than her father, and was much mortified.

I went downstairs to breakfast, which I don't generally do; I keep to my old habit of a cup of tea in my room. It was a most informal meal. None of the Royal family appeared, except Prince Eddy, who was going to hunt, and his red-coat made a nice patch of color. All the rest of us sat down anywhere, and the servants brought the menu. We travelled up with the Prince in his private car, and had luncheon in the car, served by two tall footmen, and everything on silver plate and hot. The Prince himself quite charming, talking a great deal, and seeing that everyone had enough to eat. I should think all servants, railway guards, and small functionaries generally would adore him. He has always a pleasant word and a smile.

To G. K. S.

London, February, 1884.

I made my *début* in the official world last night at a reception at Mr. Gladstone's in Downing Street. There were four large men's dinners (and receptions afterward) for the opening of Parliament. Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone, Ministerial; Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, "Her Majesty's Opposition."

The Gladstone house is small and dark (that is one of the things that strikes me here—the rooms are so much less lighted than in Paris) and always the chintz covers left on the furniture, which makes the rooms look ordinary. We found a great many people there. The Duke of Cambridge had been dining and was presented to us. He looks a fine old English soldier (was in uniform), was very amiable, and spoke to me in French, which he speaks very well. Quantities of people were presented to me, I can't remember half the names. Almost all the women were in black, half-high and no display of jewels. Mrs. Gladstone is an old lady, very animated, and civil, she wears a cap, with blue ribbons, rather as I remember Mother. I was also presented to Countess Karolyi, Austrian Ambassadress, very handsome, and charming manner; she speaks English as well as I do. It seems strange to me to hear so much English spoken, it is so long since I have been in a purely English *salon*. W. brought me up various old friends of Rugby and Cambridge days; also some of the minor diplomats, as of course I have not yet seen all my colleagues.

To H. L. K.

London, January 9th.

I paid a visit to-day to the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley. I found her, with her tea-table in her drawing-room with Mr. Gladstone having his cup of tea with her, and talking easily and cheerfully about all sorts of things (never a word of politics); no one would have imagined that he was to make a great speech that evening in the House. He really is an extraordinary, many-sided man. In the course of conversation the talk fell upon the Roman Catholic religion, and its extension in many countries, *particularly in America*. He said, turning to me, that a great friend of his, an American, Mr. Hurlbut, certainly the most brilliant talker he had ever heard, and one of the most in-



Drawn by C. K. Linson.

Rotten Row, Hyde Park, London.

telligent, had told him how much the Roman Catholic religion was gaining ground in the Northern States of America. I rather demurred to his statement, even though it came from Mr. Hurlbut. His intelligence and brilliancy are undeniable, but I should have thought his views were a little fantastic at times. "I rather agree with you," said Mr. Gladstone, "but I have recently had letters from my friends Bishop P. of New York; Bishop A. of Massachusetts, and other distinguished Churchmen in the United States, who tell me that the Roman Catholic religion is making certain progress; their preachers are so clever, and know so well how to adapt themselves to the liberal views they must have in America." We then talked some time about the various Bishops and clergymen he knew in America, the slight difference between the two Prayer Books, etc. One would really have thought it was a Church of England clergyman, who has passed all his life studying theological questions. A few moments after something turned his thoughts in another direction, and he was discussing with Lady Stanley the translation into English of an Italian sonnet which he thought was badly done. "Too literal, really not understanding the poetry, and the beautiful imagination of the writer." It was extraordinary. I was rather mortified when he asked me if I knew the two Bishops. I didn't, but it is fair to say he understood when I said how many years I had been away from America.



The Countess Fanny Karolyi, 1888, the Austrian Ambassadress.

From a photograph by Walery, London.

Lady Stanley is a delightful old lady. She has seen and known every one worth knowing in Europe for the last fifty years, and it is most amusing to hear her downright way of talking. She was killing over the "Professional Beauties," a style of modern woman she couldn't understand. She asked me to come in again and have a cup of tea with her, and I shall certainly go, as one doesn't hear such talk every day.

We dined with Mr. Childers, and there was a big reception in the evening, with all the celebrities of the Liberal Party, Harcourts, Hayters, Lord Northbrook, Tennyson (son of the poet), and many others, but of course in a crowd like that one can't talk. I hope I shall remember the faces. About 11 o'clock we went on to Lady Stanhope's, where there was a big reception of the Conservative Party. There I found the Lyttons and some few people I knew, and many more were presented. They were all talking politics hard; said the Ministry couldn't last another week, there is to be a vigorous attack on them in both Houses on Tuesday. Every one says the Lyttons are going to Paris when Lord Lyons leaves. She will be a charming Ambassadress, and he is so fond of France and so thoroughly well up in French literature that they will be delighted to have him in Paris.

The political talk was exactly like what I have heard so often in Paris, only in English instead of in French, and the men talking more quietly, tho' they abused one another well, and with less gesticulating. Also they don't carry politics into private life as they do with us; the men of opposite sides lavish abuse upon each other in the House, but there it ends, and they



Knowsley Hall.

The Earl of Derby's place at Prescot, Lancashire.

meet at dinner and chaff each other, and the wives are perfectly intimate. In France there is a great gulf between parties, even moderates, royalists, and republicans, and I was astounded when I first mixed in political life in France to see people in society turn their backs upon some perfectly distinguished, honorable gentleman because he had not the same opinion as themselves in politics.

To G. K. S.

LONDON, May, 1884.

We went to the Derby this morning with Lord Corks. I had never been, and W. not for many years. We went down by train—(special, with the Prince and racing coterie) and I enjoyed the day. We were in the Jockey Club box, and it was a curiosity to see the crowd on the lawn, packed tight, and every description of person, all engrossed with the race, and wildly interested in the horses. There was almost a solemn silence just before the "Derby" was run. This time, there was a tie, which is rare, I believe. It was rather amusing driving home from Victoria, as all the balconies along the road were decorated, and crowded with people, but I believe the great fashion of driving down had almost disappeared. Nearly everyone now goes down by train.

To H. L. K.

February 29, 1884.

We are commanded to Windsor this evening to dine and sleep. It is inconvenient, as we have to put off a dinner of twenty-one people. The chef is tearing his hair, as of course all his dinner is ready. When my maid came to pack the trunks she had rather a flustered look; I thought it was on account of the Windsor visit. Not at all. It seems a friend of Julian's (our chef) who is also a chef in one of the great houses heard that we were going to Windsor, so he wrote him a note telling him that his wife (my maid) must be well dressed and take a low or open bodice to Windsor for their dinner. The maid was most indignant for being supposed not to know what was right, and answered the note saying, "she had accompanied her mistress to every court in Europe, and knew quite well how to dress herself."

WINDSOR CASTLE, March 1st.

Our dinner last night went off very well, and was not so stiff as I had ex-

pected. We took the 6 o'clock train from Paddington, and found the Russian Ambassador, Baron Mohrenheim, and his wife at the station. At Windsor two or three carriages and footmen were waiting, but no equerry as at Sandringham. We were driven to a side door at the Castle, where two servants in plain black were waiting, who showed us at once to our rooms. We had a pretty apartment furnished in yellow satin, with beautiful pictures, principally portraits; a small salon with a bedroom on each side, bright fires burning, and a quantity of candles. They brought us tea, beautifully served all on silver, with thin bread and butter (no muffins nor toast), and almost at the same moment Sir John Cowell, one of the vice-chamberlains, came to pay us a visit. He told us who the party was, said dinner was at 8.45, that a page would come and tell us at 8.30, and that we should assemble in the great corridor. Quite punctually at 8.30 they notified us, and we proceeded down the long corridor. W. in black breeches and stockings (no order, as he hadn't the Legion d'Honneur, and couldn't wear a foreign order), I in white brocaded velvet and diamonds. We found the party assembled, the Mohrenheims; Lord and Lady Kimberley; Nigra, Italian Ambassador; Lady Churchill (who was in waiting); Lord Kenmore (Lord Chamberlain) and Lord Dalhousie (Lord in waiting) and one or two other men. We moved up to a door just opposite the dining-room, and about 9 the Queen came with the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice. She shook hands with me and Madame Mohrenheim; bowed very graciously to all the others, and passed at once into the dining-room alone. Mohrenheim followed with the Duchess of Edinburgh; Nigra with Princess Beatrice; W. with Madame Mohrenheim; and Kimberley took me. The table was handsome, covered with gold and silver plate, quantities of servants in red livery, plain black, and two Highlanders in costume behind the Queen's chair.

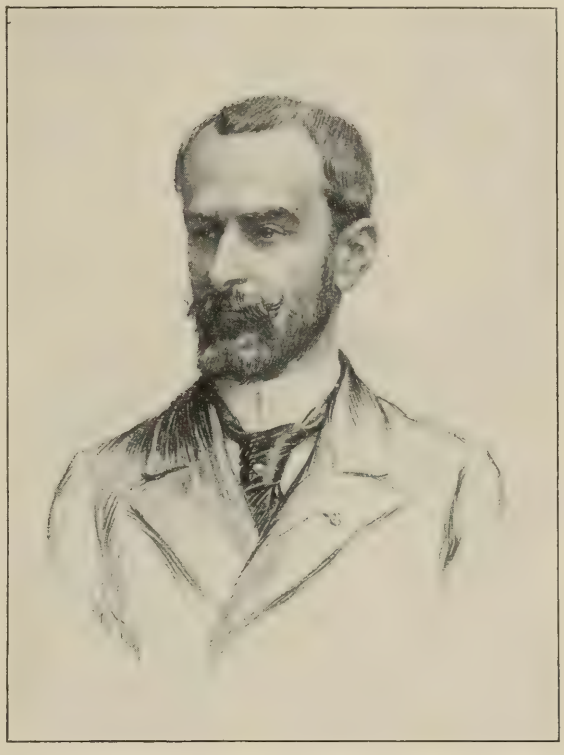


The Late Earl of Derby.
From a photograph by Franz Baum, London.

The conversation was not very animated. The Queen herself spoke little, and the English not at all — or so low that one couldn't understand them — however, my Ambassador couldn't stand that long, so he began talking most cheerfully to the Duchess of Edinburgh about Moscow, Kertch, and antiquities of various kinds, and as the Duchess is clever and inclined to talk, that corner became more lively. I can't say as much for our end. I think most Englishmen are naturally shy, and the presence of Royalty (the Queen above all) paralyzes them.

After dinner, which was quickly served, we all went out as we had come in, and the Queen held a short *cercle* in the corridor, in the small space between the two doors. She stood a few minutes talking to the two Princesses, while she had her coffee (which was brought for her alone on a small tray), then crossed over to Madame Mohrenheim and talked a little. She sat down almost immediately, Madame Mohrenheim remaining standing. She then sent for me, Lord Dalhousie summoning us all in turn. She was very gracious, saying she could not yet stand nor walk, which worried her very much—asked me a great deal about my life in London, did I find everything very different from Paris, and had I found

little friends and a school for Francis? The conversation was not easy. She sat on rather a low chair, and I standing before her had to bend down always. She was dressed in black, and her usual little cap and veil, opal necklace, diamonds and orders. While she was talking to the others the two Princesses moved about and talked to us. It was pleasant — the whole *cercle* lasted about an hour. The Queen and Princesses retired together, all shaking hands with me and Madame Mohrenheim, and bowing to the others. We finished the evening in the drawing-room with the household, staying there about half an hour, and a little after eleven we broke up. W. has gone off to smoke—at the extreme end of the Castle, as the Queen hates smoke and perhaps doesn't know that anyone dares smoke here—and I am writing with about twelve tall wax candles on my table.



J. J. Jusserand, Counsellor of the French Embassy, 1883.
Recently appointed French Ambassador to the United States.
From a photograph by Walery, Paris.

It is a bright moonlight night, and the Castle looks enormous. A great mass of towers, vaulted gateways, walled courts, and the beautiful grass slopes that look quite green in the moonlight. The lights at the far end seem like twinkling tapers. It is certainly a magnificent Royal residence.

To H. L. K.

April 9, 1885.

This morning it is pouring, so I gave up the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. W. and Count Florian started all with light blue rosettes (Cambridge). W. was on the umpire boat. Cambridge won easily, which was of course a great pleasure to him (having rowed himself so many years ago in the Cambridge crew, when he was at Trinity College). W. went to the dinner in the evening, and said he was so much cheered when he got up to speak—young men standing on chairs to see him—that he had to wait some time before he could begin. He is certainly the only foreign Ambassador that ever rowed in the Cambridge eight. He was quite pleased when he came home, so many old memories of happy boyish days had been brought back. We talked for some time after dinner, and he recalled all sorts of Cambridge experiences — once when the Queen came with Prince Albert to Cambridge the students were all assembled in the courtyard as her carriage drove up. It had been raining, and the Queen hesitated a moment in getting out, as the ground was wet and there was mud. Instantly W. had his gown off and on the ground, the others followed his example, and she walked over a carpet of silk gowns the few steps she had to make. W. said he had never forgotten her smile as she bowed and thanked them.

Albert Gate, February 9, 1885.

This morning we have the news of the fall of Khartoum and the murder of Gordon. W. is in the country trying horses, so I put on my hat and went out into the Row to hear what was going on. It was crowded with people talking and gesticulating. The Conservatives furious, "such a ministry a disgrace to the country," and a tall man on a handsome chestnut talking to Admiral C. most energetically, "I am a moderate man myself, but I would willingly give a hand to hang Gladstone on this tree." They are much disgusted—and with reason.

To H. L. K.

June, 1885.

We went to Ascot this morning, a beautiful day, and the lawn like a flower garden with all the women in their light dresses dotted about. We lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Maharajah of Johore was there, and had brought down his own cook, attired in yellow satin with a large flat hat on his head. He made a sort of curry for his master, which everybody tasted—except me—I don't like culinary experiments, and I think the yellow satin garments didn't inspire me with confidence. I told Julian when he came up for orders just now how far below the mark he was as to costume.



Chinese Gordon.

From a photograph by Chalkley, Gould & Co., Southampton, England.

To G. K. S.

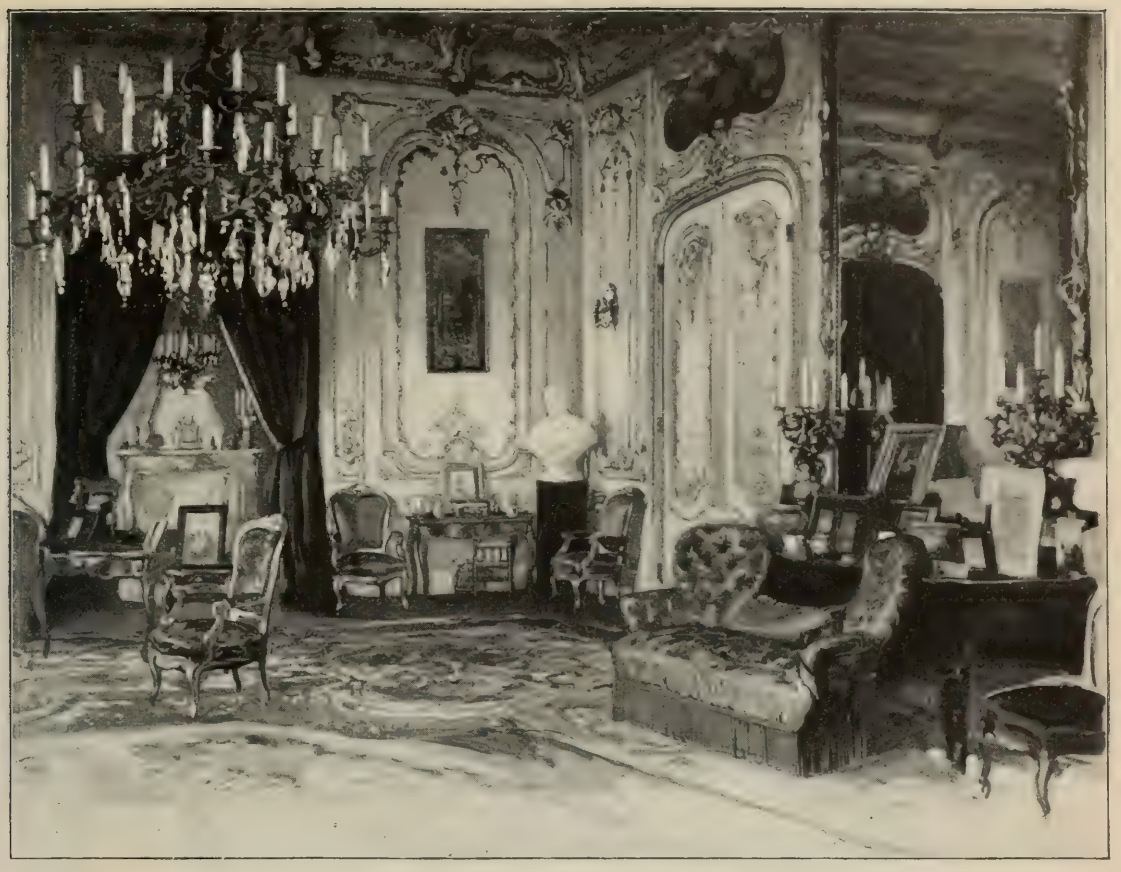
May 6, 1885.

We had yesterday a typical London *Season* evening. We dined at Lady Vivian's—a large, handsome dinner, everybody rather in a hurry to get away, as there were two big parties; Lady Derby's in St. James's Place, and Lady Salisbury's in Arlington Street. We drove down Piccadilly with much difficulty, getting along very slowly in spite of our "white card," but finally did arrive at Lady Derby's. The staircase was a mass of people struggling to get in, an orchestra playing, and about 1,200 people in rooms that would hold comfortably about half. Of course on such occasions one doesn't talk. We spoke to our host and hostess, were carried on by the crowd, made the tour of the rooms and got down again with much waiting and jostling, as there were two currents coming and going. However, we did finally get our carriage, and then with many stops and very slowly, got to Arlington Street, where apparently the same people were struggling on the staircase, the same orchestra playing, and just as big a crowd (I should think the whole Conservative party), for though the house is larger they had invited more people, so the result was practically the same. We did exactly the same thing, exchanged a few words with Lady Salisbury, made the tour and came home. We were two hours performing these two receptions, but I suppose it was right to do it once. However, the English certainly enjoy the sight, and don't mind the waiting. Lady Jersey, who is a grandmother, told me this afternoon she had bored herself to death last night. "Why did you go?" I said, "you must know these big political parties by heart." "Oh, I like the parties," she said, "only I didn't get to either," and then she explained her evening. She started alone in her carriage at 10 o'clock for Lady Derby's, was kept waiting an interminable time in Piccadilly, and when she finally did reach Lady Derby's door, a friendly link man advised her not to go in as everybody was coming away, and she would never get up the stairs, so she turned back and proceeded to Arlington Street. She had the same crowd, the same long wait, and when she arrived at Lady Salisbury's the party was over, and no one could possibly get in. It was then midnight, and she drove home, having passed her whole evening since 10 o'clock alone in her brougham in Piccadilly.

To H. L. K.

Knowsley, December 29, 1885.

We arrived here late yesterday afternoon. It is a long, uninteresting journey



The Salon of the French Embassy in London, 1891.

(almost to Liverpool), was cold and foggy all the way down, and we found snow when we arrived in the Park—also a perfect gale of wind. The enormous bare, black winter trees swaying like poplars. The large house, with all the façade brightly lighted, gave us at once a cheerful welcome. Lady Derby was waiting for us in the long low drawing-room with tea, and we went up almost immediately to dress for dinner. We had sent the servants by an earlier train, which was convenient, as they had time to unpack and have everything ready for us. We have a charming apartment—a very good sized salon, with bedrooms large and comfortable on each side. The salon furnished in a bright chintz, and good pictures, mostly family portraits, on the walls. There were blazing fires everywhere—these enormous rocks of Liverpool coal one sees here. I instantly proceeded to demolish mine in my bedroom. Adelaide had already tried to make the housemaid understand that her lady didn't like warm rooms, but the other one pointed to the snow under the windows, and heaped on her pieces of coal.

Dinner was at 8 *punctually* (which was a contrast to Hatfield, where we had been staying the other day. There dinner was easily half past eight, and after we had been at table some little time various friends and members of the family appeared, and slid quietly into their places at the end of the very long table). There is a large family party here and some other guests, including the two historians MM. Froude and Lecky, both most interesting.

We dined in a fine hall with family portraits of all the Derbys, from the first one at Bosworth down to the present Earl, who is the 16th Earl of Derby. There was beautiful plate on the table—fine racing cups—as the Stanleys were always quite as much racing men as statesmen. These are such curious things in England, the love of sport is so strong. Fancy any of our statesmen, Thiers, Guizot, Dufaure, etc., with racing stables. Lord Derby is very easy and rather inclined to chaff Americans a little, but I didn't mind. The evening was short after we adjourned to the drawing-room. Lady Derby is rather delicate, and is suffering just now from a bad eye. I sat some time in my comfortable room upstairs, but was glad to get to

bed early after the cold journey. W. went off to the *fumoir*, and had a most interesting talk over Ireland and Irish questions with Mr. Lecky. This morning was awful ; snow, sleet, and a cold rain—however, the sportsmen were not to be deterred by any such mild obstacle, and started at 9.30 in a big break with four horses. I watched the departure from my window, and was very glad I was not going to make any such expedition. I had my breakfast upstairs, and had an amusing explanation with the housemaid who appeared at 9.30 with an enormous tray and breakfast enough for a family—tea, beefsteaks, cold partridges, eggs, rolls, toast, potatoes, buns and fruit—you never saw such a meal. She couldn't believe that I only wanted tea and toast and an egg (which was an extra, but as I knew we should only lunch at two, and I am accustomed to have my *déjeuner à la fourchette* at 12, I was sure I should be hungry if I didn't take something), and asked me most respectfully if I was not well, and would like something else—"a little soup perhaps."

I went downstairs about 12 and found the ladies in the drawing-room all complaining of the cold. Lady Derby took me over the house—it has not the beautiful proportions of Hatfield—is long, low, and rambling, but most comfortable. The library is a fine room with deep window recesses, and most comfortable with a bright fire burning. The librarian was there and showed us some of his treasures, among them an old copy of the "Roman de la Rose," and various old manuscripts. We went on to the dining-room, and Lady Derby explained the family portraits to me. The long, unbroken line of Earls of Derby is most interesting, and the change in the portraits for the two or three generations where the French blood shows itself, most curious. The wife of the Earl of Derby who died on the scaffold giving his life for his King, was the famous Charlotte de la Tremouille, who defended her castle —Lathom House—so gallantly against Fairfax and his roundheads. Do you remember one of our school-room books in America, "Heroines of History," where there was a description of the siege of Lathom House, and a picture of the Coun-



The French Embassy, Albert Gate, London.



The Dining-room of the French Embassy, London, Showing its Two Famous Gobelin Tapestries.

tess of Derby standing on the ramparts in a riding habit and hat and feathers ! and apparently loading a cannon herself and showing a gunner how to point it?

The portraits are most interesting ; first the regular Saxon type, then the French streak, pale oval faces, and dark eyes and hair (not unlike the Stuarts, who have always a foreign look) ; then the true British, more and more accentuated down to the present Earl. They have also in one of the halls the block where the Lord Derby knelt who was beheaded in 1631.

The sportsmen arrived about tea-time, apparently neither cold nor tired, and having had a fine shoot.

To H. L. K.

New Year's Day, 1886.

We are leaving this afternoon for Luton, Mme. de Talbe's place, where there is a ball and cotillon to-night. We were to go and join the shooters yesterday, but it was rainy and cold, and the ladies didn't care to go out. The talk at luncheon was pleasant ; Froude is brilliant and easy. His American experiences and stories were amusing, but I told him he mustn't take the very eccentric ladies and gentlemen whom he had encountered as specimens of Americans. I didn't know any such people, that really most of us were quite quiet and ordinary, and like everybody else. Lord Derby rather urged him on, and was amused at our perfectly amicable discussion. We drove over to Croyteth, Lord Sefton's place, after lunch. The park is fine and they have capital shooting. Our evening was quiet, and we broke up early, as they always have a midnight service in the chapel on New Year's eve for the family and servants and any of the guests who like to attend. We left the drawing-room at 10.30, so that the servants might put out the lights, finish their work, etc., and also to have time to get out of our low dresses and jewels. A little before 12 Lady Margaret Cecil (Lady Derby's daughter by her first husband, Lord Salisbury) came for us and we went to the chapel. I had put on a dark cloth dress and jacket, nothing on my head. The chapel was full, all the servants (including my French maid) and household. Lady Margaret, looking like a saint in her plain black dress, and beautiful earnest expression, sat at the little organ, and everybody, gardeners, keepers, coachmen, cooks, housemaids, joined in the singing. It was very solemn and impressive. At the end of the service we all went out first,



M. and Mme. Waddington and Their Son.
From a photograph by Cesar, Paris.

and then Lady Margaret and her brother Lord Lionel stood at the head of the stairs and shook hands with all the guests, and all the servants, wishing all a "Happy New Year." It was a nice beginning of the New Year. Lord Derby hopes our next one will be also in England and at Knowsley, but everything is so uncertain, and of such short duration in our country (especially Cabinets) that we can hardly look forward a year.

To H. L. K.

LONDON, June 18, 1887.

We have had rather an amusing afternoon. I think I wrote you that we wanted to leave Westminster Abbey the minute the ceremony was over, get through the line of troops, and back to a friend's house in Piccadilly to see the *cortége*—we being Mrs. Phelps and I. Our respective husbands were most discour-

aging (as men always are), but we dined last night with Knowles to meet the Duke of Cambridge, and I told His Royal Highness what we wanted to do, and asked him if he could help us. After some little discussion he said he would advise us to go directly to Sir Charles Warren (Chief of Police) and see what he could arrange for us. Again our husbands remonstrated, "Warren was overrun with applications of all kinds, worked to death, and it was very unreasonable," but backed by the Duke we determined to try.

I told His Royal Highness I should put on my most becoming Paris bonnet and beard the lion in his den. He said, "Quite right, my Dear, a man is always flattered when a woman tries to please him," so accordingly about 3 Mrs. Phelps and I started for Scotland Yard. George was rather surprised when I gave the order. We drove through one or two courts and were stopped once by a huge policeman, who let us go on when we said it was the French Ambassadress. We were shown at once into Sir Charles's room, and I must say he was charming, most kind and courteous. We had arranged beforehand that I was to be spokeswoman, and I went at once to the point. He was sitting at his table with letters and papers and telegrams, the telegraph ticking all the time, despatches and telegrams being brought in, and as busy a man as I ever saw. He immediately sent for maps of the route, distribution of the troops, etc., and said he thought he could manage it. We must have a light carriage (of course we must go to the Abbey in state in the gala coach) waiting at the "Poet's Corner," as near the door as it can get; he will send us a pass to break through the lines, and will have three or four policemen waiting for us at the corner of Piccadilly and one of the smaller streets to pass us through the crowd. We really didn't derange him very much. The whole conversation lasted about ten minutes, and he was rather amused at this sudden appearance of two "femmes du monde" in his "milieu" of clerks, policemen, telegraph boys, type-writers, and a hurrying, bustling crowd of employés of all kinds. We returned triumphant to our respective houses.

We had a fine reception last night at the Austrian Embassy in honor of Prince Rudolph. We arrived late, having dined out. The Prince is very good-looking, slight, elegant figure, and charming manners and smile. All the world was there—quantities of pretty women, and pretty dresses—the Countess Karolyi always the handsomest.

To H. L. K.

LONDON, June 20, 1887.

London is really a sight to-day, the streets gay with flags, draperies, stands, illuminations, and quantities of people gaping all day long. I went for a drive with Mary Sheridan, daughter of Mr. Motley, late Minister from the United States to the Court of St. James. We didn't attempt going down Piccadilly, as we saw what a dense crowd and block there was as we crossed to Constitution Hill. We went all round Westminster Abbey; I wanted to see the Poet's Corner where we are to go in to-morrow, and the House of Commons stand where she is to be with her sister. We were blocked for a quarter of an hour standing close to the Embankment. Some of the mottoes are very nice, I like the humble ones best, "God bless our Queen." We were a long time getting back to the Embassy, Piccadilly almost impossible. It was amusing, as everyone was arranging their balconies, and we recognized various friends standing at windows, and on balconies directing the arrangement of chairs, plants, flags, etc. After dinner W. took his cigar and we walked about a little in Piccadilly. Some of the illuminations had already begun and the crowd was dense, but no jostling or roughs, everyone good-humored and wildly interested in the decorations. London is transformed for the moment and looks like a great continental city, all lights and flags and an "air de fête." We didn't stay out very late, as we have a long day before us to-morrow. They say the Queen is well, but rather "émue" and a little nervous, which must be expected. I shall wear white, the only objection to that being that jewels won't show out, as they would on a darker color.

June 22d.

I am still exhausted, Dear, with the visions of a brilliant, motley, moving crowd, when I shut my eyes. Yesterday was beautiful, a glorious summer day. I was waked up at 6.30 by the dull rumble of carriages, and people already on the move. I thought they must have forgotten to call me, but the house was still wrapped in slumber, and though it was only 6.30 the Park was full of carriages, men in uniform and women in full dress. We started at 9.30 in the gala carriage, W. in uniform, and were followed by a second carriage landau, the men equally in gala. We remained blocked for a long time in Piccadilly, it didn't seem possible to get on; distracted policemen, mounted and on foot, and officers, did what they could, but there we remained, curiously enough all the Ambassadors' carriages together. Finally an order was given to let the Ambassadors' carriages pass, and we got on a little. Various Court carriages passed us—one so pretty with the three little daughters of the Duke of Edinburgh all in white with straw hats, and long white feathers, sitting on the back seat, and smiling and bowing, and looking quite charming with their fair hair streaming down their backs. They had an equerry in uniform with them on the front seat. Once past St. James's Street we went quickly enough thro' long lines of soldiers, and behind them quantities of people waiting patiently to see the great show. We went into the Abbey at the Poet's Corner, where an entrance was reserved for the Corps Diplomatique and Court functionaries. It was a fine sight; tier upon tier of seats covered with red cloth and filled with men in uniform, and women in handsome dresses. The Peers and Peeresses sat just below us and looked very well; as it was Collar Day, all the Garter men wore their white shoulder-knots, which were most effective. It was very difficult to distinguish people, the building is so enormous, but as we were close to the dais we saw all the Royalties perfectly. At last various members of the Royal Family came in, and the first Sovereign to enter was Her Majesty of the Sandwich Islands with her cortége; then came quickly the King of the Belgians, King of Denmark, various other Princes, and they all took their places on a platform facing the Queen's dais. We waited some time and then came a flourish of trumpets which announced the Queen's arrival. It was most interesting to see her come up the aisle—quite alone in front—her three sons, Wales, Edinburgh, and Connaught, just behind her. She was dressed in black with silver embroidery, a white lace bonnet with feathers, and lace caught back by diamond pins. As she reached the dais she stepped on it quite alone, and advancing to the front made a pretty curtsey to the assembled Royalties. Then came a long procession of family Princes, headed by the Prince of Wales and the German Crown Prince, who looked magnificent in his white uniform, and the Princess of Wales and the German Crown Princess. They all passed before the Queen, and it was most striking to see her seated there, a quiet figure dressed in black, very composed and smiling, yet "émue" too, as the long line of children and grandchildren representing all Europe passed to do her homage. It was a gorgeous crowd of uniforms, orders, jewels, and really *glittering* garments of all kinds; but every eye was fixed on the central figure. The service began at once and was impressive. The Prince Consort's "Te Deum" sounded magnificent with organ and full band. I must own to considerable distraction during the service, as I was quite taken up with looking at everything.

In the evening we started at 10 for the Palace, and they thought there would be such a crowd that we had a mounted policeman, but we had no trouble. Every one made way for the carriage, though, of course, the general traffic was stopped, and everybody (including our own secretaries, who weren't invited to the Palace, merely the "chefs de mission") in the middle of the streets, looking at the illuminations. There was great confusion at the Palace—dinners still going on and servants hurrying backward and forward with dishes, and piles of plates on the floor as we passed through the long corridor. We had to pass through the great hall where the numerous "Suites" were dining—and we naturally hesitated a moment as they were still at table—but Colonel Byng came forward and ushered us upstairs, and into one of the large rooms. There were very few people—the "Chefs de Mission," the

nunzio who had come expressly, Lord and Lady Salisbury, and Lord C., Indian Secretary (as there were many Indian Princes). We waited nearly an hour and were then summoned to the ball-room, where the Queen and Court were assembled. The Queen was standing, dressed just as she always is for a drawing-room with her small diamond crown and veil, and again the background of Princes and uniforms made a striking contrast to the one black-robed figure. The Prince of Wales stood a little behind, on her right, also Lord Lathom (Lord Chamberlain). We all passed before her, two by two, with our husbands, and she said a few words to each one, but no real conversation; it was evidently an effort, and we felt we must not stay a moment longer than necessary. I talked to one or two people while the others were passing. The German Crown Princess came over and talked to us. I asked her if the Queen was very tired. She said not nearly as much as she expected, it was more the anticipation of the day that had made her nervous, that she was very agitated when she started, but that wore off, and she was not very tired this evening, and very happy, as were all her children. I said, "You might add her people, Madam, for I never saw such a splendid outburst of loyalty." The Crown Princess herself is perfectly delightful, so clever and cultivated, and so easy, with such beautiful, clear, smiling eyes. Do you remember how much I admired her in Rome? the first time I met her? She is always so kind to us. M. W. loves to talk to her; they don't always agree, but she quite understands people having their own opinions, rather prefers it, I think, as she must necessarily be so often thrown with people who never venture to disagree with her. The Crown Prince of Sweden also came and recalled himself to me, and the Duke d'Aoste. The Queen remained about an hour; then the Royal party moved off in procession, and we got our carriages as quickly as we could. I have written you a volume (but you must say that doesn't happen often from my lazy pen, but I felt I must write at once, or I should never have the courage). Please send the letter to the family in America. I am dead tired, and my eyes shutting by themselves.

To H. L. K.

LONDON, June 24, 1887.

Yesterday I had rather a quiet day, I was still so dead tired after the children's fête. Jean and I drove about in the afternoon. She wanted to see the "Black Queen"—and we crossed her once or twice driving in the Park. It does look funny to see her sitting up in the Royal carriage with red liveries. We had a beautiful ball last night, given by Lord and Lady Rosebery at Lansdowne House for all the Royalties. The House was beautifully arranged; the ball-room panelled half way up the wall with red roses and green leaves. I danced a quadrille with the King of Greece, who is easy and talks a great deal; he speaks English perfectly well. He asked about the Schuylers, and spoke most warmly of them— said Schuyler was one of the few perfectly intelligent men he had ever met, "knew everything about everything." I must write it to them. The supper was very well arranged, small tables of eight or ten. Almost all the Royalties were there, but not the black lady. I asked our host why he hadn't invited Queen Kapiolani; but he said he really couldn't. The ball was small, and Lady Rosebery left out many of her friends, who naturally were not pleased. W. actually stayed to supper— I was so surprised, as he hates it.

To H. L. K.—Continued.

LONDON, June 24, 1887.

This afternoon all the swells went to Ranelagh to see a polo match, but I thought I would reserve myself for the Palace Ball. The Queen didn't appear, but we had two others, the Queen of the Belgians, and always Kapiolani. It was badly managed at first, the result being that when the Court came we had a crowd of people, officers, pages, etc., about four deep in front of us, so that we could neither see nor be seen, nor hardly move. When the first "quadrille d'honneur" was being danced we saw nothing, so after a consultation we all left the ball-room. Then there were various "pourparlers," and they finally did what they should have done at first, enlarged the circle, so that we were out of the crowd and near

the Court. There was also a great rush at supper, so that they had to shut one door for a moment. I didn't see many people to talk to, but of course it was very difficult. The Grand Duchess Serge looked beautiful, with splendid emeralds (she is the daughter of Princess Alice), and the Duchesse de Braganza (daughter of the Comte de Paris) was charming, so very high-bred, tall and slight, with a pretty little dark head. I always find the Princess of Wales the most distinguished looking. She stands out everywhere. Our "doyenne," Countess Karolyi, was superb — also with magnificent jewels. The Indian Princes made a great show, of course, with their silk, heavily embroidered tuniques, and the quantities of jewels, but they are not often well cut, nor well set, and they themselves are certainly off color—they look barbarians, and have such false faces—I wouldn't trust one of them.

To G. K. S.

London, July 3, 1887.

It is delicious summer weather now, and yesterday we went to Buckingham Palace to see the Queen review the Volunteers. I wore for the first time my Jubilee Medal. It came Friday with a note from the Duchess of Roxborough saying the Queen hoped I would wear it as a souvenir of her Jubilee. It is a plain little silver medal about the size of a two-shilling piece, with the Queen's head on one side and an inscription on the other, fastened to a bow of blue and white ribbon. We three Ambassadresses are the only women of the Corps Diplomatique that have it. All the Queen's household have it, Duchesses of Bedford, Buccleugh, Roxborough, etc. The Princes, also, of course, but theirs are in gold.

It was most amusing waiting in the courtyard of the Palace seeing everyone arrive. All the Royalties took up their position at the foot of the Queen's Tribune, and waited for her. Our tribune was on one side of hers, and one for the Indian Princes opposite. The Volunteers looked and passed very well ; as it was Saturday afternoon and the shops in London are closed early always Saturday, all the various butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers could leave their shops and parade, and extremely well some of them looked ; stout, heavy men moving quite lightly and at ease in their stiff uniforms. It was pretty to see the various Princes break away from their places on the Duke of Cambridge's staff and ride ahead of the various regiments of which they are honorary colonels. The Prince of Wales looked well on his handsome chestnut, which is perfectly trained and steps beautifully. The Duke of Connaught is a handsome soldier. We were a long time getting away, but as we had no dinner-party it wasn't of any consequence. It was such a pleasure not to put on a low bodice and diamonds. I always grumble about putting on my diadem—as a rule I never wear anything in my hair, not even feathers (except at Court), and the diadem is heavy. After dinner W. and I went for a drive along the Thames Embankment —our favorite recreation after a long, hot day. There are still people about, and a general air of festivity.

(To be continued.)

A CLASH OF SENTIMENTALISTS

By Alice Duer Miller

I

DEAR SYDNEY: I shall not expect you to be—after the received formula—delighted to hear of my engagement. Nevertheless, I write first to you. I am going to marry Hubert Frost. "What!" you will say, "Frost's Pure, Perfect, Refreshing Ginger Ale?" You will be quite right. It is, I am proud to say, the same (not his father nor his grandfather, who were both small farmers, not too successful, from up the State). He made his money, and a great deal of it, himself. And yet, though I am tolerably mercenary, this has nothing to do with my acceptance of him. I am marrying him because he is a *man*. And after all the involutions of subtlety and good taste through which I have followed most of my acquaintance, simple, robust masculinity appeals to me. You will, I think, understand when you see him. LYDIA.

P. S.—Come to see us, but not for two weeks. I am going to stay with his mother at Sciossett, N. Y.

II

BUT are we so sure, after all, my dear girl, that I am not glad to hear of your engagement? If you won't be mine, why not be somebody else's? This is a point of view I actually arrive at in strongly reasonable moments. Besides, even when I was urging my own mediocre suit upon you, I was acutely conscious of interfering with your fitting rôle, which is, I take it, that of a prosperous young married woman, unless, possibly, that of an independent widow. (Perish the dangerous fantasy!)

As for Hubert Frost, whom your engaging egotism seems to suggest you have discovered, he is well-known among men as a capital fellow—a good man and a good business man. I congratulate you sincerely. Leave me, however, the mild gratification of believing that there are some aspects of your nature which he will never see; some of your more potent charms that will go whizzing clean over his head; in short, that he will never understand you as *I* have done, and will probably on that very account be a much better companion for you.

And this, I take it, is an extremely creditable letter from a man who is still just as absurdly in love with you as ever.

S. T.

III

DEAR HUBERT: I verily believe that you had so little respect for my judgment as to doubt whether I should know a really great lady when I saw her, just because she had been the daughter and the wife of a farmer. Your mother and I are very happy together in spite of your absence. The only drawback to my enjoyment is my recognition of the fact that it is so much less to your credit to be so nice a man, since you have had so delightful a mother. "My dear," she has just said to me, "I am so glad to see you do everything to make yourself as pretty as nature intends you to be. I don't regret having had to work hard throughout my youth, but I am sorry I never wasted any time on my looks." She told me, what I could easily believe, that she had been thought a great beauty—"Before my marriage," she added. And yet how young she was! Nineteen when you were born! When I think of the women in New York, older than your mother and without her profile, who are on terms of intimate equality with the season debutantes!

To-morrow we drive out to the old farm, to which, I see, your mother's heart still yearns. She showed me a photograph of you at two, lying on top of a haycart, elegantly attired in an enormous straw hat.

As for Sciossett itself, it may be, as you say, an excellent investment as far as real estate is concerned, but I should be sorry to pass my days there. It contains noth-

ing old enough to be dignified, nor new enough to be smart.

Of its inhabitants I have seen little ; of Mrs. Stiles nothing at all, although I have waited with breathless interest for some mention of her name. That night by the sea, when you first told me about her, will always remain one of the most important in my life, more so, I think, than even the occasion on which you first asked me to marry you. You see I had never, with what someone has called my engaging egotism, thought that, while I was examining myself truly whether I cared for you enough, you had the high standard of your former love with which to compare your feeling for me. I always think the bond between two women who have both loved the same man a singularly close one. She and I out of all the world have had this thing in common, and yet we have not as much as seen each other. I look to her to present to me all that you were, and she, to me to show all that you have become. I cannot help envying her a little for having been your first romance, "Youth's vision thus made perfect," nor despising her a good deal for having at the last preferred a, I am sure, wholly inferior Stiles. I hate her for having hurt you, and love her for having, as you say, helped you in the right direction. Except for a certain worldly wisdom, I'm afraid I have no qualities that will help you in any way, so it is fortunate that I am quite content with you exactly as you are. LYDIA.

IV

MY DEAREST LYDIA: How can I thank you for a letter that has made me very happy. I never doubted that you would appreciate my mother, but the thing that has been a special pleasure to me was your expression about Winnefred Stiles. Although I shall never see her again if I can avoid such a meeting, I can think of nothing in this world which I could more earnestly desire than a friendship between you and her. However grateful I might feel, therefore, I should deeply deplore too great resentment on your part of the pain she has caused me in the past. How much I have suffered you only perhaps understand, because you only have consoled me. Nevertheless, remember that I brought it on myself by insisting that she should enter into an engagement with me, when I should have known that I was too much her inferior in every way to make its consummation possible. I have, too, to thank her courage and clearsightedness for sparing as much pain as could be spared. That you should have to envy anyone hurts me. I would to God I could bring you the first love of my youth, for surely you deserve all a man's best. Still, you realize that if my heart has suffered one total shipwreck, it is now entirely your own.

H. F.

V

EVER since you went away this morning, dear Hubert, I have been thinking over our conversation of Sunday. Don't ever fancy I do not know how painful it is to you to go over all the story again, nor that I am not abjectly grateful to you for withholding nothing. Ah, dear, if only it had been I ! If I had only met you first, I could have made you really happy !

I have been tormented all day by the knowledge that I have not treated you with a like generosity. You have been so open about the past that it is inexcusable in me to have been silent about the present. Yet even with the best intentions in the world, I find some difficulty in finding the exact words, the precise shade of meaning to express the situation. There is a man who is, shall I say, *important* to me. At first I felt that, as I had refused to marry him before I ever met you, I was justified in not mentioning the incident, although I still see and like to see him. Now, of course, I understand that no such incident is ever wholly past, and that it is always momentously important. With this man, dear Hubert, I am not in love, yet there is a side of me, a little bit of my nature, that will always pine for his society—just that little bit precisely that you haven't had time to take in as yet. I am not in love with him, yet the moment when I see him in love with someone else will be disagreeable. And rest assured he is a man I might be proud to care for—a gentleman, a man of the world. He has been and always will be an element in my life. That's all. Not very much, you will see,

but I could not rest while I felt I had been second to you in honesty.

I wish you and Saturday were here once more. LYDIA.

VI

O, HUBERT, how can I write to you! How have you deceived me, or must I say allowed me to deceive myself! I have seen your Winnefred, O, how appropriately Mrs. Stiles! Is this the woman for whom your past passion so shook me that evening on the rocks? Is this the woman to whom five years ago you were engaged, and for whom to-day I am barely able to console you, the woman whom I am fancying as so noble, or at least so dazzling a creature, that I might be proud to be her successor—this crystallization of everything in you which I have most tried to ignore!

I need not tell you I should not write like this if I felt that anything further between us were possible, but it is not. You know I have been waiting patiently all this time for you to get round to appreciating my better qualities. I see now that if ever you should be so unfortunate as to discover them they would hopelessly alienate you. We may as well face the truth; you do not want the best. For this is what your Winnefred has shown me. Either you are one of those who love women for their pettiness and failings (which you sum up in the one offensive word "femininity", and this is the attitude that puts women in the harem), or else you ask only that a woman should present no characteristics, good or bad, so that you may wrap her about in your own idealization, and this is the attitude that renders love after marriage impossible. To one of these alternatives, it seems to me, the thoroughly commonplace, trivial, selfish little woman whom I have just seen and whom you have so worshipped, must commit you. Either one would make me unhappy as your wife, and let me say, as a dispassionate outsider, neither is a point of view which commands my respect.

This you will say is not a kind letter. I do not feel kind—the situation scarcely admits of kindness. I have put myself in a painful and ridiculous position by deliberately blinding myself to the obvious fact that you and I are as far apart as the poles.

You may wonder that under the circumstances I do not at once leave your mother's house. She has asked some people to meet me at luncheon on Friday, and I could not go before then without entering into a full explanation, which I do not wish to do until I have seen you. I assume you will wish to see me, although it would be easier for both of us if you didn't. I return to town on Friday afternoon, and shall expect you about six-thirty. LYDIA.

VII

MY DEAR LOVE: I don't believe you have any idea what a dreadful night your letter has given me, or you would not have been so cruel. This morning, however, I think I see things in a little juster proportion. Of course I am sorry and disappointed that you and Winnefred did not hit it off a little better, but it isn't possible, is it, dear, that a woman who at the present moment does not enter in the smallest way into my life should be able to make any real difference between us? Last night your position seemed inexplicable, but this morning I think I am right in believing that my Dear Lady Disdain has paid me the compliment of being a little bit jealous of me. Dear, is not this a little ungenerous, considering how uncomplainingly I have borne your revelation of another influence than my own? Second thoughts have probably already shown you that you have no occasion to be jealous of Winnefred, although, indeed, I love you all the better for wanting to be reassured. I cannot, even for you, belittle my past love for her. While it lasted it was the deepest, most acute experience of my life, but it is absolutely over. This I am sure you do not seriously doubt.

In short, dearest, you have my full permission to be as jealous as you please every day in the week when we are together, but never, I pray you, again write me such a letter, when I must wait two days before I can see you and straighten things out. Another time I might not understand so well.

Yours,

HUBERT.

VIII

UNDERSTAND! My dear Hubert, you understand just about as well as you do cuneiform inscriptions! If my disposition were a better one I should weep. As it is I can only smile hatefully. And "*jealous!*" If I only could be! It is, I had almost said, what I had hoped. One is jealous of one's peers, but now— If I deplored a taste on your part for caraway-seeds, you would not call me jealous. (To avoid misconceptions, let me say that I do not accuse you of this weakness.) Don't you see I could have followed gladly in the wake of an Empress, but to be the successor of a Mrs. Stiles, to bind up the wounds made by the mother of a Frankie! (He was brought to see me and is, I take it, the most disagreeable child of his age extant.) Heavens, shall I ever forget my feelings as I first saw her, settled heavily in the corner of the sofa, staring about her with those fierce, round, unintelligent eyes of hers? Her clothes, which it would be spiteful to describe and impossible to forget! These things you will quite justly say are trivial; but what is not trivial is that her mind never wandered from herself and her own importance, with which she at once attempted to impress me, gradually revealing the greatness of her position— yes, even of her income, and the selectness of Frankie's kindergarten. She hated me for living in New York and, as her inordinate vanity suggested, looking down on her on that account. When, recognizing this alarm, I spoke of the pleasure of my visit, she intimated with more relish than delicacy that I was scarcely in a position to speak of the inner circles of Sciossett society, and rejoiced inwardly to have been able to say as much to a bloated metropolitan. I don't know why I write like this, why I attempt to break the ideal figure from whose contemplation I am about to withdraw. You will only lament again that we did not "hit it off" (though, believe me, she enjoyed herself hugely). Criticism is so useless, with a person like yourself. For you are among those who, when accident has caused your affection to adhere, when chance has picked out a subject for idealization, care so little for truth as to call all criticism abuse.

You speak of not belittling your past feeling, "even for me." Don't you see, my dear Hubert, that is the last thing in the world that I should want you to do— that indeed the quantity of your feeling for her is the only thing that now remains to my liking: the quality, since I have seen her, I but too readily recognize. It is not of a sort that I value in the original, and the second brew, which you offer me, I will have none of.

I am writing this on the train, so that you may get it at your Club, and be spared the pain of coming under a misconception of the exact position of affairs.

LYDIA.

IX

DEAR SYDNEY: If you should hear any misinformed persons wondering whether I am really engaged to Hubert Frost, you have my authority to say that the rumor is without foundation. Nobody knows why my engagement is broken but myself, not even Hubert, though I have spent two hours and not a little letter paper trying to explain. My family have arrived at, and are now trying to conceal their opinion that I couldn't stand his relations. Than this nothing could be more untrue. I should be proud to be his mother's daughter-in-law. You, perhaps only, out of all my acquaintance, would thoroughly understand my motives; and you, I shall never tell. Nevertheless, you might come to see me this afternoon, that we may together deplore the over-subtlety that we have contrived to cultivate in each other.

LYDIA.



"Wild turkeys."—Page 69.

THE BEST GUN IN THE VALLEY

By Nelson Lloyd

Illustrations by A. B. Frost

"THEN I ups with the gun," said Harvey Homer. Suiting the action to the word, he lifted the butt of the ancient piece to his shoulder, aiming right at Amos Inklin's head. The drover dodged hastily, seeking the protection of the big egg-stove.

"Hold on there!" he shouted. "Mebbe it's loadened."

Harvey dropped the butt to the floor with great deliberation. "As I was sayin' when you interrupted me, I ups with the gun an' —"

"Now, see here, Harvey," cried Amos, angrily, "if you are goin' to ups with it agin, I want to know if it's loadened. This store ain't Laurel Ridge, an' my head ain't a coon."

"Is—it—loadened, Harvey?" said old Martin Holmes, laying a hand on Homer's knee and wiggling his leg at every word. "My pap's first cousin was kilt be an absent-minded man illustratined how he shot a wild-cat. Is—it—loadened?"

"I forget," replied the hunter testily. "Do you fellers think I can mind every time I shoot it?" He paused a moment, and laid his forefinger thoughtfully between his eyes. "I allow it is loadened, but jest to make sure—" He drew the hickory ramrod from its home and sent it rattling down the barrel. It came to a stop with a thud, and he shut one eye and critically inspected the protruding end of the stick. "It—is—loadened," he cried, triumphantly.

From behind the counter, Ned Smith, the store-keeper, broke in with a gentle protest. "We don't mind you uns tellin' us about shootin', but mebbe before you go pintin' around that 'ay it 'ud be sensible to unloaden it."

"There's two fingers o' powder, two buck an' a ball in there," cried the hunter angrily, shaking the rifle. "That's what you'd have me go waste. You uns talk like a gun hadn't no sense. Besides, there ain't no cap, an' ——"

"Now Harvey, now Harvey," said Martin Holmes, gently. "Don't git all he't up. I never seen a gun yit as was overgifted with brains. A rifle is fickler than a woman; you otter know that,

Harvey. You otter know that the less waddin' you has pertectin' you, the harder she kicks. An' if the average well-balanced musket gits it inter its head it's goin' to go off, off it'll go, whether it has a cap on or not; you otter know that, Harvey."

Harvey did not know it. He did not care. He did not need any information about guns. But if the store was full of fellows who had no trust in a rifle that had gone fifty years without harming no one, then he allowed that he supposed it would be best to unloaden it. He hurled this forth as he shuffled to the door. The store followed him, old Holmes bringing up in the rear with a finger carefully tucked in each ear.

Standing on the porch, Homer gave one contemptuous glance at the little knot of men behind him, and, taking careless aim at a gray cloud that was hovering away off in the distance, fired.

There was a loud squawking of chickens and a flutter of wings; a series of wild squeals by the mill where a few hogs had been huddled in the sun; a chorus of ba-a-s as a flock of sheep rushed down the road and made the bridge by the blacksmith-shop ring with their hoofs. This was to be expected, for it always followed any startling sound in Six Stars. The unexpected was a human cry of dismay, and then a groan that arose from a light blue heap in the road, just beneath the smoking muzzle. The store turned pale. The light blue heap took form, and the men on the porch breathed easier, for now, erect before them, his old army-overcoat gray with dust, his outstretched hands holding a bicycle which he was critically inspecting, stood Aaron Kallaberger. He sent the wheels spinning around, and, having satisfied himself that the machine was not damaged, he smiled.

"I tho't it was Sumpter," he said.

Though Aaron Kallaberger did not take part in the defence of that famous fortress, as might be implied from this remark, his nine months' service in the Civil War, all in the hospital, had cast a heroic glamour over his whole life, and, with a pension added and an army overcoat, he was well entitled to use martial terms. But Harvey did not like it.

"Did you allus tumble over like that when they was any shootin'?" he cried, angrily. "A screechin', an' a groanin', an' a scarin' the enemy most to death, thinkin' they'd killed ye."

"I never rode under a cannon before," replied Aaron, pleasantly.

"A cannon!" The very suggestion was so extravagant to Harvey that he laughed. "Why, this here is the best gun in Pennsylwany. Look at it, Aaron! Handle it—mind the copper patch on the stock—see how easy the trigger pulls—an' that there ramrod—toughest hickory in the walley, an' whittled out by my old grandpap." He thrust the barrel into the hands of the veteran, who had propped himself against the bicycle and received the piece rather gingerly. "A cannon! Why, if my pap heard you say that he'd turn in his grave. Grandpap got it first, an' they allus sayd he carried it in the Revolution—look there—you can see where it was a flint-lock. Pap changed it fer caps. There's a placet in the stock to keep bullets an' patches—all the modern conweniences, you see, with the experience of age. Jest take a sight with her, Aaron, an' mind how light she is."

The veteran lifted the heavy gun and aimed it. In the delight of sighting down the long barrel at a new white shingle on the roof of the mill, he straightened up, and the bicycle toppled over. Harvey scrambled to pick it up. That was a fatal move to him, for a wheel spun around with a musical Purr, scattering silvery shafts of light.

"Mighty, but it goes easy," he cried. "Where did you git it, Aaron?"

"I wonder if I could hit that chicken if this here was loadened?" replied Kallaberger, swinging the rifle around and bringing it to bear on a hen resting on a near-by fence.

"How fur will this here travel?" inquired Harvey, a little louder.

"Sights, but it feels good!" the veteran answered, aiming at a cloud. "I ain't had a musket of me own since the war—got out o' the habit. What you bet I couldn't take the weather wane offen Inklin's house yander?"

"How much did you give for this here?" cried Harvey, laying a restraining hand on the other's arm.

"For what—oh, that," said Aaron



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

The store turned pale.—Page 66.

with a contemptuous glance at the machine. "I almost give me life fer it a couple of times. As it was, I traded with young Harry Whoople fer ten dollars, a churn an' two augurs."

Harvey's eyes opened wide in amazement. "They is expensive, ain't they," he said, meekly.

He was disappointed. The bicycle was in his hands, and he wanted it. He had read about these machines in the paper; a few times he had seen strangely garbed men from the county-town flying along the turnpike on them; but to him they had seemed as difficult to attain as wings. Now he held one in his hands; he knew a man who could ride one; he had heard the musical purr of the wheels and gazed into the hypnotic light of the spokes. It did not seem so unattainable, yet the price was beyond him. The churn and two augurs he could give, but ten dollars——

"What'll you take fer this here rifle, Harvey?" Aaron asked, aiming at the head of a sheep that was standing on the bridge, blinking at the sun.

"I'll trade even," Harvey replied. He pointed to the bicycle, but he was so amazed at his audacity that his voice broke and he had to cough.

Kallaberger laughed.

"Even!" he shouted. "Mighty man, talk sense—ten dollars an' the gun—how's that?"

"Yon is the best gun in the walley," Homer answered, with spirit. "My own grandpap whittled that ramrod."

But Kallaberger was without sentiment. He insisted on fixing the value of the rifle on the basis of its present usefulness, entirely eliminating family tradition. And Aaron was a clever man, for he stood by in contemptuous silence while Harvey spun the wheels again for a very long time. Then he made a new proposition.

"I've heard tell a heap about your spring-bed, Harvey," he said. "Now, what 'ud you uns say to bicycle fer gun an' spring-bed. You haven't no use fer a spring-bed."

"It's most a'mighty comf'table sleepin'," returned Harvey, feebly.

"But when you're asleep, you don't know whether you're comf'table or not," the veteran argued with much spirit. "If you are sleepin', you are unkawnscious. Fer an unkawnscious man a straw-tick is as good as two springs."

"There is somethin' in that," the other assented. He tried for a moment to recall a time when the spring-mattress had added to his comfort. He could not, for he had slept just as soundly before he got it. Sleep always came to him when his head touched a pillow, and the only real pleasure he had derived from his recent investment was in telling the others at the store what a luxurious thing it was.

Again he spun the wheels, and they won the argument. Family tradition was forgotten. Grandpap whittling the hickory ramrod was forgotten. Pap's pride in the best gun in the valley was forgotten.

"It's a bargain, Aaron," the young man said.

Harvey Homer slept that night on his old corn-shuck mattress. He had pulled it down from the loft of his little log-house after Kallaberger had driven away with the springs lashed to his buckboard, and Harvey did not regret his bargain, for he sat up late, spinning the wheels, and pointing out to his hound Colonel the interesting parts of the mechanism. He had even tried mounting and dismounting in the narrow limits of his kitchen, so that it was a weary head that touched the pillow, and he was soon unconscious to the discomfort of the corn-shucks. As if in proof of his theory, he slept unusually late the next morning, and it was broad daylight when he arose.

First he awakened the fire in the ten-plate stove, and when it was roaring lustily, he turned to take the measure of the day. The valley was white with the first snow of the year. It had crept up in the night and covered the shrivelled fields, transforming the gaunt trees into giant finger-corals, pitching rank on rank of tall, white tents at the head of the slope, where yesterday had been an expanse of stunted pines. The man at the window, peering through the frosted glass, had seen too many winters come to waste a glance on the fences, once so broken, so brown and decrepit, now a delicate network, stretching to and fro over the valley, and glittering in the sun that was just rising above the eastward ridges. He was looking away to the woods, and what held



The trail of a fox.

his gaze was not the tall white tents there, but three small, black objects moving across the clearing. Long and earnestly he watched them as they went, single file, over the field and were again lost in the cover.

"Turkeys, Colonel!" Harvey cried. "Wild turkeys."

This announcement made the hound wriggle all over, and he raised himself against the window, and, with his warm nose, tried to rub away the frost, that he, too, might see what was doing.

"Breakfast first, Colonel," said Harvey, gayly, patting the dog's head. "Breakfast, an' then——"

He paused abruptly. His gaze was fixed in the corner, where the gun had leaned so long.

"An' then—an' then—" He rubbed his eyes to make sure of them. "Why, Colonel, I never tho't o' you when I done it. You can't ride a bicycle, can you?"

The hound ran to the door, and began to sniff at the knob and whine. Then he turned to the corner where the rifle should have been, and, sitting on his haunches, threw back his head and gave a long howl.

"It's the redicklestest thing I ever done," said Harvey, mournfully. "I don't blame you a bit, Colonel. Why, had I stopped an' tho't o' you, I wouldn't 'a' swapped for ten bicycles."

Still more was the full meaning of his bargain impressed on him, for, as he stepped outside after breakfast, bound for the barn to care for his horses and his cow, he sank to his boot-tops in a snow-drift. The hound floundered after him, and not ten steps from the door they crossed the trail of a fox, where the wind, broken by the house, had failed to cover



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

"The Old Gray Horse has Died in the Wilderness."—Page 71.

the tracks. Then a rabbit darted from a brush pile and scampered away over the fields. The hound went pitching after it, but, pausing at the crest of the hill, he looked back to see his master standing helplessly at the barn-yard gate, so he turned and went disconsolately home.

"It's no use, Colonel," Harvey said, hardly daring to meet the inquiring gaze of his dumb companion. "We might jest as well set down, patient-like, an' wait till the winter goes. Mebbe we can make up fer it be goin' bicyclin'; but jest now, I s'pose, we'll be over-run with game—me an' you—smothered under patridges an' foxes an' sech. Why, when you was gone, I was looking fer some bears, or mebbe a tagger or an ellyphant or so to come a-moseyin' round here any minute. I allow we'd better keep in doors, me an' you, an' read the almenick."

The hours moved very slowly that morning. The bicycle-wheels had lost their fascination for Harvey, and he found small comfort in getting out his fishing tackle for an overhauling. It seemed so foolish to work over hooks and lines that could not be used for months. To make it more humiliating, Irving Kallaberger opened the door without the formality of a knock, and surprised him at this humble occupation. Harvey apologized, and started to explain, but Irving cut him short, and, in that polished way that has made his family famous in the valley, assured him that it was most sensible to prepare in early December for fishing in late April. With this the visitor removed his overcoat and muffler, and took a chair by the stove. He had his fiddle with him, and was bound for the Hockewouts' place. The Hockewouts were giving a dance that night, and he was going to play. It is a good five miles there from Six Stars, and though Harvey's was but one-fifth of the way, he had decided to drop in, and rest up and warm.

Harvey suggested a tune, and, going to the door, called Colonel in to hear it. Irving graciously acceded to the request, and, taking his violin from the paper flour-bag, began to play. Under the spell of the music, Harvey Homer forgot the lost rifle and the mocking game, and leaned back on two legs of his chair, beat time with his feet, and half hummed and half sang to the tune of "The Old Gray Horse has Died in the Wilderness." By his side, the hound sat on his haunches, his tail free to pound the floor rhythmically, his head thrown back, and his eyes fixed in ecstacy on the ceiling. Once he gave vent to a long-drawn howl, but a sharp stroke of his master's hand suppressed him, so that thereafter he contented himself with a series of gurgling wails. For a half hour Irving played, twice repeating his repertory, from "The Old Gray Horse" to "The Devil's Dream," and he was about to start on a third round, when Harvey interrupted him by shuffling his feet.

"They is a heap o' consolation in a fiddle, ain't they?" he said.

"I jest wish I had nothin' else to do," replied Irving, with enthusiasm. "A man with a fiddle is never lonely. It allus agrees with you. If you feels low down an' mournful, out comes the fiddle—out comes 'The Old Gray Horse that Died in the Wilderness.' You feels ca'am-like, an' peaceful—out comes the fiddle—out comes 'Mother an' Me' or 'Jordan's Strand.' Mebbe you are special happy an' joyous — out comes 'The Devil's Dream' or 'Slatter-up-the-Ding-dang.' Why, Harvey, it's a wonder to me you never took up music."

"I don't know how," replied Harvey. "I can't."

"Can't!" exclaimed Irving. "Can't? Of course, you can. Fiddlin' is natural. You never had a fiddle, did you? So you can't play. S'posin you never had a fork an' knife—you couldn't eat, could you? Music is the food of the human soul, as Pete Ciders sais. Give a baby a fiddle when you give him a knife an' fork, an' he'll play as natural as he'll eat. Now, ain't that true, Harvey?"

Harvey thought that possibly it was. If he had any doubts on the question, Irving did not give them time to form into vigorous opposition, for he placed the fiddle in Homer's hands.

"Now try it oncet, an' see if it ain't like learnin' to swim—a stroke at a time."

The bow was drawn over the strings, and the fiddle gave a long wail. Colonel followed with a howl.

"It's wonderful," said Harvey. "I'd no idee it was so easy."



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

"Old Captain," he said, half aloud.—Page 74.

Up went the bow—forth came a fire of short, sharp screeches. The dog fell in with a succession of yelps.

"Why, it's just tuned to me an' Colonel, ain't it, Irving?" Harvey cried. "Now I must git me one of these."

"Didn't I tell you?" was Irving's triumphant rejoinder. "Of course, it's easy. Oncet you can play the notes separate, all you have to learn is fittin' 'em together."

Another, long soft wail!—the cry that a lonely man suppresses. What a comfort it is to sit this way and pour forth your joys and your woes? A sweep of the bow, and you hurl forth defiance at the world. A swing of the arm, slowly, softly, and you whisper some tenderer emotion. The world does not understand. It thinks you fiddle. Colonel knows! Colonel feels it! To the depths of his dog-soul the cry of the fiddle strikes.

"You like it, eh, old boy?" said Harvey, scratching the hound's head with the end of the bow. "Well, mebbe I'll git one of these, jest to play for you."

"You might have that one," put in Irving, most opportunely, "if you really want it, an' will promise to learn, an' won't spile it. I think a heap o' that wiolin, an' you are the only man in the walley I'd trust it with."

Harvey was greatly flattered at this faith in his own artistic future, and promised to take the best of care of it. But what was he to give in return. Somehow, Irving's eyes wandered to the bicycle, and rested there. Harvey asked what he would give with the fiddle for the wheel. At this, young Kallaberger laughed outrageously. The real question was, what would he get to boot. The bicycle would be of no service until the snow was gone, and that meant months, but the fiddle could be used day and night, winter and summer, year in and year out.

"The value of any article, Harvey," said he, didactically, "is dependent on what you gits outen it. They is nothin' to be got outen that wheel fer months. But look at the fiddle. It's worth depends on the quantity of music it'll give. That is limited only be your muscle an' your time. There's the beauty of a fiddle—you can't empty it."

"Now I never tho't o' that before, Irving," said Harvey, apologetically. "Mebbe I otter give you somethin' extry with the wheel."

Irving really felt that he should. Were he dealing with any other man in the valley, he would insist on it, but it was a great deal to know that the loved instrument was in good hands—hands that would care for it and get from it the best that it could give forth. On the other side, Harvey entertained no such feelings toward the bicycle. He regarded the machine with resentment, for by the flash of its spokes and the purr of its wheels he had been lured from the paths trodden by his father and his father's father. He had forgotten them. The old hickory ramrod alone, whittled and seasoned with an infinity of care, was worth a dozen of these factory baubles. So when he saw the last of the bicycle, as Irving Kallaberger was pushing it down the road, through the snow-drifts, he laughed and turned to his new treasure.

The sun had swung around far enough to be looking in the westerly window, when Harvey laid down the fiddle and began to rub his elbows and his wrists, which were crooked and stiff from the hours of earnest sawing. The hound had long since retired behind the stove, refusing to be further moved by his master's music, except at intervals to lift his head and give an angry growl of protest.

To one of these growls, Harvey now deigned to reply, as he was trying to shake some blood into his left arm.

"You mustn't git discouraged, Colonel. Give me time. They is a heap sight more in gittin' the notes together right than I allowed fer. Why, this here arm feels like it had been sleepin' all summer. But I'll learn it if I has to work all winter. Don't git mad about it, Colonel. Let me have time—Irving 'll help—he'll explain some pints that we ain't clear on, an' then I bet I can bring tears to your eyes agin."

It was with the intention of getting Irving to explain, and the added purpose of inquiring for mail, that Harvey pulled on his mackinaw jacket and started for the village. Every afternoon of his life he made this little excursion. It was seldom that the mail brought him anything, and what did come were stray pat-

ent-medicine circulars, addressed to the wife, whom a half hundred of these nostrums had failed to save. She was gone five years now, and still came these belated answers to her dying appeals. Harvey always took them home and read them and treasured them, for they came to him as messages from the dead, and they used to say in Six Stars that but for the persistency of the quacks he would have married again long since. Such was the news he was going to get as he trudged along the snow-clogged road with his fiddle under his arm. At the head of the hill, where the road turns and winds down to the village, he stopped abruptly and raised a hand to his ear. Away up the valley he heard it, very faint at first; now clearer and nearer; now full and strong, ringing along the ridge-top—a hound, giving tongue. Harvey knew that voice.

"Old Captain," he said, half aloud, as he stood, drinking in the music. "Tom Lasher's old Captain — there's a dead rabbit."

The bark of a rifle! Harvey Homer swings on his heels, and goes plunging on through the snow. He knows that voice. The best gun in the valley is singing along the ridges. Its song is reverberating from hill to hill, and now it is dying away in the woods up there toward home. Perhaps Colonel hears it as he mopes about the barnyard, teasing chickens! Harvey Homer hears it as he goes to take a fiddle-lesson!

As he strode down the hill, fleeing from the sight and sound of those forbidden pleasures, Harvey was hailed by a small boy. He would have hurried by had not the report of a revolver halted him.

Piney Kallaberger was peppering at a tin can on a fence-post.

"Mighty souls!" cried the man. "Can you hit anything with that there?"

"Can I?" replied the boy, disdainfully. And the can rang as a bullet crashed through it.

"Shootin' mark ain't much fun, tho'," said Piney, falling in beside Harvey, and stepping along with him. "It's awful quiet around town now, an' when Irving goes away with the fiddle, there's nothin' fer me to do. Fiddlin' is my speciality, when I can git a fiddle."

He cast a wistful glance at the one tucked under his companion's arm.

"Do you s'posin' I could hit a rabbit with that there revoliver, Piney?" asked Harvey.

"Does I s'posin'!" cried the boy. "I don't s'posin' at all. I know it."

And he proceeded to demonstrate, in words, why the revolver was infinitely more accurate in its fire, easier to handle, safer to carry, and more amusing to clean than the old-fashioned rifle. Harvey Homer was not so simple as to be carried away by the boy's praise of his weapon, but the nearer he came to the village, the more humble he felt at being seen with a fiddle. It was positively effeminate. Before he reached the bridge by the blacksmith-shop, he was hiding his shame beneath his mackinaw jacket. By the time the mill was passed, he had transferred it to the willing hands of Piney Kallaberger, and when he stepped into the store, it was with head high and shoulders back, for, at least, he carried something that would shoot.

When the store-door opened again, it was to admit Aaron Kallaberger. The veteran seated himself in silence, laid the best gun in the valley across his knees, and, from some mysterious recess in the lining of his coat, drew a dead rabbit. This he dropped carelessly on the floor at his feet. Then he sighed and rubbed his right shoulder cautiously.

"Have you any first-class linnyment, Ned?" he asked, addressing the storekeeper, whose head appeared above the row of men on the bench by the counter.

There was a loud chuckle behind the stove.

"Now, did she kick you, Aaron?" cried Harvey Homer, leaning into view. "Ain't that a knowin' gun? She never did like strangers."

Aaron winked at Ned Smith. He used the eye that was hidden from Harvey by his eagle's beak nose.

"It was this here 'ay," he said, not heeding the jibe. "I had snuck up along behint Laurel ridge when old Captain—I'd borrowed the hound from Lasher—old Captain he brung the rabbit a-jumpin' along around be Jimpson's pond-field, an' I ups with the gun an'——"

"See here, Aaron," cried Harvey, plain-

tively, breaking rudely into this vivid story of the hunt. "You'll spend all the money you has on linnyment if you keeps that there rifle. I know her temper. She'll kick you every chance she gits. Now, her an' me gits along as sweet as two lambs. S'posin' we swap."

"Oh, I ain't petickler," replied the veteran, "so long as I gits a good bargain. What'll you give?"

Harvey held up the revolver.

"That," shouted Aaron, laughing derisively. "Why, this here is the best gun in the walley."

"You sayd yesterday it was too old," retorted Harvey.

"Too old," cried the veteran. "Mighty! It's historical. Your grandpap carried it in the Revolution. That there ramrod alone what he whittled is a relict. Don't be childish, Harvey."

"It wouldn't be jest an even trade, I know," said Harvey, timidly, "but I allow if I th'owed in a dollar——"

"An' a bottle of linnyment, it 'ud be fair," added Aaron.

Harvey Homer sat late that night, reading by candle-light. Suddenly, he raised his eyes from the book and laughed.

"He got a bottle of linnyment, Colonel," he said. The dog had been napping by the stove, but now he lifted his head from between his fore-paws and gazed at his master. "He'll need that an' the spring-bed, too." Harvey arose, and, stepping to the corner, laid one hand on the muzzle of the best gun in the valley. "We've got her back, Colonel, an' to-morrow we'll go huntin' agin, but, somehow, my brain don't seem jest right. Somehow, we ain't got as much as we had yesterday—me an' you—an' I can't account fer it. Figgers allus did mix me. The Good Book straightens out a heap of things in this world, Colonel, an' I've been readin' that. But it ain't no help. It warns a feller agin most everything. I tho't it might mention the Kallabergers. But it don't. I guess that was because it was wrote so long ago. But, I allow, if it was to be wrote over agin it 'ud mention 'em."

THE SAILOR'S SONG

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

Oh the wind's to the West and the sails are filling free!
Take your head from my breast: you must say good-by to me.
You'd my heart in both your hands, but you did not hold it fast,
And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

O it's I must away, and it's you must bide at home!
I am sped like the spray, I am fickle as the foam:
It was sweet, my dear, 'twas sweet, but 'twas all too sweet to last,
For the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

We have clasped, we have kissed, but you would not give me more:
I must win what we missed on some other, farther shore.
You can never hold the gray gull that swings about the mast,
And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

You will mourn, you will mate, but 'twill never be with me:
I am off to my fate, and it lies across the sea.
For it's God alone that knows where my anchor will be cast,
And the mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

THE STORY OF A GREAT GRANDFATHER

By George Hibbard

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD PYLE

I HAD no reason to expect that anything unusual would happen on that day. In fact, if I had thought at all I should have concluded that there was less chance of any important change taking place in my life upon that bright, tranquil morning than upon almost any other. Primarily, Sunday was not a time when one could naturally look for exciting events. Moreover, in our little, out-of-the-way village there never was any break in our placid existence. No, when I left the doorstep — my family had moved the year before, in 1775, into the large house across from the tavern where the stage drew up every morning and evening — and started for church with the great hymn-book under my arm, I little suspected all that was to take place before I returned in the evening.

'Twas the middle of January, but the day was very like one in the late spring. The air was soft and balmy, and the low crests of the Blue Ridge Mountains showed faintly through a thin haze. In Woodstock reigned the customary Sunday calm. All was very still—so still that in the sweet, motionless air I could see the slight smoke from the chimneys of some houses in the valley rise in a thin straight line, and I could catch the dull, drowsy droning of the stream as it slowly fell over the dam by the bridge. From time to time the church-bell sounded with a mellow note that floated over the country, where the people were coming without haste along the roads in answer to its summons.

All was very quiet and peaceful, but that is not saying that I was not very miserable. I had barely come twenty, and already for a year I had been deep in love. That I only dared look and sigh made it, if anything, harder to bear. If I had been one of those carrying themselves with more assurance and ready to speak a word in return, I should not have minded so much. But Barbara Schatz had only to look at me, and instantly I was rendered speechless. I had always been very bashful, and she seemed to take a particular delight in tormenting me. Nor was occasion lacking, for, if the truth must be told, I was sadly wanting in the spirit of the other young men. Indeed, I had no great reputation for bravery. That I did not more willingly engage in the rough sports of the rest was always accounted a sign of cowardice in me; and that I liked better a book and my flute made them all set me down as something of a mollycoddle. Without reproaching me, Barbara would make me feel her scorn for the repute in which I was held. Yet she was not always utterly disdainful. At times she would show me a little graciousness that went far to turn my head. Still, the next time I met her she would be all mockery and I would be again cast into despair. I had not for long dared to tell her of my love, though I saw that she knew it well enough. But at last, I spoke, and, though she laughed, she had not refused to listen to me. She appeared loth to forego the pleasure of torturing me, and I for my part was too weak to break away from her tyranny. But on the previous evening she had been more provoking than ever, and I felt that I had no hope, particularly as I had with a girl like Barbara many rivals, notably a certain sturdy, red-cheeked Jacob Sorg, who would laugh and jest with her as I had never dared to do.

We were almost all Germans in Woodstock, and one heard as much German as English spoken, for, as I have said, it was a remote, unfrequented spot. Since I was more fond of learning than the others and fell upon every bit of printed matter that came under my eyes, I had something more of instruction than the most and also spoke better. In addition I managed to keep myself better informed of what was going on in the world, for the inhabitants

of Woodstock cared but little for anything that happened outside of the village. They knew, to be sure, of the great stir that was taking place in the country. The growing difficulties between the King and the colonies had been discussed from the first, and the meeting of the first Continental Congress had made much talk. When on an April day of the year before, the stage had rolled up the road with the news of the affair at Lexington, there had been great awakening of attention; and when toward the end of June two months later we learned of the Battle of Bunker Hill from a solitary traveller, there was some excitement. But all quickly settled down into the usual apathy. What was happening was too far off, and we had too little intercourse with the world to have even such great affairs affect us very much. The quarrel over Martin Zell's cow and the question as to the amount of money left by old Hermann Kraus were things of much more importance.

In love as I was and absorbed in my own condition, I had not given great heed to the momentous events of the day. I was much too miserable to think of taxes and representation, of battles and sieges. As I walked along in the warm, soft morning light, my mind was far enough away from the great struggle that was then going on. I was only thinking of Barbara and her treatment of me; wondering why she should tease me as she did, when yet at times she seemed to like me well enough, and devising by what means I could please her and win her favor.

I was in such a state of perturbation that I was almost of a mind not to go to church when I came near our Pastor's house. Then I thought of the way his sharp eyes would mark my absence, and the manner in which he would frown down on me the next time that I saw him. Truly there never was such a clergyman as ours — the Rev. Peter Muhlenberg. Then, of course, we had no idea of the great man he was to become—a Major-General, and a Member of Congress, and a Senator. He sadly perplexed us, for we could not quite think of him as a minister. And yet we loved him and feared him, and public observance and private manners had never been so excellent as they had been since he came to the place. We had heard in a way of his former doings—of his being sent by old "Father Muhlenberg," as everyone called him, to college in Germany, where, at Halle, he had beaten his tutor and then enlisted for a dragoon. This seemed hardly a preparation for spiritual things, but he had been ordained and had come to take charge of our church. Nor had he been long in Woodstock before he gave the people reason to cackle. One day two great vagabonds fighting by the pump were taken by him and their two heads pounded together until they desisted at once. This exploit procured for him great renown, so that all the more unruly element gave him instant obedience. Indeed, though he kept them in such awe, there was no man more liked. He himself told with a hearty laugh how, coming on some rascals about to break into Gustav Engel's barn, he made after them, whereupon one called in affright to the other as he fled:

"*Hier kommt Teufel Piet!*"

Oh, there never was quite such a minister, but I am sure that he did more good than would have been possible for many a more churchly man. What we could not understand in our phlegmatic German souls was his interest in the war. In the very beginning, when there was only talk of trouble, he organized a Committee of Safety, though it never did anything. He was the head and front of all opposition in the whole district, and would wait with the most eager anxiety for news from the front. After Lexington he was in a fever of excitement, but since Bunker Hill he had been very quiet and staid. We met him passing up or down the road in deep thought, and once or twice when someone spoke to him he had failed to make any response.

I did not care to face his displeasure, so I kept on my way. Yet the country was very tempting; and in the restlessness of my anxiety I should have preferred to wander on under the clear blue sky rather than to shut myself up in the dark little church.

The bell was still ringing when I arrived at the church-door, and the people were flocking in. I noticed that the attendance was remarkably large—nearly everyone in the village seemed to be there, and many whispered as they walked along.

"What brings so many to-day?" I asked old Mother Schwinn, who was near me.

"There is something," she muttered, "I know not—something," she said, indistinctly, for she was so old as to be in her dotage, and I had no chance to speak to any other.

I made my way to our pew, and, when I was seated, looked about. The church was crowded. I had never seen it so full. Every place on the floor was taken, and the gallery was overflowing. Truly, there must be something, I thought, that in my preoccupation about Barbara I had missed. But I did not think much about it, for in fact I rather despised the small village gossip, and then, as always, I was thinking about Barbara. She was already in her father's pew, and I could catch the curve of her soft cheek and the tip of her saucy nose beyond the edge of her bonnet. But she would not turn in my way and let me see more of her face. That she knew that I was there I felt sure, and that she was doing this on purpose I was convinced. At once I was cast into further depths of misery. Whenever did a lover fail to turn every sign to his disadvantage and to make himself as miserable as he possibly could? As he loves so much, he fears so much, and in his fears he will always put the worst interpretation upon a matter. That is what I did then; and a wretched younker I was as I sat there staring over the heads of the people, at the great gaunt pulpit.

Everyone peered forward as our Pastor entered. He always walked with vigor, but I thought that I detected a particular determination in his step that day. He seemed even more than usually tall as he came forward, with his black gown held close about him and falling in long folds to his feet;—and very stern he appeared to me as he took a swift glance over the church. A light in his eyes held me so that I was never so attentive as I was from the first moment that morning. And when at last he spoke, his tone stirred me strangely.

As soon as he had entered he went and knelt down and began to pray. Then it was that I felt the force of his voice which added such strength to the words, that were in themselves bold and powerful. Kneeling there he said, strongly and clearly:

"Awake, O Lord, for our help, and come and save us. Awake, O Lord, as in ancient times. Do with them, if it be Thy will, as Thou didst unto the Midianites and their confederates and to Sisera and to Jabin when they unjustly and without provocation invaded Thy people, and make their lords and nobles and great commanders like Oreb and Zeeb and like Zebah and Zalmunna. We humbly pray that Thou wilt hedge up their way and not suffer them to proceed and prosper."

By this time we all knew our Pastor's meaning, and still he kept on. He denounced the enemies of the Lord in the past and in the present, and he besought God to put them to flight and make them fly before His wrath as the chaff is driven before the fierce whirlwind. He begged the Lord as the fire consumes the wood and sometimes lays waste whole forests on the mountains so to lay waste and consume them if they obstinately persisted in their bloody designs against us. He besought the Lord to make His wishes known to them, and to humble them, and to drive them back to their own land, so that they should have neither credit nor courage to come out any more against us, and so that no nation might any more call itself supreme, but know and acknowledge that only God is the Supreme Governor among men, doing whatsoever pleaseth Him.

He did not speak the words in the voice of a suppliant, but rather in the tone of a man assured of his cause and asking for merited justice. Indeed, it was more a denunciation than a prayer, and when he was finished I felt a great indignation in my heart at the many wrongs done us. I thought of the army there before Boston, and the hopes and fears of all the land.

I could see that the people as they straightened up bore themselves more erectly and that there was a flush on many a weather-beaten cheek. Then, before the feeling had time to cool, our Pastor led off with a hymn. The one he chose for the day was one of those with the greatest fire and vigor in it; and, indeed, among those old hymns, written by men who were very much in earnest, there are many that have little suggestion of meekness and peace.

There are a number that might serve well enough for battle-songs, by which a regiment might come to the charge, as, indeed, has often happened. He chose one of the most militant in the hymn-book, and the people sang it as I had never heard them sing before. Indeed, all the hymns that he gave out that morning were those most fitted to rouse the spirit and set the heart beating, until he came to Luther's own hymn:

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

We sang it that day in German, and as the tune swelled out the people seemed to put their whole souls into it. There was something unmistakably in the air —a strange, exhilarating, exciting something that made my stolid fellow-villagers very different, and carried me away completely, though I did not understand yet the strong beating of my own heart.

Then came the sermon. Not a sound was to be heard as the minister slowly mounted the steps of the pulpit. The unusual nature of the morning services had attuned the mind, and the sudden creak even of a loose board, as I moved in the pew, made me jump excitedly. When our Pastor reached his place he stood looking in silence for a moment slowly over the people below him. Then he bent his head, opened the Bible, and read the text from Jeremiah xlviii. 10:

"Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood."

They were strong words, and as he spoke them they rang through the church. Again he was silent for a moment, but when he continued it was in a quieter tone.

"Tyranny and arbitrary power are utterly inconsistent with and subversive of the very design of civil government and all political law, consequently the authority of a tyrant is null and void."

He declared that God never gave any man the right to enslave his fellow-beings. Then he spoke of the question of taxes and representation. No discourse could be more clear or more reasonable. Still there was that light in his eyes, a subdued ring in his voice, a new vigor in his gestures. He went on step by step to show that the colonies had acted, not only in strict accord with Divine purpose, but with the principles of justice and common-sense. Having reached this point he spoke more clearly, bending a little forward:

"Any people, when cruelly oppressed, have the right to throw off the yoke and be free."

He showed this from the history of the Israelites—repeating to us the commands of God to break the bonds of the oppressor. He showed us that no people ever had a clearer right to rebel than ourselves. I never felt the injustice that had been done us as much as I did at that moment, and I was convinced, as I never had been before, that resistance to the last was every man's duty. All had seemed so far off and vague, but what our Pastor said appeared to bring it directly to our own door and make it our own affair.

Then he went on:

"It is an undisputed duty that we owe to God and to our country to rouse and bestir ourselves, and, being animated by a noble zeal for the sacred cause of liberty, to defend our lives and fortunes to the last drop of our blood. We must turn our plough-shares into swords, and our pruning-hooks into spears. To save our country from the hands of our oppressor ought to be dearer to us than our lives, and, next to the eternal salvation of our souls, the matter of the greatest moment."

I glanced about at the congregation. Men were bending forward in their absorption, and the women were every bit as excited. I could hear old Gottlieb Pfeil breathing heavily, and I noticed his blue old hands clasped tightly over his Bible.

The preacher continued:

"When the Israelites," he thundered, "were struggling to defend themselves from the tyranny of Jabin, the King of Canaan, we find a most bitter curse denounced against those who refused to grant their assistance in the common cause. See Judges v. 23, "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

The effect of the words was very great; I saw the people suddenly draw

back in dismay ; I felt a strange fear myself. No one can understand the full force of the address who did not hear it. The quiet opening of the discourse, the careful arguments, gave us no warning of the storm that was coming. By slow steps, but ever-gathering vigor, he moved forward and turned in furious wrath on the enemies of our country—crying for the vengeance of God against all who in the hour of trial and gloom stood apart from the cause. His powerful voice rolled like angry thunder through the silent church—over the breathless congregation. His call stirred our hearts like a trumpet, and never before had I felt so carried out of myself. But having moved us to such a state of passion, he spoke again more gently :

" I must say a word for myself. I am a clergyman. I am a clergyman, it is true, but I am a member of society as well as the poorest layman, and my liberty is as dear to me as to any man. Shall I then sit still and enjoy myself at home when the best blood of the continent is spilling ? Heaven forbid it ! I shall not ask any man if what I do is right. The cause is just and noble. I will obey without hesitation the dictates of my own conscience ; and so far am I from thinking I am wrong, I am convinced that it is my duty so to do—a duty that I owe to my God and to my country."

He spoke these words with some calmness, but then he paused, and I read his excitement from the way in which his hand nervously clasped his gown. Then suddenly he raised his head and looking full at the congregation he spoke with all his strength :

" The Bible tells us ' there is a time for all things,' and there is a time to preach and a time to pray, but the time for me to preach has passed away ; "—and now he raised his voice till it echoed along the roof—" and there is a time to fight, and that time has now come."

As he spoke these words, with a swift gesture he tore his gown apart, and taking a step forward he stood before us in the pulpit in the full uniform of the colonel of a regiment. For an instant the people could not believe their eyes, and gazed as if fascinated at the tall figure in the military accoutrements. The light glittered brilliantly on the glossy leather and the polished metal. The buff and blue showed gayly in the sombre place. Then all rose as one man and, forgetting time and place, burst into such a cheer as could be heard far away. The tumult had hardly died away when suddenly a new sound broke upon our ears. From outside came the loud, rapid roll of drums. As the congregation turned to look toward the door, in all the bravery of his warlike dress our Pastor descended slowly from the pulpit and started down the aisle. The congregation, already arisen, followed him and soon we were all gathered outside. Our Pastor took his place beside the drums and faced the crowd.

" Who will join me," he cried, " for the cause and for the country ? "

The drums kept on beating. Those who had not been in church came running from all directions to find out the reason of this strange commotion. Still our Pastor stood alone. I, gazing at him, scarce knew myself. Hardly conscious of what I did I stepped forward. As I advanced he took me by the hand. I heard a cheer and a number sprang forward after me. The drums still beat on, and as each man offered himself as a recruit there arose a new burst of enthusiasm. Ah, life seemed worth living, and I felt as if I had increased in stature. For a moment I had forgotten everything—parents—home—even Barbara. And at that moment I saw her in the crowd beckoning to me. I pushed through the gathering throng and in a minute was by her side. Silently she led me to the door of the deserted church. No sooner were we inside and out of sight of everyone than she turned.

" Friedrich," she cried, joyfully, " Heaven forgive me, but I thought you a coward. I know better now. Oh," she murmured, as she threw her arms about my neck and I held her close, " I love you dearly."



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

"There is a time to fight, and that time has now come."—Page 80.



Drawn by Henry Hutt.

Christmas



Shopping.

WESTERN BLOOD

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

My tower faces south and north,
  And east it opens wide,
But not a window-pane looks forth
  Upon the western side.

I gaze out north on city roofs,
  And south on city smoke,
And to the east are throbbing hoofs,
  The rush of city folk.

But not a ray of western light
  May fall across my work,
No crevice opens to the night
  Where western eyes may lurk:

My crowded days are spent in quest
  Of eager city things,
And when the little birds fly west,
  I would not hear their wings.

But they who once have climbed the Town
  When daylight lingered late,
And watched the western sun go down
  Athwart the burnished Gate,

And felt the rolling fogs descend,
  And seen the lupin blown
(And known what things a western friend
  May offer to his own),

Ah, they can never still, for long,—
  He knew what would be best
Who built my tower high and strong,
  And closed it to the west!

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

I

THE days of that April had been days of mist and rain. Sometimes, for hours, there would come a miracle of blue sky, white cloud, and yellow light, but always between dark and dark the rain would fall and the mist creep up the mountains and steam from the tops—only to roll together from either range, drip back into the valleys, and lift, straightway, as mist again. So that, all the while Nature was trying to give lustier life to every living thing in the lowland Bluegrass, all the while a gaunt skeleton was stalking down the Cumberland—tapping with fleshless knuckles, now at some unlovely cottage of faded white and green, and now at a log cabin, stark and gray. Passing the mouth of Lonesome, he flashed his scythe into its unlifting shadows and went stalking on. High up, at the source of the dismal little stream, the point of the shining blade darted thrice into the open door of a cabin set deep into a shaggy flank of Black Mountain, and three spirits, within, were quickly loosed from aching flesh for the long flight into the unknown.

It was the spirit of the plague that passed, taking with it the breath of the unlucky and the unfit : and in the hut on Lonesome three were dead—a gaunt mountaineer, a gaunt daughter, and a gaunt son. Later, the mother, too, "jes kind o' tired," as little Chad said, and soon to her worn hands and feet came the well-earned rest. Nobody was left then but Chad and Jack, and Jack was a dog with a belly to feed and went for less than nothing with everybody but his little master and the chance mountaineer who had sheep to guard. So, for the fourth time, Chad, with Jack at his heels, trudged up to the point of a wooded spur above the cabin, where, at the foot of a giant poplar and under a wilderness of shaking June leaves, were three piles of rough boards, covering three hillocks of rain-beaten earth ; and, near them, an open grave. There was no service sung or spoken over the dead, for the circuit-rider was then months away ; so, unnoticed, Chad stood behind the big poplar, watching the neighbors gently let down into the shallow trench a home-made coffin, rudely hollowed from the half of a begum log, and, unnoticed, slipped away at the first muffled stroke of the dirt—doubling his fists into his eyes and stumbling against the gnarled bodies of laurel and rhododendron until, out in a clear sunny space, he dropped on a thick, velvet mat of moss and sobbed himself to sleep. When he awoke, Jack was licking his face and he sat up, dazed and yawning. The sun was dropping fast, the ravines were filling with blue shadows, luminous and misty, and a far drowsy tinkling from the valley told him that cows were starting homeward. From habit, he sprang quickly to his feet but, sharply conscious on a sudden, dropped slowly back to the moss again, while Jack, who had started down the spur, circled back to see what the matter was and stood with uplifted foot, much puzzled.

There had been a consultation about Chad early that morning among the neighbors, and old Nathan Cherry, who lived over on Stone Creek, in the next cove but one, said that he would take charge of the boy. Nathan did not wait for the burial, but went back home for his wagon, leaving word that Chad was to stay all night with a neighbor and meet him at the death-stricken cabin an hour by sun. The old man meant to have Chad

bound to him for seven years by law—the boy had been told that—and Nathan hated dogs as much as Chad hated Nathan. So the lad did not lie long. He did not mean to be bound out, nor to have Jack mistreated, and he rose quickly and Jack sprang before him down the rocky path and toward the hut that had been a home to both. Under the poplar, Jack sniffed curiously at the new-made grave and Chad called him away so sharply that Jack's tail drooped and he crept toward his master, as though to ask pardon for a fault of which he was not conscious. For one moment, Chad stood looking. Again the stroke of the falling earth smote his ears and his eyes filled; a curious pain caught him by the throat and he passed on, whistling—down into the shadows below to the open door of the cabin.

It was deathly still. The homespun bedclothes and hand-made quilts of brilliant colors had been thrown in a heap on one of the two beds of hickory withes; the kitchen utensils—a crane and a few pots and pans—had been piled on the hearth, along with strings of herbs and beans and red pepper-pods—all ready for old Nathan when he should come over for them, next morning, with his wagon. Not a living thing was to be heard or seen that suggested human life, and Chad sat down in the deepening loneliness, watching the shadows rise up the green walls that bound him in, and wondering what he should do, and where he should go, if he was not to go to old Nathan; while Jack, who seemed to know that some crisis was come, settled on his haunches a little way off, to wait, with perfect faith and patience, for the boy to make up his mind.

It was the first time, perhaps, that Chad had ever thought very seriously about himself, or wondered who he was, or whence he had come. Digging back into his memory as far as he could, it seemed to him that what had just happened now had happened to him once before, and that he had simply wandered away. He could not recollect where he had started from first, but he could recall many of the places where he had lived, and why he had left them—usually because somebody, like old Nathan, had wanted to have him bound out, or had misused Jack, or would not let the two stray off into the woods together, when there was nothing else to be done. He had stayed longest where he was now, because the old man and his son and his girl had all taken a great fancy to Jack, and had let the two guard cattle in the mountains and drive sheep and, if they stayed out in the woods over night, struck neither a stroke of hand nor tongue. The old mother had been his mother and, once more, Chad leaned his head against the worn lintel and wept silently. So far, nobody had seemed to care particularly who he was, or was not—nor had Chad. Most people were very kind to him, looking upon him as one of the wandering waifs that one finds throughout the Cumberland, upon whom the good folks of the mountains do not visit the father's sin. He knew what he was thought to be, and it mattered so little, since it made no discrimination against him, that he had accepted it without question. It did not matter now, except as it bore on the question as to where he should start his feet. It was a long time for him to have stayed in one place, and the roving memories, stirred within him now, took root, doubtless, in the restless spirit that had led his unknown ancestor into those mountain wilds after the Revolution.

All this while he had been sitting on the low threshold, with his elbows in the hollows of his thighs and his left hand across his mouth. Once more, he meant to be bound to no man's service and, at the final thought of losing Jack, the liberty-loving little tramp spat over his hand with sharp decision and rose.

Just above him and across the buck antlers over the door, lay a long flint-lock rifle; a bullet-pouch, a powder-horn, and a small raccoon-skin haversack hung from one of the prongs: and on them the boy's eyes rested longingly. Old Nathan, he knew, claimed that the dead man had owed him money; and he further knew that old Nathan meant to take all he could lay his hands on in payment: but he climbed resolutely upon a chair and took the things down, arguing the question, meanwhile:

"Uncle Jim said once he aimed to give this rifle gun to me. Mebbe he was fool-

in', but I don't believe he owed ole Nathan so much, an', anyways," he muttered grimly, "I reckon Uncle Jim 'ud kind o' like fer me to git the better of that ole devil —jes' a *leetle*, anyways."

The rifle, he knew, was always loaded; there was not much powder in the horn and there were not more than a dozen bullets in the pouch, but they would last him until he could get far away. No more would he take, however, than what he thought he could get along with—one blanket from the bed and, from the fireplace, a little bacon and a pone of cornbread.

"An' I *know* Aunt Jane wouldn't 'a' keered about these leetle fixin's, fer I have to have 'em, an' I know I've earned 'em anyways."

Then he closed the door softly and caught the short, deer-skin latch-string to the wooden pin outside. With his Barlow knife, he swiftly stripped a bark string from a pawpaw bush near by, folded and tied his blanket, and was swinging the little pack to his shoulder, when the tinkle of a cow-bell came through the bushes, close at hand. Old Nance, lean and pied, was coming home; he had forgotten her, it was getting late, and he was anxious to leave for fear some neighbor might come; but there was no one to milk and, when she drew near with a low moo, he saw that her udders were full and dripping. It would hurt her to go unmilked and Chad put his things down and took up a cedar piggin from a shelf outside the cabin and did the task thoroughly—putting the strippings in a cup and, so strong was the habit in him, hurrying with both to the rude spring-house and setting them in cool running water. A moment more and he had his pack and his rifle on one shoulder and was climbing the fence at the wood-pile. There he stopped once more with a sudden thought, and wrenching loose a short axe from the face of a hickory log, staggered under the weight of his weapons up the mountain. The sun was yet an hour high and, on the spur, he leaned his rifle against the big poplar and set to work with his axe on a sapling close by—talking frankly now to the God who made him:

"I reckon You know it, but I'm a-goin' to run away now. I hain't got no daddy an' no mammy, an' I hain't nuver had none as I knows—but Aunt Jane hyeh—she's been jes like a mother to me an' I'm a-doin' fer her jes whut I wish You'd have somebody do fer my mother, ef You know whar she's a-layin'." Eight round sticks he cut swiftly—four long and four short—and with these he built a low pen, as is the custom of the mountaineers, close about the fresh mound, and, borrowing a board or two from each of the other mounds, covered the grave from the rain. Then he sunk the axe into the trunk of the great poplar as high up as he could reach—so that it could easily be seen—and, brushing the sweat from his face, he knelt down:

"God!" he said, simply, "I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now. I'm a-goin' now. I don't believe You keer much and seems like I bring ever'body bad luck: an' I'm a-goin' to live up hyeh on the mountain jus' as long as I can. I don't want you to think I'm a-complainin'—fer I ain't. Only hit does seem sort o' curious that You'd let me be down hyeh—with me a-keerin' fer nobody now, an' nobody a-keerin' fer me. But Thy ways is inscrutable—leastwise, that's whut the 'rider' says—an' I ain't got a word more to say—Amen."

Chad rose then and Jack, who had sat perfectly still, with his head cocked to one side, and his ears straight forward in wonder over this strange proceeding, sprang into the air, when Chad picked up his gun, and, with a joyful bark, circled a clump of bushes and sped back, leaping as high as the little fellow's head and trying to lick his face—for Jack was a rover, too.

The sun was low when the two waifs turned their backs upon it and started along the mountain, and the blue shadows in valley and ravine were darkening fast. Passing the head of the next cove where the two were to leave the spur and climb the mountain, Chad heard the last faint sound of a cow-bell and he stopped short, with a lump in his throat that hurt. Soon darkness fell, and, on the very top, the boy made a fire with his flint and steel, cooked a little bacon, warmed his corn-pone, munched them and, wrapping his blanket around him and letting Jack curl into the hollow of his legs and stomach, turned his face to the kindly stars and went to sleep.

II

TWICE, during the night, Jack roused him by trying to push himself farther under the blanket and Chad rose to rebuild the fire. The third time he was awakened by the subtle prescience of dawn and his eyes opened on a flaming radiance in the east. Again from habit he started to spring hurriedly to his feet and, again sharply conscious, he lay down again. There was no wood to cut, no fire to rekindle, no water to carry from the spring, no cow to milk, no corn to hoe ; there was nothing to do—nothing. Morning after morning, with a day's hard toil at a man's task before him, what would he not have given, when old Jim called him, to have stretched his aching little legs down the folds of the thick feather-bed and slipped back into the delicious rest of sleep and dreams. Now he was his own master and, with a happy sense of freedom, he brushed the dew from his face and, shifting the chunk under his head, pulled his old cap down a little more on one side and closed his eyes. But sleep would not come and Chad had his first wonder over the perverse result of the full choice to do, or not to do. At once, the first keen savor of freedom grew less sweet to his nostrils and, straightway, he began to feel the first pressure of the chain of duties that was to be forged for him out of his perfect liberty, link by link, and he lay vaguely wondering.

Meanwhile, the lake of dull red behind the jagged lines of rose and crimson that streaked the east began to glow and look angry. A sheen of fiery vapor shot upward and spread swiftly over the miracle of mist that had been wrought in the night. An ocean of it and, white and thick as snow-dust, it filled valley, chasm, and ravine with mystery and silence up to the dark jutting points and dark waving lines of range after range that looked like breakers, surged up by some strange new law from an under-sea of foam ; motionless, it swept down the valleys, poured swift torrents through high gaps in the hills and one long noiseless cataract over a lesser range—all silent, all motionless, like a great white sea stilled in the fury of a storm. Morning after morning, the boy had looked upon just such glory, calmly watching the mist part, like the waters, for the land, and the day break, with one phrase, " Let there be light," ever in his mind—for Chad knew his Bible. And, most often, in soft splendor, trailing cloud-mist, and yellow light leaping from crest to crest, and in the singing of birds and the shining of leaves and dew—there was light.

But that morning there was a hush in the woods that Chad understood. On a sudden, a light wind scurried through the trees and showered the mist-drops down. The smoke from his fire shot through the low undergrowth, without rising, and the starting mists seemed to clutch with long, white fingers at the tree-tops, as though loath to leave the safe, warm earth for the upper air. A little later, he felt some great shadow behind him, and he turned his face to see black clouds marshalling on either flank of the heavens and fitting their black wings together, as though the retreating forces of the night were gathering for a last sweep against the east. A sword flashed blindingly from the dome high above them and, after it, came one shaking peal that might have been the command to charge, for Chad saw the black hosts start fiercely. Afar off, the wind was coming ; the trees began to sway above him, and the level sea of mist below began to swell, and the wooded breakers seemed to pitch angrily.

Challenging tongues ran quivering up the east, and the lake of red coals under them began to heave fiercely in answer. On either side the lightning leaped upward and forward, striking straight and low, sometimes, as though it were ripping up the horizon to let into the conflict the host of dropping stars. Then the artillery of the thunder crashed in earnest through the shaking heavens, and the mists below pitched like smoke belched from gigantic unseen cannon. The coming sun answered with upleaping swords of fire and, as the black thunder hosts swept overhead, Chad saw, for one moment, the whole east in a writhing storm of fire. A thick darkness rose from the first crash of battle and, with the rush of wind and rain, the mighty conflict went on unseen.

Chad had seen other storms at sunrise, but something happened now and he could never recall the others nor ever forget this. All it meant to him, young as he was then, was unrolled slowly as the years came on —more than the first great rebellion of the powers of darkness when, in the beginning, the Master gave the first command that the seven days' work of His hand should float through space, smitten with the welcoming rays of a million suns ; more than the beginning thus of light—of life; more even than the first birth of a spirit in a living thing: for, long afterward, he knew that it meant the dawn of a new consciousness to him—the birth of a new spirit within him, and the foreshadowed pain of its slow mastery over his passion-racked body and heart. Never was there a crisis, bodily or spiritual, on the battle-field or alone under the stars, that this storm did not come back to him. And, always, through all doubt, and, indeed, in the end, when it came to him for the last time on his bed of death, the slow and sullen dispersion of wind and rain on the mountain that morning far, far back in his memory, and the quick coming of the Sun-king's victorious light over the glad hills and trees held out to him the promise of a final victory to the sun-king's King over the darkness of all death and the final coming to his own brave spirit of peace and rest.

So Chad, with Jack drawn close to him, lay back, awe-stricken and with his face wet from mysterious tears. The comfort of the childish self-pity that came with every thought of himself, wandering, a lost spirit along the mountain-tops, was gone like a dream and ready in his heart was the strong new purpose to strike into the world for himself. He even took it as a good omen, when he rose, to find his fire quenched, the stopper of his powder-horn out, and the precious black grains scattered hopelessly on the wet earth. There were barely more than three charges left, and something had to be done at once. First, he must get farther away from old Nathan : the neighbors might search for him and find him and take him back.

So he started out, brisk and shivering, along the ridge path with Jack bouncing before him. An hour later, he came upon a hollow tree, filled with doty wood which he could tear out with his hands and he built a fire and broiled a little more bacon. Jack got only a bit this time and barked reproachfully for more ; but Chad shook his head and the dog started out, with both eyes open, to look for his own food. The sun was high enough now to make the drenched world flash like an emerald and its warmth felt good, as Chad tramped the topmost edge of the Big Black, where the brush was not thick and where, indeed, he often found a path running a short way and turning into some ravine—the trail of cattle and sheep and the pathway between one little valley settlement and another. He must have made ten miles and more by noon—for he was a sturdy walker and as tireless almost as Jack—and ten miles is a long way in the mountains, even now. So, already, Chad was far enough away to have no fear of pursuit, even if old Nathan wanted him back, which was doubtful. On the top of the next point, Jack treed a squirrel and Chad took a rest and brought him down, shot through the head and, then and there, skinned and cooked him and divided with Jack squarely.

"Jack" he said, as he reloaded his gun, "we can't keep this up much longer. I hain't got more'n two more loads o' powder here."

And, thereupon, Jack leaped suddenly in the air and, turning quite around, lighted with his nose pointed where it had before he sprang. Chad cocked the old gun and stepped forward. A low hissing whir rose a few feet to one side of the path and, very carefully, the boy climbed a fallen trunk and edged his way, very carefully, toward the sound: and there, by a dead limb and with his ugly head reared three inches above his coil of springs, was a rattlesnake. The sudden hate in the boy's face was curious—it was instinctive, primitive, deadly. He must shoot off-hand now and he looked down the long barrel, shaded with tin, until the sight caught on one of the beady, unblinking eyes and pulled the trigger. Jack leaped with the sound, in spite of Chad's yell of warning, which was useless, for the ball had gone true and the poison was set loose in the black, crushed head.

"Jack," said Chad, "we just *got* to go down now."

So they went on swiftly through the heat of the early afternoon. It was very silent

up there. Now and then, a brilliant blue-jay would lilt from a stunted oak with the flute-like love-notes of spring; or a lonely little brown fellow would hop with a low chirp from one bush to another as though he had been lost up there for years and had grown quite hopeless about seeing his kind again. When there was a gap in the mountains, he could hear the querulous, senseless love-quarrel of flickers going on below him; passing a deep ravine, the note of the wood-thrush—that shy lyrist of the hills—might rise to him from a dense covert of maple and beech: or, with a startling call, a red-crested cock of the woods would beat his white-striped wings from spur to spur, as though he were keeping close to the long swells of an unseen sea. Several times, a pert flicker squatting like a knot to a dead limb or the crimson plume of a cock of the woods, as plain as a splash of blood on a wall of vivid green, tempted him to let loose his last load, but he withstood them. A little later, he saw a fresh bear-track near a spring below the head of a ravine; and, later still, he heard the far-away barking of a hound and a deer leaped lightly into an open sunny spot and stood with uplifted hoof and pointed ears. This was too much and the boy's gun followed his heart to his throat, but the buck sprang lightly into the bush and vanished noiselessly.

The sun had dropped midway between the zenith and the blue bulk of Pine Mountain now and, at the next gap, a broader path ran through it and down the mountain. This, Chad knew, led to a settlement and, with a last look of choking farewell to his own world, he turned down. At once, the sense of possible human companionship was curiously potent: at once, the boy's half-wild manner changed and, though alert and still watchful, he whistled cheerfully to Jack, threw his gun over his shoulder, and walked erect and confident. His pace slackened. Carelessly now his feet tramped beds of soft, exquisite moss and lone little settlements, of forget-me-nots, and his long rifle-barrel brushed laurel blossoms down in a shower behind him. Once even, he picked up one of the pretty bells and looked idly at it, turning it bottom upward. The waxen cup might have blossomed from a tiny waxen star. There was a little green star for a calyx; above this, a little white star with its prongs outstretched—tiny arms to hold up the pink-flecked chalice for the rain and dew. There came a time when he thought of it as a star-blossom; but now his greedy tongue swept the honey from it and he dropped it without another thought to the ground. At the first spur down which the road turned he could see smoke in the valley. The laurel blooms and rhododendron bells hung in thicker clusters and of a deeper pink. Here and there was a blossoming wild cucumber and an umbrella-tree with huger flowers and leaves; and, sometimes, a giant magnolia with a thick creamy flower that the boy could not have spanned with both hands and big, thin oval leaves, a man's stride from tip to stem. Soon he was below the sunlight and in the cool shadows where the water ran noisily and the air hummed with the wings of bees. On the last spur, he came upon a cow browsing on sassafras-bushes right in the path and the last shadow of his loneliness straightway left him. She was old, mild, and unfearing, and she started down the road in front of him as though she thought he had come to drive her home, or as though she knew he was homeless and was leading him to shelter. A little farther on, the river flashed up a welcome to him through the trees and at the edge of the water, her mellow bell led him down stream and he followed. In the next hollow, he stooped to drink from a branch that ran across the road and, when he rose to start again, his bare feet stopped as though riven suddenly to the ground; for, half way up the next low slope, was another figure as motionless as his—with a bare head, bare feet, a startled face and wide eyes—but motionless only until the eyes met his: then there was a flash of bright hair and scarlet homespun, and the little feet, that had trod down the centuries to meet his, left the earth as though they had wings and Chad saw them, in swift flight, pass silently over the hill. The next moment, Jack came too near the old brindle and, with a sweep of her horns at him and a toss of tail and heels in the air, she, too, swept over the slope and on, until the sound of her bell passed out of hearing. Even to-day, in lonely parts of the Cumberland, the sudden coming of a stranger may put women

and children to flight—something like this had happened before to Chad—but the sudden desertion and the sudden silence drew him in a flash back to the lonely cabin he had left and the lonely graves under the big poplar and, with a quivering lip, he sat down. Jack, too, dropped to his haunches and sat hopeless, but not for long. The chill of night was coming on and Jack was getting hungry. So he rose presently and trotted ahead and squatted again, looking back and waiting. But still Chad sat irresolute and, in a moment, Jack heard something that disturbed him, for he threw his ears toward the top of the hill and, with a growl, trotted back to Chad and sat close to him, looking up the slope. Chad rose then with his thumb on the lock of his gun and over the hill came a tall figure and a short one, about Chad's size ; and a dog, with white feet and white face, that was bigger than Jack : and behind them, three more figures, one of which was the tallest of the group. All stopped when they saw Chad, who dropped the butt of his gun at once to the ground. At once the strange dog, with a low snarl started down toward the two little strangers with his yellow ears pointed, the hair bristling along his back, and his teeth in sight. Jack answered the challenge with an eager whimper, but dropped his tail, at Chad's sharp command—for Chad did not care to meet the world as an enemy, when he was looking for a friend. The group stood dumb with astonishment for a moment and the small boy's mouth was wide-open with surprise, but the strange dog came on with his tail rigid and lifting his feet high.

"Begone!" said Chad, sharply, but the dog would not begone; he still came on as though bent on a fight.

"Call yo' dog off," Chad called aloud. "My dog'll kill him. You better call him off," he called again, in some concern, but the tall boy in front laughed scornfully.

"Let's see him," he said, and the small one laughed, too.

Chad's eyes flashed—no boy can stand an insult to his dog—and the curves of his open lips snapped together in a straight red line. "All right," he said, placidly, and, being tired, he dropped back on a stone by the wayside to await results. The very tone of his voice struck all shackles of restraint from Jack, who, with a springy trot, went forward slowly, as though he were making up a definite plan of action ; for Jack had a fighting way of his own, which Chad knew.

"Sick him, Whizzer!" shouted the tall boy, and the group of five hurried eagerly down the hill and halted in a half circle about Jack and Chad: so that it looked an uneven conflict, indeed, for the two waifs from over Black Mountain.

The strange dog was game and wasted no time. With a bound he caught Jack by the throat, tossed him several feet away, and sprang for him again. Jack seemed helpless against such strength and fury, but Chad's face was as placid as though it had been Jack who was playing the winning game. Jack himself seemed little disturbed; he took his punishment without an outcry of rage or pain. You would have thought he had quietly come to the conclusion that all he could hope to do was to stand the strain until his opponent had worn himself out. But that was not Jack's game, and Chad knew it. The tall boy was chuckling, and his brother of Chad's age was bent almost double with delight.

"Kill my dawg, will he?" he cried, shrilly.

"Oh, Lawdy!" groaned the tall one.

Jack was much bitten and chewed by this time, and, while his pluck and purpose seemed unchanged, Chad had risen to his feet and was beginning to look anxious. The three silent spectators behind pressed forward and, for the first time, one of these —the tallest of the group—spoke:

"Take yo' dawg off, Daws," he said, with quiet authority; but Daws shook his head, and the little brother looked indignant.

"He said he'd kill him," said Daws, tauntingly.

"Yo' dawg's bigger and hit ain't fair," said the other again and, seeing Chad's worried look, he pressed suddenly forward ; but Chad had begun to smile, and was sitting down on his stone again. Jack had leaped this time, with his first growl during the fight, and Whizzer gave a sharp cry of surprise and pain. Jack had caught him by the throat, close behind the jaws, and the big dog shook and growled and shook again. Sometimes Jack was lifted

quite from the ground, but he seemed clamped to his enemy to stay. Indeed he shut his eyes, finally, and seemed to go quite to sleep. The big dog threshed madly and swung and twisted, howling with increasing pain and terror and increasing weakness, while Jack's face was as peaceful as though he were a puppy once more and hanging to his mother's neck instead of her breast, asleep. By and by, Whizzer ceased to shake and began to pant; and, thereupon, Jack took his turn at shaking, gently at first, but with maddening regularity and without at all loosening his hold. The big dog was too weak to resist soon and, when Jack began to jerk savagely, Whizzer began to gasp.

"You take *yo'* dawg off," called Daws, sharply.

Chad never moved.

"Will you say 'nough for him?" he asked, quietly; and the tall one of the silent three laughed.

"Call him off, I tell ye," repeated Daws, savagely; but again Chad never moved, and Daws started for a club. Chad's new friend came forward.

"Hol' on, now, hol' on," he said, easily. "None o' that, I reckon."

Daws stopped with an oath. "Whut you got to do with this, Tom Turner?"

"You started this fight," said Tom.

"I don't keer ef I did—take him off," Daws answered, savagely.

"Will you say 'nough fer him?" said Chad again, and again tall Tom chuckled. The little brother clenched his fists and turned white with fear for Whizzer and fury for Chad, while Daws looked at the tall Turner, shook his head from side to side, like a balking steer, and dropped his eyes:

"Y-e-s," he said, sullenly.

"Say it, then," said Chad, and this time tall Tom roared aloud, and even his two silent brothers laughed. Again Daws, with a furious oath, started for the dogs with his club, but Chad's ally stepped between.

"You say 'nough, Daws Dillon," he said, and Daws looked into the quiet half-smiling face and at the stalwart two grinning behind.

"Takin' up agin yo' neighbors fer a wood-colt, air ye?"

"I'm a-takin' up fer what's right and fair. How do you know he's a wood-colt—an' suppose he is? You say 'nough now, or——"

Again Daws looked at the dogs. Jack had taken a fresh grip and was shaking savagely and steadily. Whizzer's tongue was out—once his throat rattled.

"'Nough!" growled Daws, angrily, and the word was hardly jerked from his lips before Chad was on his feet and prying Jack's jaws apart. "He ain't much hurt," he said, looking at the hold which Jack had had—which was bloody—"but he'd a-killed him though, he al'ays does. Thar ain't no chance fer *no* dog, when Jack gits *that* holt."

Then he raised his eyes and looked into the quivering face of the owner of the dog—the little fellow—who, with the bellow of a yearling bull, sprang at him. Again Chad's lips took the straight line and being on his knees was an advantage, for, as he sprang up, he got both underholds and there was a mighty tussle, the spectators yelling with frantic delight.

"Trip him, Tad," shouted Daws, fiercely.

"Stick to him, little un," shouted Tom, and his brothers, stoical Dolph and Rube, danced about madly. Even with underholds, Chad, being much the shorter of the two, had no advantage that he did not need, and, with a sharp thud, the two fierce little bodies struck the road side by side, spurting up a cloud of dust.

"Dawg—fall!" cried Rube, and Dolph rushed forward to pull the combatants apart.

"He don't fight fair," said Chad, panting, and rubbing his right eye which his enemy had tried to "gouge;" "but lemme at him—I can fight thataway, too." Tom held them apart.

"You're too little, and he don't fight fair. I reckon you better go on home—you two—an' yo' mean dawg," he said to Daws; and the two Dillons—the one sullen and the other crying with rage—moved away with Whizzer slinking close to the ground after them. But at the top of the hill both turned with bantering yells, derisive wriggling of their fingers at their noses, and with other rude gestures. And thereupon Dolph and Rube wanted to go after them, but the tall brother stopped them with a word.

"That's about all they're fit fer," he

said, contemptuously, and he turned to Chad.

"Whar you from, little man, an' whar you goin', an' what yo' name be?"

Chad told his name, and where he was from, and stopped.

"Whar you goin'?" said Tom again, without a word or look of comment.

Chad knew the disgrace and the suspicion that his answer was likely to generate, but he looked his questioner in the face fearlessly.

"I don't know whar I'm goin'."

The big fellow looked at him keenly, but kindly.

"You ain't lyin' an' I reckon you better come with us." He turned for the first time to his brothers and the two nodded.

"You an' yo' dawg, though Mammy don't like dawgs much; but you air a stranger an' you ain't afeerd an' you can fight—you an' yo' dawg—an' I know Dad'll take ye both in."

So Chad and Jack followed the long strides of the three over the hill and to the bend of the river, where were three long cane fishing-poles with their butts stuck in the mud—the three had been fishing, when the flying figure of the little girl told them of the coming of a stranger into those lonely wilds. Taking these up, they strode on—Chad after them and Jack trotting, in cheerful confidence, behind. It is probable that Jack noticed, as soon as Chad, the swirl of smoke rising from a broad ravine that spread into broad fields, skirted by the great sweep of the river, for he sniffed the air sharply, and trotted suddenly ahead. It was a cheering sight for Chad. Two negro slaves were coming from work in a corn-field close by, and Jack's hair rose when he saw them, and, with a growl, he slunk behind his master. Dazed, Chad looked at them.

"Whut've them fellers got on their faces?" he asked. Tom laughed.

"Hain't you nuver seed a nigger afore?" he asked.

Chad shook his head.

"Lots o' folks from yo' side o' the mountains nuver have seed a nigger," said Tom. "Sometimes hit skeers 'em."

"Hit don't skeer me," said Chad.

At the gate of the barn-yard, in which was a log stable with a deeply sloping roof, stood the old brindle cow, who turned to look at Jack, and as Chad followed the three brothers through the yard gate, he saw a slim scarlet figure vanish swiftly from the porch into the house.

In a few minutes, Chad was inside the big log-cabin and before a big log fire, with Jack between his knees and turning his soft human eyes keenly from one to another of the group about his little master, telling how the mountain cholera had carried off the man and the woman who had been father and mother to him, and their children; at which the old mother nodded her head in growing sympathy, for there were two fresh mounds in her own graveyard on the point of a low hill not far away; how old Nathan Cherry, whom he hated, had wanted to bind him out, and how, rather than have Jack mistreated and himself be ill-used, he had run away along the mountain-top; how he had slept one night under a log with Jack to keep him warm; how he had eaten sassafras and birch bark and had gotten drink from the green water-bulbs of the wild honey-suckle; and how, on the second day, being hungry, and without powder for his gun, he had started, when the sun sank, for the shadows of the valley at the mouth of Kingdom Come. Before he was done the old mother knocked the ashes from her clay pipe and quietly went into the kitchen, and Jack, for all his good-manners, could not restrain a whine of eagerness when he heard the crackle of bacon in a frying-pan and the delicious smell of it struck his quivering nostrils. After dark old Joel, the father of the house, came in—a giant in size and a mighty hunter—and he slapped his big thighs and roared until the rafters seemed to shake when tall Tom told him about the dog-fight and the boy-fight with the family in the next cove: for already the clanship was forming that was to add the last horror to the coming great war and prolong that horror for nearly half a century after its close.

By and by, the scarlet figure of little Melissa came shyly out of the dark shadows behind and drew shyly closer and closer, until she was crouched in the chimney corner with her face shaded from the fire by one hand and a tangle of yellow hair, listening and watching him with her big, solemn eyes, quite fearlessly. Already

the house was full of children and dependents, but no word passed between old Joel and the old mother, for no word was necessary. Two waifs who had so suffered and who could so fight could have a home under that roof if they pleased, forever. And Chad's sturdy little body lay deep in a feather bed, and the friendly shadows from a big fire-place flickered hardly thrice over him before he was asleep. And Jack, for that night at least, was allowed to curl up by the covered coals, or stretch out his tired feet, if he pleased, to a warmth that in all the nights of his life, perhaps, he had never known before.

III

CHAD was wakened by the touch of a cold nose at his ear, the rasp of a warm tongue across his face, and the tug of two paws at his cover. "Git down, Jack!" he said, and Jack, with a whimper of satisfaction, went back to the fire that was roaring up the chimney, and a deep voice laughed and called:

"I reckon you'd better git *up*, little man!"

Old Joel was seated at the fire with his huge legs crossed and a pipe in his mouth. It was before dawn, but the household was busily astir. There was the sound of tramping in the frosty air outside and the noise of getting breakfast ready in the kitchen. As Chad sprang up, he saw Melissa's yellow hair drop out of sight behind the foot of the bed in the next corner, and he turned his face quickly, and, slipping behind the foot of his own bed and into his coat and trousers, was at the fire himself, with old Joel looking him over with shrewd kindness.

"Yo' dawg's got a heap o' sense," said the old hunter, and Chad told him how old Jack was, and how a cattle-buyer from the "settlements" of the Bluegrass had given him to Chad when Jack was badly hurt and his owner thought he was going to die. And how Chad had nursed him and how the two had always been together ever since. Through the door of the kitchen Chad could see the old mother with her crane and pots and cooking-pans; outside he could hear the moo of the old brindle, the bleat of her calf, the nicker of a horse, one lusty sheep-call, and the hungry bellow of young cattle at the barn, where tall Tom was feeding the stock. Presently Rube stamped in with a back log and Dolph came through with a milk-pail.

"I can milk," said Chad eagerly, and Dolph laughed.

"All right, I'll give ye a chance," he said, and old Joel looked pleased, for it was plain that the little stranger was not going to be a drone in the household, and taking his pipe from his mouth but without turning his head he called out:

"Git up thar, Melissy."

Getting no answer, he looked around to find Melissa standing at the foot of the bed.

"Come here to the fire, little gal, nobody's goin' to eat ye."

Melissa came forward, twisting her hands in front of her, and stood, rubbing one bare foot over the other on the hearthstones. She turned her face with a blush when Chad suddenly looked at her, and thereafter the little man gazed steadily into the fire in order to embarrass her no more.

With the breaking of light over the mountain, breakfast was over and the work of the day began. Tom was off to help a neighbor "snake" logs down the mountain and into Kingdom Come, where they would be "rafted" and floated on down the river to the capital—if a summer tide should come—to be turned into fine houses for the people of the Bluegrass. Dolph and Rube disappeared at old Joel's order to "go meet them sheep." Melissa helped her mother clear away the table and wash the dishes; and Chad, out of the tail of his eye, saw her surreptitiously feeding greedy Jack, while old Joel still sat by the fire smoking silently. Chad stepped outside. The air was chill, but the mists were rising and a long band of rich, warm light lay over a sloping spur up the river, and where this met the blue morning shadows the dew was beginning to drip and to sparkle. Chad could not stand inaction long, and his eye lighted up when he heard a great bleating at the foot of the spur and the shouts of men

and boys. Just then the old mother called from the rear of the cabin :

"Joel, them sheep air comin' ! "

The big form of the old hunter filled the doorway and Jack bounded out between his legs, while little Melissa appeared with two books, ready for school. Down the road came the flock of lean mountain sheep, with Dolph and Rube behind them and Daws Dillon and Whizzer and little Tad, and Daws's father, old Tad, long, lean, stooping, crafty.

"Joel Turner," he said, sourly, "here's yo' sheep ! "

Joel had bought the Dillons' sheep and meant to drive them down to the county-seat ten miles down the river. There had been a disagreement between the two when the trade was made, for Joel pulled out a gray pouch of coonskin, took from it a roll of bills, and without counting them held them out.

"Tad Dillon," he said, shortly, "here's yo' money ! "

The Dillon father gave possession with a gesture and the Dillon faction, including Whizzer, drew aside together—the father morose ; Daws watching Dolph and Rube with a look of much meanness; little Tad behind him, watching Chad, his face screwed up with hate ; and Whizzer, pretending not to see Jack, but darting a surreptitious glance at him now and then, for then and there was starting a feud that was to run fiercely on, long after the war was done.

"Git my hoss, Rube," said old Joel, and Rube turned to the stable, while Dolph kept an eye on the sheep, which were lying on the road or straggling down the river. As Rube opened the stable door a dirty white object bounded out, and Rube, with a loud curse, tumbled over backward into the mud while a fierce old ram dashed with a triumphant bleat for the open gate. Beelzebub, as the mother had christened the mischievous brute, had been placed in the wrong stall and was making for freedom. He gave another triumphant baa as he swept between Dolph's legs and through the gate, and, with an answering chorus, the silly sheep sprang to their feet and followed. A sheep hates water, but not more than he loves a leader, and Beelzebub feared nothing. Straight for the water of the low ford the old conqueror made and, in the wake of his masterful summons the flock swept, like a Mormon household, after him. Then was there a commotion indeed. Old Joel shouted and swore ; Dolph shouted and swore ; and Rube shouted and swore. Old Dillon smiled grimly, Daws shouted with laughter, and so did little Tad. The mother came to the door, broom in hand, and, with a frowning face, watched the sheep splash through the water and into the woods across the river. Little Melissa looked frightened. Whizzer, losing his head, had run down after the sheep, barking and hastening their flight, until called back with a mighty curse from old Joel, while Jack sat on his haunches looking at Chad and waiting for orders.

"Goddlemighty ! " said Joel, "how air we goin' to git them sheep back? " Up and up rose the bleating and baaing, for Beelzebub, like the prince of devils that he was, seemed bent on making all the mischief that he could.

"How *air* we goin' to git 'em back? "

Chad nodded then, and Jack with an eager yelp made for the river—Whizzer at his heels. Again old Joel yelled furiously, as did Dolph and Rube, and Whizzer stopped and turned back with a drooping tail, but Jack plunged in. He knew but one voice behind him and Chad's was not in the chorus.

"Call yo' dawg back, boy," said Joel, sternly, and Chad opened his lips with anything but a call for Jack to come back—it was instead a fine high yell of encouragement and old Joel was speechless.

"That dawg'll kill them sheep," said Daws Dillon aloud.

Joel's face was red and his eyes rolled.

"Call that damned feist back, I tell ye," he shouted at last. "Hyeh, Rube git my gun, git my gun ! "

Rube started for the house, but Chad laughed. Jack had reached the other bank now, and was flashing like a ball of gray light through the weeds and up into the woods ; and Chad slipped down the bank and into the river, hieing him on excitedly.

Joel was beside himself and he, too, lumbered down to the river, followed by Dolph, while the Dillons laughed loudly from the road.

"Boy ! " he roared. "Eh, boy, eh !

what's his name, Dolph? Call him back, Dolph, call the little devil back. If I don't wear him out with a hickory ; holler fer 'em, damn 'em ! Heh-o-oo-ee !" The old hunter's bellow rang through the woods like a dinner-horn. Dolph was shouting, too, but Jack and Chad seemed to have gone stone-deaf ; and Rube, who had run down with his gun, started with an oath into the river himself, but Joel halted him.

" Hol' on, hol' on ! " he said, listening. " He's a-roundin' 'em up ! " The sheep were evidently much scattered, to judge from the bleating ; but here, there, and everywhere, they could hear Jack's bark, while Chad seemed to have stopped in the woods and, from one place, was shouting orders to his dog. Plainly, Jack was no sheep-killer and by and by Dolph and Rube left off shouting, and old Joel's face became placid ; and all of them from swearing helplessly fell to waiting quietly. Soon the bleating became less and less, and began to concentrate on the mountain-side. Not far below, they could hear Chad :

" Coo-oo-sheep ! Coo-oo-sh'p-cooshy-cooshy-coo-oo-sheep ! "

The sheep were answering. They were coming down a ravine, and Chad's voice rang out above :

" Somebody come across, an' stand on each side o' the holler."

Dolph and Rube waded across then, and soon the sheep came crowding down the narrow ravine with Jack barking behind them and Chad shooing them down. But for Dolph and Rube, Beelzebub would have led them up or down the river, and it was hard work to get him into the water until Jack, who seemed to know what the matter was, sharply nipped several sheep near him. These sprang violently forward, the whole flock in front pushed forward, too, and Beelzebub was thrust from the bank. Nothing else being possible, the old ram settled himself with a snort into the water and made for the other shore. Chad and Jack followed and, when they reached the road, Beelzebub was again a prisoner ; the sheep, swollen like sponges, were straggling down the river, and Dillons and Turners were standing around in silence. Jack shook himself and dropped panting in the dust at his master's feet, without so much as an upward glance or a lift of his head for a pat of praise. As old Joel raised one foot heavily to his stirrup, he grunted, quietly :

" Well, I be damned." And when he was comfortably in his saddle he said again, with unction :

" I *do* be damned. I'll just take that dawg to help drive them sheep down to town. Come on, boy."

Chad started joyfully, but the old mother called from the door : " Who's a-goin' to take this gal to school, I'd like to know? "

Old Joel pulled in his horse, straightened one leg, and looked all around—first at the Dillons, who had started away, then at Dolph and Rube, who were moving determinedly after the sheep (it was Court Day in town and they could not miss Court Day), and then at Chad, who halted.

" Boy," he said, " don't you want to go to school—you ought to go to school? "

" Yes," said Chad, obediently, though the trip to town—and Chad had never been to a town—was a sore temptation.

" Go on, then, an' tell the teacher I sent ye. Here, Mammy—eh, what's yo' name, boy? Oh, Mammy—Chad, here, 'll take her. Take good keer o' that gal, boy, an' learn yo' a-b-abs like a man now."

Melissa came shyly forward from the door and Joel whistled to Jack and called him, but Jack, though he liked nothing better than to drive sheep, lay still, looking at Chad.

" Go 'long, Jack," said Chad, and Jack sprang up and was off, though he stopped again and looked back, and Chad had to tell him again to go on. In a moment dog, men, and sheep were moving in a cloud of dust around a bend in the road and little Melissa was at the gate.

" Take good keer of 'Lissy," said the mother from the porch, kindly; and Chad, curiously touched all at once by the trust shown him, took the little girl's basket and, like a little savage, stalked ahead, while Melissa followed silently behind. Not once did Chad look around or speak on the way up the river and past the blacksmith's shop and the mill just beyond the mouth of Kingdom Come ; but when they arrived at the log schoolhouse it was his turn to be shy and he hung back to let her go in first. Within there was no floor but the bare earth, no

window but the cracks between the logs, and no desks but the flat sides of slabs held up by wobbling pegs. On one side were girls in linsey and homespun—some thin undersized, underfed, and with weak, dispirited eyes and yellow towzled hair; others, round-faced, round-eyed, dark, and sturdy; most of them large-waisted and round-shouldered — especially the older ones—from work in the fields; but, now and then, one, the daughter of a valley-farmer, erect, agile, spirited, intelligent. On the other side were the boys, in physical characteristics the same and suggesting the same social divisions: at the top the farmer—now and then a slave-holder and perhaps of gentle blood—who had dropped by the way on the westward march of civilization and had cleared some rich river bottom and a neighboring summit of the Big Black, where he sent his sheep and cattle to graze ; where a creek opened into this valley some free-settler, whose grandfather had fought at King's Mountain—usually of Scotch-Irish descent, often English, but sometimes German or sometimes even Huguenot—would have his rude home of logs; under these, and in wretched cabins at the head of the creek or on the washed spur of the mountain above, or in some "deadenin'" still higher up and swept by mists and low-trailing clouds, the poor white trash—worthless descendants of the servile and sometimes criminal class who traced their origin back to the slums of London, hand-to-mouth tenants of the valley-aristocrat, hewers of wood for him in the lowlands and upland guardians of his cattle and sheep. And finally, walking up and down the earth floor—stern and smooth of face and of a preternatural dignity hardly to be found elsewhere—the mountain schoolmaster.

It was a "blab school," as the mountaineers characterize a school in which the pupils study aloud, and the droning chorus—as shrill as locust cries—ceased suddenly when Chad came in, and every eye was turned on him with a sexless gaze of curiosity that made his face redden and his heart throb. But he forgot them when the schoolmaster pierced him with eyes that seemed to shoot from under his heavy brows like a strong light from deep darkness. Chad met them, nor did his chin droop, and Caleb Hazel saw that the boy's face was frank and honest, and that his eye was fearless and kind, and, without question, he motioned to a seat—with one wave of his hand setting Chad on the corner of a slab and the studious drone to vibrating again. When the boy ventured to glance around, he saw Daws Dillon in one corner, making a face at him, and little Tad scowling from behind a book, and on the other side and among the girls he saw another hostile face — next little Melissa — which had the pointed chin and the narrow eyes of the "Dillon breed," as old Joel called the family, whose farm was at the mouth of Kingdom Come and whose boundary touched his. When the first morning recess came—"little recess," as it was called—the master kept Chad in and asked him his name; if he had ever been to school, and whether he knew his A B C's; and he showed no surprise when Chad, without shame, told him no. So the master got Melissa's spelling-book and pointed out the first seven letters of the alphabet, and made him repeat them three times—watching Chad's earnest, wrinkling brow closely and with growing interest. When school "took up" again Chad was told to say them aloud in concert with the others—which he did, until he could repeat them without looking at his book, and the master saw him thus saying them while his eyes roved around the room, and he nodded to himself with satisfaction—for he was accustomed to visible communion with himself, in school and out. At noon—"big recess"—Melissa gave Chad some cornbread and bacon, and the boys gathered around him, while the girls looked at him curiously, merely because he was a stranger, and some of them—especially the Dillon girl—whispered, and Chad blushed and was uncomfortable, for once the Dillon girl laughed unkindly. The boys had no games, but they jumped and threw "rocks" with great accuracy at a little birch-tree, and Daws and Tad always spat on their stones and pointed with the forefinger of the left hand first at what they were to throw at, while Chad sat to one side and took no part, though he longed to show them what he could do. By and by they fell to wrestling, and finally Tad bantered him for a trial. Chad hesitated, and his late enemy misunderstood.

"I'll give ye both underholts again," he said, loftily, "you're afeerd!"

This was too much, and Chad sprang to his feet and grappled, disdaining the proffered advantage, and got hurled to the ground, his head striking the earth violently, and making him so dizzy that the brave smile with which he took his fall looked rather sickly and pathetic.

"Yes, an' Whizzer can whoop yo' dawg, too," said Tad, and Chad saw that he was going to have trouble with those Dillons, for Daws winked at the other boys, and the Dillon girl laughed again scornfully—at which Chad saw Melissa's eyes flash and her hands clench as, quite unconsciously, she moved toward him to take his part; and all at once he was glad that he had nobody else to champion him.

"You wouldn' dare tech him if one of my brothers was here," she said, indignantly, "an' don't you dare tech him again, Tad Dillon. An' you—" she said, witheringly, "you—" she repeated and stopped helpless for the want of words, but her eyes spoke with the fierce authority of the Turner clan, and its dominant power for half a century, and Nancy Dillon shrank, though she turned and made a spiteful face, when Melissa walked toward the schoolhouse alone.

That afternoon was the longest of Chad's life—it seemed as though it would never come to an end; for Chad had never sat so still or so long. His throat got dry repeating the dreary round of letters over and over and his head ached and he fidgeted in his chair while the slow hours passed and the sun went down behind the mountain and left the schoolhouse in rapidly cooling shadows. His heart leaped when the last class was heard and the signal was given that meant freedom for the little prisoners; but Melissa sat pouting in her seat—she had missed her lesson and must be kept in for a while. So Chad, too, kept his seat and the master heard him say his letters, without the book, and nodded his head as though to say to himself that such quickness was exactly what he had looked for. By the time Chad had learned down to the letter O Melissa was ready, for she was quick too and it was her anger that made her miss; and the two started home, Chad stalking ahead once more. To save him, he could not say a word of thanks, but how he wished that a bear or a wild-cat would spring into the road! He would fight it with teeth and naked hands to show her how he felt and to save her from harm. The sunlight still lay warm and yellow far under the crest of Pine Mountain, and they had not gone far when Caleb Hazel overtook them and with long strides forged ahead. The schoolmaster "boarded around" and it was his week with the Turners, and Chad was glad, for he already loved the tall, gaunt, awkward man who asked him question after question so kindly—loved him as much as he revered and feared him—and the boy's artless, sturdy answers in turn pleased Caleb Hazel. And when Chad told him who had given him Jack the master began to talk about the far-away, curious country of which the cattle-dealer had told Chad so much, where the land was level and there were no mountains at all; where on one farm might be more sheep, cattle, and slaves than Chad had seen in all his life; where the people lived in big houses of stone and brick—what brick was Chad could not imagine—and rode along hard roads in shiny covered wagons, with two "niggers" on a high seat in front and one little "nigger" behind to open gates, and were proud and very high-heeled indeed; where there were towns that had more people than a whole county in the mountains, with rock roads running through them in every direction and narrow rock paths along these roads—like rows of hearthstones—for the people to walk on—the land of the bluegrass—the "settlemints of old Kaintuck." And there were churches everywhere as tall as trees and schoolhouses a-plenty; and big schools, called colleges, to which the boys went when they were through with the little schools. The master had gone to one of these colleges for a year, and he was trying to make enough money to go again. And Chad must go some day, too; there was no reason why he shouldn't, since any boy could do anything he pleased if he only made up his mind and worked hard and never gave up. The master was an orphan, too, he said with a slow smile; he had been an orphan for a long while, and indeed the lonely struggle of his own boyhood was what was helping to draw him to Chad. This college, he said, was a

huge brown house as big as a cliff that the master pointed out, that, gray and solemn, towered high above the river; and with a rock porch bigger than another great bowlder that hung just under the cliff, with twenty long, long stone steps to climb before one came to the big double front door.

"How do you git thar?" asked Chad, breathlessly, while Melissa suddenly felt a foreboding discomfort at the possible loss of her play-fellow some day. The master had walked, and it took him a week. A good horse could make the trip in four days, and the river men floated logs down the river to the capital in eight or ten days, according to the "tide." "When did they go? In the spring, when the 'tides' came. The Turners went down, didn't they, Melissa?" And Melissa said that her brother Tom made one trip, and that Dolph and Rube were "might' nigh crazy" to go that coming spring, and, thereupon, a mighty resolution filled Chad's heart to the brim and steadied his eyes, but he did not open his lips then.

Dusk was settling when the Turner cabin came in sight. None of the menfolks had come home yet, and the mother was worried; there was wood to cut and the cows to milk, and Chad's friend, old Betsey the brindle, had strayed off again; but she was glad to see Caleb Hazel, who, without a word, went out to the woodpile, took off his coat, and swung the axe with mighty arms, while Chad carried in the wood and piled it in the kitchen, and the two went after the old brindle together.

When they got back there was a great tumult at the cabin. Tom had brought some friends from over the mountain, and had told the neighbors as he came along that there was going to be a party at his house that night.

So there was a great bustle about the barn where Rube was getting the stock fed and the milking done; and around the kitchen, where Dolph was cutting more wood and piling it up at the door. Inside, the mother was hurrying up supper with Sintha, an older daughter, who had just come home from a visit, and Melissa helping her, while old Joel sat by the fire in the sleeping-room and smoked, with Jack lying on the hearth, or anywhere he pleased, for Jack, with his gentle ways, was winning the household one by one. He sprang up when he heard Chad's voice, and flew at him, jumping up and pawing him affectionately and licking his face while Chad hugged him and talked to him as though he were human and a brother; never before had the two been separated for a day. So, while the master helped Rube at the barn and Chad helped Dolph at the woodpile, Jack hung about his master—tired and hungry as he was and much as he wanted to be by the fire or waiting in the kitchen for a sly bit from Melissa, whom he knew at once as the best of his new friends. After supper, Dolph got out his banjo and played "Shady Grove," and "Blind Coon Dog," and "Sugar Hill" and "Gamblin' Man," while Chad's eyes glistened and his feet shuffled under his chair. And when Dolph put the rude thing down on the bed and went into the kitchen, Chad edged toward it and, while old Joel was bragging about Jack to the schoolmaster, he took hold of it with trembling fingers and touched the strings timidly. Then he looked around cautiously: nobody was paying any attention to him and he took it up into his lap and began to pick, ever so softly. Nobody saw him but Melissa, who slipped quietly to the back of the room and drew near him. Softly and swiftly Chad's fingers worked and Melissa could scarcely hear the sound of the banjo under her father's loud voice, but she could make out that he was playing a tune that still vibrates unceasingly from the Pennsylvania border to the pine-covered hills of Georgia—"Sourwood Mountain." Melissa held her breath while she listened—Dolph could not play like that—and by and by she slipped quietly to her father and pulled his sleeve and pointed to Chad. Old Joel stopped talking, but Chad never noticed: his head was bent over the neck of the banjo, his body was swaying rhythmically, his chubby fingers were going like lightning, and his eyes were closed—the boy was fairly lost to the world. The tune came out in the sudden silence, clean-cut and swinging:

Heh-o-dee-um-dee-eedle-dahdee-dee!

rang the strings and old Joel's eyes danced.

"Sing it, boy!" he roared, "sing it!" And Chad sprang from the bed, on fire

with confusion and twisting his fingers helplessly. He looked almost frightened when Dolph ran back into the room and cried :

" Who was that a-pickin' that banjer? "

It was not often that Dolph showed such excitement, but he had good cause, and, when he saw Chad standing, shame-faced and bashful, in the middle of the floor, and Melissa joyously pointing her finger at him, he caught up the banjo from the bed and put it into the boy's hands. " Here, you just play that tune agin ! "

Chad shrank back, half distressed and half happy, and only a hail outside from the first of the coming guests saved him from utter confusion. Once started, they came swiftly, and in half an hour all were there. Each got a hearty welcome from old Joel, who, with a wink and a laugh and a nod to the old mother, gave a hearty squeeze to some buxom girl, while the fire roared a heartier welcome still. Then was there a dance indeed—no soft swish of lace and muslin, but the active swing of linsey and simple homespun ; no French fiddler's bows and scrapings, no intricate lancers, no languid waltz ; but neat shuffling forward and back, with every note of the music-beat ; floor-thumping, " cuttings of the pigeon's wing," and jolly jigs, two by two, and a great " swinging of corners," and " caging the bird," and " fust lady to the right *cheat* an' swing ; " no flirting from behind fans and under stairways and in little nooks, but honest, open courtship—strong arms about healthy waists, and a kiss taken now and then, with everybody to see and nobody to care who saw. If a chair was lacking a pair of brawny knees made one chair serve for two, but never, if you please, for two men. Rude, rough, semi-barbarous, if you will, but simple, natural, honest, sane, earthy —and of the earth whence springs the oak and in time, maybe, the flower of civilization. At the first pause in the dance old Joel called loudly for Chad. The boy tried to slip out of the door, but Dolph seized him and pulled him to a chair in the corner and put the banjo in his hands. Everybody looked on with curiosity at first, and for a little while Chad suffered ; but when the dance turned attention from him, he forgot himself again and made the old thing hum with all the rousing tunes that had ever swept its string. When he stopped at last, to wipe the perspiration from his face, he noticed for the first time the schoolmaster, who was yet divided between the church and the law, standing at the door—silent, grave, disapproving. And he was not alone in his condemnation ; in many a cabin up and down the river stern talk was going on against the ungodly " carryings on " under the Turner roof and, far from accepting them as proofs of a better birth and broader social ideas, these Calvinists of the hills set the merry-makers down as the special prey of the devil, and the dance and the banjo as sly plots of the same to draw their souls to hell.

Chad felt the master's look and he did not begin playing again, but put the banjo down by his chair and the dance came to an end. Once more Chad saw the master look, this time at Sintha, who was leaning against the wall with a sturdy youth in a fringed hunting shirt bending over her—his elbow against a log directly over her shoulder. Sintha saw the look too, and she answered with a little toss of her head, but when the master turned to go out the door Chad saw that the girl's eyes followed him. A little later, Chad went out too, and found the master at the corner of the fence and looking at a low red star whose rich, peaceful light came through a gap in the hills. Chad shyly drew near him, hoping in some way to get a kindly word, but the master was so absorbed that he did not see or hear the boy and Chad, awed by the stern, solemn face, withdrew and, without a word to anybody, climbed into the loft and went to bed. He could hear every stroke on the floor below, every call of the prompter, and the rude laughter and banter, but he gave little heed to it all. For he lay thinking of Caleb Hazel and listening again to the stories he and the cattle-dealer had told him about the wonderful settlements. " God's country," the dealer always called it, and such it must be, if what he and the master said was true. By and by the steady beat of feet under him, the swift notes of the banjo, the calls of the prompter and the laughter fused, became inarticulate, distant—ceased. And Chad, as he was wont to do, journeyed on to " God's Country " in his dreams.

(To be continued.)



The Pavilion for the Blind in the Library of Congress.
Showing shelves devoted to books published in the New York Point and Braille systems.

Legislative Library
Ontario

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS AND THE BLIND

By Margarita Spalding Gerry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

IT is pleasant for Americans that in Mr. Blashfield's allegory of the Nations encircling the dome of the Congressional Library, England is represented by the gracious face and form of a well loved woman. It must be pleasant, too, for Ellen Terry to reflect that in one quiet nook of the big building she is even more effectually enthroned, although it is only in the grateful recollection of a little group of men and women set apart from the rest of the world by a great affliction. This is the way the charming story runs, a story which has over the princess-tales of our youth this one sordid and grown-up advantage, that it really happened.

On her last visit to Washington Miss Terry was much interested in the work of what is known as the Pavilion for the Blind in the Congressional Library. Touched by the wistfulness of the sightless faces gathered moth-like about her while she spoke of her art, she invited a great number of them to hear her as *Ellaline* in "The Amber Heart." Had they seen her twenty times, and with actual sight instead of the mind's eye, their realization of her charm could not have been more keen. They hung upon every subtle intonation, they cried out excitedly many times, "She's looking at us!" A little note which came from her the next day completed the spell.

"My Dears:—I am so much gratified that you liked 'The Amber Heart.' Next time you must see Sir Henry." Then after sending messages to good friends of theirs she laboriously signed her name in point, the modern text for the blind, the effort underscored twice, with a "There!" for emphasis. They did not need the



Reading by the New York Point and Braille Systems.

bas-relief portrait she sent to them from England, she lives in their thoughts as "their beautiful *Ellaline*." Just the other day when some of them had learned to net flexible silky girdles, their first thought was of her; they knew *Ellaline* should wear one with the graceful drapery she affected. And so across the gulf of more than space the eternal womanly joins hands.

It is not only *Ellaline* that has given of her own brightness to these darkened lives. In the afternoon one can hardly stroll into the Pavilion without finding someone, who out of his busy life, or out of his leisure, is giving an hour to them. If one is early enough he will see an epitome of a day in the Pavilion. It is very quiet. A blind man with seamed face and grizzled hair is laboriously spelling out a book at a table in the corner; near a window a puzzled woman is being instructed in the use of the New York point system by the guardian of the place; in a little retiring-room a group of friendly souls are gathered chatting over their lunch —they have come to spend the day, it is a holiday time with them. The repose and tranquillity of the spot possess you, you sit in one of the quaint pulpit chairs and wonder why the blind faces are not more sad.

Two o'clock approaches. There is a stir in the air, in rustling groups of two and three the sight-seer drifts in, dropping into the nearest chair with a sigh of relief; here are some bright-faced school-girls from the high-school on the hill; there a homely soul who loves to be read to; a supercilious woman in a too evidently silk-lined gown swishes with emphasis to a seat in the front row only to be told it is reserved for the blind, and rustles indignantly out; those to whom the place belongs take their seats—surely not even the departed lady would grudge them that distinction. A sweet-faced girl begins to read. She may be the daughter of a clerk or a Cabinet officer, here, no one cares to know. She reads well, sympathetically; it is poetry she has chosen, she is evidently young and impressionable, and the eager, sightless faces in front of her make too strong an appeal, something rises in her throat and she nearly chokes; but she goes bravely on. It is curious to see how the pitifully set faces break into emotion over an especially vivid picture. They love anything that makes them "see."

The next afternoon may be an "occasion." Thomas Nelson Page is to read. It has been announced in the paper and the Washington world is out. Society is out in an unimpeachable atmosphere of tailor-made gowns, violets, and broad A's. Would-be Society is out—a little more pronounced in everything, especially the size of its corsage bouquets. Culture is out, dignifiedly willing to be recognized. The sight-seer is out and disturbs the best moment of the reading by his departure. And the unseeing are out, being led to their places most gently by the guardian of the place. At last the audience is seated and absorbed for an hour with "Meh Lady."

It is another afternoon, the barytone

for the moment is to give a recital. He has chosen his programme carefully, and it is well he has, for the special musical cohort of the Pavilion are no mean critics. This is a man of gentle tact and he has chosen "seeing things," vividly descriptive themes; the room is crowded, he gets a glimpse of his own young wife perched on a table, but he sings to the faces before him. They speak to him, the blank face which never has felt; the jolly, comfortable face which cannot be permanently shadowed even by this affliction; the young face which under the influence of the music shows its rebellion only too plainly; the old face which has outworn pain and found peace. He speaks to them in the language the blind love best, and for the moment a passing gleam, like the transfiguring radiance of another Grail, seals them as one great Order.



Learning to Use the Typewriter.

It is just here, perhaps, that one begins to wonder how all this has come about. There is nothing in the magnificence of the library to prepare one for this quiet nook; the Government is not wonted to be benevolent in this intimate fashion. We need earthquake or pestilence to force one great spasm of benevolence. And when did the vast machine of administration concern itself with the education of the unfortunate in dialect stories and German love-songs?



Operating the Braille Writing Machine.

And yet it was the gentle rain of a Congressional appropriation, which falls alike on the just and on the unjust, which nourishes this sturdy growth. To be sure, the mere establishment of a special reading-room for the blind, with an attendant to make its resources available, does not explain the activity of the Pavilion. The *raison d'être* may be found in part in the store of energy dormant in the official class, hitherto unutilized, just as is the store of science, music, and literature collected here, upon which the Carnegie University proposes to draw. It lies, too, in the ministrations of those kind souls, luckily found everywhere, who have taken the sorrows of humanity to be their charge, and it is given a peculiar efficacy in this case by the healthful friction of types found in Washington as nowhere else. It might be suggested, too, that the brains and tact of the young woman who was placed in charge at the inception of the plan have been no slight factor.

Admitting these external influences, the Government is still the Pavilion's chief benefactor. Indirectly, too, by the perpetual fund of $250,000 with which it endowed the publishing-house in Louisville, Ky., which does most of the printing for the blind in this country, has it helped the reading-room it established. The necessarily great cost of books has been one of the chief obstacles to the education of the blind. In these beginnings Congress has given earnest of its future activity in behalf of this hitherto unconsidered class.

It remains to be told how this matter was brought to the attention of a government which, it is said, does not make a habit of seeking objects for its benevolence. Some years ago an unusual deputation waited upon John Russell Young, who was then the head of the recently finished Congressional Library. A number of blind women who had tried to use the general reading-room, but had been driven away by the vulgar curiosity of Americans of a certain class, begged that there might be a room set apart for their use, where the few books written in the blind type, then on the shelves, could be collected. The librarian assented immediately. An attractive room on the ground floor was devoted to the purpose, and a clerk detailed from another department to act in charge. Since that time the reading-room has been provided for by law, and will probably soon be made a distinct department of the library. It is really a charming room, the vaulted ceiling is a restful blue, the walls a warm salmon, and the sunshine which floods the place has almost as genial an influence on the frequenters as though they could see it. The quaint high-backed chairs of polished walnut, dating from the days when the library was in the Capitol building, were rescued from the store-room, to delight with their carving the sensitive fingers of the unseeing. When the Pavilion was first established it contained only sixty volumes. Since that time, by rather meagre appropriations and by private gifts, the number has swelled to 500. This does not mean 500 publications, for the text makes the books bulky as well as expensive. "Robinson Crusoe," for instance, demands three volumes. There is, in addition, a musical library of seventy-five compositions, printed in the generally accepted system. On the walls are raised maps, and embossed geometrical designs; the room is complete with reading-tables and conveniences for writing, from the tablet to be used in printing New York point to typewriters with ordinary script, or with the New York or Braille system of type; it is provided with many periodicals published especially for the blind, card-decks, checker-boards, and a Knabe grand piano donated by a local music firm. It has become, in fact, a cosey club-room for the benefit of the blind of the city.

The Pavilion was at first, however, rather limited in usefulness, for it was, in common with the other departments of the library, purely for reference reading, and therefore inaccessible to many of those for whom it was intended, who are of course peculiarly helpless. Friends of Louisa Alcott will like to know that it was through a kindly Philadelphia woman's gift of two copies of "Little Women" —one, she stipulated, for home circulation—that the librarian had his attention called to its need. He made it a circulating library, and moreover arranged to have the books delivered by the library, represented now by an impetuous official automobile. One could readily imagine what this means to lives that would otherwise be quite desolate. Many an intelligent blind man or woman comes home from the school where his mind has been constantly stimulated, to suffer intellectual starvation for the rest of his life. Mr. Young widely extended the usefulness of his institution by this action.

Quite as far-reaching in its results is a custom which, suggested by the chief of the reading-room, has become a feature, not only in the life of the Pavilion, but of Washington as well—the afternoon readings with their natural outgrowth, weekly musicales. The development of the idea into this system of entertainments has been, to a great extent, the work of Miss Giffen. Now there is hardly a man or woman prominent in the literary, musical, or official world who does not have his regular appointment for at least one afternoon in the year. Thomas Nelson Page, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Grace Greenwood, the charming daughters of Secretary Hay, E. C. Messer, Miss Hitchcock, Reginald de Koven, are regular contributors, while F. Hopkinson Smith, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Ernest Thompson Seton, Sousa, Frank Stockton, have, when in town, shared their achievement with these who are so heavily handicapped for the race.

As a rule the readings are well chosen. As most of the classics have been put into blind script the *habitués* of the place naturally prefer readings from current literature, concerning which, by reason of the careful selection made for them, they have



General View of the Pavilion for the Blind in the Library of Congress.

become nicely critical. Occasionally some kindly soul, under much the same impulse as that which induces us to shout to deaf people, attempts to find something to read to them written in words of one syllable. Not very long ago an unusually large number of the blind assembled one afternoon eager with anticipation for Stevenson or Hewlett, to be regaled with "Maud Muller" and other survivals of our literary innocence. The reader on that occasion commented on the singularly blank faces that confronted her. More often one finds a delightfully responsive audience which has an unconventional fashion of expressing its approval audibly ; the reading is punctuated by bursts of approval, murmurs of comment, and the end is the signal for an animated discussion. They have their own little whimsies too. Several of the most faithful are ardent spiritualists. Last winter a young woman chose scenes from "When Knighthood Was in Flower" to read to them, giving, in passing, an outline of the plot. She was disheartened by a manifest chilliness in the atmosphere, which only increased as the reading progressed. After the hour was over, decidedly to her relief, it was disclosed to her that among the spiritualists present were the spirit brides of Cœur de Lion and other heroes of antiquity, and—unfortunately—the somewhat daring consort of Henry VIII., a personage whom they all believed to be cruelly misrepresented by history. Mr. Major himself could hardly expect his book to be appreciated under such untoward circumstances. Molly Elliot Seawell, too, labored under a slight disadvantage. She delighted her audience with "Papa Bouchard," but there was one serious being who refused to be diverted by Gallic antics. While the rest were crowding around Miss Seawell, eager to touch her hand, he asked the guardian of the place—you see he was really anxious to find something he could approve—whether "the lady had ever written anything serious."

The Wednesday afternoon concerts are musical events. The best artists in the city give their best work. Many of these sightless people are full of music. One of them is the author of several very creditable musical sketches, one of which has been played by the Marine Band. On the rare occasions when the musician thoughtfully remembers to send his excuses after the audience is assembled, the specially gifted ones furnish the programme, and very acceptable it is. On one such occasion the numbers included

Chopin, who is best loved; Wagner, Mendelssohn, Schumann, interpreted with intelligence and feeling.

While the Congressional Library is by no means alone in establishing a reading-room and circulating library for the blind—there are thirteen other such departments; while it was not even the first in the field,



Game of Checkers with Especially made Checker-board and Men.

for Boston, New York, and Philadelphia preceded it—Boston as early as 1882—it alone makes a feature of this more personal work, which has certainly been of great value. In many other ways has the Pavilion become a centre of widening activity.

It has made itself an educational factor. Even with the educated blind some instruction in the modern script is necessary. The first books for the blind were printed in raised letters. Even in the simplified "Moon" system the method was cumbersome and awkward. Most of the modern books are printed in Braille, in which words are represented by combinations of raised dots arranged vertically on the page, or in the New York point, which uses the same characters but arranges them horizontally, and is the system now generally approved. There is instruction, too, to be given in the use of the various mechanical devices for writing.

But much more important work than this elementary training has been accomplished. A comparison of the character of the favorite books of to-day and five years ago will show how strong has been this indirect influence on literary taste. The exceptional opportunities enjoyed by the frequenters of the Pavilion for hearing the best modern literature have had much to do with this. It may not be generally known how high is the average of intelligence among the blind. The great concentration required in reading and the careful selection of books necessary where so few can be read, have been influential in creating a keenness of mind which is well worth cultivating.

The Pavilion keeps closely in touch with educational movements all over the country and is quick to utilize every invention which would lighten the disability of its clients. The attendant is this summer to avail herself of the Congress of Educators of the Blind in Brussels. It is an evidence of the general interest in her work that two public-spirited Philadelphia women furnished checks of so substantial a nature as to make this expedition possible.

The influence of the reading-room is not bounded by its walls. It sends out little parties to the studios of the local sculptors—one has offered to teach them to model—to art stores which have special collections of statuary. There is, in fact, an increasing interest in such outside things as will offer them peculiar advantages. It will not be long before the Pavilion becomes the national centre of this work.

In the general human sympathy aroused among all the varied elements of Washington society, the Pavilion can, however, be even more truly seen to have a national influence. The multiform methods of helpfulness originated by most attractive girls in official life is a case in point. Some of them have learned the New York point system and are laboriously copying current magazine articles and stories for the use of the reading-room. One young woman has undertaken "Cyrano de Bergerac." There are even rumors of luncheons where the stylus in pretty fingers replaces the needle, and a collection of stories in point take the place at the end of the morning of the proverbial flannel petticoat for unconvinced savages with which men taunt the less humorous sex. In other cases, the new books are do-

nated instead of the work. One thoughtful woman takes up an annual collection for car-fare which many of the most eager are not able to afford. There is a special committee, too, whose work it is to escort those helpless ones who would otherwise have no one on whom to depend.

Of course there is a reverse side of the medal. It is often necessary to lead away some philanthropist who is following up a pitifully embarrassed reader, some woman determined to find out "how that person became blind," who thinks it a piece of sentimentality that the word "blind" is never used within the walls of the Pavilion. Sometimes the great, even wives of Cabinet officers, when they bestow the sanction of their presence upon deserving charities, though their social duties would not allow the customary hour, are lacking in the intuition which is born of sympathy and make difficult the position of a determined young woman who yet may not offend. Once upon a time a dame of this description with an attendant train permeated every corner of the quiet room, routing the affrighted tranquillity from remote corners and hopelessly confusing the timid readers over whose shoulders they hung with too audible comments. They were rudely startled from their humanitarian researches by a firm voice which requested them to observe the library's regulation of quiet. The lady fixed the worm with a practised stare.

"Do you know I am Mrs. X.?" she demanded with the air of one who had precipitated consequences by her speech. It is a commentary on the hopeless lack of reverence among us that the worm continued to obstruct the way and in a moment the room was quiet again.

It may be an evidence of weakness that one's mind prefers to dwell upon one who has given her generous sympathy to those unfortunates — the daughter of another Cabinet officer. With a grasp of the situation which accentuates the distance between the best type of modern woman and the Jellibys of the past, she has concentrated her efforts upon that which will prove of permanent advantage. In the first place, she is making an effort to establish some regular form of industrial effort which will furnish the mental occupation needed by every human being, and at the same time help to make the blind self-supporting. They are being taught to replace the beadwork trinkets and the like with which the charitable from time immemorial have been wont to cumber themselves, with simple and useful pieces of linen work, for which there really is a need. Moreover, they are being instructed in what promises to be a new industry, woven silk work, in the form of shopping bags, watch-fobs, or beautiful silken girdles.



The Audience at One of the Readings.

There is another task to which the young woman in charge has set herself, for which her position offers peculiar advantages. It is an open question just how great is the influence of the American woman in official life upon legislation. We certainly cannot boast of a Primrose League. Possibly our untamed law-givers might prove a bit restive under that dainty rein and balk at the touch of the

whip. Whatever might be the unreason of human nature on this point no one could cavil at her efforts to further the passage of two bills which will materially improve the condition of the blind in this country. The Pavilion has become the centre of a national movement in behalf of those who sorely need every advantage that modern progress can furnish. The characteristic insight of the early nineteenth century alternately classed the blind with inspired seers or paupers. It would surely not be unfitting that the opening of what promises to be the greatest century the world has seen in humanitarian and sociological development, should discover some advantages for them, commensurate with the wealth of opportunity offered our unafflicted public-school children and that the United States should lead. The two bills now pending provide for the higher education of the blind in the District of Columbia and Territories, and for universal free circulation of reading-matter for them up to eight pounds. The educational importance of this measure in consideration of the enormous bulk of reading matter and the fact that as a class they must of necessity be less able to bear expense than the normal human being, cannot be overestimated.

Perhaps the most gracious influence which has radiated from the Pavilion is the spirit which refuses to see any barrier to social intercourse in the privation which usually makes of the afflicted a class apart. Who knows whether the frank recognition of a common feminine weakness does not have a more tonic influence than a great philanthropy? It is no unusual thing to see an eager group of blind women passing their hands over the new gown of one of their friends while the intricacies of its construction are being made clear to them. A real "party," with all the pretty excitement of best dresses and company formality and delicious refreshments given to them by a kindly woman who has made an international reputation with her sculpture; a tea, given for them by an accomplished Washington hostess, to which her friends were bidden with express commands to wear their prettiest gowns; one hardly knows whether the happiness these things have brought is beautiful or tragic. There is no doubt, however, in the minds of the Pavilion's devotees.

One day last spring must stand out in their memories with an appeal even more insistent than these. It is a type, a symbol, of the work which we believe is yet only in its beginning. They had been invited to a "May Day," an "Apple Blossom Day" at the country home of a Washington artist. The scent of the blossoms was abroad in the air; the sun lay brilliant and vital over all. They sat out on the lawn, each with a blossoming spray in his hand. The silver reach of the river and the city beyond, its fairness accentuated by the uplift of the Monument, lay below them. The artist had been talking to them of his art, making them understand color and perspective, which they could never know, by relating them to gradations of sound, which they do know as the seeing never can. Then he looked beyond them to the evanescent glories of the sunset and the unreal vision of the home they thought they knew. He is one of the few that can tell of the things they see. So he opened to them the land that stretched before his gaze, and as they turned their sightless eyes away from the fragrance and freshness around them to the mirage beyond them, out of his own vast sympathy he had made them see.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT

By Willa Sibert Cather

WINDERMERE HILGARDE was conscious that the man in the seat across the aisle was looking at him intently. He was a large, florid man, wore a conspicuous diamond solitaire upon his third finger, and Windermere judged him to be a travelling salesman of some sort. He had the air of an adaptable fellow who had been about the world and who could keep cool and clean under almost any circumstances.

The "High Line Flyer," as this train was derisively called among railroad men, was jerking along through the hot afternoon over the monotonous country between Holdredge and Cheyenne. Besides the blond man and himself the only other occupants of the car were two dusty, bedraggled-looking girls who had been to the Exposition at Chicago and who were earnestly discussing the cost of their first trip out of Colorado. The four uncomfortable passengers were covered with a sediment of fine, yellow dust which clung to their hair and eyebrows like gold powder. It blew up in clouds from the bleak, lifeless country through which they passed, until they were one color with the sage-brush and sand-hills. The gray and yellow desert was varied only by occasional ruins of deserted towns, and the little red boxes of station-houses, where the spindling trees and sickly vines in the blue-grass yards were kept alive only by continual hypodermic injections of water from the tank where the engines were watered, little green reserves fenced off in that confusing wilderness of sand.

As the slanting rays of the sun beat in stronger and stronger through the car-windows, the blond gentleman asked the ladies' permission to remove his coat, and sat in his lavender striped shirt-sleeves, with a black silk handkerchief tucked carefully about his collar. He had seemed interested in Windermere since they had boarded the train at Holdredge, and kept glancing at him curiously and then looking reflectively out of the window, as though he were trying to recall something. But wherever Windermere went someone was almost sure to look at him with that curious interest, and it had ceased to embarrass or annoy him. Presently the stranger, seeming satisfied with his observation, leaned back in his seat, half closed his eyes, and began softly to whistle the Spring Song from "Proserpine," the cantata that a dozen years before had made its young composer famous in a night. Windermere had heard that air on guitars in Old Mexico, on mandolins at college glees, on cottage organs in New England hamlets, and only two weeks ago he had heard it played on sleighbells at a variety theatre in Denver. There was literally no way of escaping his brother's precocity. Adriance could live on the other side of the Atlantic, where his youthful indiscretions were forgotten in his mature achievements, but his brother had never been able to outrun "Proserpine," and here he found it in the Colorado sand-hills. Not that Windermere was exactly ashamed of "Proserpine"; only a man of genius could have written it, but it was the sort of thing that a man of genius outgrows as soon as he can, and its popularity was the gravest charge conservative critics could make against it.

Windermere unbent a trifle, and smiled at his neighbor across the aisle. Immediately the large man rose and coming over dropped into the seat facing Hilgarde, extending his card.

"Dusty ride, isn't it? I don't mind it myself; I'm used to it. Born and bred in de briar patch, like Br'er Rabbit. I've been trying to place you for a long time; I think I must have met you before."

"Thank you," said Windermere, taking the card; "my name is Hilgarde. You've probably met my brother, Adriance; people often mistake me for him."

The travelling-man brought his hand down on his knee with such vehemence that the solitaire blazed.

"So I was right after all, and if you're

not Adriance Hilgarde you're his double. I thought I couldn't be mistaken. Seen him ? Well, I guess ! I never missed one of his recitals at the Auditorium, and he played the piano score of 'Proserpine' through to us once at the Chicago Press Club. I used to be on the *Commercial* there before I began to travel for the publishing department of the concern. So you're Hilgarde's brother, and here I've run into you at the jumping-off place. Sounds like a newspaper yarn, doesn't it? "

The travelling-man laughed and offered Windermere a cigar and plied him with questions on the only subject that people ever seemed to care to talk to Windermere about. At length the salesman and the two girls alighted at a Colorado way station, and Windermere went on to Cheyenne alone.

The train pulled into Cheyenne at nine o'clock, late by a matter of four hours or so; but no one seemed particularly concerned at its tardiness except the station agent, who grumbled at being kept in the office over time on a summer night. When Windermere alighted from the train he walked down the platform and stopped at the track crossing, uncertain as to what direction he should take to reach a hotel. A phaëton stood near the crossing and a woman held the reins. She was dressed in white and her figure was clearly silhouetted against the cushions, though it was too dark to see her face. Windermere had scarcely noticed her, when the switch-engine came puffing up from the opposite direction, and the head-light threw a strong glare of light on his face. Suddenly the woman in the phaëton uttered a low cry and dropped the reins. Windermere started forward and caught the horse's head, but the animal only lifted its ears and whisked its tail in impatient surprise. The woman sat perfectly still, her head sunk between her shoulders and her handkerchief pressed to her face. Another woman came out of the depot and hurried toward the phaëton, crying, " Katharine, dear, what is the matter? "

Windermere hesitated a moment in painful embarrassment, then lifted his hat and passed on. He was accustomed to sudden recognitions in the most impossible places, especially by women, but this cry out of the night had shaken him.

While Windermere was breakfasting the next morning, the head waiter leaned over his chair to murmur that there was a gentleman waiting to see him in the parlor. Windermere finished his coffee, and went in the direction indicated, where he found his visitor restlessly pacing the floor. His whole manner betrayed a high degree of nervous agitation, though his physique was not that of a man whose nerves lie near the surface. He was something below medium height, square-shouldered and solidly built. His thick, closely cut hair was beginning to show gray about the ears, and his bronzed face was heavily lined. His square brown hands were locked behind him, and he held his shoulders like a man conscious of responsibilities, yet, as he turned to greet Windermere, there was an incongruous diffidence in his address.

" Good-morning, Mr. Hilgarde," he said, extending his hand ; " I found your name on the hotel register. My name is Gaylord; I'm afraid my sister startled you at the station last night, Mr. Hilgarde, and I've come around to apologize."

" Ah ! the young lady in the phaëton ? I'm sure I didn't know whether I had anything to do with her alarm or not. If I did, it is I who owe the apology, and I make it to you most sincerely."

The man colored a little under the dark brown on his face.

" Oh, it's nothing you could help, sir, I fully understand that. You see, my sister used to be a pupil of your brother's, and it seems you favor him, and when the switch engine threw a light on your face it startled her."

Windermere wheeled about in his chair. " Oh ! *Katharine* Gaylord ! Is it possible ! Now it's you who have given me a turn. Why, I used to know her when I was a boy. What on earth——"

" Is she doing here? " said Gaylord, grimly filling out the pause. " You've got at the heart of the matter. You knew my sister had been in bad health for a long time ? "

" No, I had never heard a word of that. The last I knew of her she was singing in London. My brother and I correspond infrequently, and seldom get beyond family matters. I am deeply sorry to hear this. There are many reasons why I

should be more concerned than I can tell you."

The lines in Charley Gaylord's brow relaxed a little.

"What I'm trying to say, Mr. Hilgarde, is that she wants to see you. I hate to ask you, but she's so set on it. We live several miles out of town, but my rig's below, and I can take you out any time you can go."

"I can go now, and it will give me real pleasure to do so," said Windermere, quickly. "I'll get my hat and be with you in a moment."

When he came downstairs Windermere found a cart at the door, and Charley Gaylord drew a long sigh of relief as he gathered up the reins and settled back into his own element.

"You see, I think I'd better tell you something about my sister before you see her, and I don't know just where to begin. She travelled in Europe with your brother and his wife, and sang at a lot of his concerts; but I don't know just how much you know about her."

"Very little, except that my brother always thought her the most gifted of his pupils, and that when I knew her she was very young and very beautiful and turned my head sadly for awhile."

Windermere saw that Gaylord's mind was quite engrossed by his grief. He was wrought up to the point where his reserve and sense of proportion had quite left him, and his trouble was the one vital thing in the world. "That's the whole thing," he went on, flecking his horses with the whip.

"She was a great woman, as you say, and she didn't come of a great family. She had to fight her own way from the first. She got to Chicago, and then to New York, and then to Europe, where she went up like lightning, and got a taste for it all, and now she's dying here like a rat in a hole, out of her own world, and she can't fall back into ours. We've grown apart, someway—miles and miles apart—and I'm afraid she's fearfully unhappy."

"It's a very tragic story that you are telling me, Gaylord," said Windermere. They were well out into the country now, spinning along over the dusty plains of red grass, with the ragged blue outline of the mountains before them.

"Tragic!" cried Gaylord, starting up in his seat, "my God, man, nobody will ever know how tragic. It's a tragedy I live with and eat with and sleep with, until I've lost my grip on everything. You see she had made a good bit of money, but she spent it all going to health resorts. It's her lungs, you know. I've got money enough to send her anywhere, but the doctors all say it's no use. She hasn't the ghost of a chance. It's just getting through the days until the end now. I had no notion she was half so bad before she came to me. She just wrote that she was all run down. Now that she's here, I think she'd be happier anywhere under the sun, but she won't leave. She says it's easier to let go of life here, and that to go East would be dying twice. There was a time when I was a brakeman with a run out of Bird City, Iowa, and she was a little thing I could carry on my shoulder, when I could get her everything on earth she wanted, and she hadn't a wish my $80 a month didn't cover; and now, when I've got a little property together, I can't buy her a night's sleep!" He stopped with a gulp and half closed his eyes.

Windermere saw that, whatever Charley Gaylord's present status in the world might be, he had brought the brakeman's heart up the ladder with him, and the brakeman's frank avowal of sentiment. Presently Gaylord went on:

"You can understand how she has outgrown her family. We're all a pretty common sort, railroaders from away back. My father was a conductor. He died when we were kids. Maggie, my other sister, who lives with me, was a telegraph operator here while I was getting my grip on things. We had no education. I have to hire a stenographer because I can't spell straight—the Almighty couldn't teach me to spell. The things that make up life to Kate are all Greek to me, and there's scarcely a point where we touch any more, except in our recollections of the old times when we were all young and happy together, and Kate sang in a church choir in Bird City. But I believe, Mr. Hilgarde, that if she can see just one person like you, who knows about the things and people she cares for, it will give her about the only comfort she can have now."

The reins slackened in Charley Gaylord's hand as they drew up before a showily painted house with many gables and a round tower. "Here we are," he said, turning to Windermere, "and I guess we understand each other."

They were met at the door by a thin, colorless woman, whom Gaylord introduced as "My sister, Maggie." She asked her brother to show Mr. Hilgarde into the music-room, where Katharine wished to see him alone.

When Windermere entered the music-room he gave a little start of surprise, feeling that he had stepped from the glaring Wyoming sunlight into some New York studio that he had always known. He wondered which it was of those countless studios, high up under the roofs, over banks and shops and wholesale houses, that this room resembled, and he looked incredulously out of the window at the gray plain that ended in the great upheaval of the Rockies. There are little skeleton-closets of the arts scattered here and there all over the West, where some Might-Have-Been hides his memories and the trophies of his student days on the Continent and the rusty tools of the craft that he once believed had called him; but this room savored of the present, and about it there was an air of immediate touch with the art of the present.

On the walls were autograph sketches by several of the younger American painters, and young Scotchmen whose names were scarcely known on this side of the water. Above one of the book-cases was a large photograph of Rodin's Balzac; on the music-rack were the scores of Massenet's latest opera and Chaminade's latest song. It seemed scarcely possible that the glad tidings of these things should have reached Wyoming already. The haunting air of familiarity about the place perplexed Windermere. Was the room a copy of some particular studio he knew, or was it merely the studio atmosphere that seemed so individual and poignantly reminiscent here in Wyoming? He sat down in a reading-chair and looked keenly about him. Suddenly his eye fell upon a large photograph of his brother, framed in dark wood, above the piano. Then it all became clear to him: this was veritably his brother's room. If it were not an exact copy of one of the many studios that Adriance had fitted up in various parts of the world, wearying of them and leaving almost before the renovator's varnish had dried, it was at least in the same tone. In every detail Adriance's taste was so manifest that the room seemed to exhale his personality. The black-oak ceiling and floor, the dull red walls, the huge brick fire-place with a Wagnerian inscription on the tiles, the old Venetian lamp that hung under the copy of the Mona Lisa, the cast of the Parthenon frieze that ran about the room, the tall brass candlesticks with their sacerdotal candles, were all exactly as Adriance would have had them.

Among the photographs on the wall there was one of Katharine Gaylord, taken in the days when Windermere had known her and when the flash of her eye or the flutter of her skirt was enough to set his boyish heart in a tumult. Even now, he stood before the portrait with a certain degree of embarrassment. It was the face of a woman already old in her first youth, thoroughly sophisticated and a trifle hard, and it told of what her brother had called her fight. The *camaraderie* of her frank, confident eyes was qualified by the deep lines about her mouth and the curve of the lips, which was both sad and cynical. Certainly she had more good-will than confidence toward the world, and the bravado of her smile could not conceal the shadow of an unrest that was almost discontent. Perhaps that, too, was only the scar of the struggle of which her brother had spoken; perhaps the long warfare against adverse conditions had brought about an almost antagonistic and distrustful attitude of mind. The chief charm of the woman, as Windermere had known her, lay in her superb figure and in her eyes, which possessed a warm, life-giving quality like the sunlight; generous, fearless eyes, which glowed with sympathy and good-cheer for all living things, a sort of perpetual *salutat* to the world. Her head Windermere remembered as peculiarly well shaped and proudly poised. There had been always a little of the imperatrix about her, and her pose in the photograph revived all his old impressions of

her unattachedness, of how absolutely and valiantly she stood alone.

Windermere was still standing before the picture, his hands behind him and his head inclined, when he heard the door open. A very tall woman advanced toward him, holding out her hand. As she started to speak she coughed slightly, then, laughing, said, in a low, rich voice, a trifle husky: "You see I make the traditional Camille entrance—with the cough. How good of you to come, Mr. Hilgarde."

Windermere was acutely conscious that while addressing him she was not looking at him at all, and, as he assured her of his pleasure in coming, he was glad to have an opportunity to collect himself. He had not reckoned on the ravages of a long illness. The long, loose folds of her white gown had been especially designed to disguise the sharp outlines of her emaciated body, but the stamp of her disease was there, simple and ugly and obtrusive, a pitiless fact that could not be disguised nor evaded. The splendid shoulders were stooped, there was a swaying unevenness in her gait, her arms seemed disproportionately long, and her hands were transparently white and cold to the touch as waterflowers. Her chest, that full, proud singer's chest, that had swelled like the bellows of an organ when she took her high notes, was fallen and flat. The changes in her face were less obvious; the proud carriage of the head, the warm, clear eyes, even the delicate flush of color in her cheeks, all defiantly remained, though they were all in a lower key — older, sadder, softer.

She sat down upon the divan and began nervously arranging the pillows. "I know I'm not an inspiring object to look upon, but you must be quite frank and sensible about that and get used to it at once, for we've no time to lose. And if I'm a trifle irritable you won't mind?—for I'm more than usually nervous."

"Don't bother with me this morning if you are tired," urged Windermere. "I can come quite as well to-morrow."

"Gracious, no!" she protested, with a flash of that quick, keen humor that he remembered as a part of her. "It's solitude that I'm tired to death of, solitude and the wrong kind of people. You see, the minister, not content with reading the prayers for the sick, called on me this morning. He happened to be riding by on his bicycle and felt it his duty to stop. Of course, he disapproves of my profession, and I think he takes it for granted that I have a dark past. The funniest feature of his conversation is that he is always excusing my own vocation to me—condoning it, you know—and trying to patch up my peace with my conscience by suggesting possible noble uses for what he kindly calls my talent."

Windermere laughed. "Oh! I'm afraid I'm not the person to call after such a serious gentleman—I can't sustain the situation. At my best—I don't reach higher than low comedy. Have you decided to which one of the noble uses you will devote yourself?"

Katharine lifted her hands in a gesture of renunciation and went on: "I'm not equal to any of them, not even the least noble. I didn't study that method. Neither Marchesi nor your brother taught me the moral purpose of singing the scales."

Katharine laughed indulgently. "The parson's not so bad. His English never offends me, and he has read Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' all five volumes, and that's something. Then, he has been to New York, and that's a great deal. But how we are losing time! Do tell me about New York; Charley says you're just on from there. How does it look and taste and smell just now? I think a whiff of the Jersey ferry would be as flagons of cod-liver oil to me. Who conspicuously walks the Rialto now, and what does he or she wear? Are the trees still green in Madison Square, or have they grown brown and dusty? Does the chaste Diana on the Garden Theatre still keep her vestal vows through all the exasperating changes of the weather? Who has your brother's old studio now, and what misguided aspirants practise their scales in the rookeries above Carnegie Hall? What do people go to see at the theatres, and what do they eat and drink there in the world nowadays? You see, I love it all, from the Battery to Riverside. Oh, let me die in Harlem!" She was interrupted by a violent attack of coughing, and Windermere, embarrassed by her discomfort, plunged into gossip about the professional people he had met in town during the summer,

and the musical outlook for the winter. He was diagramming with his pencil, on the back of an old envelope he found in his pocket, some new mechanical device to be used at the Metropolitan in the production of the "Rheingold," when he became conscious that she was looking at him intently, and that he was talking to the four walls.

Katharine was lying back among the pillows, watching him through half-closed eyes, as a painter looks at a picture. He finished his explanation vaguely enough and put the envelope back in his pocket. As he did so, she said, quietly: "How wonderfully like Adriance you are!" and he felt as though a crisis of some sort had been met and tided over.

He laughed, looking up at her with a touch of pride in his eyes that made them seem quite boyish. "Yes, isn't it absurd? It's almost as awkward as looking like Napoleon—there's no possibility of living up to the part. I really believe it kept me out of a scrape or two when I was in college, and, after all, there are some advantages. It has made some of his friends like me, and I hope it will make you."

Katharine smiled and gave him a quick, meaning glance from under her lashes. "Oh, it did that long ago. What a haughty, reserved youth you were then, and how you used to stare at people, and then blush and look cross if they paid you back in your own coin. Do you remember that night when you took me home from a rehearsal and scarcely spoke a word to me?"

"It was the silence of admiration," protested Windermere, "very crude and boyish, but very sincere and not a little painful. Perhaps you suspected something of the sort? I remember you saw fit to be very grown up and worldly."

"I believe I suspected a pose; the one that college boys usually affect with singers—'an earthen vessel in love with a star,' you know. But it rather surprised me in you, for you must have seen a good deal of your brother's pupils. Or had you an omnivorous capacity, and elasticity that always met the occasion?"

"Don't ask a man to confess the follies of his youth," said Windermere, smiling a little sadly; "I am sensitive about some of them even now. But I was not so sophisticated as you imagined. I saw my brother's pupils come and go, but that was about all. Sometimes I was called on to play accompaniments, or to fill out a vacancy at a rehearsal, or to order a carriage for an infuriated soprano who had thrown up her part, but they never spent any time on me, unless it was to notice the resemblance you speak of."

"Yes," observed Katharine, thoughtfully, "I noticed it then, too, but it has grown as you have grown older. That is rather strange, when you have lived such different lives. It's not merely an ordinary family likeness of feature, you know, but a sort of interchangeable individuality, the suggestion of the other man's personality in your face, like an air transposed to another key. But I'm not attempting to define it; it's beyond me, something altogether unusual and a trifle—well, uncanny," she finished, laughing.

"I remember," Windermere said, seriously, twirling the pencil between his fingers and looking, as he sat with his head thrown back, out under the red window-blind which was raised just a little, and as it swung back and forth in the wind revealed the glaring panorama of the desert, a blinding stretch of yellow, flat as the sea in dead calm, splotched here and there with deep purple shadows, and, beyond, the ragged blue outline of the mountains and the peaks of snow, white as the white clouds—"I remember, when I was a little fellow I used to be very sensitive about it. I don't think it exactly displeased me, or that I would have had it otherwise if I could, but it seemed to me like a birthmark, or something not to be lightly spoken of. People were naturally always fonder of Ad than of me, and I used to feel the chill of reflected light pretty often. It affected even my relations with my mother. Ad went abroad to study when he was absurdly young, you know, and mother was all broken up over it. She did her whole duty by each of us, but it was sort of generally understood among us that she'd have made burnt-offerings of us all for Ad any day. I was a little fellow then, and when she sat alone on the porch in the summer dusk, she used sometimes to call me to her and turn my face up in the

light that streamed out through the shutters and kiss me, and then I always knew she was thinking of Adriance."

"Poor little chap," said Katharine, and her tone was a trifle huskier than usual. "How fond people have always been of Adriance! Now tell me the latest news of him. I haven't heard, except through the press, for a year or more. He was in Algiers then, in the valley of the Chelif, riding horseback night and day in an Arabian costume, and in his usual enthusiastic fashion he had quite made up his mind to adopt the Mahometan faith and become as nearly an Arab as possible. How many countries and faiths has he adopted, I wonder? Probably he was playing Arab to himself all the time. I remember he was a sixteenth-century duke in Florence once for weeks together."

"Oh, that's Adriance," chuckled Windermere. "He is himself barely long enough to write checks and be measured for his clothes. I didn't hear from him while he was an Arab; I missed that."

"Well, he had a piano carted out into the desert somehow, and was living in a tent beside a dried water-course grown up with dwarf oleanders. He was writing an Algerian *suite* for the piano then; it must be in the publisher's hands by this time. I have been too ill to answer his letter, and have lost touch with him."

Windermere drew a letter from his pocket. "This came about a month ago. It's chiefly about his new opera which is to be brought out in London next winter. Read it at your leisure."

"I think I shall keep it as a hostage, so that I may be sure you will come again. Now I want you to play for me. Whatever you like; but if there is anything new in the world, in mercy let me hear it. For nine months I have heard nothing but 'The Baggage Coach Ahead' and 'She is My Baby's Mother.'"

He sat down at the piano, and Katharine sat near him, absorbed in his remarkable physical likeness to his brother, and trying to discover in just what it consisted. Windermere was not even a handsome man, and everyone admitted that his brother was. Katharine told herself that it was very much as though a sculptor's finished work had been rudely copied in wood. He was of a larger build than Adriance, and his shoulders were broad and heavy, while those of his brother were slender and rather girlish. His face was of the same oval mould, but it was gray, and darkened about the mouth by continual shaving. His eyes were of the same inconstant April color, but they were reflective and rather dull, while Adriance's were always points of high light, and always meaning another thing than the thing they meant yesterday. But it was hard to see why this earnest man should so continually suggest that lyric, youthful face that was as gay as his was grave. For Adriance, though he was ten years older, and though his hair was streaked with silver, had the face of a boy of twenty, so mobile that it told his thoughts before he could put them into words or music, and responded to the nerve-centres of his sensitive brain as the keyboard to the touch. A contralto, famous for the extravagance of her vocal methods and of her affections, had once said of him that the shepherd-boys who sang under the oaks in the Vale of Tempe must certainly have looked like young Hilgarde, and the comparison had been appropriated by a hundred shyer women who preferred to quote.

As Windermere sat smoking on the veranda of the Inter-Ocean House that night, he was a victim to random recollections. His infatuation for Katharine Gaylord, visionary as it was, had been the most serious of his boyish love-affairs, and had long disturbed his bachelor dreams. He was painfully timid in everything relating to the emotions, and his hurt had withdrawn him from the society of women. The fact that it was all so done and dead and far behind him and that the woman had lived her life out since then, gave him an oppressive sense of age and loss. He bethought himself of something that Stevenson had said about sitting by the hearth and remembering the faces of women without desire, and felt himself an octogenarian.

He remembered how bitter and morose he had grown during his stay at his brother's studio when Katharine Gaylord was working there, and how he had wounded Adriance on the night of his last concert

in New York. He had sat there in the box while his brother and Katharine were called back again and again after the last number, watching the roses go up over the footlights until they were stacked half as high as the piano, brooding, in his sullen boy's heart, upon the pride those two felt in each other's work, spurring each other to their best and beautifully contending in song, as he had read in some Greek lyric. The footlights had seemed a hard, glittering line drawn sharply between their life and his, a circle of flame set about those splendid children of genius. He walked back to his hotel alone, and sat in his window staring out on Madison Square until long after midnight, resolving to beat no more at doors that he could never enter, and realizing more keenly than ever before how far this glorious dream world of production and beautiful creations lay beyond the prow of the merchant marines. He told himself that he had in common with this woman only the baser uses of life. That sixth sense, the passion for perfect expression, and the lustre of her achievement were like a rosy mist veiling her, such as the goddesses of the elder days wrapped about themselves when they vanished from the arms of men.

II

Windermere's week in Cheyenne stretched to three, and he saw no prospect of release except through the thing he dreaded. The bright, windy days of the Wyoming autumn passed as swiftly as the sands through an hour-glass. Letters and telegrams came urging him to hasten his trip to the coast, but he resolutely postponed his business engagements. The mornings he spent on one of Charley Gaylord's ponies, or fishing in the mountains, and in the evenings he sat in his room writing letters or reading. In the afternoon he was usually at his post of duty. Destiny seems to have very positive notions about the sort of parts we are fitted to play. The scene changes and the compensation varies, but in the end we usually find that we have played the same class of business from first to last. Windermere Hilgarde had been a stop-gap all his life, and whatever career he embarked upon he drifted back always to the same harbor, refused by the high seas, and found himself doing the work of all his several friends and serving every purpose save his own. He remembered going through a looking-glass labyrinth when he was a boy, and trying gallery after gallery, only at every turn to bump his nose against his own face, which, indeed, was not his own, but his brother's. No matter what his mission, east or west, by land or sea, he was sure to find himself employed in his brother's business, one of the tributary lives which helped to swell the shining current of Adriance Hilgarde's. It was not the first time that his duty had been to comfort as best he could one of the broken things his brother's imperious speed had cast aside and forgotten. He made no attempt to analyze the situation or to state it in exact terms, but he felt Katharine Gaylord's need for him, and he accepted it as a commission from his brother to help this woman to die. Day by day he felt her demands on him grow more imperious, her need for him grow more acute and positive, and day by day he felt that in his peculiar relation to her, his own individuality played a smaller part. His power to minister to her comfort, he saw, lay solely in his link with his brother's life. He understood all that his physical resemblance meant to her. He knew that she sat by him always watching for some common trick of gesture, some familiar play of expression, some trick of light and shadow, in which he should seem wholly Adriance. He knew that she lived upon this and that her disease fed upon it; that it sent a shudder of remembrance through her and quickened nerves that the grave had already chilled; that all the womanhood in her cried out for this, and that in the exhaustion which followed this turmoil of her dying senses, she slept deep and sweet, and dreamed of youth and art and days in a certain old Florentine garden, and not of bitterness and death.

The question which most perplexed him was, "How much shall I know? How much does she wish me to know?" A few days after his first meeting with Katharine Gaylord, he had cabled his brother to write her. He had merely said that she was mortally ill; he could depend on Adriance to say the right thing—that was

a part of his gift. Adriance always said not only the right thing, but the opportune, graceful, exquisite thing. His phrases took the color of the moment and the then present condition, so that they never savored of perfunctory compliment or frequent usage. He always caught the lyric essence of the moment, the poetic effluvium of every situation. Moreover, he usually did the right thing, the opportune, graceful, exquisite thing—except when he did very cruel things—bent upon making people happy when their existence touched his, just as he insisted that his material environment should be beautiful; lavishing upon those near him all the warmth and radiance of his rich nature, all the homage of the poet and troubadour, and, when they were no longer near, forgetting, for that also was a part of Adriance's gift.

Three weeks after Windermere had sent his cable, when he made his daily call at the gayly painted ranch-house, he found Katharine laughing like a school-girl. "Have you ever thought," she said, as he entered the music-room, "how much these séances of ours are like Heine's 'Florentine Nights,' except that I don't give you an opportunity to monopolize the conversation as Heine did?" She held his hand longer than usual as she greeted him, and looked searchingly up into his face. "You are the kindest man living, the kindest," she added, softly.

Windermere's gray face colored faintly as he drew his hand away, for he felt that this time she was looking at him, and not at a whimsical caricature of his brother. "Why, what have I done now?" he asked, lamely. "I can't remember having sent you any stale candy or champagne since yesterday."

She drew a letter with a foreign postmark from between the leaves of a copy of "*Fort comme la Mort*" and held it out, smiling. "You got him to write it. Don't say you didn't, for it came direct, you see, and the last address I gave him was a place in Florida. This deed shall be remembered of you when I am with the just in Paradise. But one thing you did not ask him to do, for you didn't know about it. He has sent me his latest work, a pastoral sonata, the most ambitious thing he has ever done, and you are to play it for me directly, though it looks horribly intricate. But first for the letter; I think you would better read it aloud to me."

Windermere sat down in a low chair facing the window-seat in which she sat with a barricade of pillows behind her, and, playing with the lace on her sleeve, he opened the letter, his lashes half-veiling his kind eyes, and saw to his satisfaction that it was a long one, wonderfully tactful and beautiful and tender, even for Adriance, who was tender with his valet and his stable-boy, with his old gondolier and the beggar-women who prayed to the saints for him.

The letter was from Granada, written in the Alhambra, as he sat by the fountain of the Patio di Lindaraxa. In the orange and box and citron trees about him the nightingales were singing all the unwritten and unwritable music in the world, and "*Je pense à mon amie*," he wrote. The air was heavy with the warm fragrance of the South and full of the sound of splashing, running water, as it had been in a certain old garden in Florence, long ago. The sky was one great turquoise, heated until it glowed. The wonderful Moorish arches threw graceful blue shadows all about him. He had sketched an outline of them on the margin of his note-paper. The subtleties of Arabic decoration had cast an unholy spell over him, and Christian art and the brutal exaggerations of Gothic architecture were no more for him. The soul of Théophile Gautier had entered into him, and Western civilization was a bad dream, easily forgotten. The Alhambra itself had from the first seemed perfectly familiar to him, and he knew that he must have trod that court, sleek and brown and obsequious, centuries before Ferdinand rode into Andalusia. The letter was full of confidences about his work, and delicate allusions to their old happy days of study and comradeship, and of her own work, still so warmly remembered and appreciatively discussed everywhere he went.

As Windermere folded the letter he felt that Adriance had divined the thing needed and had risen to it in his own wonderful way. The letter was consistently egotistical, and seemed to him even a trifle patronizing, yet it was just what she had wanted. He wondered whether all the

gift-bearers, all the sons of genius, broke what they touched and blighted what they caressed thus. A strong realization of his brother's charm and intensity and power came over him; he felt the breath of that whirlwind of flame in which Adriance passed, consuming all in his path, and himself even more resolutely than he consumed others. Then he looked down at this white, burnt-out brand that lay before him. "Like him, isn't it?" she said, quietly, and Windermere felt in her voice the softness of the south wind in the spring.

"I think I can scarcely answer his letter, but when you see him next you can do that for me. I want you to tell him many things from me, yet they can all be summed up in this: I want him to grow wholly into his best and greatest self, even at the cost of the dear boyishness that is half his charm to you and me. Do you understand me?"

"I know perfectly well what you mean," answered Windermere, thoughtfully. "I have often felt so about him myself. And yet it's difficult to prescribe for those creative fellows; so little makes, so little mars."

Katharine raised herself upon her elbow, and her face flushed with the feverish earnestness of her speech. "Ah, but it is the waste of himself that I mean; his lashing himself out on stupid and uncomprehending people until they take him at their own estimate. He can kindle marble, strike fire from putty, but is it worth what it costs him? Certainly there is a sacred and dignified selfishness which properly belongs to art and religion. You know how he wastes his time and strength in those idiotic social obligations which he takes so seriously—in chivalrous attentions to vapid old women who knew his mother, and in writing wedding-marches for every pink-and-white thing who asks him."

"Come, come," expostulated Windermere, alarmed at her excitement. "Where is the new sonata? Let him speak for himself."

He sat down at the piano and began playing the first movement of the sonata, which was indeed the voice of Adriance, his lofty and proper speech. The sonata was dedicated to Brahms, and was the most classic work Hilgarde had done up to that time. It marked, indeed, the transition from his purely lyric vein to that deeper and nobler style by which he will live. Windermere played intelligently, without the least affectation of virtuosity, but with that sympathetic comprehension which seems peculiar to a certain lovable class of men who never accomplish anything in particular. When he had finished he turned to Katharine.

"How he has grown! Heavens, how he has grown!" she cried. "This thing is entirely great. There is not a trace of that persistent saccharine quality that was always creeping into his earlier work. The theme, the whole conception, is big and serene. How firm the texture is! and surely he never wrote such harmonies before. What the last three years have done for him! He used to write only the tragedies of passion; but this is the tragedy of the soul, the shadow coexistent with the soul. This is the tragedy of effort and failure, the thing Keats called hell. This is my tragedy, as I lie here spent by the white race course, listening to the feet of the runners as they pass me —ah, God! the swift feet of the runners!"

She turned her face away and covered it with her straining hands. Windermere crossed over to her quickly and knelt beside her. In all the days he had known her she had never before given voice to the bitterness of her own defeat beyond an occasional ironical jest. Her courage had become a point of pride with him, and to see it going sickened him.

"Don't do it," he gasped. "I can't stand it, I really can't, I feel it too much. We mustn't speak of that; it's too tragic and too vast."

When she turned her face back to him there was the ghost of the old, brave, cynical smile on it, more bitter than the tears she could not shed. "No, I won't be so ungenerous; I will save that for the watches of the night when I have no better company. Now you may mix me another drink of some sort. Formerly, when it was not *if* I should ever sing Brunhilda, but quite simply when I *should* sing Brunhilda, I was always starving myself and thinking what I might drink and what I might not. But broken music-boxes may drink whatsoever they list, and no

one cares whether they lose their figure. Run over that shepherd-boy theme at the beginning again. That, at least, is not new. It was running in his head when we were in Venice years ago, and he used to drum it on his glass at the dinner-table. He had just begun to work it out when the late autumn came on, and the paleness of the Adriatic oppressed him, and he decided to go to Florence for the winter, and lost touch with the theme during his illness. Do you remember those frightful days? All the people who have loved him are not strong enough to save him from himself! When I got word from Florence that he had been ill, I was in Nice filling a concert engagement. His wife was hurrying to him from Paris, but I reached him first. I arrived at dusk, in a terrific storm. They had taken an old palace there for the winter, and I found him in the library—a long, dark room full of old Latin books and heavy furniture and bronzes. He was sitting by a wood fire at one end of the room, looking, oh, so worn and pale!—as he always does when he is ill, you know. Ah, it is so good that you *do* know! Even his red smoking-jacket lent no color to his face. His first words were not to tell me how ill he had been, but that that morning he had been well enough to put the last strokes to the score of his '*Souvenirs d'Automne*,' and he was, as I most like to remember him, so calm and happy and tired; not gay, as he usually is, but just contented and tired with that heavenly tiredness that comes after a good work done at last. Outside, the rain poured down in torrents, and the wind moaned for the pain of all the world and sobbed in the branches of the shivering olives and about the walls of that desolated old palace. There was a concert piano in the room, and he played that prelude of Chopin's with the ceaseless pelting of rain-drops in the bass. He wrote it, you know, when George Sand carried him off to Majorca and shut him up in a damp grotto in the hill-side, and it rained forever and ever, and he had only goat's milk to drink. Adriance had been to Majorca, you know, and had slept in their grotto. How that night comes back to me! There were no lights in the room, only the wood fire which glowed upon the hard features of the bronze Dante like the reflection of purgatorial flames, and threw long black shadows about us; beyond us it scarcely penetrated the gloom at all. How heavy and impenetrable were those shadows! quite like the darkness of the under world, where it will be resting-time indeed, and the last strokes will have been put to the last score, and we shall all be together, resting in the common darkness, after it is all over. Suddenly Adriance stopped playing and sat staring at the fire with the weariness of all his life in his eyes, and of all the other lives that must aspire and suffer to make up one such life as his. Somehow the wind with all its world pain had got into the room, and the cold rain was in our eyes, and the wave came up in both of us at once—that awful vague, universal pain, that cold fear of life and death and God and hope—and we were like two clinging together on a spar in mid-ocean after the shipwreck of everything. Then we heard the front door open with a great gust of wind that shook even the walls, and the servants came running with lights, announcing that Madame had returned from Paris, '*and in the book we read no more that night.*'" She gave the old line with a certain bitter humor, and with the hard, bright smile in which of old she had wrapped her weakness as in a glittering garment. That ironical smile, worn like a mask through so many years, had gradually changed even the lines of her face completely, and when she looked in the mirror she saw not herself, but the scathing critic, the amused observer and satirist of herself. Sometimes, while looking at the mask she wore, Windermere had thought of Richard's lines, "the shadow of my sorrow hath destroyed the shadow of my face." He dropped his head upon his hand and sat looking at the rug. "How much you have cared!" he said.

"Ah, yes, I cared," she said, closing her eyes with a long-drawn sigh of relief; and lying perfectly still, she went on: "You can't imagine what a comfort it is to have you know how I cared, what a relief it is to be able to tell it to someone. I used to want to shriek it out to the world in the long nights when I could not sleep. It seemed to me that I could not die with it. It demanded some sort of expression. And now that you do know, you would

scarcely believe how much less sharp the agony of it is."

Windermere continued to look helplessly at the floor. "I was not sure how much you wanted me to know," he said.

"Oh, I intended you should know from the first time I looked into your face, when you came that day with Charley. I flatter myself that I have been able to conceal it when I chose, though I suppose women always think that. The more observing ones may have seen, but discerning people are usually discreet and often kind, for we usually bleed a little before we begin to discern. But I wanted you to know; you are so like him that it is almost like telling him himself. At least, I feel now that he will know some day, and then I will be quite sacred from his compassion, for we none of us dare to pity the dead. Since it was what my life has chiefly meant, I should like him to know. On the whole, I am not ashamed of it. I have fought a good fight."

"And has he never known at all?" asked Windermere, in a thick voice.

"Oh! never at all in the way that you mean. Of course he is accustomed to looking into the eyes of women and finding love there; when he doesn't find it there he thinks he must have been guilty of some discourtesy and is miserable about it. He has a genuine fondness for everyone who is not stupid or gloomy, or old or preternaturally ugly. Granted youth and cheerfulness and a moderate amount of wit and some tact, and Adriance will always be glad to see you coming round the corner. I shared with the rest; shared the smiles and the gallantries and the droll little sermons. It was quite like a Sunday-school picnic; we wore our best clothes and a smile and took our turns. It was his kindness that was hardest. I have pretty well used my life up at standing punishment."

"Don't; you'll make me hate him," groaned Windermere.

Katharine laughed and began to play nervously with her fan. "It wasn't in the slightest degree his fault; that is the most grotesque part of it. Why, it had really begun before I ever met him. His early music was the first that ever really took hold of me. When I was a child out in Iowa, and Charley was braking on the road, I used to lie out under the apple-trees and dream about him. I had seen his picture in some magazine or other, and I always fancied him in Paris leading the gilded existence of a Ouida hero. I had a tough pull to get started; it was a long jump from Bird City to Chicago, and a longer one from Chicago to New York. I fought my way to him, and I drank my doom greedily enough."

Windermere rose and stood hesitating. "I think I must go. You ought to be quiet and I don't think I can hear any more just now."

She put out her hand and took his playfully. "You've put in three weeks at this sort of thing, haven't you? Well, it may never be to your glory in this world, perhaps, but it will stand to your credit in the land to which I travel. I wax quotational. It's been the mercy of heaven to me, and it ought to square accounts for a much worse life than yours will ever be. 'Unto one of the least of these,' you remember."

Windermere knelt beside her, saying, brokenly: "I stayed because I wanted to be with you, that's all. I have never cared about other women since I met you in New York when I was a lad. You are a part of my destiny, and I could not leave you if I would."

She put her hands on his shoulders and shook her head. "No, no; don't tell me that. I have seen enough of the tragedy of life, God knows: don't show me any more just as the curtain is going down. No, no, it was only a boy's fancy, and your divine pity and my utter pitiableness have recalled it for a moment. One does not love the dying, dear friend. If some fancy of that sort had been left over from boyhood, this would rid you of it, and that were well. Now go, and you will come again to-morrow, as long as there are to-morrows, will you not?" She took his hand with a smile that lifted the mask from her soul, that was both courage and sadness, hope and despair, and full of infinite loyalty and tenderness, she said softly:

> For ever and for ever, farewell, Cassius;
> If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
> If not, why then, this parting was well made.

The courage in her eyes was like the clear light of a star to him as he went out.

On the night of Adriance Hilgarde's opening concert in Paris, Windermere sat by the bed in the ranch-house in Wyoming, watching over the last battle that we have with the flesh before we are done with it and free of it forever. At times it seemed that the serene soul of her must have left already and found some refuge from the storm, and only the tenacious animal life were left to do battle with death. She labored under a delusion at once pitiful and merciful, thinking that she was in the Pullman on her way to New York, going back to her life and her work. When she aroused from her stupor, it was only to ask the porter to waken her half an hour out of Jersey City, or to remonstrate with him about the roughness of the road, and to declare that she would never travel by that line again. At midnight Windermere and the nurse were left alone with her. Poor Charley Gaylord had lain down on a couch outside the door. Windermere sat looking at the sputtering night-lamp until it made his eyes ache. His head dropped forward on the foot of the bed and he sank into a heavy, distressful slumber. He was dreaming of Adriance's concert in Paris, and of Adriance, the troubadour, smiling and debonnair, with his boyish face and the touch of silver gray in his hair. He heard the applause and he saw the roses going up over the footlights until they were stacked half as high as the piano, and the petals fell and scattered, making crimson splotches on the floor. Down this crimson pathway came Adriance with his youthful step, leading his prima donna by the hand; a dark woman this time, with Spanish eyes.

The nurse touched him on the shoulder, he started and awoke. She screened the lamp with her hand. Windermere saw that Katharine was awake and conscious, and struggling a little. He lifted her gently on his arm and began to fan her. She laid her hands lightly on his hair and looked into his face with eyes that seemed never to have wept or doubted. "Ah, dear Adriance, dear, dear," she whispered.

Windermere went to call her brother, but when they came back the madness of art was over for Katharine.

Two days later Windermere was pacing the station siding, waiting for the Westbound train. Charley Gaylord walked beside him, but the two men had nothing to say to each other. Windermere's bags were piled on the truck, and his step was hurried and his eyes were full of impatience, as he gazed again and again up the track, watching for the train. Gaylord's impatience was not less than his own; these two, who had grown close, had now become painful and impossible to each other, and longed for the wrench of farewell.

As the train pulled in, Windermere wrung Gaylord's hand among the crowd of alighting passengers. The people of a German opera company, *en route* for the coast, rushed by them in frantic haste to snatch their breakfast during the stop. Windermere heard an exclamation in a broad South German dialect, and a massive woman whose figure persistently escaped from her stays in the most improbable places and whose florid face was marked by good living and champagne as by fine tide lines, rushed up to him, her blond hair disordered by the wind, and glowing with joyful surprise she caught his coat-sleeve with her tightly gloved hands.

"Herr Gott, Adriance, *lieber Freund*," she cried, emotionally.

Windermere quickly withdrew his arm, and lifted his hat, blushing. "Pardon me, madame, but I see that you have mistaken me for Adriance Hilgarde. I am his brother," he said, quietly, and turning from the crestfallen singer he hurried into the car.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE subject of the difference of appreciation shown by the native reader and the English in the matter of our American fiction has absorbed once more the attention of various critics, and notably of Mr. Howells. The latter has pointed to the liking of our English friends for fiction dealing with plain types of "every-day Americans," and has reminded us of the seeming irony of the fact that it is not about such pedestrian persons that we ourselves appear chiefly concerned to hear. He refers to the popularity that historical romance has enjoyed here, and intimates that if Americans of all classes cannot read of knights and ladies disporting themselves in a make-believe past, their taste is to read of knights and ladies moving in the glamour of that society whose most representative abode is Newport. This is all worth thinking of, although it may not have been said for the first time. If it is true, it is perhaps not inexcusable. The assumption that, ours being a democratic country, the average reader in it should care more than readers in other countries to read of the lives of the average sort of men and women, is one that, though very widespread, must always seem to some persons to be deficient in logic.

Every-day People in Fiction

One cannot but remember, as a matter of fact, that the average man and woman, as Mr. Howells understands the terms, have never in any country or at any time formed the principal subject-matter of fiction. There have been written in every language many lovely tales of the tranquil existences that flow on, without conspicuous event, everywhere. But such of these stories as have survived have always been marked exceptions. Masterpieces as are the stories of Miss Austen, perfect renderings of the lives that run on mediocre lines as may be some of the novels of Anthony Trollope, touching as may be some of those books of modern Spanish middle-class life that Mr. Howells himself so much admires, it is not among such works that one commonly looks for those pieces of fiction that outlast the wreckage of changing literary fashion and are quoted one generation after another. The story of Manon Lescaut may not always be read in the exact words of Prévost, and coming generations may not always go to Goethe for the story of Gretchen. But the soul, the essence, of such stories floats on insoluble through the all-dissolving waters of the years. With all the falsities that it may be taxed with, there is some such sort of vitality attaching to such a story, for instance, as that of Dumas's Marguerite Gautier. There may be better pieces of fiction than these, but these happen to interest a very large majority of persons, and persons of all conditions, and in countries democratic and autocratic alike.

They happen to "interest," and that is exactly the gist of the whole matter. They interest just as some persons interest when they are met in daily life, and as many others do not. The people who interest have what we call personality. It may not be a pleasant personality or a strong personality. A well-known critic who not long ago had occasion to speak of Madame Duse's *Francesca da Rimini* laid stress on the suggestive truth that there are certain characters in dramatic poetry whose fit interpretation eludes the most finished and sincere sympathy and skill of the actor, and only yields itself to personality. Only a special shade of inborn charm and personality could, he said, lead to the proper impersonation, for example, of such a character as *Ophelia*. Whatever the special quality by means of which some individuals have personality — whether it be charm, strength, magnetism — we recognize it as marking them out, more or less, from their fellows. They are exceptions. They are precisely *not* "every-day people."

This interest in salient individuals is never fad or fashion. It is universal and perennial because it has a physiological basis. We live, structurally and imaginatively, through the receiving of impressions. We must have new impressions, a new point of view, a shock, now and then, or we grow stale and languish. We need salient people for the renewal of our life. That is why we seek them and attend to them. When an author

—and Mr. Howells is himself a case in point —selects, through some instinct of his talent, to treat of "every-day" people, it is because they are not such to *him*. He has a vision which detects beauties, which picks out and, as it were, illuminates saliencies. They are not monotonous or colorless individuals to him. He receives impressions through them. So it always comes to that. He is finely touched by the pathos or humor of their quiet lives. It is a matter of nerves. The mass of individuals are generally so attuned that they want their impressions to be stronger; that is all.

A Myth of Cookery.

AMONG the many legends that still await the myth-killer's coming may be counted that of John Bull's fondness for simple fare, his liking for "plain roast and boiled." True, the invasion of England by French cookery during the last century assumed such proportions that the average Briton cannot longer sing the exclusive praises of plain living quite so plausibly as he could some forty or fifty years ago. Nevertheless, the invasion can hardly be said to have resulted in actual conquest; French cookery is still an article of imported luxury, still essentially foreign, in England, as in this country also. The standard cookery in Great Britain, as practised and commended by the bulk of the people, is still of the primitive simple type; its aim seems to be less to render food delicious than to prevent its being entirely raw—in which latter it is often successful. No adequate notion of the Arcadian, ungarnished simplicity of native English cooking can be formed outside of England itself. Our own American cookery (when uninfluenced by French, German, or Italian example) is clearly derived from it, but none the less represents a higher and somewhat more complex development. Even as far back as the old Colonial days we did at least something more to our food than merely to expose it to the action of heat.

That simple cookery which is now distinctively English was once generally European — that is, Occidental. Before the Crusades, the French, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards cooked as simply as the English do still. It was the returning Crusaders who brought Eastern cooks, Eastern culinary ideas home with them; which ideas were gradually still further developed and refined upon, with various results owing to as various local influences, in France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and other countries of Continental Europe. All these different *cuisines* are directly derived from the Oriental, and illustrate the more complex fundamental idea of Eastern cookery.

Turkish, Saracen, and Moorish cookery was originally derived from the Persian, as this was undoubtedly from the Indian. In the days of Ottoman splendor, rich Constantinople grandees would keep Persian cooks, just as our own millionnaires now have French *chefs* and *cordons bleus*. Some dishes, in passing from India through Persia to Turkey, even kept their names. Turkish *pilaff*, for instance, comes (both etymologically and as a matter of fact) from Indian *pillau*—both being more or less complicated preparations of rice; just as Turkish *kebab*—collops of meat strung on a skewer, alternating with bits of bacon and onion, and then roasted—is essentially Indian *kibobs*.

England alone kept severely aloof from the great European march of culinary progress; the English stuck to the old, simple, aboriginal Occidental cookery. And out of this piece of characteristic conservatism grew the legend of John Bull's surpassing fondness for "plain roast and boiled." The legend is easily believed in by persons whose opportunities for observation are limited to the perusal of English cook-books, or visits to English kitchens; judged by what can be learned in that way, John Bull's palate is of quite virgin delicacy, the least sophisticated in Europe. Unfortunately for the legend, however, there is one more item to be considered.

French, German, Italian, or Spanish cookery gives one a perfectly accurate idea of the habitual demands of the French, German, Italian, or Spanish palate, of the *status* of French, German, Italian, or Spanish taste in the matter of eating. But English cookery gives no idea at all of the *status* of English taste. Here is the great difference! If John Bull only ate his food as it comes from his kitchen, he might well lay claim to a simple, "natural" taste; but he does not. And the truth is that, so far from his taste being simple, it is extremely sophisticated, his palate is the most dulled, jaded, and depraved by hard usage in all Europe. Nor is the reason for this hard to discover.

A Frenchman once said: "*Les Anglais*

font leur cuisine à table, tandis que nous faisons la nôtre dans nos casseroles (the English do their culinary work at table, whereas we do ours in our saucepans)." The Briton seasons his food for himself, mouthful by mouthful, while eating; and, if you would have a realizing sense of what his taste is, you must neither read his cook-books nor visit his kitchens, but make a sight-seeing call at Crosse & Blackwell's or Fortnum & Mason's. *Tunc manifesta fides!* There you will find every form of violent gustatory stimulant, from the comparatively peaceful tomato catsup to that esculent fire known as West India pickles—sauces, pickles, chutneys, and what not, rich in all the palate-tickling (palate-tickling?—palate-assaulting, palate-scorching) devices that pepper, cayenne, mustard, horse-radish, anchovy, assafœtida, *et hoc genus omne*, can suggest—and (note this, by the way) all put up in handy bottles, ready for use at a moment's notice. That is the worst of it: all these gustatory knock-me-downs are especially calculated to be used, not by cooks, but by the consumers themselves—at table, on the spur of the moment, poured on with their own hands. Now all these flavoring essences are of the nature of stimulants (to the palate), and he who pours out stimulants for himself will inevitably increase, and go on ever increasing, the dose before he has done with it. This is a law of nature. The indisputable result of all of which is that the average British palate, compared with the French, is become like a Jamaican mule's skin compared with a horse's: a lashing that would half cut a horse in two is just enough to attract the mule's attention. Where a Frenchman will say, for instance, of tomato soup: "*C'est bon, mais cela vous emporte la bouche!* (It's good, but it flays your mouth)," it probably never occurred to an Englishman that tomato soup was "hot" at all.

No doubt this liking for violent condiments, which distinguishes the Briton from other Europeans, came in a great measure from India—as the excessive use of stimulants to the appetite and digestion generally originates in hot countries. After the Indian conquest, the returning English brought back—not Indian cooks nor cooking, as the old Crusaders did Turkish, but—Indian sauces and relishes with them, to be used at their own discretion. But, whencesoever this sophisticated taste may have come, its widespread existence in England is beyond all doubt; so much so that even French *chefs* in England soon find it to their advantage to lay on the flavors thicker and thicker "*pour le goût anglais.*" A quasi-proof of which is the established fact that cooks who are known to have served in England cannot command as high wages in Paris as those who have never left France; Gallic epicures fear the coarsening influence of British taste!

THE FIELD OF ART

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

IN the Field of Art for February, 1902, there was given an account of the Avery collection of modern prints which had been added to the print department of the New York Public Library. This department, at present housed in the building of the Lenox Library on Fifth Avenue, opposite Central Park, is constantly though slowly increasing; and it will be of obvious propriety to keep some record of it, and to mention from time to time the addition of important works of art. As this is set down in October, 1902, there is on exhibition, in the cases of the art gallery, a collection of prints from American wood-engravings, and this collection includes some few loans made only for the few weeks of the public exhibition. As, however, much the larger part of it belongs to the permanent collection of the print department, the opportunity of the exhibition under glass may be taken to describe, in part, this important addition to the art collections of the Library. This display in the show-cases of the Library is indeed not wholly satisfactory. The cases are not at all well adapted to the purpose to which they are now applied. The student learns what there is in the possession of the Library; but must wait for any study of the prints till they are in the portfolios again.

It becomes a pleasant duty to mention in the first place the important gifts which have gone far to make this collection of American wood-engravings the important thing it is. Mr. Francis Scott King has given thirty-one proofs of his own work to the Avery collection, and Mr. Henry Wolf presents a dozen selected and signed proofs of his work to the print department. The Century Company has given to the same department over a hundred proofs of work executed for them, including more than eighty from the various series of wood-engravings from the old masters, the admirable and well-known work of Timothy Cole, practically all in the form of India proofs; and including also a number of the well-known portraits by Thomas Johnson. Charles Scribner's Sons have presented over a hundred proofs of work by wood-engravers, executed mainly for this magazine, including many of the prints belonging to the volume entitled "The Art of the American Wood Engraver."

These gifts are not to be taken as minor additions to the collection. They are of first-rate importance, and represent the origin and also the culmination, as far as we can judge, of the art which American engravers have made in a peculiar way their own. It was in 1878, or very soon thereafter, that observers in fine-art matters began to understand that something new was taking shape, and the three artists named with those who are known as contributors to the illustrated magazines and those criticised elsewhere in this paper, were the most noted exponents of the doctrine, if there was a doctrine, or at least of the practice.

What then is the real distinction between the wood-engraving of the new school and that which had gone before? It was at first in the attempt to reproduce very closely the artistic significance of the drawing or painting followed. Consider the old conditions: John Leech or John Gilbert drew with pencil and wash on the surface of the wood block. The engraver went at this surface with his cutting tools and bit by bit destroyed the drawing, while he so engraved the surface with his lines and dots that a print taken on paper would give his, the engraver's, translation of the draughtsman's work of art. But, *traduttore, traditore;* the translation was often very like the Englishing of Dumas or the Verdeutschung of Shakespeare; and it has been known to falsify, or, if the term is preferred, to contradict all that the draughtsman had tried to say. It is on record that a very great and famous wood-engraver, at work in New York less than thirty years ago, turned the landscape of a living painter end for end, so to speak; bringing out mountains light against a sombre sky, where the artist had made a smiling landscape, bright sky, and relatively dark masses of hill. And it was to correct this abuse, and to work consciously

and not by impulse, reproducing what was meant to be given and not substituting for it the unexpected and often the undesirable, that the reformers set themselves. In detail, their work was, of course, mainly in the careful study of the possibilities and limitations of wood-engraving. Begun in the rather promiscuous use of every known process, all at once and all in the same passage of gray and black and white, it led to the use of the simplest and the purest means—of pure parallel lines without cross lines or hatching of any sort, and without the slightest imitation of the methods of the engraver on metal. For let it be noticed that the metal-engraver cuts incised lines in a smooth surface, which lines being filled with ink, print themselves off upon dampened paper—that is to say, the dampened paper pulls the ink out of those lines—the surface of the metal-plate having been wiped clean that no ink left there might soil a print. On the other hand, the wood-engraver may indeed cut incised lines just as he also cuts away whole surfaces, patches a quarter of an inch broad, from the material of his wood block, but that which takes the ink and gives up the ink to the paper is not the incised lines but the projecting parts, those parts which are left standing up at the full height of the original surface after lines and spaces have been cut away. In brief, the engraving on a metal-plate is strictly incised work; the engraving on the wood-block is strictly relief work, that is to say, the part left projecting is the object of the artist, in every respect as much as in the bas-relief of the sculptor. Now it is clear that if the workman in the second of these arts—that is to say, in relief engraving—tries to imitate the look of the print taken from a metal engraving he is lost. The relief engraving on wood yields a beautiful print, as exceptional in its charm as the print from the copper. And, to speak only of engraving by the artist himself, the production of the man's own design: cleverness, dashing ability, vigor may be shown, and even such artistic qualities as sense of light and shade and the like, but an unwholesome, unnatural, and forced undertaking of the sort can never be otherwise than ruinous to the growth of an artist's intelligence of the true development of his manual powers, and no school of wood-engraving nor even any great handiwork of a single man ever can come from such unwholesome proceedings as that. Now the productions of the earlier nineteenth-century wood-engravers were not always bad, even when looked at from the most technical standpoint. The immense fame of Thomas Bewick (died 1828) is fully deserved, and his engraving was legitimate in the extreme. At another time it may be our pleasure to examine the collection of Bewicks which forms a part of the old Lenox Library, and which passes naturally into the possession of the New York Public Library: but apart from this the work of W. J. Linton was magnificent, the combination of design and technique perhaps unmatched elsewhere, and the beauty of result unsurpassable. Henry Marsh was a realist in the strictest sense, that of being a copyist of nature; but no other mind came between him and nature, when he was making those astonishing fac-similes of butterflies and moths.

Now to take up the work of the translating engravers, of those who propose to render other men's designs, the work of firms like Dalziel in England and of A. V. S. Anthony & Company in New York was very often simple and straightforward, worked as a wood-block ought to be worked, and entirely respectable from every point of view. To limit our questioning to the American school alone, there are in the table-cases now (October) on exhibition in the Lenox Library building, prints which, if the engraving had been made after a more masterly original, or better drawn on the block, would have been worthy of any collector's portfolio. There is one by J. A. Adams after Cogniet, which indeed tries to give the glow and depth of engraving on metal, as is perfectly natural to a wood-engraver working in a community which knew of no admiration for anything except the recognized work of the grand school on copper, but which if the drawing furnished the engraver had been more adequate would have been a good print and which is a remarkable production. Nothing could be more simple and natural than the method employed. Many of Alexander Anderson's prints are shown here, and this patriarch of American wood-engraving sustains his reputation even better than one would suppose. We must look through the slovenly drawing and allow for the tone of vulgarity which possesses all that sentimental art which Americans enjoyed between 1820 and 1850 in order to see all that Anderson gives; but then you will see a very interest-

ing following of Thomas Bewick, a careful study of his methods which Anderson interprets freely and develops in the cutting of larger blocks than Bewick generally employed, and some most barbarous or, if you please, most childish designs are also engraved by him in a masterly way. There is one here of Balaam and his Ass stopped by the Angel which, as a design, is trivial indeed, but if the student will note how Anderson has rendered it in black and white he will be surprised at the resolute firmness of his adherence to strict wood-engraving methods, and this in the most benighted time of the early nineteenth century.

The peculiar work of the new school was then twofold: it consisted in the selecting of artistic material admirable in itself and perfectly well adapted to reproduction by wood-engraving, and of the engraved work itself, done with uncompromising truthfulness of method, and sometimes with an even excessive exactitude of reproduction, the very brush marks of an oil painting given in almost deceptive copying of the physical, rather than their artistic, weight and consequence. All this fidelity was of importance as training; the work of copying was the right introduction to that of the designer, every engraving showing to the artist methods of gaining more depth of shade, more richness of color, more delicacy of gradation, more beauty of the combination of lighter and darker grays mingled and graded one into another.

And now let it be admitted that the work of the "painter-engraver" is very different in artistic character from that of the faithful translator. Let it be admitted, also, that it is higher in artistic rank. Those limitations once stated hardly need to be forced on our notice, because each kind of art is so noble in itself. See Cole interpreting a Paul Veronese, would you not say: A loving student of Nature at work upon a study of sky and mountain? What are masses of colored light and shade but the one object of the artist's study, in either case? And what has he to do, in either case, but to express them as best he can in gray shade and white or pale gray light?

As is usual in such cases, the new school when it is examined minutely does not differ inch by inch so radically from the best work of the old school as one might suppose. The triumphant march of a new art is never without reminiscences of the step that had been learned, and of the music that had set the time for the now disregarded processionals of the past. The splendid glow and profundity of Kruell's portrait of William Hunt, the painter; the gentle and subdued harmonies of Frank French's engraving from the picture by F. D. Millet, a Greek girl tying her sandal; the indescribable harmony, like that of a mezzotint by Turner's own hand, of Elbridge Kingsley's landscape, the large oblong one with a river running slowly between low banks covered with trees and with a black boat on the extreme right (known as the Split Block), are all the result of such devotion to the wood-block and to the right use of the tools which carve its surfaces. You have a worthy subject to begin with; you try to render some part of its beauty or its significance upon a medium which is notoriously limited in certain directions, you submit to those limitations like a sensible workman and you find that they yield insensibly here and there; your instincts as an artist in black and white guide your skilled and constantly more skilful hand, and without knowing it, until after a while you produce one of the admirable compositions alluded to or something of correlative importance. You find your right path. Each artist is led by that which he cannot altogether control to do the work which lends itself the most perfectly to his habit of mind and his turn of hand.

Thomas Johnson may be thought to succeed best in his handling of portraits made after photographs. Gustave Kruell has also engraved many portraits from photographs, but he has also made many charcoal studies of heads, having all the character of lifelike portrait work, and it is his familiarity with such work as this that has aided in the preparation of his well-known portraits, the well-known large ones of Lincoln, Garrison, Phillips, Darwin, and the almost equally well-known blocks of smaller size but still large—eight inches high—one of the most remarkable of which is the portrait of Godkin.

Henry Wolf seems to excel nearly all the men of his school in his painter-like faculty of relieving figure upon figure in even a large composition, and doing this without ever losing that flatness which is altogether becoming to the wood-engraving—without destroying the charm of light and shade for the sake of rotundity or projection or of realistic semblance of actual relief. One remembers the

enthusiastic praise which painters will give to pictures which have no significance at all beyond their technique provided always the different whites of cap and kerchief, sky and snow, are discriminated and characterized each by itself while all remain white. Something of that is to be found in Wolf's larger prints.

Francis S. King is a landscape painter using the graver more than he does the brush, and he is in this the very type and model of the modern *peintre-graveur*. Moreover, this landscape gift of his and his growing experience in landscape make him the fittest man to engrave the crowded compositions of figures in action in which his work is the best known.

W. B. Closson also engraves his own compositions; and when these are of the simplest character, decorative in purpose with great love of twinkling whites with cloudy darks, they are unsurpassable. Even the more elaborate designs, though reminding one slightly of an older school of landscape, are full of significance—are as good descriptive landscapes as one may find. Frank French is also an original artist. There have been engravings of his published in this magazine, in which, while there is a sentimental or a popularly descriptive purpose, the sense of artistic expression is of the highest. A little rainy landscape, with a sheet of shining water covering the country road, and new sheets of water falling upon it and half concealing the landscape beyond, seems to be one of the most perfect landscape-compositions producible.

Timothy Cole has made for himself a great name as the most successful of the many translators of painting into black and white, and his work in this direction fills all those screens which are first at the doorway as you enter the gallery of exhibition.

The collection of the Library does not as yet contain worthy specimens of all of these men, nor from the work of Frederick Juengling, nor J. G. Smithwick, or others of hardly less renown, but the exhibition now open will tend toward a somewhat rapid increase of the collection. There are needed also prints from the blocks of W. J. Linton and Henry Marsh, Linton as the most powerful and versatile engraver of the men who succeeded Bewick, affording in his work an almost perfect example of straightforward, simple, and workmanlike engraving, and thus serving as best of masters for those very men whom his conservative instincts bid him discourage and almost denounce in what they were doing that was less familiar to his experience. Linton was indeed an Englishman, and did not begin work in the United States until he was fifty years old, but he was completely transplanted and brought from the old world to the new the best of its traditions. As for Henry Marsh, his work was limited in amount and also in the variety of its application. He was a faithful translator into black and white of that which was put before him, and this is a gift which is not given to many men. On the one hand he tried to render, in what may be called literal translation, line for line and touch for touch, if not word for word, the imaginative drawings of John La Farge, and on the other hand he reproduced faithfully every spot, every marking and vein of the moths and butterflies of America, laying the creature beside his block, as the story was, and translating his purples and his golden lights into true values of gray.

RUSSELL STURGIS.





Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.

THE NOR'WESTER HAD CAUGHT THEM.

—"Running to Harbor," page 145

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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PICTURESQUE MILAN

By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

I

IT is hard to say whether the stock phrase of the stock tourist—"there is so little to see in Milan"—redounds most to the derision of the speaker or to the glory of Italy. That such a judgment should be possible, even to the least instructed traveller, implies a surfeit of impressions procurable in no other land; since, to the most limited observation, Milan could hardly seem lacking in interest when compared to any but Italian cities. From comparison with the latter, even, it suffers only on a superficial estimate, for it is rich in all that makes the indigenous beauty of Italy, as opposed to the pseudo-Gothicisms, the trans-Alpine points and pinnacles, which Ruskin taught a submissive generation of art critics to regard as the typical expression of the Italian spirit. The guide-books, long accustomed to draw their Liebig's extract of art from the pages of this school of critics, have kept the tradition alive by dwelling only on the monuments which conform to perpendicular ideals, and by apologetic allusions to the "monotony" and "regularity" of Milan—as though endeavoring in advance to placate the traveller for its not looking like Florence or Siena!

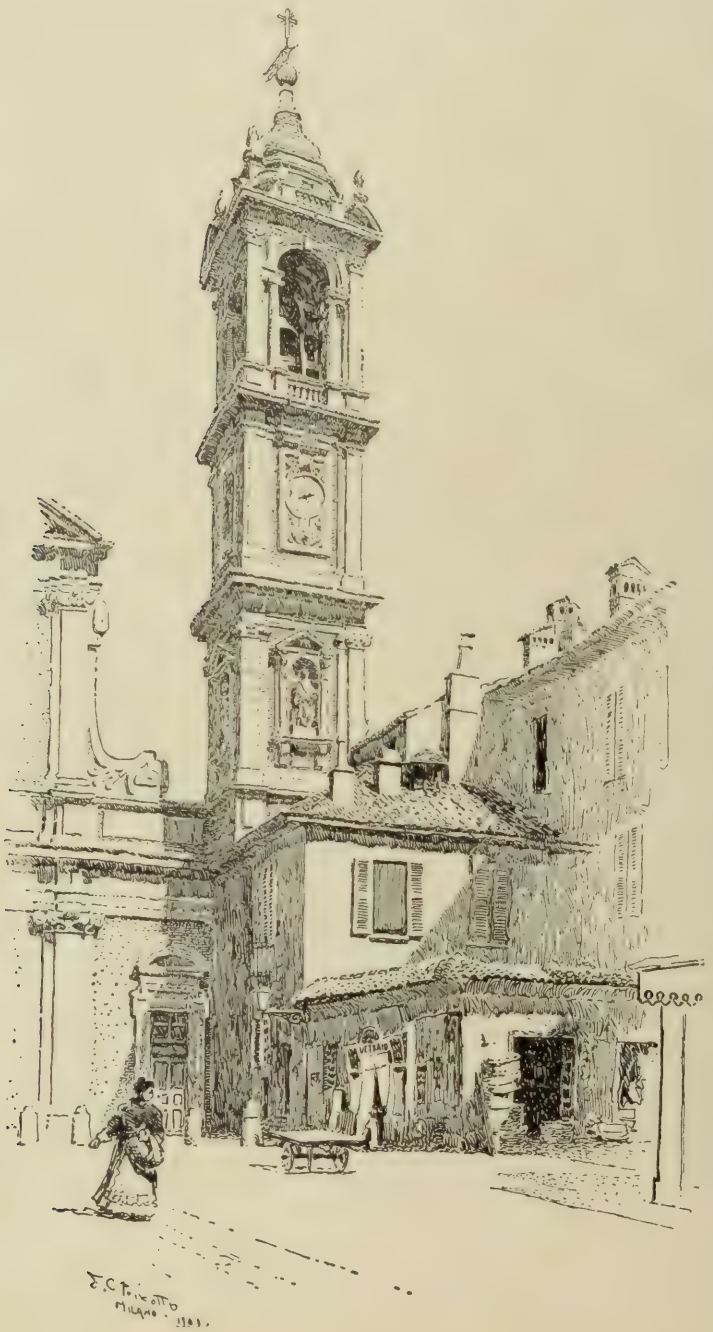
Of late, indeed, a new school of writers, among whom Mr. J. W. Anderson, and the German authors, Messrs. Ebe and Gurlitt, deserve the first mention, have broken through this conspiracy of silence and called attention to the intrinsically Italian art of the post-Renaissance period; the period which, from Michael Angelo to Juvara, has been marked in sculpture and architecture (though more rarely in painting) by a series of memorable names. Signor Franchetti's admirable monograph on Bernini and the recent volume on Tiepolo in the Knackfuss series of Künstler-Monographien have done their part in this redistribution of values; and it is now possible for the student to survey the course of Italian art with the impartiality needful for its due enjoyment, and to admire, for instance, the tower of the Mangia without scorning the palace of the Consulta.

II

BUT, it may be asked, though Milan will seem more interesting to the emancipated judgment, will it appear more picturesque? Picturesqueness is, after all, what the Italian pilgrim chiefly seeks; and the current notion of the picturesque is a purely Germanic one, connoting Gothic steeples, pepper-pot turrets, and the huddled steepness of the northern burgh. Italy offers little, and Milan least of all, to satisfy these requirements. The Latin ideal demanded space, order, and nobility of composition. But does it follow that picturesqueness is incompatible with these? Take up one of Piranesi's etchings—those strange compositions in which he sought to seize the spirit of a city or a quarter by a fusion of its most characteristic features. Even the northern conception of the picturesque must be satisfied by the sombre wildness of these studies—here a ruined aqueduct, casting its shade across broken ground tufted with acanthus, there a palace colon-

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nade through which the moonlight sweeps on a winter wind, or the black recesses of some Roman bath where cloaked figures are huddled in secret confabulation. Italian picturesqueness, gay rather than sinister in its suggestions, made up of lights rather than of shadows, of color rather than of outline, and this is the pict-



The Tower of S. Stefano.

Canaletto's black-and-white studies give, in a lesser degree, the same impression of the grotesque and the fantastic—the underside of that *barocchismo* so long regarded as the smirk on the face of a conventional age.

But there is another, a more typically uresqueness of Milan. The city abounds in vivid effects, in happy juxtapositions of different centuries and styles—in all those incidental contrasts and surprises which linger in the mind after the catalogued "sights" have faded. Leaving behind the wide modern streets—which have at



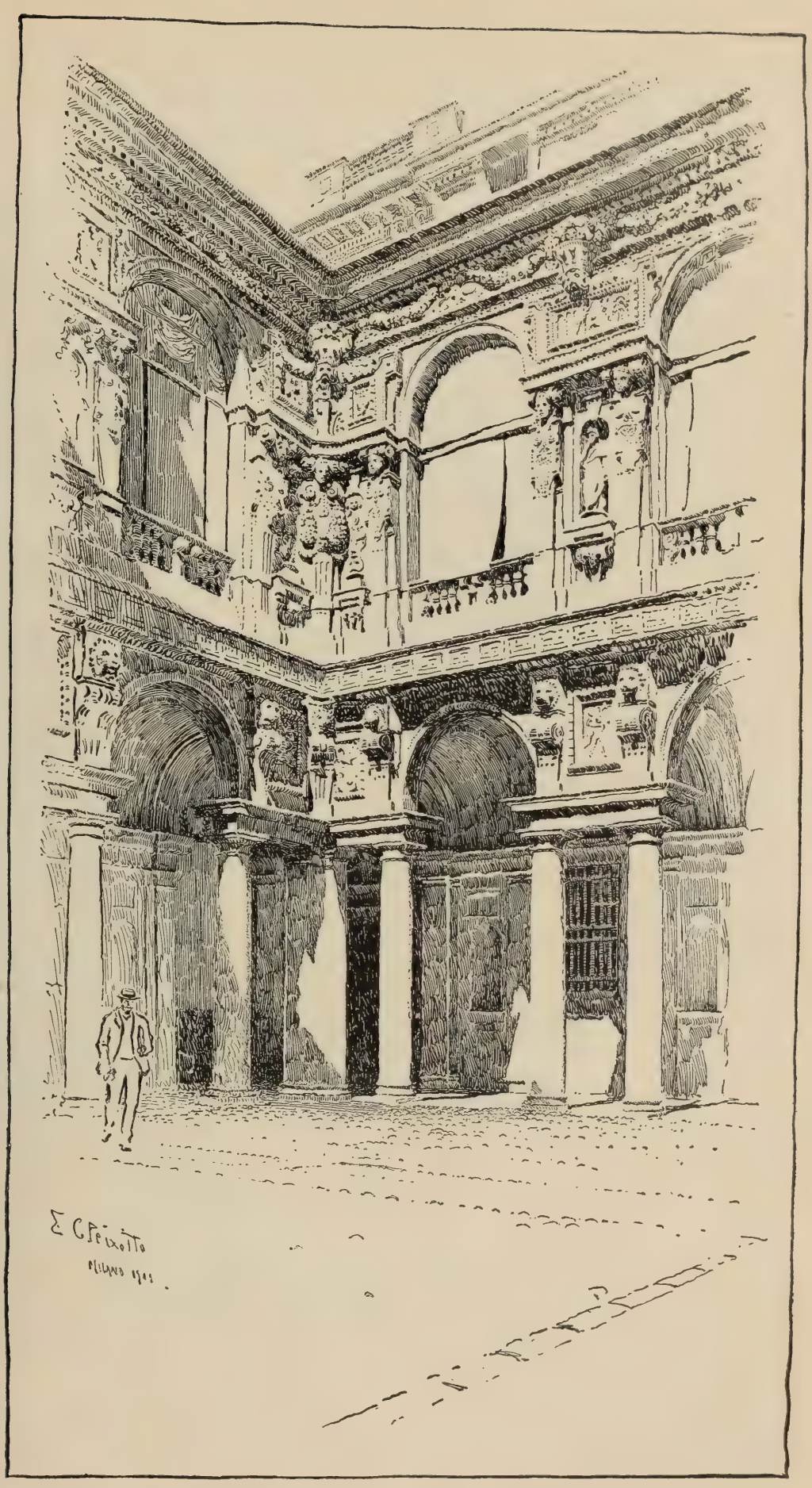
Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

A Corner of the Piazza de' Mercanti.

least the merit of having been modernized under Eugène Beauharnais rather than under King Humbert—one enters at the first turning some narrow byway overhung by the grated windows of a seventeenth century palace or by the delicate terra-cotta apse of a *cinque cento* church. Everywhere the forms of expression are purely Italian, with the smallest possible admixture of that Gothic element which marks the old free cities of Central Italy. The roccâ Sforzesca and the houses about the Piazza de' Mercanti are the chief secular buildings recalling the pointed architecture of the north; and the older churches are so old that they antedate Gothic influences, and lead one back to the round-arched basilican type. But in the line of national descent what exquisite varieties the Milanese streets present! Here, for instance, is the Corinthian colonnade of San Lorenzo, the only considerable fragment of ancient Mediolanum, its last shaft abutting on a Gothic archway against which clings a flower-decked shrine. Close by, one comes on the ancient octagonal church of San Lorenzo, while a few minutes' drive leads to where the Borromeo palace looks across a quiet grassy square at the rococo front of the old family church, flanked by a fine bronze statue of the great saint and cardinal. The Palazzo Borromeo is itself a notable factor in the picturesqueness of Milan. The entrance leads to a court-yard enclosed in an ogive arcade surmounted by pointed windows in terra-cotta mouldings. The walls of this court are still frescoed with the Borromean crown and the *Humilitas* of the haughty race; and a doorway leads into the muniment-room, where the archives of the house are still stored, and where, on the damp stone walls, Michelino has depicted the scenes of a fifteenth century villeggiatura. Here the noble ladies of the house, in high-fluted turbans and fantastic fur-trimmed gowns, may be seen treading the measures of a mediæval dance or playing at various games—the *jeu de tarots*, and a kind of cricket played with a long wooden bat; while in the background rise the mountains about Lake Maggiore and the peaked outline of the Isola Bella, then a bare rock unadorned with gardens and architecture. These frescoes, suggestive in style of Pisanello's dry and vigorous manner, are second only to the picture of the Schifanoia at Ferrara as records of the private life of the Italian nobility in the fifteenth century.

Not far off, another doorway leads to a different scene; the great cloister of the Ospedale Maggiore, one of the most glorious monuments that man ever erected to his fellows. The old hospitals of Italy were famous not only for their architectural beauty and great extent but for their cleanliness and order and the enlightened care which their inmates received. Northern travellers used, in their diaries, to speak with wondering admiration of these lazarets, stately as palaces, so different from the miserable pest-houses north of the Alps. What must have been the astonishment of such a traveller, whether German or English, on setting foot in the court of the Milanese hospital, enclosed in its vast cloister enriched with traceries and medallions of terra-cotta, and surmounted by the arches of an open loggia whence the patients could look down on a peaceful expanse of grass and flowers! Even now, one wonders whether this poetizing of philanthropy, this clothing of charity in the garb of beauty, may not have had its healing uses: whether the ugliness of the modern hospital may not make it, in another sense, as unhygienic as the buildings it has superseded? It is at least pleasant to think of the poor sick people sunning themselves in that beautiful loggia, or sitting under the magnolia-trees in the garden, while their blue-gowned, black-veiled nurses move quietly through the cloisters at the summons of the chapel-bell.

But one need not enter a court-yard or cross a threshold to appreciate the variety and color of Milan. The streets are full of charming detail—*quattro-cento* marble portals set with medallions of bushy-headed Sforzas in round caps and plaited tunics; windows framed in terra-cotta wreaths of fruit and flowers; iron balconies etching their elaborate arabesques against the stucco house-fronts; mighty doorways flanked by Atlantides, like that of Pompeo Leoni's house (the *casa degli Omenoni*) and of the Jesuit seminary; or yellow-brown rococo churches with broken pediments, pyramids, flying angels,



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Court of the Palazzo Marino, now the Municipio.



Gardens on the Naviglio in the Via del Senato.

and vases filled with wrought-iron palm-branches. It is in summer that these streets are at their best. Then the old gardens over-hanging the Naviglio—the canal which intersects Milan with a layer of Venice—repeat in its waters their marble loggias hung with the vine, and their untrained profusion of roses and camellias. Then, in the more aristocratic streets, the palace doorways yield vistas of double and triple court-yards, with creeper-clad arcades enclosing spaces of shady turf, and terminating perhaps in a fountain set in some splendid architectural composition against the inner wall of the building. In summer, too, the dark archways in the humbler quarters of the town are brightened by fruit-stalls embowered in foliage and heaped with such melons, figs and peaches as would have driven to fresh extravagance the lavish brush of a Flemish fruit-painter. Then again, at the turn of a street, one comes across some little church just celebrating the feast of its

patron saint with a brave display of garlands and red hangings; while close by a cavernous *bottegha* has been festooned with more garlands and with bright nosegays, amid which hang the painted candles and other votive offerings designed to attract the small coin of the faithful.

III

Yet Milan is not dependent on the seasons for this midsummer magic of light and color. For dark days it keeps its store of warmth and brightness hidden behind palace walls and in the cold dusk of church and cloister. Summer in all its throbbing heat has been imprisoned by Tiepolo in the great ceiling of the Palazzo Clerici: that revel of gods and demi-gods, and mortals of all lands and races, who dance toward us out of the rosy vapors of dawn. Nor are loftier color-harmonies wanting. On the walls of San Maurizio Maggiore, Luini's virgin martyrs



The Church at Saronno.

move as in the very afterglow of legend : that hesitating light in which the fantastic becomes probable and the boundaries between reality and vision fade ; while tints of another sort, but as tender, as harmonious, float through the dusk of the sacristy of Santa Maria delle Grazie, a dim room panelled with intarsia-work, with its grated windows veiled by vine-leaves.

But nothing in Milan approaches in beauty the color-scheme of the Portinari chapel behind the choir of Sant' Eustorgio. In Italy, even, there is nothing exactly comparable to this masterpiece of collaboration between architect and painter. The tomb of Galla Placidia and the apse of San Vitale glow with richer color, and the lower church of Assisi is unmatched in its shifting mystery of chiar'-oscuro ; but for pure light, for a clear shadowless *gamme* of iridescent tints, what can approach the Portinari chapel? Its most striking feature is the harmony of form and color which makes the decorative design of Michelozzo flow into and seem a part of the exquisite frescoes of Vincenzo Foppa. This harmony is not the result of any voluntary feint, any such trickery of the brush as the later decorative painters delighted in. In the Portinari chapel, architecture and painting are kept distinct in treatment, and the fusion between them is effected by unity of line and color, and still more, perhaps, by an identity of sentiment, which keeps the whole chapel in the same mood of blitheness, of *Heiterkeit*—a mood which makes it difficult to remember that the chapel is the mausoleum of a martyred saint. But Saint Peter Martyr's marble sarcophagus, rich and splendid as it is, somehow fails to distract the attention from its setting. There are so many mediæval monuments like it in Italy—and there is but one Portinari chapel. From the cupola, with its scales of pale red and blue, overlapping each other like the breast plumage of a pigeon, and terminating in a terra-cotta frieze of dancing angels who swing between them great bells of fruit and flowers, the eye is led by insensible gradations of tint to Foppa's frescoes in the spandrils —iridescent saints and angels in a setting of pale classical architecture—and thence to another frieze of terra-cotta cherubs with rosy-red wings against a background of turquoise-green ; this lower frieze resting in turn on pilasters of pale green adorned with white stucco *rilievi* of little bell-ringing angels. It is only as a part of this color-scheme that the central sarcophagus really affects one—the ivory tint of its old marble forming a central point to the play of light, and allying itself with the sumptuous hues of Portinari's dress, in the fresco which represents the donator of the chapel kneeling before his patron saint.

IV

The picturesqueness of Milan has overflowed on its environs, and there are several directions in which one may prolong the enjoyment of its characteristic art. The great Certosa of Pavia can, alas, no longer be included in a category of the picturesque. Secularized, catalogued, railed off from the sight-seer, who is hurried through its endless corridors on the heels of a government custodian, it still ministers to the sense of beauty, but no longer excites those subtler sensations which dwell in the atmosphere of a work of art rather than in itself. Such sensations must be sought in the other deserted Certosa at Chiaravalle. The abbey church with its noble colonnaded cupola is still one of the most conspicuous objects in the flat landscape about Milan ; but within all is falling to ruin, and one feels the melancholy charm of a beautiful building which has been allowed to decay as naturally as a tree. The disintegrating touch of nature is less cruel than the restoring touch of man, and the half-ruined frescoes and tarsia-work of Chiaravalle retain more of their original significance than the carefully guarded treasures of Pavia.

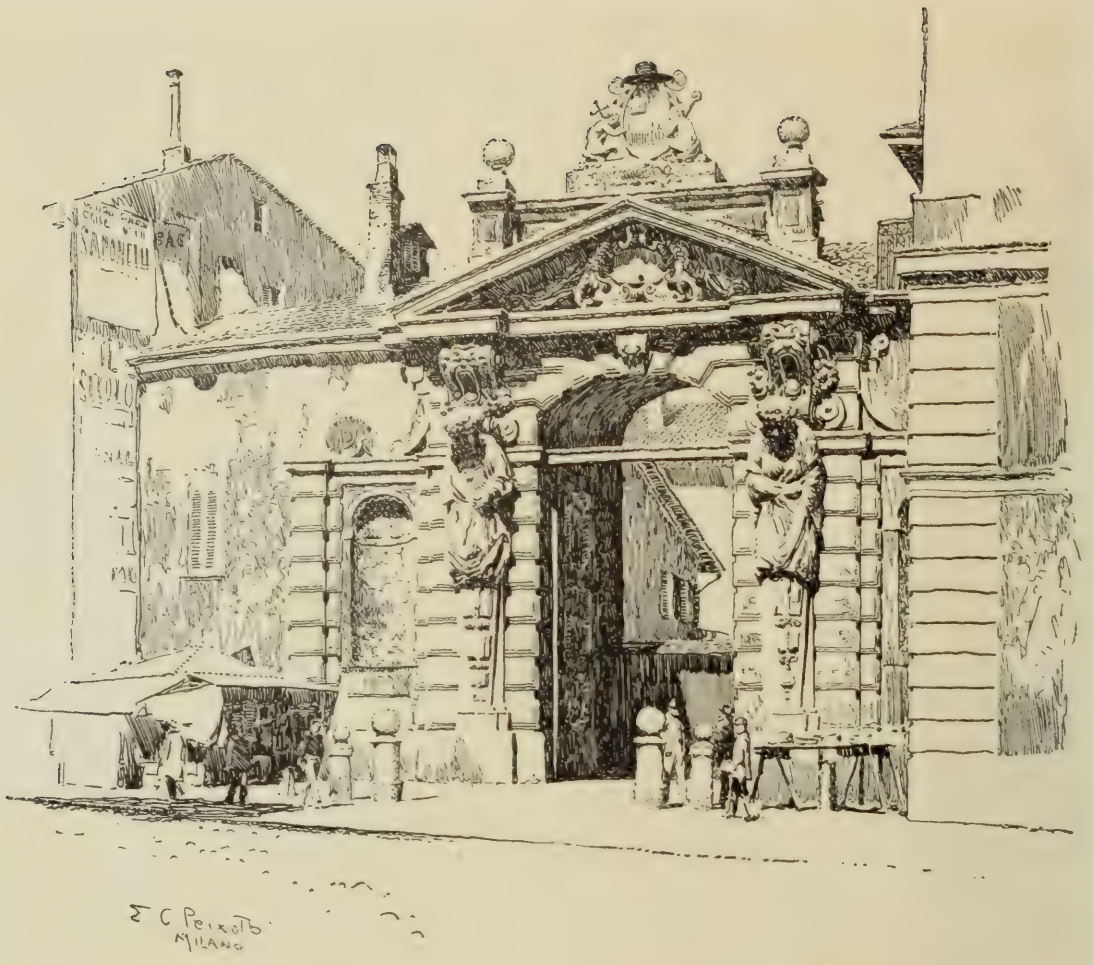
Less melancholy than Chiaravalle, and as yet unspoiled by the touch of official preservation, is the pilgrimage church of the Madonna of Saronno. A long avenue of plane-trees leads from the village to the sumptuous marble façade of the church, an early Renaissance building with ornamental additions of the seventeenth century. Within, it is famous for the frescoes of Luini in the choir, and of Gaudenzio Ferrari in the cupola. The



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Palazzo Besano in Via degli Omenoni.

House of Pompeo Leoni.



Gateway of the Jesuit College.

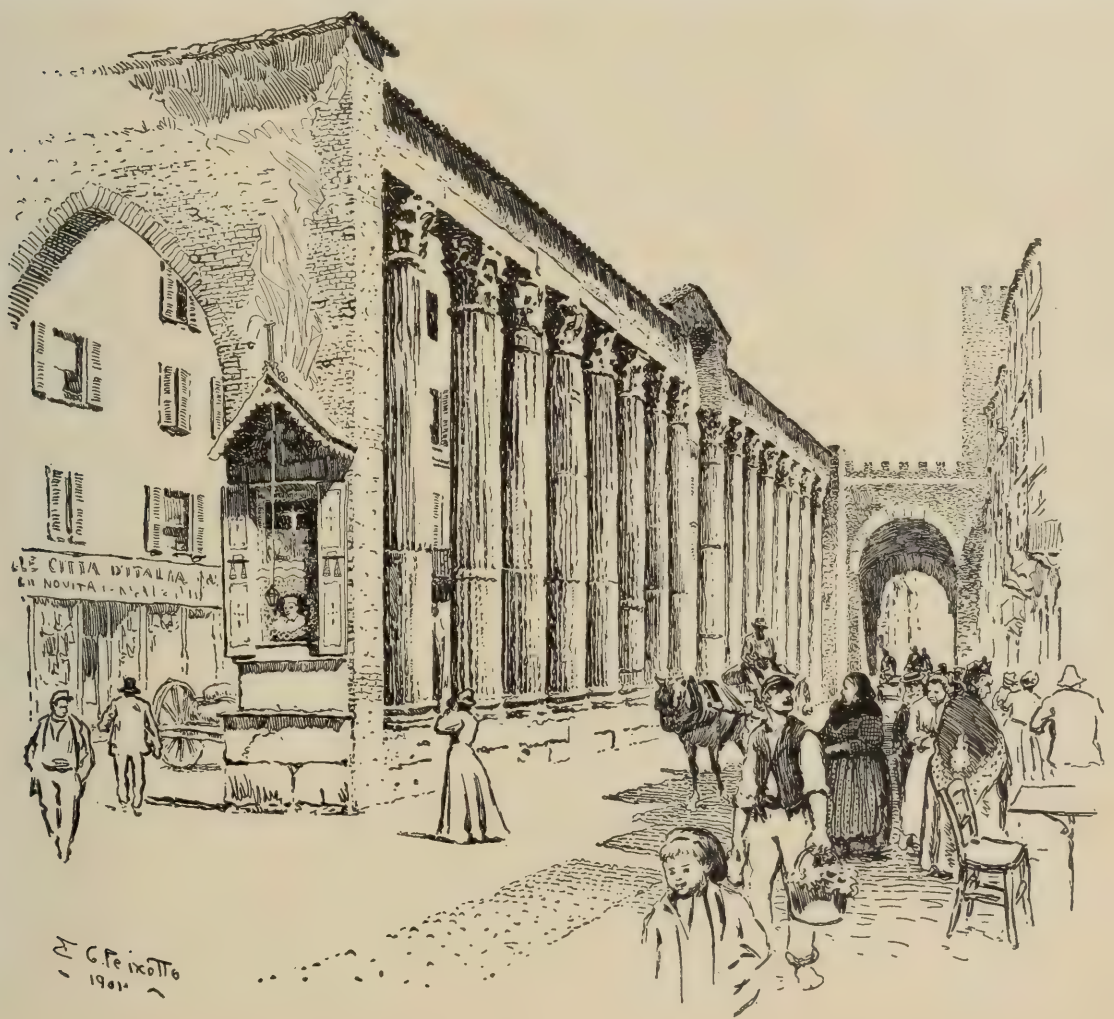
Luini frescoes are full of a serene impersonal beauty. Painted in his latest phase, when he had fallen under the influence of Raphael and the "grand manner," they lack the intimate charm of his early works; yet the Lombard note, the Leonardesque quality, lingers here and there in the sidelong glance of the women, and in the yellow-haired beauty of the adolescent heads; while it finds completer expression in the exquisite single figures of Saint Catherine and Saint Apollonia.

If these stately compositions are less typical of Luini than, for instance, the frescoes of San Maurizio Maggiore, or of the Casa Pelucca (now in the Brera), Gaudenzio's cupola seems, on the contrary, to sum up in one glorious burst of expression all his fancy had ever evoked and his hand longed to embody. It seems to have been given to certain artists to attain, once at least, to this full moment of expression: to Titian, for instance, in the Bacchus and Ariadne, to Michael Angelo in the monuments of the Medici, to Giorgione in the Sylvan Concert of the Louvre. In other works they may reveal greater powers, more magnificent conceptions; but once only, perhaps, is it given to each to achieve the perfect equipoise of mind and hand; and in that moment even the lesser artists verge on greatness. Gaudenzio found his opportunity in the cupola of Saronno, and for once he rises above the charming anecdotic painter of Varallo to the brotherhood of the masters. It is as the expression of a mood that his power reveals itself—the mood of heavenly joyousness, so vividly embodied in his circle of choiring angels, that form seems to pass into sound, and the dome to be filled with a burst of heavenly jubilation. With unfaltering hand he has sustained this note of joyousness. Nowhere does his invention fail or his brush lag behind it. The sunny crowding heads, the flying draperies, the fluttering scores of the music, are stirred

as by a wind of inspiration—a breeze from the celestial pastures. The walls of the choir seem to resound with one of the angel-choruses of "Faust," or with the last chiming lines of the *Paradiso*. Happy the artist whose full powers find voice in such a key!

V

THE reader who has followed these desultory wanderings through Milan has but touched the hem of her garment. In the Brera, the Ambrosiana, the Poldi-Pezzoli gallery, and the magnificent new Archæological Museum, now fittingly housed in the old castle of the Sforzas, are treasures second only to those of Rome and Florence. But these are among the catalogued riches of the city. The guide-books point to them, they lie in the beaten track of sight-seeing, and it is rather in the intervals between such systematized study of the past, in the parentheses of travel, that one obtains those more intimate glimpses which help to compose the image of each city, to preserve its personality in the traveller's mind.



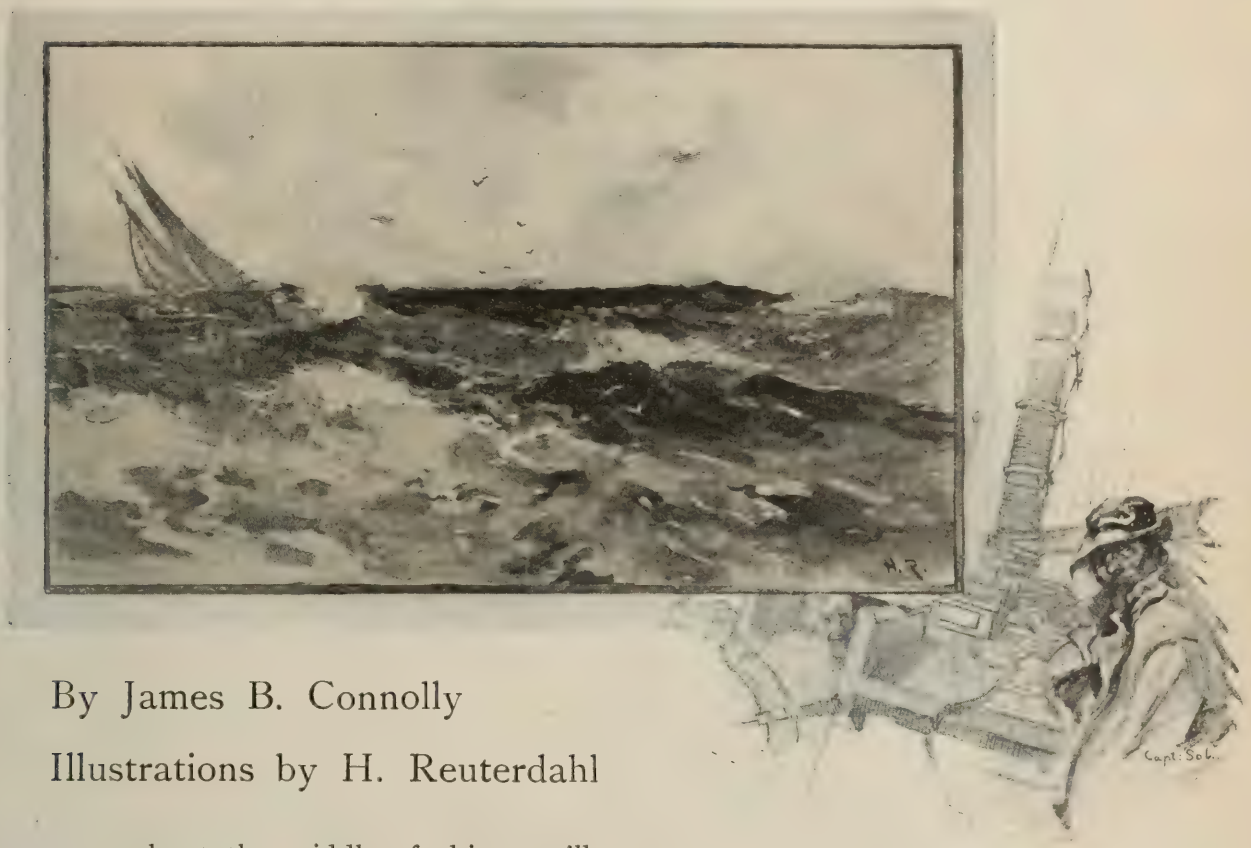
Roman Portico of San Lorenzo in the Corso Porta Tieinese.



Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.

"Watch her, boys. Now she's whooping. Look at her come!"—Page 148.

RUNNING TO HARBOR



By James B. Connolly

Illustrations by H. Reuterdahl

SOMEWHERE about the middle of this particular morning the watchers in a lighthouse on the Cape Cod shore saw a little schooner of perhaps 100 tons jump out of the mist of the gale. The long, shapely, buoyant boat in tow and the black pile of netting on deck betokened her class.

"There," said the chief watcher, "there's another of that bunch of seiners went out by here yesterday morning. And she's got on about all she can stand up under, too. My soul, ain't she staggering! I expect her skipper knows his business—don't calcerlate he'd be skipper of a fine vessel like that if he didn't. But if 'twas me I'd just about take a wide tuck or two in that everlastin' mains'l he's got there. My conscience, but ain't he a-drivin' her! There's vessels of her kind sailed out and never heard from again that was never run into, nor rolled over, nor sunk nach'rally in a reg'lar way, but just drove right into it head first and drowned 'fore ever they could rise again. Well, good luck to you, old girl, and your skipper, whoever he is, and I guess if your canvas stays on you'll get to wherever you're bound before a great while, for you're making steamboat time. Go it, old girl, and your little baby on behind, go it. There ain't nothin' short of an ocean liner'll get you now. Go it, a sail or two don't matter—been a good mackerel season and the owners c'n stand it. Go it, God bless you! Go it! You're the lads c'n sail a vessel, you fishermen of Gloucester."

Diving low before the gale the little vessel tore past Highland Light while the watchers sped her on. Down along the lower bluff of the beach she swept, swung around Race Point, shouldered away from the lee of Herring Cove, where the surf washed far up and in, and flew by Wood End, toward the tiny white house on the point of land at the entrance to the harbor.

On board the little vessel all hands were watching sharply for whatever might come out of the misty waters ahead.

"Been here before, ain't she?" said the skipper to his helper at the wheel.



Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.

To chase the elusive mackerel.—Page 145.

"Knows the way like any fisherman. Look at her point her nose at the breakwater beacon—don't hardly have to give this one the wheel at all. She's the girl. See her bow off now. She knows just as well as you and me she'll be inside and snug's a kenched mackerel before long. Watch her kick into the wind now. Oh, she's a lady, this one. I've sailed many of them, but she's queen of them all, this one."

Past the Point she tore and over to the sands beyond, swung off on her heel to the skipper's heave, came down by the wreck of a big three-master on the inner beach, and around and up opposite Reservoir Hill. Then it was down with the wheel, down with the head sails, let go fore-halyards, over with the anchor, and there she was, this fisherman of Gloucester, at rest in the harbor of Provincetown after a ten-hours' fight with a howling nor'wester.

She was one of the fleet of seventy or eighty Gloucester seiners that had left the bay the day before to chase the elusive mackerel, last reported as outside the cape and striking off toward George's Bank. On the westerly edge of that shoal the nor'wester had caught them and it became a case of everybody rounding to and beating in for a harbor.

Having made all snug, it is the pleasure of this able crew to take note of those who come after. One of the enjoyments of the seining fleet on the New England coast is this racing to harbor when it blows, and then watching friends and rivals as they work in. They are great little vessels these, from 100 to 130 feet over all, of deep draught, heavily sparred, and provided with all kinds of sail.

They are ably managed—"a Gloucester skipper and a Gloucester crew"—and a dash to port when it blows is a sort of regatta to them. Excellent chances are offered to try vessels and seamanship—no drifting or flukes, but wind enough for all hands and on all points of sailing.

They come swooping in one after the other—huge sea-gulls of a surety, but these with wings held close. In this harbor they can be seen long before they get to Long Point, because it is only a narrow crook of land that separates Provincetown Harbor from the ocean outside. From the decks of those already within, the hulls of coming vessels cannot be seen before they reach the Point, but the spars and lower sails rushing by above the hummocks are sufficient for those mariners. The cut of a topsail, the tilt of a masthead, the set of a gaff—the minutest peculiarity serves these experts for identification, so well are they acquainted with one another. This crew just in, barely free of seeing all snug, spy a sister coming along.

"The Oliver Wendell Holmes," sings out one, "the shortest forem'st out of Gloucester. She never came from outside—must 've come from Middle Bank to get in at this time."

"That's the old girl, and behind her is the Dauntless—Charlie Young—black mastheads and two patches on her jumbo. She'll be in and all fast before the Oliver Wendell's straightened out."

And so it was, almost. The poet-named was of the older fleet and never much of a sailer. The Dauntless was one of the newer vessels, big and able. They were critically noted, these two, as under their four lower sails they whip in and around and pass by.

After the Holmes there came in rapid order a noteworthy lot. The Margaret, with "Black Jack" Logan, a fleshy man for a fisherman, who minded his way and remained unmoved at the homage paid his vessel, one of the prize beauties of the fleet. The Margaret Haskins, Captain Charles Harty, a "dog" at seining, always among the high-liners, who got more fun out of a summer's seining than most men ever got out of yachting, who possessed all the newest devices in gear and had a dainty way of getting fish. The Margaret Haskins courtesied as she passed, while her clever skipper nodded along the line.

The Norumbega, another fast beauty, made her bow and dipped her jibs to her mates assembled. At sight of her master, John McKinnon, a great shout goes up. "Ho, ho! boys, here's Lucky John! Whose seine was it couldn't hold a jeesly big school the other day but Bill Hart's? Yes, sir, Billie Hart's. Billie fills up and was just about thinking he'd have to let the rest go when who heaves in sight and rounds to and says, 'Can I help y' out,

William?' Who but Lucky John McKinnon, of course. Bales out 200 barrels as nice fat mackerel as ever anybody saw. 'Just fills me up,' says John, and scoots to market. Just been in, mind you, that same week with 250 barrels he got $13 for. Just fills me up,' says John, and scoots. No, he ain't a bit lucky,' Captain John ain't — married a young wife only last spring."

Then follows the noted Grayling, with the equally noted Rube Cameron giving the orders. Then the Corsair, another new fast one, but making sluggish work of it just now by reason of a stove-in seine-boat wallowing astern. Then the North Wind, with her decks swept clean of everything that had not been double-lashed. Seine-boat, seine, and dory were gone.

After her is a dark, powerful vessel, with the most erratic skipper of all. This man never appears but the gossip breaks out. "Here he comes, Rufe McKay, with the black Madonna. What's this they say now?—that he don't come down from the mast-head now like he used to when he strikes a school. When I was with him he was a pretty lively man comin' from aloft—used to sort of fall down, you know—but now he comes down gentle like, slides down the backstay. Only trouble now is he's got to get new rubber boots every other trip, 'count of the creases he wears in the legs of them with sliding down the wire. I tell you they all loses their nerve as they gets older. There's Tommie Bohlen—he's given up trying to sail his vessel on the side, and trying to see how long he c'n carry all he can pile on. Tommie says 'tain't like when a fellow's young and got no family. I expect it's about the same with Rufus here since he got married." The master of the dark Madonna doesn't even glance over as he pilots his vessel along. He very well knows they are discussing him.

Pretty soon comes one that all scan doubtfully. She flies a fine new ensign at her main peak. "Who's this old hooker with her colors up? Home from salt-fishing, must be." Nobody knows, but as she gets nearer there is a straining of eyes for her name forward. "The H-A-R-B-I—oh, the Harbinger. Must be Old Marks and the old raft he bought Down East last April. This the old man of course—the Harbinger—four months gone. They'll be the happy crowd. They'll be some glad to walk down Main Street again. Timed himself pretty well, didn't he? Always bumps in along 'bout this time. Since that September breeze twenty year ago that he said blew all the water off Quero and drove him ashore on Sable Island, he says he don't want any more line storms in his. He must've come along *some* fast yesterday and the day before when it was blowin' from the east'ard—couldn't ha' blowed straighter. Special Providence I'll bet the old man was saying when he felt that little forty-knot zephyr at his back, though there'll be some out in South Channel to-day is thinking before now with some of them shoal spots to le'ward and this everlastin' gale to buck up against, that this ain't no specially blessed Providence, I'll bet."

So they came rolling in by the little white house on Long Point till they could make one last tack of it. Like tumbling dolphins they came, seiners nearly all, with a single boat towing astern and a single dory lashed in the waist; the occasional haddockers with their two nests of dories in the waist and all unnecessary gear stowed away, under four lower whole sails mostly—jumbo, jib, fore, and main—though now and then was one with a mainsail in stops and a trysail laced to the peak, and all laying to it until their rails were swashing under and the hissing sea came over the bows.

They are worth noting as they scoot past the Point and work over by the weirs. When they think they have gone close enough — and some go close, indeed — down comes the wheel, around they go, and across the harbor and down on the fleet they come shooting. They breast into the hollows like any sea-bird and lift buoyantly with every heave to shake the water from bilge to quarter. They come across with never a let-up, shaving everything along the way until a suitable berth is picked out. Then sails are dropped, anchor let go, and a rest taken in a troubled trip.

The crews already in form a body of critics who pass expert comment on those who come after. Bungling seamanship would get a fierce slashing here. There

is none of that. It is all excellent, but there are degrees of excellence. Good seamanship being a matter of course, only extraordinary skill wins unqualified approval. And incoming crews, knowing the quality of criticism ahead, make no mistakes in that harbor.

A dozen ordinary skippers sail past before a famous craftsman at length comes in. Everyone knows him for a "dog," a high-line seiner, and truly a master-mariner. An audible murmur greets this one. "There's the boy," says one in authority. "I mind the time when he came into Souris just such a day as this—plenty of wind stirring. The harbor was jammed with seiners and fresh-fishers. You couldn't see room for a dory, lookin' at them end on. But that don't jar this lad. What does he do? He just comes in and sails around the fleet like a cup-defender on parade—only his crew was hanging on to the ring-bolts under the wind'ard rail. Well, he comes piling in, looks the fleet over, sizes up everything, picks out a nice spot as he shoots around, sails out the harbor again—clean out, yes, sir, clean out—comes about—and it blowin' a living gale all the time—shoots her in again, dives across a line of us, and fetches her up standing. Well, sir, we could ha' jumped from our rail to his injack-boots, he was that close to us and another fellow the other side. Slid her in there like you slide a cover into a diddy-box. Yes, sir, and that's the same lad you see coming along now."

This celebrated fisherman certainly comes gallantly on. A fine working vessel is his—she shows it in every move. She comes around like a twin-screw launch, picks out her berth with intelligence in her eyes, makes for it, swirls, flutters like a bird, drops her wings like a bird, feels with her claws for the solid earth beneath, finds it, grips it, sways, hangs on, and at length settles gently in her place. There was no more jar to the whole thing than if it had been a cat-boat in a summer breeze. "Pretty, pretty, pretty," murmur the watchers.

"They talk about Sol Jacobs and his Ethel B.," said one whose eyes were fastened on this last arrival, "but Sol and the Ethel never dropped to a berth any slicker than that.

"Where's Sol now d'y's'pose—" queried another, "Sol and his steam fisherman?"

"Where," repeated the skipper, "Wherever he is you can bet he ain't hanging around the Bay in this blow—not Sol. Go outside the harbor now just off the light and if you've got half a nose I'll bet you'll smell out a streak of gasoline on the sea, and that'll be the wake of Sol and the Helen Miller Gould driving across the Bay for the Boston market."

The newest of them all reaches around the Point, and her arrival starts a chorus. Her sails are yet white and untorn; her hull is still glossy in fresh black paint; the red stripes along her rail and the gold stripe along her run set off her easy lines; her gear is yet unspecked, her spars are yet yellow and to leeward they still smell of patent varnish—she is beautiful and bold, an adorned and painted charmer. As she pretends to much, so is she by her pretensions judged. She is admired and condemned.

"She's here at last, boys—the yacht. The Rob Roy Magregor—ain't she a bird! Built to beat the fleet. Look at the knockabout bow of her!"

"Knockabout googleums! Scoop-shovel snout and a stern like a battle-ship, broad and square, and the Lord knows there was overhang and to spare to tail her out decent. Cut out the yeller and the red and the whole lot of gold decorations, and she's homely as a Newf'undland jack."

"Just the same, she can sail."

"Sail! Yah! might beat a Rockport granite-sloop. Ever hear of the Grayling, Mister Rube Cameron, and the little licking he gave this highland chief of yours? No? Well, you want to go around and have a drink or two with the boys next time you're ashore and get the news. It was like a dog-fish and a mackerel. The Grayling just eat her up. And there's the others. Why, this one underneath us ain't too slow in the Robbie's company, and there's three or four others. There's the—oh, what's the use?" The Rob Roy Magregor, a perfect lady in bearing certainly, walks in like a high-stepper before these men who malign her virtue and make light of her beauty.

Into the harbor heaves a different sort

of craft. This is not the handsomest, nor the fastest, nor did she ever put in a claim for such honors. But she is fast enough and handsome enough, and she brings the fish home. She is an able vessel and is known for it. She will carry whole sails when some of the others are double-reefed and thinking of dragging trysails out of the hold. And her skipper is a veteran of forty celebrated gales.

"You can cut all the others out, boys; here comes the real thing. Here's the old dog himself. Did he ever miss a blow? And look at him. Every man come in here to-day under four lowers, no more, and some under mains'l reefed, or a trys'l, but four whole lowers ain't enough for this gentleman—not for old Joey. He must carry that gaff-tops'l if he pulls the planks out of her. He always brings her home, but if some of the underwriters'd see him out here they'd soon blacklist him till he mended his ways. It's a blessed wonder that old packet ain't found bottom afore this. Look at her now skating in on her ear. There she goes—if they'd just lower a man over the weather rail with a line on him he could write his name on her keel."

She surely was a thing to marvel at. There had been a vessel or two that staggered before, but this one fairly rolled down into it, and there was no earthly reason why she should do it except that it pleased her skipper to sport that extra kite.

She boils up from the Point, and her wake is the wake of a screw-steamer. She is one of the last to get in, and the harbor is crowded as she straightens out. She has not too much leeway coming on, and her direction is the cause of some speculation.

"If she's goin' where she's pointing—and most vessels do—she'll find a berth down on the beach on that course, down about where the wreck is. It'll be dry enough walking when she gets there; if she keeps on the gait she's goin' now, she'd ought to be able to fetch good and high and dry up on the sand. They'd cert'nly be able to step ashore—when they get there—ah-h-h, that's more like it."

She is taking it over the quarter now. She clears the stern of the most leeward of the fleet and then kicks off, heading over to where the Monarch and Magregor lie. The prophecy is that she will round to and drop in between these two. There is room there, just room enough. It will be a close fit, but there is room.

But she doesn't round to. She holds straight on without the sign of a swerve. The interested crew of the Monarch, who are now in her path, pick out a possible course for her. Between the outer end of their seine-boat and the end of the bowsprit of the Nellie Adams is a passage that may be the width of a vessel. But the space seems too narrow. The Monarch's crew, who have heard something of this skipper, are wondering if he'll try it.

"He's got to take it quarterin', and it ain't wide enough."

"Quarterin'—yes—but he's got everything hauled close inboard," says the Monarch's skipper. "He'll try it, I guess. I was hand with him for three years, and if he feels like trying it he'll try it."

"And suppose he tries it?"

"Oh, he'll come pretty near making it, though he stands a good chance to scrape the paint off our seine-boat going by. No, don't touch the seine-boat. Let her be as she is. We'll fool him if he thinks he'll jar anybody here coming on like that. There's room enough if nothing slips, and if he hits it's his lookout."

It looked a narrow gulch for twenty-five feet of beam to get through, but she trips along, and the eyes of all watchers follow her to the point where she must turn tail or take the passage.

She holds on. She cannot go back now.

"Watch her, boys. Now she's whooping. Look at her come!"

Truly she is coming. Her windward side is lifted so high that her bottom planks can be seen. The crew in oil-skins are crowded forward. There are men at the fore-halliards, at jib-halliards, at the downhauls, and a group are standing by the anchor. Two men are at the wheel.

She bites into it. There is froth at her mouth. She is so near now that the Monarch's men can read the faces of her crew. The Monarch's crew, wide-awake

to this fine craftsmanship, lean over the rail, the better to note the outcome. The crews of half the vessels in port are watching her.

She is a length away and jumping to it. It is yet in doubt, but she is certainly rushing to some sort of finish. She is here—now !

W-r-r-p ! her weather bow comes down on the Monarch's seine-boat. But it doesn't quite hit it. Her quarter to leeward just cuts under the Adam's bowsprit—and the leach of the mainsail seems to flatten past. For a moment the watchers are not certain, but no jolt or lurch comes and they themselves are all right. Another jump and she is clear by. Success has bowed to daring.

From the deck of the Monarch, of the Adams, and of half a dozen others the watchers grit out commendation, and those who know point out the redoubtable skipper himself. "That's him ! the little man of the two at the wheel."

If the little man hears the hails that are sent after him, he makes no acknowledgment, unless a faint dipping of his sou'-wester back over his starboard shoulder is his method of recognition.

He has business yet, the little man. There is a matter of a tug and a barge and another big seiner. He clips the tug, scrapes the barge, and sets the seiner's boat a-dancing. Two lengths more he puts down the wheel and throws her gracefully into the wind. Down comes jib, down comes jumbo. Over goes the anchor. She runs forward a little, rattles back a link or two, steadies herself, and there you are. Her big mainsail is yet shaking in the wind, her gaff-topsail yet fluttering defiantly, but she herself, the Senator Edmunds of Gloucester, is at your service. And "What do you think of her, people?" might just as well have been shot off her deck through a megaphone, for that is what her bearing and the now unnatural smartness of her crew are plainly saying.

The watchers draw breath again. One of long experience unbends from the rail and shakes his head in abstraction. He takes off his sou'-wester, slats it over the after-bitt to clear the brim of rain, and delivers himself.

"You'll see nothing cleaner than that in this harbor to-day, and you'll see some pretty fair work at that. That fellow, boys—he's an able seaman." And the man who spoke was something of an able seaman himself.



The Fisherman's Chef.



Alicia lowered her book and surveyed me intently.

CENSOR

By George Buchanan Fife

Illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark

Alicia lowered her book and surveyed me intently. I put down my pen and reached for my pipe, because I knew this to be a premonitory signal.

"I don't wish to know to whom you're writing," she said, as I puffed slowly, "but I would like to know what it is." There was decided accentuation of "whom" and "what."

"Note," I replied, still puffing. It was just the sort of reply Alicia would have made, and she is inordinately fond of referring to her diplomacy and my woful lack of it.

"You don't seem to have got very far," Alicia's tone was almost exultant, "and you've been at it five—ten—fifteen—eighteen minutes. That's a long time to

spend over a date-line—and then get it wrong."

"I dated it to-morrow because I intend posting it in the morning." I knew this to be one of Alicia's stratagems.

"If you date it the day after to-morrow you'll have that much more time on it."

I elected to ignore this observation, to Alicia's evident disappointment, as she immediately added: "Then, perhaps, you might think of something really clever to say."

The book went up and I was left once more alone with my dated sheet of notepaper. As I glanced across the table at Alicia I encountered her eyes over her book. She was laughing at me.

"You seem to be taking an unusual amount of interest in me this evening," I said, striving to maintain an irritating smile with a pipe in my mouth.

"Oh, not at all," this with delicious carelessness. "I'm simply amused at your denseness." She rested her elbows upon the table, tucked her hands under her chin, and regarded me merrily. Alicia, always pretty, looked irresistible. "I wonder whether you used to take all this time over the notes you sent me," she said, pursing her lips.

"If I did you eminently deserved it, my dear," I replied, again adopting Alicia's methods and adding a gracious little bow of my own.

"Then Miss Carmichael is being flattered indeed. Let me see what she wrote you."

Alicia was still smiling as I handed the note to her. "Mercy me," she said, "how well a woman learns a man after she's married to him!" As this bit of wisdom was addressed to the note, certainly not to me, I did not deem it incumbent upon me to make answer. I felt that honors were easy; a man learns a few odds and ends about women after marriage.

Alicia read in silence with eyebrows slightly raised, and I waited, realizing that the end was not yet.

Without comment of any kind upon the handwriting, which I considered an amazing relinquishment of feminine prerogative, Alicia returned the note.

"Well?" I said, determined to spur her on.

"Well, it's no affair of mine," she replied, and I could not refrain from sniffing; Alicia is so transparent. "But I fail to see why that note cannot be answered in five minutes. I'm sure she didn't spend more than three in writing it. But, of course, *you* must be very clever and interesting. I'd be careful not to surprise her if I were you."

"Um—hm," I said, because Alicia stood revealed. "Let's hope, at any rate," I continued, "that it does not affect Miss Carmichael as it seems to have affected you, brief as it is." I relighted my pipe with pointed deliberation. It is exhilarating to break a lance with Alicia.

"Affected me?" she exclaimed, and anyone else would have believed her genuinely surprised. "I'm just ashamed to see what a goose you are. I knew perfectly well that you were going to write to Miss Carmichael when you sat down. I asked you merely to hear what you'd say. You're like all the rest of them, flattered to death whenever a woman takes any notice of you." I retaliated in defence of my sex with a particularly derisive laugh. "Here's a girl who has written to congratulate you on your book, and you're more pleased than Punch; indeed, you're so overcome you can't think what to say in reply."

"When it's a fault to feel pleased, dearest Alicia—" I had hoped to deliver something epigrammatic, but Alicia came flying down the lists.

"Be pleased, certainly," she said, "but for Heaven's sake don't let the woman see that she's upset you so. Why, I'd be mortified beyond words if she ever found out you'd set aside an entire evening to write to her; mortified for your sake. And you'd be in a perfect ferment if I took half this time writing to a *man*." The last word fairly rang.

"Eh? What, dear?" I asked, with malicious innocence of mien, looking up from my page.

"I know you heard me." Again the book went up.

"Perhaps you'd like to write it for me," I hastened to suggest.

No answer, save the careful turning of a leaf, and then silence. I watched Alicia

narrowly for a few moments to make sure she had retired from the field, because she has a way of galloping back and sometimes almost unhorsing me. But, apparently she was unaware of my presence. She was deep in her big chair and, so far as I was concerned, deep in her book. I decided not to glance at her again and returned to my note.

At the end of fifteen minutes I made a great business of putting down my pen, but Alicia's attention was not thus to be attracted. She simply raised her book slightly, as if to mark a barrier between us, and went on with her reading.



I waited, realizing that the end was not yet.—Page 151.

"Would you like to read this, Alicia?" I asked, after a dignified delay. "Just to see that I've not—er—disclosed my upset condition."

"Not if it's clever. You say I never understand clever things." The book came down slowly, but I noted that she thrust a marker between the leaves. Alicia had dropped her lance to rest.

"You might read it to me if you wish," she said, with an excess of indifference. "I'd really like to see the product of such arduous labor." She inclined her head and ran her hand deftly over her coiled hair. A man, I imagine, would have rolled up his sleeves. I waited until Alicia looked at me and then began.

"'Dear Miss Car——'"

"Why not '*My* dear'? You're writing formally, aren't you?"

I admitted that I was and wrote a prefatory "my," reading the corrected line in indisputable token of my obedience.

"'My Dear Miss Carmichael:

"'Your praise of "Castleton" is indeed oil and wine in my wounds. You must have seen how mercilessly the critics fell upon me and been moved to compassion. So many have passed by on the other side that I had begun to despair, but your gracious note bids me take heart. I thank you most sincerely for it.

"'I shall be delighted to talk over the book with you and take full heed of your criticism. I well know your generous skill in this.

"'Mrs. Rushton desires to be remembered to you most kindly.

"'Cordially yours,

"'Herbert Rushton.'

"Will that do?" I asked, and I confess I was taken somewhat aback by the look with which Alicia transfixed me.

"Do?" she cried. "Of all the gushy notes I've ever heard that is *the* gushiest. You certainly cannot mean to send it." Alicia's tone implied that I was either fool or knave, the choice being left to me.

"Certainly I intend to send it, my dear," I said, cheerfully. "Why do you suppose I wrote it? As for its being 'gushy,' as you call it, I don't know what you mean."



Alicia read in silence with eyebrows slightly raised.—Page 151.

Alicia took the note from me and read it, not deigning an answer until she had finished.

"Well, I think it—simply disgusting," she said. "Gush, gush, gush from beginning to end."

Now, I respect Alicia's opinion in many things, many more than she claims, but this stirred the spirit of rebellion within me. I fancied the note rather well turned—not that I had a thought of intimating this to Alicia—and failed utterly to discern the justice of her censure. I was resolved to rest the burden of proof upon her, so I said:

"I wish you'd point out the gush, the disgusting gush. I fancied—", but I checked my words too late.

"Yes, you fancied it rather daintily done, didn't you?" This was no time for me to answer. "I imagined as much," Alicia added, with two or three quick nods, scrutinizing the note through half-closed eyes. "'Oil and wine in my wounds'—Hmm—'moved to compassion'—of course—'gracious note'—'bids me take heart'—Oh, to be sure—Goodness, Herbert, I don't see what possessed you to write such things."

"These are more or less glittering generalities, my dear. Be specific; show me where I have gushed." I indicated the note somewhat loftily, I hoped.

"Do you mean to say you d o n ' t see it?" Alicia looked at me pityingly and I made a noise in my throat and shook my head. This, apparently, was too much for her. With the manner of a hopelessly tried teacher toward a stupid urchin Alicia t u r n e d to me. "Look and I'll show you. The gush begins here"—a finger on the date-line, "a n d e n d s here,"—my signature.

I smiled, nodded encouragement, and said, "Go on."



"Perhaps you'd like to write it for me," I hastened to suggest.—Page 151.

"In the first place," Alicia is exasperatingly methodical about unnecessary things, "you tell the girl that she alone has come to your aid with—er—'oil and wine,' yes, that's it, 'oil and wine,' and taken compassion on you. Now that's gushy-gush, can't you see it?"

"I think it's a very nice thing to say," I replied, stoutly.

"Yes, that's what she'll think, too." This triumphantly. "And how do you know she's read all of the criticisms of your book? 'You must have seen how mercilessly the critics fell upon me.' Do you suppose for one instant that she's so much interested in you? I don't. Her note is simply a formal congratulation, very brief and very pleasant, but certainly not requiring such an answer as you've written. I *know* she'll be surprised."

I am not much of a success at sarcasm, but I said, jauntily:

"Perhaps you'd like me to write, 'Miss Elizabeth Carmichael, Dear Miss: Yours of the 20th instant received. Many thanks——'"

"If you're going to be silly I'll not talk to you."

"My dear, I never was more serious in my life," I replied, and I know I looked serious enough.

"I am doing this only to save you from appearing ridiculous, Herbert. Now listen to this: 'Your gracious note bids me take heart.' If that isn't gush, pray what do you call it?"

"Why, it's just a little pleasantry; one of those things not meant to be taken literally. For mercy's sake, Alicia, permit me some latitude. I can't imagine that Miss Carmichael will subject my note to such critical analysis."

I momentarily regretted my words as suggesting a petulant comparison which I had not intended, but Alicia's parry was a thrust.

"No?" she said, with arched brows. "I see you refer here particularly to your knowledge of her skill in criticism."

"Yes, but you will note my use of the adjective 'generous,' my dear." I scored myself one.

"I note it simply as an admonition to her. You proffer her the gloves with which to handle you; that's quite obvi-



No answer, save the careful turning of a leaf, and then silence.—Page 151.

ous." Alicia made it "one all" without even glancing up. "And when in this instance did Mrs. Rushton desire to be remembered to her most kindly?"

"You do, don't you?" I asked, evasively.

"Of course I do, but that's not the point. The point is that you thought to make it seem a bit less personal by putting on the domestic finish."

"I rather think that you've put on the finish," I said, turning to my pipe for consolation. "I don't see that you've left much of my note."

"I've let you know what I think of it," Alicia said, tossing it toward me in eloquent announcement that she had done with it. "What any woman would think," she added by way of strengthening her opinion.

"It's a good thing a man hasn't two wives," I said, contemplating my effort regretfully. "He'd never by the slightest chance succeed in getting any note past them. I wish you'd see what you've left me. 'I thank you most sincerely for it. I shall be delighted to talk over the book with you—Cordially yours.'"

"And that's all I think you should say," Alicia declared. "It need not be so abrupt as that, of course, and you might add that I wish to be remem-

bered to her. You certainly can do that without all these—embellishments, can't you ? "

" I suppose I can, although it isn't the way I write notes. I——"

" Yes, I know, you want to take rhetorical flights whenever you put pen to paper. Now, do be sensible and write a formal, pleasant note ; tell her you appreciate her praise of your book, but don't attempt to make her think she's the only person who thinks it good. I told you that long before she did."

" I know you did, dear," I replied, and my hand instantly sought the slender white one which rested so near it. " But you have entirely misunderstood the spirit of my note." I was not to be so easily mollified with my carefully reared structure lying in ruins before me. " It was not my intention to have Miss Carmichael think herself my only champion, and I cannot see that my note admits of such an inference."

" Silly, of course I know you didn't intend that she should think that. I just didn't want you to think that she thought, I mean I didn't want her to think that you thought she—well, that she could flatter you so—you know what I mean."

" No, I'm blest if I do," I said, stubbornly, and I threw myself back and thrust both hands deep in my pockets for emphasis.

" Then it's because you don't wish to." Again I was the backward urchin and Alicia the wearied teacher. She gave me up as hopeless and directed much attention upon smoothing a bit of lace on her sleeve. I felt like a convicted innocent who realizes the futility of protest. " I've said all I can say," Alicia continued—the lace required an extraordinary amount of smoothing—" and I'm amazed that you don't understand. I beg, however, you will *not* send that "—she undoubtedly restrained some stronger adjective—" high-flown note."

As the lace had been smoothed to her entire satisfaction Alicia looked up at me.

" And next time," she said, and in a moment the clouds parted and the sunshine of a smile gleamed through. " And next time," she repeated, " I hope you won't rob me of a whole evening——"

Then I understood.

" Oh, jealousy, jealousy ! " I cried, as I caught Alicia's hand. She tried to draw it away, the sun still shining, but I held fast and kissed it—and I wonder what Miss Carmichael will think of the note I write her.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, GARDENER

By Henry van Dyke

Yours is a garden of old-fashioned flowers ;
Joyous children delight to play there ;
Weary men find rest in its bowers,
Watching the lingering light of day there.

Old-time tunes and young love's laughter
Ripple and run among the roses ;
Memory's echoes come murmuring after,
Filling the dusk when the long day closes.

Simple songs with a cadence olden—
These you learned in the Forest of Arden :
Friendly flowers with hearts all golden—
These you borrowed from Eden's garden.

This is the reason why all men love you,
Remember your songs and forget your art :
Other poets may soar above you—
You keep close to the human heart.

THE PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

THE English Constitution, as it existed between 1760 and 1787, was the model of the American, but parts of it were inapplicable to the conditions in which the thirteen Colonies found themselves, and where the model failed the Convention struck out anew. The sagacity of the American statesmen in this creative work may well fill Englishmen, so Sir Henry Maine wrote, "with wonder and envy." Mr. Bryce's classification of constitutions as flexible and rigid is apt: of our Constitution it may be said that in the main it is rigid in those matters which should not be submitted to the decision of a legislature or to a popular vote without checks which secure reflection and a chance for the sober second thought, and that it has proved flexible in its adaptation to the growth of the country and to the development of the nineteenth century. Sometimes, though, it is flexible to the extent of lacking precision. An instance of this is the proviso for the counting of the electoral vote. "The votes shall then be counted" are the words. Thus, when in 1876 it was doubtful whether Tilden or Hayes had been chosen President, a fierce controversy arose as to who should count the votes, the President of the Senate or Congress. While many regretted the absence of an incontrovertible provision, it was fortunate for the country that the Constitution did not provide that the vote should be counted by the President of the Senate, who, the Vice-President having died in office, was in 1877 a creature of the partisan majority. It is doubtful, too, if the decision of such an officer would have been acquiesced in by the mass of Democrats, who thought that they had fairly elected their candidate. There being no express declaration of the Constitution, it devolved upon Congress to settle the dispute: the ability and patriotism of that body was equal to the crisis. By a well-devised plan of arbitration, Congress relieved the strain and provided for a peaceful settlement of a difficulty which in most countries would have led to civil war.

In the provisions conferring the powers and defining the duties of the Executive the flexible character of the Constitution is shown in another way. Everything is clearly stated, but the statements go not beyond the elementary. The Convention knew what it wanted to say, and Gouverneur Morris, who in the end drew up the document, wrote this part of it, as indeed all other parts, in clear and effective words. It is due to him, wrote Laboulaye, that the Constitution has a "distinctness entirely French, in happy contrast to the complicated language of the English laws." Yet on account of the elementary character of the article of the Constitution on the powers of the President, there is room for inference, a chance for development, and an opportunity for a strong man to imprint his character upon the office. The Convention, writes Mr. Bryce, made its executive a George III. "shorn of a part of his prerogative," his influence and dignity diminished by a reduction of the term of office to four years. The English writer was thoroughly familiar with the *Federalist*, and appreciated Hamilton's politic efforts to demonstrate that the executive of the Constitution was modelled after the governors of the States, and not after the British monarch; but "an enlarged copy of the State governor," Mr. Bryce asserts, is one and the same thing as "a reduced and improved copy of the English king." But, on the other hand, Bagehot did not believe that the Americans comprehended the English Constitution. "Living across the Atlantic," he wrote, "and misled by accepted doctrines, the acute framers of the Federal Constitution, even after the keenest attention, did not perceive the Prime Minister to be the principal executive of the British Constitution and the sovereign a cog in the mechanism;" and he seems to think that

if this had been understood the executive power would have been differently constituted.

It is a pertinent suggestion of Mr. Bryce's that the members of the Convention must have been thinking of their presiding officer, George Washington, as the first man who would exercise the powers of the executive office they were creating. So it turned out. Never did a country begin a new enterprise with so wise a ruler. An admirable polity had been adopted, but much depended upon getting it to work, and the man who was selected to start the government was the man of all men for the task. Histories many and from different points of view have been written of Washington's administration; all are interesting, and the subject seems to ennoble the writers. Statesmen meeting with students to discuss the character and political acts of Washington marvel at his wisdom in great things and his patience in small things, at the dignity and good sense with which he established the etiquette of his office, at the tact which retained in his service two such irreconcilable men as Jefferson and Hamilton. The importance of a good start for an infant government is well understood. But for our little State of four million people such a start was difficult to secure. The contentions which grew out of the ratification of the Constitution in the different States had left bitter feelings behind them, and these domestic troubles were heightened by our intimate relations with foreign countries. We touched England, France, and Spain at delicate points, and the infancy of our nation was passed during the turmoil of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror. In our midst there was an English and a French party. Moreover, in the judgment of the world the experiment of the new government was foredoomed to failure. Wrote Sir Henry Maine: "It is not at all easy to bring home to the men of the present day how low the credit of republics had sunk before the establishment of the United States." Hardly were success to be won had we fallen upon quiet times; but with free governments discredited, and the word liberty made a reproach by the course of the French Revolution, it would seem impossible.

Washington's prescience is remarkable. Recognizing, in October, 1789, that France had "gone triumphantly through the first paroxysm," he felt that she must encounter others, that more blood must be shed, that she might run from one extreme to another, and that "a higher-toned despotism" might replace "the one which existed before." Mentally prepared as he was, he met with skill the difficulties as they arose, so that the conduct of our foreign relations during the eight years of his administration was marked by discretion and furnished a good pattern to follow. During his foreign negotiations he determined a constitutional question of importance. When the Senate had ratified and Washington, after some delay, had signed the Jay treaty, the House of Representatives, standing for the popular clamor against it, asked the President for all the papers relating to the negotiation, on the ground that the House of Representatives must give its concurrence. This demand he resisted, maintaining that it struck at "the fundamental principles of the Constitution," which conferred upon the President and the Senate the power of making treaties, and provided that these treaties when made and ratified were the supreme law of the land. In domestic affairs he showed discernment in selecting as his confidential adviser Alexander Hamilton, a man who had great constructive talent; and he gave a demonstration of the physical strength of the government by putting down the whiskey rebellion in Pennsylvania. During his eight years he construed the powers conferred upon the Executive by the Constitution with wisdom, and exercised them with firmness and vigor. Washington was a man of exquisite manners, and his conduct of the office gave it a dignity and prestige which, with the exception of a part of one term, it has never lost.

Four of the five Presidents who followed Washington were men of education and ability, and all of them had large political training and experience; they reached their position by the process of a natural selection in politics, being entitled fitly to the places for which they were chosen. The three first fell upon stormy times and did their work during periods of intense partisan excitement; they were

also subject to personal detraction, but the result in the aggregate of their administrations was good, inasmuch as they either maintained the power of the Executive or increased its influence. Despite their many mistakes they somehow overcame the great difficulties. Each one did something of merit and the country made a distinct gain from John Adams to Monroe. Any one of them suffers by comparison with Washington: the "era of good feeling" was due to Congress and the people as well as to the Executive. Nevertheless, the three turbulent administrations and the two quiet ones which succeeded Washington's may at this distance from them be contemplated with a feeling of gratulation. The Presidents surrounded themselves for the most part with men of ability, experience, and refinement, who carried on the government with dignity and a sense of proportion, building well upon the foundations which Washington had laid.

A contrast between France and the United States leads to curious reflections. The one has a past rich in art, literature, and architecture, which the other almost entirely lacks. But politically the older country has broken with the past, while we have political traditions peculiar to ourselves of the highest value. For the man American-born they may be summed up in Washington, the rest of the "Fathers," and the Constitution; and those who leave England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Germany, and Scandinavia to make their home in America soon come to share in these possessions. While the immigrants from southern Europe do not comprehend the Constitution, they know Washington. An object-lesson may be had almost any pleasant Sunday or holiday in the public garden in Boston from the group of Italians who gather about the statue of Washington, showing, by their mobile faces and animated talk, that they revere him who is the Father of their adopted country.

During these five administrations, at least two important extensions or assertions of executive power were made. In 1803 Jefferson bought Louisiana, doing, he said, "an act beyond the Constitution." He was a strict constructionist, and was deeply concerned at the variance between his constitutional principles and a desire for the material advantage of his country. In an effort to preserve his consistency he suggested to his Cabinet and political friends an amendment to the Constitution approving and confirming the cession of this territory, but they, deeming such an amendment entirely unnecessary, received his suggestion coldly. In the debate on the Louisiana treaty in the Senate and the House, all speakers of both parties agreed that "the United States Government had the power to acquire new territory either by conquest or by treaty." * Louisiana, "without its consent and against its will," was annexed to the United States, and Jefferson "made himself monarch of the new territory, and wielded over it, against its protests, the powers of its old kings." †

The assertion by the President in 1823 of the Monroe doctrine (which Mr. Worthington C. Ford has shown to be the John Quincy Adams doctrine) is an important circumstance in the development of the Executive power.

President John Quincy Adams was succeeded by Andrew Jackson, a man of entirely different character from those who had preceded him in the office, and he represented different aims. Adams deserved another term. His sturdy Americanism, tempered by the cautiousness in procedure which was due to his rare training, made him an excellent public servant, and the country erred in not availing itself of his further service. The change from the *régime* of the first six Presidents to that of Jackson was probably inevitable. A high-toned democracy, based on a qualified suffrage, believing in the value of training for public life and administrative office, setting a value on refinement and good manners, was in the end sure to give way to a pure democracy based on universal suffrage whenever it could find a leader to give it force and direction. Jackson was such a leader. His followers felt, "He is one of us. He is not proud and does not care for style." ‡ The era of vulgarity in national politics was ushered in by Jackson, who as President introduced the custom of rewarding political workers with offices, an innovation

* Henry Adams, vol. ii., p. 113. † Ibid., p. 130.
‡ Sumner's Jackson, p. 138.

entirely indefensible; he ought to have continued the practice of his six predecessors. The interaction between government and politics on the one hand and the life of the people on the other is persistent, and it may be doubted whether the United States would have seemed as it did to Dickens had not Jackson played such an important part in the vulgarization of politics. Yet it was a happy country, as the pages of Tocqueville bear witness.

Jackson was a strong Executive, and placed in his Cabinet men who would do his will, and who, from his own point of view, were good advisers, since they counselled him to pursue the course he had marked out for himself. Comparing his Cabinet officers with those of the Presidents preceding him, one realizes that another plan of governing was set on foot, based on the theory that any American citizen is fit for any position to which he is called. It was an era when special training for administrative work began to be slighted, when education beyond the rudiments was considered unnecessary, except in the three professions, when the practical man was apotheosized and the bookish man despised. Jackson, uneducated and with little experience in civil life, showed what power might be exercised by an arbitrary, unreasonable man who had the people at his back. The brilliant three, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, were unable to prevail against his power.

Jackson's financial policy may be defended; yet had it not been for his course during the nullification trouble, his declaration, "Our Federal Union: It must be preserved," and his consistent and vigorous action in accordance with that sentiment, it would be difficult to affirm that the influence of his two terms of office was good. It cannot be said that he increased permanently the power of the Executive, but he showed its capabilities. It is somewhat curious, however, that Tocqueville, whose observations were made under Jackson, should have written: "The President possesses almost royal prerogatives, which he never has an opportunity of using. . . . The laws permit him to be strong; circumstances keep him weak."

The eight Presidents from Jackson to Lincoln did not raise the character of the Presidential office. Van Buren was the heir of Jackson. Of the others, five owed their nominations to their availability. The evil which Jackson did lived after him; indeed, only a man as powerful for the good as he had been for the bad could have restored the civil service to the merit system which had prevailed before he occupied the White House. The offices were at stake in every election, and the scramble for them after the determination of the result was great and pressing. The chief business of a President for many months after his inauguration was the dealing out of the offices to his followers and henchmen. It was a bad scheme, from the political point of view, for every President except him who inaugurated it. Richelieu is reported to have said, on making an appointment, "I have made a hundred enemies and one ingrate." So might have said many times the Presidents who succeeded Jackson.

The Whig, a very respectable party, having in its ranks the majority of the men of wealth and education, fell a victim to the doctrine of availability when it nominated Harrison on account of his military reputation. He lived only one month after his inauguration, and Tyler, the Vice-President who succeeded him, reverted to his old political principles, which were Democratic, and broke with the Whigs. By an adroit and steady use of the executive power he effected the annexation of Texas, but the master spirit in this enterprise was Calhoun, his Secretary of State. Polk, his Democratic successor, coveted California and New Mexico, tried to purchase them, and not being able to do this, determined on war. In fact, he had decided to send in a war message to Congress before the news came that the Mexicans, goaded to it by the action of General Taylor, under direct orders of the President, had attacked an American force and killed sixteen of our dragoons. This gave a different complexion to his message, and enabled him to get a strong backing from Congress for his war policy. The actions of Tyler and of Polk illustrate the power inherent in the Executive office. It might seem that

the exercise of this authority, securing for us at small material cost the magnificent domains of Texas, California, and New Mexico, would have given these Presidents a fame somewhat like that which Jefferson won by the purchase of Louisiana. But such has not been the case. The main reason is that the extension of slavery was involved in both enterprises, and the histories of these times, which have moulded historical sentiment, have been written from the anti-slavery point of view. It seems hardly probable that this sentiment will be changed in any time that we can forecast, but there is an undoubted tendency in the younger historical students to look upon the expansion of the country as the important consideration, and the slavery question as incidental. Professor von Holst thought this changing historical sentiment entirely natural, but he felt sure that in the end men would come round to the anti-slavery view, of which he was so powerful an advocate.

From Taylor to Lincoln slavery dominated all other questions. Taylor was a Southern man and a slaveholder, and by his course on the Compromise measures attracted the favor of anti-slavery men; while Fillmore, of New York, who succeeded this second President to die in office, and who exerted the power of the Administration to secure the passage of Clay's Compromise and signed the Fugitive Slave law, had but a small political following at the North. Pierce and Buchanan were weak, the more positive men in their Cabinets and in the Senate swayed them. For a part of both of their terms the House of Representatives was controlled by the opposition, the Senate remaining Democratic. These circumstances are evidence both of the length of time required to change the political complexion of the Senate and of the increasing power of the North, which was dominant in the popular House. For the decade before the Civil War we should study the Senate, the House of Representatives, the Supreme Court, the action of the States, and popular sentiment. The Executive is still powerful, but he is powerful because he is the representative of a party or faction which dictates the use that shall be made of his constitutional powers. The Presidential office loses interest: irresolute men are in the White House, strong men everywhere else.

Lincoln is inaugurated President; the Civil War ensues, and with it an extraordinary development of the executive power. It is an interesting fact that the ruler of a republic which sprang from a resistance to the English King and Parliament should exercise more arbitrary power than any Englishman since Oliver Cromwell, and that many of his acts should be worthy of a Tudor. Lincoln was a good lawyer who reverenced the Constitution and the laws, and only through necessity assumed and exercised extra-legal powers, trying at the same time to give to these actions the color of legality. Hence his theory of the war power of the Constitution, which may be construed to permit everything necessary to carry on the war. Yet his dictatorship was different from Cæsar's and different from the absolute authority of Napoleon. He acted under the restraints imposed by his own legal conscience and patriotic soul, whose influence was revealed in his confidential letters and talks. We know furthermore that he often took counsel of his Cabinet officers before deciding matters of moment. Certain it is that in arbitrary arrests Seward and Stanton were disposed to go farther than Lincoln. The spirit of arbitrary power was in the air, and unwise and unjust acts were done by subordinates which, although Lincoln would not have done them himself, he deemed it better to ratify than to undo. This was notably the case in the arrest of Vallandigham. Again, Congress did not always do what Lincoln wished, and certain men of his own party in Congress were strong enough to influence his actions in various ways. But, after all, he was himself a strong man exercising comprehensive authority; and it is an example of the flexibility of the Constitution that, while it surely did not authorize certain of Lincoln's acts, it did not expressly forbid them. It was, for example, an open question whether the Constitution authorized Congress or the President to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*.

It seems to be pretty well settled by the common-sense of mankind that when a nation is fighting for its existence it cannot be fettered by all the legal technicali-

ties which obtain in the time of peace. Happy the country whose dictatorship, if dictator there must be, falls into wise and honest hands! The honesty, magnanimity, and wisdom of Lincoln guided him aright, and no harm has come to the great principles of liberty from the arbitrary acts which he did or suffered to be done. On the other hand, he has so impressed himself upon the Commonwealth that he has made a precedent for future rulers in a time of national peril, and what he excused and defended will be assumed as a matter of course because it will be according to the Constitution as interpreted by Abraham Lincoln. This the Supreme Court foresaw when it rendered its judgment in the Milligan case, saying: "Wicked men ambitious of power, with hatred of liberty and contempt of law, may fill the place once occupied by Washington and Lincoln, and if this right is conceded [that of a commander in a time of war to declare martial law within the lines of his military district and subject citizens as well as soldiers to the rule of *his will*] and the calamities of war again befall us, the dangers to human liberty are frightful to contemplate." No one can deny that a danger here exists, but it is not so great as the solemn words of the Supreme Court might lead one to believe. For Lincoln could not have persisted in his arbitrary acts had a majority of Congress definitely opposed them, and his real strength lay in the fact that he had the people at his back. This may be said of the period from the first call of troops in April, 1861, until the summer of 1862. McClellan's failure on the Peninsula, Pope's disaster at the second battle of Bull Run, the defeats at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville lost Lincoln the confidence of many; and while the emancipation proclamation of September, 1862, intensified the support of others, it nevertheless alienated some Republicans and gave to the opposition of the Democrats a new vigor. But after Gettysburg and Vicksburg in July, 1863, Lincoln had the support of the mass of the Northern people. Whatever he did the people believed was right because he had done it. The trust each placed in the other is one of the inspiring examples of free government and democracy. Lincoln did not betray their confidence: they did not falter save possibly for brief moments during the gloomy summer of 1864. The people who gave their unreserved support to Lincoln were endued with intelligence and common-sense; not attracted by any personal magnetism of the man, they had, by a process of homely reasoning, attained their convictions and from these they were not to be shaken. This is the safety of a dictatorship as long as the same intelligence obtains among the voters as now; for the people will not support a ruler in the exercise of extra-legal powers unless he be honest and patriotic. The danger may come in a time of trouble from either an irresolute or an unduly obstinate Executive. The irresolute man would baffle the best intentions of the voters; the obstinate man might quarrel with Congress and the people. Either event in time of war would be serious and might be disastrous. But the chances are against another Buchanan or Johnson in the Presidential office.

If the Civil War showed the flexibility of the Constitution in that the Executive by the general agreement of Congress and the people was able to assume unwarranted powers, the course of affairs under Johnson demonstrated the strength that Congress derived from the organic act. The story is told in a sentence by Blaine: "Two-thirds of each House united and stimulated to one end can practically neutralize the executive power of the Government and lay down its policy in defiance of the efforts and opposition of the President." * What a contrast between the two administrations! Under Lincoln Congress, for the most part, simply registered the will of the President; under Johnson the President became a mere executive clerk of Congress. In the one case the people supported the President, in the other they sustained Congress. Nothing could better illustrate the flexibility of the Constitution than the contrast between these administrations; but it needs no argument to show that to pass from one such extreme to another is not healthy for the body politic. The violent antagonisms aroused during Johnson's administration, when the difficult questions to be settled needed the best statesman-

* Twenty Years of Congress, Vol. ii., p. 185.

ship of the country, and when the President and Congress should have co-operated wisely and sympathetically, did incalculable harm. Johnson, by habits, manners, mind and character, was unfit for the Presidential office, and whatever may have been the merit of his policy, a policy devised by angels could never have been carried on by such an advocate. The American people love order and decency; they have a high regard for the Presidential office, and they desire to see its occupant conduct himself with dignity. Jackson and Lincoln lacked many of the external graces of a gentleman, but both had native qualities which enabled them to bear themselves with dignity on public occasions. Johnson degraded the office, and he is the only one of our Presidents of whom this can be said. Bagehot, writing in 1872, drew an illustration from one of the darkest periods of our republic to show the superiority of the English Constitution. If we have a Prime Minister who does not suit Parliament and the people, he argued, we remove him by a simple vote of the House of Commons. The United States can only get rid of its undesirable Executive by a cumbrous and tedious process which can only be brought to bear during a period of revolutionary excitement: and even this failed because a legal case was not made against the President. The criticism was pregnant, but the remedy was not Cabinet responsibility. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of our polity, it has grown as has the English; it has fitted itself to the people, and cabinet government cannot be had without a complete change of the organic act, which is neither possible nor desirable. The lesson was that the National Conventions should exercise more care in naming their Vice-Presidential candidates; and these bodies have heeded it. When Grant, popular throughout the country, nominated by the unanimous vote of the Republican convention, became President, Congress restored to the Executive a large portion of the powers of which it had been shorn during Johnson's administration. Grant had splendid opportunities which he did not improve, and he left no especial impression on the office. In the opinion of one of his warm friends and supporters he made "a pretty poor President." An able opposition to him developed in his own party; and as he was a sensitive man he felt keenly their attacks. Colonel John Hay told me that, when on a visit to Washington during Grant's administration, he had arrived at the Arlington Hotel at an early hour and started out for a walk; in front of the White House he was surprised to meet the President, who was out for the same purpose. The two walked together to the Capitol and back, Grant showing himself to be anything but a silent man. Manifesting a keen sensitiveness to the attacks upon him, he talked all of the time in a voluble manner, and the burden of his talk was a defence of his administrative acts. It is impossible in our minds to dissociate Grant the President from Grant the General, and for this reason American historical criticism will deal kindly with him. The brilliant victor of Donelson, the bold strategist of Vicksburg, the compeller of men at Chattanooga, the vanquisher of Robert E. Lee in March and April, 1865, the magnanimous conqueror at Appomattox, will be treated with charity by those who write about his Presidential terms, because he meant well although he did not know how to do well. Moreover, the good which Grant did is of that salient kind which will not be forgotten. The victorious general with two trusted military subordinates in the prime of life and a personnel for a strong navy, persisted, under the guidance of his wise Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish, in negotiating a treaty which provided for arbitration and preserved the peace with Great Britain; although in the opinion of the majority the country had a just cause of war in the escape of the Florida and the Alabama. After the panic of 1873, when financiers and capitalists lost their heads, and Congress with the approval of public sentiment passed an act increasing the amount of United States notes in circulation, Grant, by a manly and bold veto, prevented this inflation of the currency. The wisdom of the framers of the Constitution in giving the President the veto power was exemplified. Congress did not pass the act over the veto, and Grant has been justified by the later judgment of the nation. His action demonstrated what a President may do

in resisting by his constitutional authority some transitory wave of popular opinion, and it has proved a precedent of no mean value. Johnson's vetoes became ridiculous. Grant's veto compensates for many of his mistakes.

Said Chancellor Kent in 1826: "If ever the tranquillity of this nation is to be disturbed and its liberties endangered by a struggle for power, it will be upon this very subject of the choice of a President. This is the question that is eventually to test the goodness and try the strength of the Constitution, and if we shall be able for half a century hereafter to continue to elect the chief magistrate of the Union with discretion, moderation, and integrity we shall undoubtedly stamp the highest value on our national character." Just fifty years later came a more dangerous test than Kent could have imagined. Somewhat more than half of the country believed that the States of Florida and Louisiana should be counted for Tilden, and that he was therefore elected. On the other hand, nearly one-half of the voters were of the opinion that those electoral votes should be given to Hayes, which would elect him by the majority of one electoral vote. Each of the parties had apparently a good case, and after an angry controversy became only the more firmly and sincerely convinced that its own point of view was unassailable. The Senate was Republican, the House Democratic. The great Civil War had been ended only eleven years before, and the country was full of fighting men. The Southern people were embittered against the dominant party for the reason that Reconstruction had gone otherwise than they had expected in 1865 when they laid down their arms. The country was on the verge of a civil war over the disputed Presidency —a war that might have begun with an armed encounter on the floor of the Senate or the House. This was averted by a carefully prepared Congressional act, which in effect left the dispute to a board of arbitration. To the statesmen of both parties who devised this plan and who co-operated in carrying the measure through Congress; to the members of the Electoral Commission, who in the bitterest strife conducted themselves with dignity; to the Democratic Speaker of the House and the Democrats who followed his lead, the eternal gratitude of the country is due. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." The victories of Manila and Santiago are as nothing compared with the victorious restraint of the American people in 1876 and 1877 and the acquiescence of one-half of the country in what they believed to be an unrighteous decision. Hayes was inaugurated peacefully, but had to conduct his administration in the view of 4,300,000 voters who believed that, whatever might be his legal claim, he had no moral right to the place he occupied. The Democrats controlled the House of Representatives during the whole of his term, and the Senate for a part of it, and at the outset he encountered the opposition of the stalwart faction of his own party. Nevertheless, he made a successful President, and under him the office gained in force and dignity. Hayes was not a man of brilliant parts or wide intelligence, but he had common-sense and decision of character. Surrounding himself with a strong Cabinet, three members of which were really remarkable for their ability, he entered upon a distinct policy from which flowed good results. He withdrew the Federal troops from the States of South Carolina and Louisiana, inaugurating in these States an era of comparative peace and tranquillity. Something was done in the interest of Civil Service Reform. In opposition to the view of his Secretary of the Treasury and confidential friend, John Sherman, he vetoed the act of 1878 for the remonetization of silver by the coinage of a certain amount of silver dollars—the first of those measures which almost brought us to the monetary basis of silver. His guiding principle was embodied in a remark he made in his inaugural address, "He serves his party best who serves the country best." He and his accomplished wife had a social and moral influence in Washington of no mean value. The Civil War had been followed by a period of corruption, profligacy, and personal immorality. In politics, if a man were sound on the main question, which meant if he were a thorough-going Republican, all else was forgiven. Under Hayes account was again taken of character and fitness. The

standard of political administration was high. While Mrs. Hayes undoubtedly carried her total abstinence principles to an extreme not warranted by the usage of good society, the moral atmosphere of the White House was that of most American homes. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes belonged to that large class who are neither rich nor poor, neither learned nor ignorant, but who are led both by their native common-sense and by their upbringing to have a high respect for learning, a belief in education, morality, and religion, and a lofty ideal for their own personal conduct.

The salient feature of Garfield's few months of administration was a quarrel between him and the Senators from New York State about an important appointment. Into this discussion, which ended in a tragedy, entered so many factors that it is impossible to determine exactly the influence on the power of the President and the growing power of the Senate. One important result of it shall be mentioned. The Civil Service Reform bill, introduced into the Senate by a Democrat, was enacted during Arthur's administration by a large and non-partisan majority. It provided for a non-partisan civil service commission, and established open competitive examinations for applicants for certain offices, making a commencement by law of the merit system, which before had depended entirely upon Executive favor. It was a victory for reformers who had been advocating legislation of such a character from a period shortly after the close of the Civil War; for it was at that time that a few began the work of educating public sentiment, which had acquiesced in the rotation of offices as an American principle well worthy of maintenance. Consequences far-reaching and wholesome followed the passage of this important act. Grant had attempted and Hayes had accomplished a measure of reform, but to really fix the merit system in the civil service a law was needed.

Regarded by the lovers of good government as a machine politician, Arthur happily disappointed them by breaking loose from his old associations and pursuing a manly course. He gave the country a dignified administration, but even had he been a man to impress his character upon the office conditions were against him. His party was torn by internal dissensions and suffered many defeats, of which the most notable was in his own State of New York, where his Secretary of the Treasury and personal friend was overwhelmingly defeated for governor by Grover Cleveland.

The unprecedented majority which Cleveland received in this election and his excellent administration as Governor of New York secured for him the Democratic nomination for President in 1884. New York State decided the election, but the vote was so close that for some days the result was in doubt and the country was nervous lest there should be another disputed Presidency; in the end it was determined that Cleveland had carried that State by a plurality of 1,149. Cleveland was the first Democratic President elected since 1856; the Democrats had been out of office for twenty-four years, and it had galled them to think that their historic party had so long been deprived of power and patronage. While many of their leaders had a good record on the question of Civil Service Reform, the rank and file believed in the Jacksonian doctrine of rewarding party workers with the offices, or, as most of them would have put it, "To the victors belong the spoils." With this principle so fixed in the minds of his supporters, it became an interesting question how Cleveland would meet it. No one could doubt that he would enforce fairly the statute, but would he content himself with this and use the offices not covered by the act to reward his followers in the old Democratic fashion? An avowed civil service reformer, and warmly supported by independents and some former Republicans on that account, he justified the confidence which they had reposed in him and refused "to make a clean sweep." In resisting this very powerful pressure from his party he accomplished much toward the establishment of the merit system in the civil service. It is true that he made political changes gradually, but his insistence on a rule which gained him time for reflection in making appointments was of marked importance. It would be idle to assert that in his two terms he lived wholly up to the

ideal of the reformers; undoubtedly a long list of backslidings might be made up, but in striking a fair balance it is not too much to say that in this respect his administration made for righteousness. All the more credit is due him in that he not only resisted personal pressure, but, aspiring to be a party leader for the carrying out of a cherished policy on finance and the tariff, he made more difficult the accomplishment of these ends by refusing to be a mere partisan in the question of the offices. In his second term it is alleged, probably with truth, that he made a skilful use of his patronage to secure the passage by the Senate of the repeal of the Silver Act of 1890, which repeal had gone easily through the House. It seemed to him and to many financiers that unless this large purchase of silver bullion should be stopped the country would be forced on to a silver basis, the existing financial panic would be grievously intensified, and the road back to the sound-money basis of the rest of the civilized world would be long and arduous. His course is defended as doing a little wrong in order to bring about a great right; and the sequence of events has justified that defence. Harm was done to the cause of Civil Service Reform, but probably no permanent injury. The repeal of the Silver Act of 1890 was the first important step in the direction of insuring a permanent gold standard, and Grover Cleveland is the hero of it.

The Presidential office gained in strength during Cleveland's two terms. As we look back upon them, the President is the central figure round which revolves each policy and its success or failure. At the same time, it is his party more than he that is to be blamed for the failures. He made a distinct move toward a reduction of the tariff, and while this failed, leaving us with the reactionary result of higher duties than ever before, it is not impossible that the words, actions, and sacrifices of Cleveland will be the foundation of a new tariff-reform party. Allusion has been made to his soundness on finance. His course in this respect was unvarying. Capitalists and financiers can take care of themselves, no matter what are the changes in the currency; but men and women of fixed incomes, professors of colleges, teachers in schools, clergymen and ministers, accountants and clerks in receipt of salaries, and farmers and laborers have had their comfort increased and their anxieties lessened by the adoption of the gold standard; and to Cleveland, as one of the pioneers in this movement for stability, their thanks are due.

In the railroad riots of 1894 Cleveland, under the advice of his able Attorney-General, made a precedent in the way of interference for the supremacy of law and the maintenance of order. The Governor of Illinois would not preserve order, and the President determined that at all hazards riotous acts must be suppressed and law must resume its sway. In ordering United States troops to the scene of the disturbance without an application of the Legislature or Governor of Illinois he accomplished a fresh extension of executive power without an infraction of the Constitution.

In his most important diplomatic action Cleveland was not so happy as in his domestic policy. There are able men experienced in diplomacy who defend his message of December 17, 1895, to Congress in regard to Venezuela, and the wisdom of that action is still a mooted question. Yet two facts placed in juxtaposition would seem to indicate that the message was a mistake. It contained a veiled threat of war if England would not arbitrate her difference with Venezuela, the implication being that the stronger power was trying to browbeat the weaker one. Later an arbitration took place, the award of which was a compromise, England gaining more than Venezuela, and the award demonstrated that England had not been as extreme and unjust in her claim as had been Venezuela. It is even probable that England might have accepted, as the result of negotiation, the line decided on by the arbitrators. But, to the credit of Mr. Cleveland and his Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, it must be remembered that they later negotiated a treaty "for the arbitration of all matters in difference between the United States and Great Britain," which unfortunately failed of ratification by the Senate.

It is a fair charge against Cleveland as a partisan leader that, while he led a strong following to victory in 1892, he left his

party disorganized in 1897. But it fell to him to decide between principle and party, and he chose principle. He served his country at the expense of his party. From the point of view of Democrats it was grievous that the only man under whom they had secured victory since the Civil War should leave them in a shattered condition, and it may be a question whether a ruler of more tact could not have secured his ends without so great a schism. Those, however, to whom this party consideration does not appeal have no difficulty in approving Cleveland's course. It is undeniable that his character is stamped on the Presidential office, and his occupancy of it is a distinct mark in the history of executive power.

Harrison occupied the Presidential office between the two terms of Cleveland, and although a positive man left no particular impress upon the office. He was noted for his excellent judicial appointments, and he had undoubtedly a high standard of official conduct which he endeavored to live up to. Cold in his personal bearing he did not attract friends, and he was not popular with the prominent men in his own party. While Cleveland and McKinley were denounced by their opponents, Harrison was ridiculed; but the universal respect in which he was held after he retired to private life is evidence that the great office lost not dignity while he held it. During his term Congress overshadowed the Executive and the House was more conspicuous than the Senate. Thomas B. Reed was speaker and developed the power of that office to an extraordinary extent. McKinley was the leader of the House and from long service in that body had become an efficient leader. The election of Harrison was interpreted to mean that the country needed a higher tariff, and McKinley carried through the House the bill which is known by his name. Among the other Representatives Mr. Lodge was prominent. It was not an uncommon saying at that time that the House was a better arena for the rising politician than the Senate. In addition to the higher tariff the country apparently wanted more silver and a determined struggle was made for the free coinage of silver which nearly won in Congress. In the end, however, a compromise was effected by Senator Sherman which averted free silver but committed the country to the purchase annually of an enormous amount of silver bullion against which Treasury notes redeemable in coin were issued. This was the Act of 1890 which, as I have mentioned, was repealed under Cleveland in 1893. It is entirely clear from the sequence of events that the Republican Party as a party should have opposed the purchase of more silver. It could not have been beaten worse than it was in 1892, but it could have preserved a consistency in principle which, when the tide turned, would have been of political value. The party which has stuck to the right principle has in the long run generally been rewarded with power, and as the Republicans, in spite of certain defections, had been the party of sound money since the Civil War, they should now have fought cheap money under the guise of unlimited silver as they had before under the guise of unlimited greenbacks. But the leaders thought differently, and from their own point of view their course was natural. The country desired more silver. Business was largely extended, overtrading was the rule. Farmers and business men were straitened for money. Economists, statesmen, and politicians had told them that, as their trouble had come largely from the demonetization of silver, their relief lay in bimetallism. It was easy to argue that the best form of bimettalism was the free coinage of gold and silver, and after the panic of 1893 this delusion grew, but the strength of it was hardly appreciated by optimistic men in the East until the Democrats made it the chief plank in the platform on which they fought the Presidential campaign of 1896. Nominating an orator who had an effective manner of presenting his arguments to hard-working farmers whose farms were mortgaged, to business men who were under a continued strain to meet their obligations, and to laborers out of employment, it seemed for two or three months as if the party of silver and discontent might carry the day. After some hesitation the Republicans grappled with the question boldly, took ground against free silver, and with some modification declared their approval of the gold standard. On this issue they fought the campaign. Their

able and adroit manager was quick to see after the issue was joined the force of the principle of sound money and started a remarkable campaign of education by issuing speeches and articles by the millions in a number of different languages, in providing excellent arguments for the country press, and in convincing those who would listen only to arguments of sententious brevity by a well-devised circulation of "nuggets" of financial wisdom. McKinley had also the support of the greater part of the Independent and Democratic press. While financial magnates and the bankers of the country were alarmed at the strength of the Bryan party, and felt that its defeat was necessary to financial surety, the strength of the Republican canvass lay in the fact that the speakers and writers who made it believed sincerely that the gold standard would conduce to the greatest good of the greatest number. It was an inspiring canvass. The honest advocacy of sound principle won.

Under McKinley the Democratic tariff bill was superseded by the Dingley act, which on dutiable articles is, I believe, the highest tariff the country has known. The Republican Party believes sincerely in the policy of protection, and the country undoubtedly has faith in it. It is attractive to those who allow immediate returns to obscure prospective advantage, and if a majority decides whether or not a political and economic doctrine is sound, it has a powerful backing, for every large country in the civilized world, I think, except England, adheres to protection; and some of them have returned to it after trying a measure of commercial freedom. McKinley and the majority of Congress were in full sympathy, and the Dingley act had the approval of the administration. But the change in business conditions which, though long in operation, became signally apparent after 1893, wrought in McKinley, during his four and a half years of office, a change of opinion. Under improved processes and economies in all branches of manufactures the United States began to make many articles cheaper than any other country, and sought foreign markets for its surplus, disputing successfully certain open marts with England and Germany. In McKinley's earlier utterances the home market is the dominating feature; in his later ones, trade with foreign countries. In his last speech at Buffalo he gave mature expression to his views, which for one who had been a leader of protectionists showed him to have taken advanced ground. "We find our long-time principles echoed," declared *The Nation*. McKinley's manner of developing foreign trade was not that of the tariff reformers, for he proposed to bring this about by a variety of reciprocity treaties; but it was important that he recognized the sound economic principle that if we are to sell to foreign countries we must buy from them also. That McKinley had a strong hold on the country is indisputable from the unanimous renomination by his party and his triumphant re-election, and it was a step toward commercial freedom that he who more than all other men had the ear of the country and who had been an arch-protectionist should advocate the exchange of commodities with foreign lands. Economists do not educate the mass of voters, but men like McKinley do, and these sentences of his were read and pondered by millions: "A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal." It is useless to speculate on what would have been the result had McKinley lived. Those who considered him a weak President aver that when he encountered opposition in Congress from interests which were seemingly menaced, he would have yielded and abandoned reciprocity. Others believe that he understood the question thoroughly and that his arguments would in the end have prevailed with Congress; yielding, perhaps, in points of detail he would have secured the adoption of the essential part of his policy.

After his election McKinley became a believer in the gold standard and urged proper legislation upon Congress. It is to his credit and to that of Congress that on March 14, 1900, a bill became a law which establishes the gold standard and

puts it out of the power of any President to place the country upon a silver basis by a simple direction to his Secretary of the Treasury, which could have been done in 1897. As it has turned out, it was fortunate that there was no undue haste in this financial legislation. A better act was obtained than would have been possible in the first two years of McKinley's administration. The reaction from the crisis following the panic of 1893 had arrived, made sure by the result of the election of 1896; and the prosperity had become a telling argument in favor of the gold standard with the people and with Congress.

McKinley was essentially adapted for a peace minister, but under him came war. Opinions of him will differ, not only according to one's sentiments on war and imperialism, but according to one's ideal of what a President should be. Let us make a comparison which shall not include Washington, for the reason that under him the country had not become the pure democracy it is at the present day. Of such a democracy it seems to me that Lincoln is the ideal President, in that he led public sentiment, represented it, and followed it. "I claim not to have controlled events," he said, "but confess plainly that events have controlled me." During his term of office he was one day called "very weak," and the next "a tyrant;" but when his whole work was done, a careful survey of it could bring one only to the conclusion that he knew when to follow and when to lead. He was in complete touch with popular sentiment, and divined with nicety when he could take a step in advance. He made an effort to keep on good terms with Congress, and he differed with that body reluctantly, although, when the necessity came, decisively. While he had consideration for those who did not agree with him, and while he acted always with a regard to proportion, he was nevertheless a strong and self-confident Executive. Now Cleveland did not comprehend popular opinion as did Lincoln. In him the desire to lead was paramount, to the exclusion at times of a proper consideration for Congress and the people. It has been said by one of his political friends that he used the same energy and force in deciding a small matter as a great one, and he alienated Senators, Congressmen, and other supporters by an unyielding disposition when no principle was involved. He did not possess the gracious quality of Lincoln, who yielded in small things that he might prevail in great ones. Yet for this quality of sturdy insistence on his own idea Cleveland has won admiration from a vast number of independent thinkers. Temperaments such as these are not in sympathy with McKinley, who represents another phase of Lincoln's genius. The controlling idea of McKinley probably was that as he was elected by the people he should represent them. He did not believe that if a matter were fully and fairly presented the people would go wrong. At times he felt he should wait for their sober second thought, but if, after due consideration, the people spoke, it was his duty to carry out their will. Unquestionably if the Cleveland and McKinley qualities can be happily combined as they were in Lincoln, the nearest possible approach to the ideal ruler is the result. One Lincoln, though, in a century is all that any country can expect: and there is a place in our polity for either the Cleveland or the McKinley type of executive. So it seemed to the makers of the Constitution. "The republican principle," wrote Hamilton in the *Federalist*, "demands that the deliberate sense of the community should govern the conduct of those to whom they intrust the management of their affairs." "But," he said in the same essay, "however inclined we might be to insist upon an unbounded complaisance in the Executive to the inclinations of the people, we can with no propriety contend for a like complaisance to the humors of the legislature. . . . The Executive should be in a situation to dare to act his own opinion with vigor and decision." It is frequently remarked that no President since Lincoln had so thorough a comprehension of public sentiment as McKinley. This knowledge and his theory of action, if I have divined it aright, are an explanation of his course in regard to the Spanish War and the taking of the Philippines. It does not fall to me to discuss in this article these two questions, nor do I feel certain that all the documents necessary to a fair judg-

ment are accessible to the public, but I can show what was McKinley's attitude toward them by reporting a confidential conversation he had May 2, 1899, with Mr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who made a record of it the day afterward. The President, Mr. Pritchett relates, spoke of the "war and of his own responsibility, and the way in which he has gradually come to have his present position with respect to the Philippines. The talk was started by my reminding him of the fact that just a year ago that morning, on May 2, 1898, I had come into his room with a map of Manila and Cavité on a large scale—the first time he had seen such a map—and from this he drifted into a most serious and interesting talk of his own place in the history of the past twelve months. He described his efforts to avert the war, how he had carried the effort to the point of rupture with his party, then came the Maine incident, and, finally, a declaration of war over all efforts to stem the tide. Then he spoke of Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines, related at some length the correspondence he had had with the Paris Commission, how he had been gradually made to feel in his struggling for the right ground that first Luzon and finally all the Philippines must be kept. He then went on to indicate his belief that Providence had led in all this matter, that to him the march of events had been so irresistible that nothing could turn them aside. Nobody, he said, could have tried harder than he to be rid of the burden of the Philippines, and yet the trend of events had been such that it seemed impossible to escape this duty. He finally came to speak with more emotion than I have ever seen him exhibit, and no one could doubt the sincerity of the man."

Of McKinley's achievements in the field of diplomacy Secretary Hay in his memorial address spoke with knowledge and in words of high praise. Sometimes the expression of a careful foreign observer anticipates the judgment of posterity, and with that view the words of the *Spectator*,* in an article on the Presidential election of 1900, are worth quoting: "We believe that Mr. McKinley and the wise statesman who is his Secretary of State, Colonel Hay, are administrators of a high order. They have learnt their business thoroughly, hold all the strings of policy in their hands."

Opinions will differ as to the impress McKinley has left on the Presidential office. It is the judgment of two men of large knowledge of American history and present affairs that no President since Jefferson has been so successful in getting Congress to adopt the positive measures he desired.

Of the administration of Theodore Roosevelt it would be neither proper nor wise for me to speak in other terms than those of expectation and prophecy. But of Mr. Roosevelt himself something may be said. His birth, breeding, education, and social advantages have been of the best. He has led an industrious and useful life. As an American citizen we are all proud of him, and when he reached the Presidential office by a tragedy that nobody deplored more than he everyone wished him success. His transparent honesty and sincerity are winning qualities, and in the opinion of Burke especially important in him who is the ruler of a nation. "Plain good intention," he wrote, "which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind." To these qualities, and to a physical and moral courage that can never be questioned, Mr. Roosevelt adds a large intelligence and, as his books show, a power of combination of ideas and cohesive thought. Moreover, he has had a good political training, and he has the faculty of writing his political papers in a pregnant and forcible literary style. He is fit for what Mr. Bryce calls "the greatest office in the world, unless we except the Papacy." His ideals are Washington and Lincoln. "I like to see in my mind's eye," he said, "the gaunt form of Lincoln stalking through these halls." "To gratify the hopes, secure the reverence, and sustain the dignity of the nation," said Justice Story, "the Presidential office should always be occupied by a man of elevated talents, of ripe virtues, of incorruptible integrity, and of tried patriotism; one who shall forget his own interests and remember that he represents not

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a party but the whole nation." These qualities Theodore Roosevelt has. Whether he shall in action carry out the other requirements of Justice Story may only be judged after he shall have retired to private life.

Mr. Roosevelt merits the encouragement and sympathy of all lovers of good government, and he is entitled, as indeed is every President, to considerate and forbearing criticism. For, ardently desired as the office is, it is a hard place to fill. Through the kindness of President Roosevelt, I have been enabled to observe the daily routine of his work, and I am free to say that from the business point of view, no man better earns his pay than does he. Mr. Bryce remarks that a good deal of the President's work is like that of the manager of a railway. So far as concerns the consultation with heads of departments, prompt decisions, and the disposition of daily matters, the comparison is apt if a great American railway and a manager like Thomas A. Scott are borne in mind. But the railway manager's labor is done in comparative privacy, he can be free from interruption and dispose of his own time in a systematic manner. That is impossible for the President during the session of Congress. Office-seekers themselves do not trouble the President so much as in former days; they may be referred to the heads of the departments; and, moreover, the introduction of competitive examinations and the merit system has operated as a relief to the President and his Cabinet officers. But hearing the recommendations by Senators and Congressmen of their friends for offices consumes a large amount of time. There are, as Senator Lodge has kindly informed me, 4,818 Presidential offices and 4,000 Presidential post-offices; in addition there are army and naval officers to be appointed. The proper selection in four years of the number of men these figures imply is in itself no small labor; it would by a railway manager be considered an onerous and exacting business. But the railway manager may hear the claims of applicants in his own proper way, and to prevent encroachments on his time may give the candidates or their friends a curt dismissal. The President may not treat Senators and Representatives in that manner, nor would he desire to do so, for the intercourse between them and the Executive is of great value. "The President," wrote John Sherman, "should 'touch elbows' with Congress." There are important legislative measures to be discussed in a frank interchange of opinion. Senators and Representatives are a guide to the President in their estimates of public sentiment; often they exert an influence over him, and he is dependent on them for the carrying out of any policy he may have at heart. While the encroachments on the President's time are great, I am convinced that no plan should be adopted which should curtail the unconventional and frank interchange of views between the President and members of the National Legislature. The relief lies with the public. Much of the President's time is taken up with receptions of the friends of Senators and Representatives, of members of conventions and learned bodies meeting in Washington, of deputations of school-teachers and the like who have gone to the capital for a holiday: all desire to pay their respects to the Chief Magistrate. Undoubtedly, if he could have a quiet talk with most of these people it would be of value, but the conventional shaking of hands and the "I am glad to see you" is not a satisfaction great enough to the recipients to pay for what it costs the President in time and the expenditure of nervous force. He should have time for deliberation. The railway manager can closet himself when he likes: that should be the privilege of the President; yet on a certain day last April, when he wished to have a long, confidential talk with his Secretary of War, this was only to be contrived by the two taking a long horseback ride in the country. It is difficult for the President to refuse to see these good, patriotic, and learned people; and Senators and Representatives like to gratify their constituents. The remedy lies with the public in denying themselves this pleasant feature of a visit to Washington. One does not call on the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad or the president of the New York Central Railroad in business hours unless for business purposes; and this should be the rule observed by citizens of the United States toward the President.

The weekly public receptions are no longer held. All these other receptions and calls simply for shaking hands and wishing him God-speed should no longer be asked for. For the President has larger and more serious work than the railway manager and should have at least as much time for thought and deliberation.

Moreover, the work of the railway manager is done in secret. Fiercer by far than the light which beats upon the throne is that which beats upon the White House. The people are eager to know the President's thoughts and plans, and an insistent press endeavors to satisfy them. Considering the conditions under which the President does his work, the wonder is not that he makes so many mistakes, but that he makes so few. There is no railway or business manager or college president who has not more time to himself for the reflection necessary to the maturing of large and correct policies. I chanced to be in the President's room when he dictated the rough draft of his famous despatch to General Chaffee respecting torture in the Philippines. While he was dictating two or three cards were brought in, also some books with a request for the President's autograph : and there were some other interruptions. While the despatch as it went out in its revised form could not be improved, a President cannot expect to be always so happy in dictating despatches in the midst of distractions. Office work of far-reaching importance should be done in the closet. Certainly no monarch or minister in Europe does administrative work under such unfavorable conditions; indeed, this public which exacts so much of the President's time should in all fairness be considerate in its criticism.

No one, I think, would care to have abated the fearless political criticism which has in this country and in England attained to the highest point ever reached. From the nature of things the press must comment promptly and without the full knowledge of conditions that might alter its judgments. But on account of the necessary haste of its expressions the writers should avoid extravagant language and the too ready imputation of bad motives to the public servants. "It is strange that men cannot allow others to differ with them without charging corruption as the cause of the difference," are the plaintive words of Grant during a confidential conversation with his Secretary of State.

The contrast between the savage criticism of Cleveland and Harrison while each occupied the Presidential chair and the respect each enjoyed from political opponents after retiring to private life is an effective illustration of the lesson I should like to teach. At the time of Harrison's death people spoke from their hearts and said, "Well done, good and faithful servant." A fine example of political criticism in a time of great excitement were two articles by Mr. Carl Schurz in *Harper's Weekly* during the Venezuela crisis. Mr. Schurz was a supporter and political friend of Cleveland, but condemned his Venezuela message. In the articles to which I refer he was charitable in feeling and moderate in tone, and though at the time I heard the term "wishy-washy" applied to one of them, I suspect that Mr. Schurz now looks back with satisfaction to his reserve; and those of us who used more forcible language in regard to the same incident may well wish that we had emulated his moderation.

The Presidential office differs from all other political offices in the world, and has justified the hopes of its creators. It has not realized their fears, one of which was expressed by Hamilton in the *Federalist*. "A man raised from the station of a private citizen to the rank of Chief Magistrate," he wrote, "possessed of a moderate or slender fortune, and looking forward to a period not very remote when he may probably be obliged to return to the station from which he was taken, might sometimes be under temptations to sacrifice his duty to his interest, which it would require superlative virtue to withstand. An avaricious man might be tempted to betray the interests of the State to the acquisition of wealth. An ambitious man might make his own aggrandizement, by the aid of a foreign power, the price of his treachery to his constituents."* From dangers of this sort the political virtue which we inherited from our English ancestors has preserved

* See also the *Federalist* (Lodge's edition), p. 452; Bryce, Studies in History and Jurisprudence, p. 308.

us. We may fairly maintain that the creation and administration of our Presidential office have added something to political history, and when we contrast in character and ability the men who have filled it with the monarchs of England and of France, we may have a feeling of just pride. Mr. Bryce makes a suggestive comparison in ability of our Presidents with the prime ministers of England, awarding the palm to the Englishmen,* and from his large knowledge of both countries and impartial judgment we may readily accept his conclusion. It is, however, a merit of our Constitution that as great ability is not required for its chief executive office as is demanded in England. The prime minister must have a talent for both administration and debate, which is a rare combination of powers, and if he be chosen from the House of Commons it may happen that too much stress will be laid upon oratory, or the power of making ready replies to the attacks of the opposition. It is impossible to conceive of Washington defending his policy in the House or the Senate from a fire of questions and cross-questions. Lincoln might have developed this quality of a prime minister, but his replies and sallies of wit to put to confusion his opponents would have lacked the dignity his state papers and confidential letters possess. Hayes and Cleveland were excellent administrators, but neither could have reached his high position had the debating ability of a prime minister been required. On the other hand, Garfield, Harrison, and McKinley would have been effective speakers in either the House or the Senate.

An American may judge his own country best from European soil, impregnated as he there is with European ideas. Twice have I been in Europe during Cleveland's administration, twice during McKinley's, once during Roosevelt's. During the natural process of comparison, when one must recognize in many things the distinct superiority of England, Germany, and France, I have never had a feeling other than high respect for each one of these Presidents ; and taking it by and large, in the endeavor to consider fairly the hits and misses of all, I have never had any reason to feel that the conduct of our national government has been inferior to that of any one of these highly civilized powers.

* American Commonwealth, vol. i., p. 80.

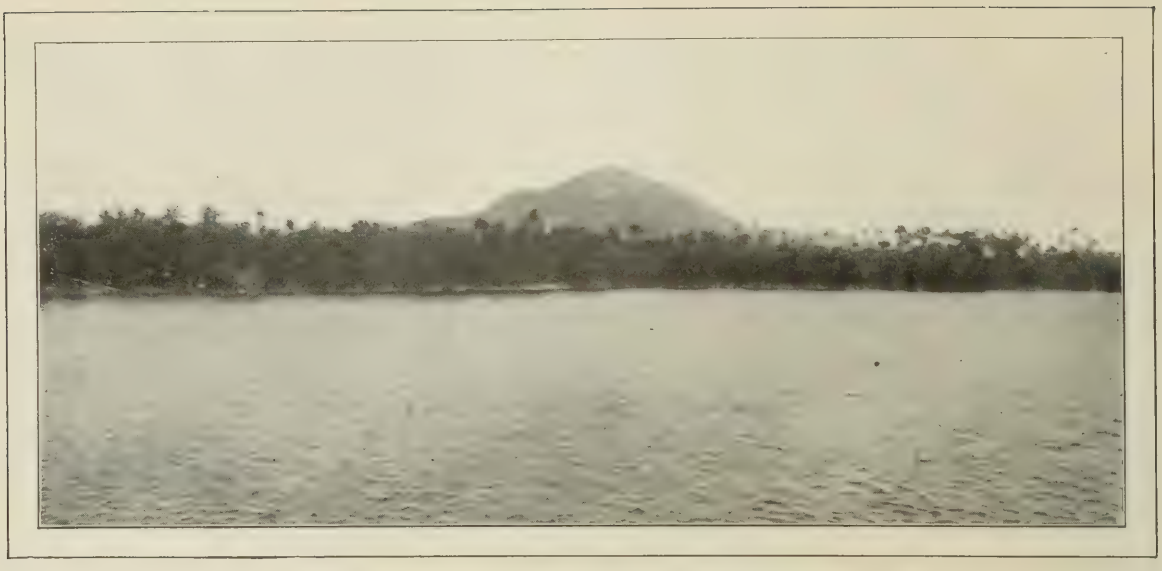
A MORNING SONG

By Marguerite Merington

She is white, she's fair as a jonquil, tall
As a bride for the high gods mete,
And a thousand slaves in her father's hall
Are as rushes beneath her feet.

Last night I dreamt—was it only a dream?—
'Mong the laurels with moon-dew wet,
She stooped to the least of her prostrate deme
And her lips to his forehead set.

So the world is new as when stars began
At Cybele's waking to sing,
For I know she's woman as I am man,
And by grace of her kiss I'm king!



Mangrove-bordered River. Sierra de Caballos beyond.

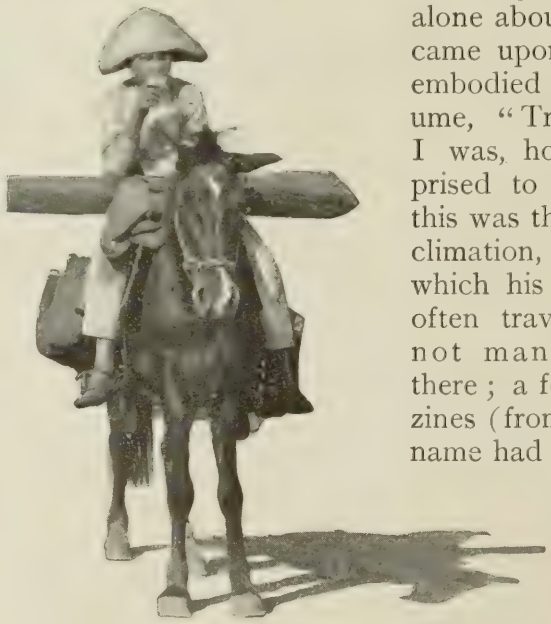
THE ISLE OF PINES

By John Finley

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

I WAS in the Palace in Havana when President Palma accepted for Cuba the temporary guardianship of the Isle of Pines, pending negotiations; and desiring to see this bit of earth which might some day become ours, lying less than a hundred miles to the south, I set out for its shores as soon as the celebration was over.

Tne island's dim peak came up over our horizon early in the tropical morning; it grew to a glowing mountain by noon, but it was not until the sun was going down in the most gorgeous of skies that we entered the mangrove-bordered estuary which lets the boats of modest keel up into the level stretches of what seemed at a distance but a luminous cone. It was nightfall when we reached the wharf of the little pueblo-capital, Nueva Gerona, and I stumbled then through the darkness a mile or two farther across the fields to the hospitality of an American resident who, with a Danish cook, an ice-plant, and a swimming-pool built across the path of a stream of sweet cool water, was moving the boundaries of civilized and Temperate happiness nearer the equator.



An Isle of Pines Boy.

It was not till the afternoon of the second day that, wandering alone about the hacienda, I came upon Stevenson (reembodied in that loved volume, "Treasure Island"). I was, however, not surprised to find him there; this was the zone of his acclimation, the latitude in which his imagination had often travelled. He had not many companions there; a few recent magazines (from which alas his name had disappeared), an engineer's logarithmic tables, catalogues of farming utensils, a "floral guide," and an

orange-grower's hand-book. But he had the fumes of the Padre's tobacco upon his clothing; so I knew that he was not without human friendship even there, and that he had probably sat late with the Dominican Father the night before.

We went out into the pergola, which both kept out the sun and let in all the landscape: the palms and the mountains



Interior Court-yard in Nueva Gerona House.

and the nearer thicket where the mammee and the mango trees stood, full of perfumed fruit, and there we sat through the elysian afternoon while he told again the story of the Treasure Island.

When I could take my eyes away from my companion, doubly a friend in this environment, I found myself wondering with boyish imagination if that hill might not be "Spy-glass Shoulder," or if yonder tall tree might not be the pine of the adventurous tale; and once my eager search discovered a white object in the apparent motions of digging in a bare spot upon the mountain-side. Through the long, torrid May afternoon it continued its seeming labors till dusk came on, and at sunrise the next day it was still there. My imagination could not deceive my senses at that time of day; it actually was an old man of the island digging for buried pirate treasure. He had sold his caballeria of land, I was told at breakfast, to my American friend, who instead of hiding his money in diminutive quadrilaterals of earth in Manhattan Island and building hideous parallelopipeds upon them, had bought him for his pleasure a modest row of marble mountains, a perpetual stream of medicinal water, and a fertile plain stretching from the river to the interminable sea. The old "Piñero" who had sold to my friend his own bit of this landscape had, after the sale, discovered some cabalistic marks upon a giant royal palm, quite in the character of the gold-bug formulæ, and he was digging day and night to recover the treasure before the deeds of transfer had to be made.

I who sat watching the treasure-hunter knew of the philosopher Kidd's theories concerning the control of the tropics; but here was a man beyond the reach of cable and of the world's current philosophy who still cherished the traditions of the elder Kidd, unwitting

that his theories of colonial exploitation no longer prevailed, and who still searched for the treasure of the pirates who had more than once after their forays found shelter for their corsairs in the little Casas River below. The " Piñero " hid himself from the "projected efficiency" of our impudent Western civilization when he saw me approaching from the plain, but he emerged from his ambush when he observed that I was making for the place of his buried gold, and he was at last persuaded by visible coin to lead me to the little trenches and mounds of his disappointed hopes.



The Treasure Hunter.

Yet buried treasure has been found in the island, enough, if the rumors be true, to entitle it to the name which Stevenson gave to his story (and which some have thought he meant to give the island). You will hear of a Frenchman who, ostensibly in search of precious woods, bought a tract of timber on the farther shore, hired natives to hew down the mahogany-trees and then suddenly sailed away, after paying the men handsomely, leaving a chest with a few coins dropped in the haste of transfer. And you will be shown a palatial house, with a beautiful interior court, built of recovered treasure and at great cost ; but you will not be too inquisitive unless you are a historian of the matter-of-fact iconoclast school.

This island has only recently come upon our personal maps, though I have been told that an earlier generation, in a geographical jingle of its childhood, sang it as the "isle of pirates." The Platt Amendment is negatively responsible for its restoration, for this amendment provided that the Isle of Pines should be omitted from the constitutional boundaries of Cuba and its title left to future adjustment by treaty. Except for this implied propinquity, it would be most readily imagined as lying fragrant of balsam, in some high latitude and amid chill waters. That the Temperate pine associates in this island with the indigenous trees of the Tropics is perhaps an intimation that Temperate man may here find healthful habitation. Yet it is not the pines that give character to its landscape; it is rather the palms, which follow the water-courses and with their comrade native trees clamber up the mountain-sides. There are forests of pine as well as of mahogany and cedar, but the part of the island which I saw had the fragrance of the pineapple rather than that of the pine-tree.

Though the Isle of Pines has been put politically beyond the limits of Cuba's Constitution and is geologically dissociate, it is yet historically, and even physically, closely attached to the larger island. It is as a pendant hung from the fair throat of Cuba. There is a little band of railroad running from Havana, on the north shore, to Batabano, on the south, and then a string of almost continuous keys from Batabano to the emerald mountain of Daguilla. The appropriateness of the simile is increased by the island's resemblance at a distance to a great jewel blazing in the sun. And it is seldom out of the proud sight of the Señora, for from the mountains of Pinar del Rio the Sierra de Caballos are always visible if the day be fair.

If you would visit the island you would best go to Havana and thence to Batabano. In this little seaport town you will hear, as you pass through the streets, the sounds which one born on the prairies associates with sheep-shearing. And when you



Ruins of Convict Quarters at Marble Quarries.



Point Columpo and Marmol Harbor.

peer into the darkened sheds where the shearers sit protected from the sun you do indeed see the wool upon their laps ; but it is the sea-wool which has been gathered from the shallows and the keys ; for this is the centre of the sponge industry. Those who prepare the sponges for the market are Cubans (who at the time of my visit

had just been celebrating "Cuba Libre") but the herders, those who gather the wool, are, I am told, of the race whose mythical ancestors got the golden fleece in Colchis. To hear one of those Greek fishermen singing his plaintive song somewhere out upon the water while the moon is coming up behind a cayo is to be transported to the



Hotel on the Plaza in Santa Fé.

Cyclades, and to be certain that your captain is bound for a lotus country.

One might almost walk and wade from Cuba to the Isle of Pines, so numerous are the keys and so shallow the intervening waters. There is a retired Hudson River steamboat with a Spanish name plying between these two islands, and nominally controlling the passenger traffic, but there are other ways of going if the Captain of the Port be gracious. The distance "as a crow flies" is not above sixty-five miles, but the boats must take a circuitous route to find a passage through the keys — and the wind is sometimes, in the language of my Spanish captain, *mucho malo*.

But when one is there, one is isolate. The cayos are indeed "keys" to keep the natives in and the rest of the world out. It is said that Columbus came near being locked in for good when he landed here in 1494. There is no cable, though the Padre (who knows something of science as well as theology) talks of wireless telegraphy between a Cuban peak and the top of the mountain back of his little cathedral. No native, however, even with the absolution of the Church, is likely to venture upon this height, for it is seen often to burn with an unearthly flame. There are no commercial noises of cars to disturb the quiet of the inhabitants—only the inexplicable rumblings in the caves of Columpo which prevent all treasure-hunting there. The boats alone, winding in and out of the river-harbor, keep converse with the outer world. And strange converse it sometimes is. I saw in Batabano, on my homeward trip, the captain of a schooner who had taken us in tow on the way over, his face now much swollen. He told of having just landed a cargo of bees who had mutinied on the way (doubtless in anger at being carried from their Hymettian fields), and kept him beneath the hatches till he could arm himself. Yet the intercourse is not all of trade. A Spanish schooner carries out with its charcoal, and in with its food and raiment, a leathern bag with letters and



The Santa Fé Volante.



Street in Nueva Gerona. Post-office at right.

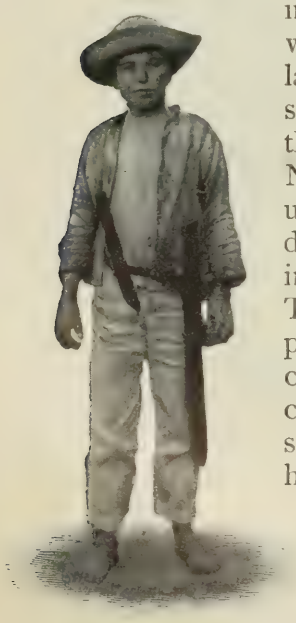
papers, and there is a post-office in Nueva Gerona upon whose steps the native has already learned to lounge.

There are only about thirty-two hundred people in the island, and twenty-five hundred or more of these are white. Most of them have come, according to the census of 1899, from Spain by way of Cuba.



"Villa del Pilar." An Isle of Pines Country House.

There is undoubtedly some political jetsam here, thrown out of the neighboring island in its peril, and some flotsam of the past colonial wreckage: relicts of buccaneers who once made this their rendezvous, of political offenders who were here in banishment, and of criminals in servitude. But though the convict cells still stand near the quarries of Marmol, trees have grown up through the wheels of the old mill in which the convicts worked, the pirates' landing-place is now the site of a store-house, and the sometime prison in Nueva Gerona, later used as barracks for soldiers, has been converted into a village school. The island is no longer a piratical resort or a penal colony, but a quiet, comfortable, well-provisioned, and respectable home for those who have been born in it, and a delightful hospice to those who may be travelling that way. It seems to be less subject to hurricanes and "geological vicissitudes" than its tropic neighbors, and to be free of pestilence.



A Native Boy.

One-third of its people live in the village of Nueva Gerona. To its church (the only one on the island) the people come for shriving; to its wharves the "carbonari" bring their charcoal, the peasants their cassava and tobacco, their fruits and shells, and the primitive manufacturers the few wares of their handicraft. What they carry back for their simple satisfaction is from foreign ports. Another third live in a village a dozen miles inland named Santa Fé, founded many years ago by the inhabitants of Nueva Gerona, fleeing from the reach of the pirates who came up the river. They have since found the medicinal waters which give it its fame, and have not returned. A "volante" conveys guests to its hotel, and there is a beautiful metalled road (calzada) between the two towns, built during the American occupancy, over which the Padre on his American wheel can reach the bedside of a dying parishioner in Santa Fé in less than an hour. Yet he is not often called, for few die in the Isle of Pines. The other third are scattered through the habitable parts of

the island, which, with the Cienaga (swamp), have an area of but little less than that of Rhode Island. This means that outside the two villages there is an average of but one person to the square mile, or one family to every five square miles.

It is not strange that Americans, who have since the Spanish War found their way to this paradisiacal place, should be advocating its annexation to the United States. They have already pre-empted a good portion of the forest land and productive plain and have begun the planting of oranges, bananas, and pineapples, in anticipation of the day when their lumber and fruit may be shipped without duty to our ports. They urge that it is the only tropical territory within the American system not only climatically adapted but unreservedly open to American colonization, the native population bearing so trifling a proportion to the sustaining capacity of the island, and that the moral effect of a thoroughly Anglo-Saxon colony in the midst of the West Indies would be most wholesome. But the Congressional reason for putting its title in commission was its supposed strategic value. It can easily be made impregnable, and it lies not far from the Yucatan Channel, and so along one of the paths to and from Panama and Nicaragua. The important preliminary question, which seems yet not to be settled, is as to whether the water of its harbors is deep enough to give shelter to the great war vessels.

Meanwhile, the inhabitants go their way unconcernedly, with a few Cuban police to keep the peace (which probably needs no keeping), yet "without adequate schools, magistrates, and other appurtenances of civilization;" for the island was by deed of our transfer left in care of the *de facto* government, and there is no *de facto* government except that of the alcalde of Nueva Gerona. The Americans who have interests there, both resident and non-resident, are asking our Government to do something to relieve the present anomalous situation; and doubtless action will soon be taken; but it is a matter for congratulation that the President has left Cuba free to treat in the matter. Perhaps a greater number of people would be happier if the "volante" island (for it is shaped like one of their primitive "volantes") were hitched to our enterprise, but I am not so sure that the "Piñeros" would like the speed. They are a polite people, however, and would probably make no protest. But whatever their political status is to be I hope the island's æsthetic and romantic values are not to be destroyed with the exploitation of its material resources. Here is an ideal home for a philosopher and artist. With its marble, and its sea and mountain, it might be what Chios or Paros or Ceos was to Greece, or give environment to another Stevenson.

SONG FOR MUSIC

By John Ellerton Lodge

WEEP, and the air is thick with cloud,
Smile, that the sun may shine.
Speak, and the voice of thy words is sweet.
Call to me, beckon me up to thy feet,
In this young hour of thine.

Help me to taste the fruit of life,
Love me that I may know;
For we are born to a world of hate,
Where men shall come by the dawn's bright gate,
And pass with the sunset's glow.

SCRAPPER HALPIN

By Marcus Kavanagh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENMAN FINK

I

MR. JOHN HALPIN

WHEN Mr. John Halpin began selling papers three years ago, at the southwest corner of Clark and Randolph Streets, in the city of Chicago, he was seven years old. According to his own words, he was "the greenest in the bunch." This last statement was always made in confidence, and he generally waited for expressions of extreme surprise—even protestations—from his hearers; the fact of that past innocence was to him a matter of honest wonder.

Now he smokes cigarettes as he can get them, and when excited, swears with brilliancy and appropriateness, and does not disdain a fight when the occasion demands it.

Such occasions are as plentiful as blackberries in a wayside thicket; but inasmuch as Mr. Halpin has never seen a wayside thicket, as plenty as blackberries on South Water Street will be a more appropriate figure. From this fighting propensity the name of "Scrapper Halpin" has been earned.

A certain gentleman who beats his wife has declared that he has been driven to it, and that the event is consummated with such a solemn sense of duty that, were his motives correctly exhibited, the proceedings would be regarded as partaking of the nature of a religious ceremony.

In swift argument of such effect Mr. John Halpin excels, and has most occasion for. Not that he is married or even contemplates matrimony; on the contrary, he has often expressed his doubts as to the wisdom of that holy institution.

"De wimmin is terrible bosses," he cries excitedly; "look at poor Casey, de janitor! Mrs. Casey fights de booze whenever she wants ter, but if poor hard-workin' Casey dares—jus dares, to come home drunk, wunst, only wunst, what does she do? Why she licks de stuffin' outen him!"

It is only fair to warn young women generally that this oft-cited instance of Mrs. Casey has done much to prejudice the young gentlemen of the street against them.

That Mr. Halpin is a class of bad boy even his warmest admirers admit; among whom, strange to say, are two crossing policemen. He himself cheerfully acknowledges it, as one would admit a certain pride of personality. When chided, as he often is by Matt Reilly the crossing policeman, he vehemently assures Mr. Reilly that during youthful days he ascetically abstained, and that these habits have been acquired only during mature years. Then he points out the policeman's well-known failings, and with excited gesture rides the officer down, and gallops over him.

During the past year he has been "fired," as he expresses it, from every newsboys' home in Chicago. The rules in these institutions were broken mostly because they *were* rules, not that he particularly yearned to do the things forbidden. At present he claims for himself simply that he is "square"; that he has never stolen anything, or cheated anyone, and that he will not lie, unless under such provocation that anyone in the same case might easily seek such a refuge. These claims are offered with other important modifications and exceptions. The fruit-venders, for instance, are alien enemies, whose property may rightfully be sampled at the moment; or, clearly speaking, he considers a fruit-stand in much the same light that the ordinary City Alderman regards a City Treasury—one may help one's self and one's friends from it, decently and in order; but to take openly or

to get caught is common larceny and disgraceful.

Through some peradventure, however, there has begun to be mixed with his blood a certain groping reverence for honor, and such stunted and badly watered veneration for manliness that Matt Reilly has often declared that with a house to shelter the boy, careful hands to wash and soap him, and a loving mother's ear to hear his prayers at night, that much good would blossom, most of the bad in him being the grime that the streets have rubbed into him. And Matt Reilly understands !

Scrapper Halpin, in return, expresses high esteem for Mr. Reilly. "He's a good slob—for a copper," the boy declares.

Probably Scrapper Halpin is no stranger to the Chicago reader. All who ride on the North Side cable-cars must frequently have seen him, as his dress and figure are rather striking, and his manner neither timid nor retiring.

If you remember having noticed a newsboy about ten years old, of a set, though active, figure, with a freckled face, and a white fuzzy head—like a dandelion gone to seed—standing at the Sherman House corner, you have seen Scrapper Halpin. Probably you heard him first. Not a bad-looking boy, mind you. He carries as honest a pair of big gray eyes as ever looked from a boy's face. A passing artist would look twice at that shapely chin and mouth.

The sleeves of his jacket are far too long—for that reason he keeps them turned up at the wrists ; the legs of his trousers are too short, and have a distressing tendency to defy his frayed suspenders and sag down whenever his hand leaves them. This habit on the part of his trousers is believed to be an empty threat, and gives Scrapper little concern, although it has often caused sudden and grave alarm to lady-customers. Elderly maidens have heard his shrill voice, and looked at his cloudy face, through which the freckles shine like winter stars, and have passed on shuddering.

A story has often been told on the corner that has travelled even to the Harrison Street police-station, how a fleshy lady from the country, and of singularly courageous mould, while fishing in her reticule for two pennies with which to pay for a *Tribune*, asked the boy a dozen questions about himself, which he—chafing and fretting—answered ; how she gently stroked his tumbled hair, and, with the mother-light shining through her spectacles, murmured : "Poor friendless little fellow. God help you, you poor homeless baby !" and other phrases of like meaning. The Scrapper bore these strokings, it is said, after the manner of a nervous horse being curried, and as she went away, threw toward her that softened, eager look that a stray dog throws you when you drop him an unexpected bone.

How he learned to read, Heaven alone knows, but the sporting page of the *Tribune* occupies him frequently. Other papers report police news or accounts of disasters correctly enough, but are not so reliable in the respect of sporting information ; and Scrapper Halpin wants the best.

The greater part of his education has been furnished from the front seats of the theatre gallery. His favorite play-house is Hopkins's, although he has a great weakness for the Academy in Halsted Street. "A Life For a Life," "Under the Gaslight," and "The Two Orphans" are his favorite plays, although a good vaudeville sketch with buck-and-wing dancing gives more lasting satisfaction. A villain should be absolutely thorough in his villany, he thinks, and a hero be handy with his gun.

It is surprising what one may pick up in the front row of a gallery. Should anyone tell Mr. Halpin that ladies of good social position ever appeared at home or on the street in other than *décolleté* gowns with long trains, he would laugh him to scorn. When they go abroad to rescue their children, or, if unmarried, to warn their lovers, he knows they add a black lace shawl wrapped about their heads.

This costume not being much seen upon State Street, Mr. Halpin shares the opinion held by distinguished visitors—that Chicago has no good society.

He admits that when he first began going to the theatres he was dreadfully ignorant of the real characters of stage people. In imagination he followed them to their homes, and kept them invested with the traits they wore in the glare of the footlights. No young lady who frequents matinées ever found more comfort before disillusion than he in that theory.

When the "Northern Lights" was given at the Academy, he never dreamed but that the young gentleman who took the part of *Swift Wing* was a full-blooded Sioux Indian, although the programme said that the actor's name was Robert Broderick. This piece so worked upon Scrapper's nerves that he was forced to see it five nights out of the six of its run, and whenever *Swift Wing* struggled with death and fell off his horse, a freckled-faced, fuzzy-haired small boy hung over the rail limp with emotion.

His religious experiences have not been numerous nor particularly happy. He vaguely remembers that years before, with a hand clasped in his mother's, and with hair newly combed, and eyes stinging with soap-suds, he was sometimes led into a great room filled with people where mists of incense arose, and he beheld, as if behind a veil, waving lights and flowers, and had been frightened by the swell of choral music. The recollection is dim now, but he knows the place to have been a church, and it all happened before his poor mother and father were—well—sent away.

So far as memory *distinctly* serves, his pious experiences have been confined to one visit to The Mission Sunday-school, one week before its annual picnic. This brings us to the occasion upon which he was hoodooed.

That visit is now steeped in regret, not unmixed with bitterness, because, during that time he was offered humiliation and indignity by the scholars, and insults from a young woman who wore spectacles—all within five minutes after entering the room—also, in some unknown way, he was hoodooed.

For this calamity he had to thank his friends, many of whom were in the boot-blacking and news business. The most persistent was the negro boy Kinky Jackson, who had urged him for several weeks to attend the Sunday-school, and so make himself eligible for the picnic. Partly through forgetfulness, but mostly through carelessness, he let each Sunday slip by until the last was upon him. Still, he was advised to make the venture, although Lame Johnson strongly recommended him not to take the chance, for fear of trouble, as it took three Sundays, under the rules, to entitle one to a bid to the picnic.

We have all experienced some premonition in the shadow of approaching danger; something like that came to Scrapper, and warned him not to go into this strange camp, or peril would be his. Better judgment was conquered by more zealous friends whose interests lay in having the rules tested, so that they might govern themselves next year accordingly.

The day came. He entered the church, alert, wary, uncomfortable, and defiant.

Five minutes later he found himself on the sidewalk, exposed, humiliated, angry, and more defiant. A young woman with a flushed face stood in the doorway. Through her spectacles she gave him glare for glare.

That night the now-famous prize-fight between Scrapper Halpin and Kinky Jackson occurred. Lame Johnson was the referee, and the affair was fought through to the end of eleven rounds in the court behind the Board of Trade Building. There were over a hundred spectators. Lame Johnson had been heard to boast that he had started more fights and fought less himself than any other boy in the street. He declared this the gamest, genteelest, and most elevating thing of the kind he had ever brought off. Honor crowning honor, the twelfth round was stopped by the police.

This fight was only one of a series occasioned by the picnic; natural-born quarrels were so numerous that within a month Mr. Halpin couldn't borrow a paper or a penny from Michigan Avenue to the river. Then came a regular long-drawn-out series of misfortunes. Trouble tumbled over trouble to get a chance at him; the days and the weeks were filled with calamity.

By a singular coincidence, Kinky Jackson arrived at the same exiled destination; the route was different, but one not necessary for the narrator to traverse.

Both boys claimed that the bad luck had started from the quarrel in the church.

"That Sunday-school hoodooed me," the Scrapper often declared, with averted eyes, and downturned, outstretched palms. "It hoodooed me, an' dat's all der is about it! I looked fer it from de first," he exclaimed. "I expected it all de time;



The affair was fought through to the end of eleven rounds.—Page 184.

from de minute dat young woman set her lamps on me, I knew she meant trouble! An' trouble," he added, gloomily, "sure enough it is!"

II

HOW HE WAS HUNGRY

LAME JOHNSON had an easy poetical way about him, and often declared that trouble was like a boil. "It gathers an' hurts an' hurts, an' gathers until it breaks an' goes away," he exclaimed, "leaving a scar more or less deep, and the scar stays!" Lame Johnson ought to have known, because he was fourteen years old and had saved up sixty dollars, both of which things —the age and the treasure—necessitate wisdom.

It was a dreary October night when Scrapper's trouble broke. He sat on the east steps of the County Building, in the shelter of the great stone columns, without a friend in the wide gloomy city, and without a penny in his pocket. He was at furious odds with the whole world. A chill wind came out of the lake. Clark Street was full of people hurrying from the cares of the day, so it was the best hour to sell papers; yet he never looked up. Bending forward with both hands gripped about his jaw, and the freckles standing out aggressively on his pale face, he sat. Not a newspaper lay by his side. Even the blacking-box was gone.

I had hoped to skim through this narrative without mentioning a certain vice, but it must out with the others. The Scrapper gambled. No alley from Polk Street to the river was sacred to his crap-shooting. The black crisis came one night. He went broke! He had had harder luck than any other boy in town; he just knew that.

Occasionally, he raised his eyes, and saw, not twenty feet away, the person who had started the hoodoo, and who was, without intending it, the origin of all his ill-luck. Crowded against the lower pillar was the disconsolate figure of Kinky Jackson, not a word coming from his mouth.

Then from Washington Street came the voice of Kinky's old rival, Reddy Hogan.

"Here's yer poipe, a *Joynal*, a *News*, an' a *Pos*', 'n '*Numerican!*" Over and over the call sounded, but Mr. Jackson sent back no answering slogan; like Scrapper, he had no wares to offer. The enmities of the street are short-lived; and of a truth misery loves company. Each boy wished the other would speak first; each proudly refused to make the advance.

Express wagons, trucks, and horse-cars surged through the street; here and there a hansom or private carriage struggled madly among them. Drivers pelted and cursed their poor beasts, and passengers in the carriages looked anxiously upon the tangled mass.

By and by Scrapper slipped down a step or two toward the pavement. Mr. Jackson moved a step or two higher. After that they waited, without another move, without a word. The lights flared within the large sign at the Grand Opera House opposite; the saloon windows were ablaze before either boy spoke.



The Greek fruit-seller watched them with a hawk's eye.—Page 187.

Then Kinky, without turning his head, addressed the other. "Hello!" he said, in an astonished voice. "Hain't it time you 'uns was gwine home to youah family?" The remark was not intended as a jest; it was a sort of galloping scout to find out whether friend or enemy was to be met with.

"Well," returned the white boy, with a futile attempt at mirth, "me doctor makes me come out dis time ev'ry evenin' to get an appertite fer me dinner."

The ice was broken. The negro arose carefully, dusted his ragged trousers, and planted himself beside the late enemy.

For an appreciable time they sat with brows knitted, each searching his brain to find some funny thought or at least a pleasant one to turn into a garment for the late unfriendliness. It was long in coming, and bore marks of labor. Mr. Jackson fashioned it, with a rich Southern accent, into which was mixed the twang of the street.

"To tell de trute," he began, confidently, "dey's a young lady I've been waiting for. Her father owns the Van Buren Street tunnel. I 'spects you 'uns must a skeered her off."

"De wimmen's a good deal of trouble to a man, specially if he's handsome," replied the Scrapper, ignoring the reflection. "Dere's t'ree or four allers runnin' after me, sendin' me t'ings. Dere poppers is mostly bankers, but I'm leery of 'em." He said this with a sage wag of the head. But there was a querulous twinge to his voice; the mirth in it was dead. Having spoken, they fell into a friendly but moody silence; it lasted until broken by the black boy.

"W'at's wrong?" asked Kinky, suddenly.

Like a stone flung into a shallow pool, it started all the black and ugly things of the past few weeks to the surface.

"Everything's wrong," replied Scrapper, hotly. "De whole world's wrong; dat's w'ats! When a feller's in de 'orspital an' sick, an' can't eat nothink, dey brings him jellies an' cakes an' chicking; when he's out of de 'orspital an' could eat a live baby if they'd only let him, w'y he can't get anything at all. Dat's w'at's wrong!"

"Den yer broke?"

"Flat, flat," and Mr. Halpin spread out a small dirty hand; "flat as dat!"

"So am I," said Mr. Jackson, sympathetically. "When did ye eat?"

"Last night."

"Phew!" the black boy whistled. "I had breakfus dis mawnin'. It wasn't much—only a banana I swiped from a dago an' a bun Lame Johnson give me;

but Lordy, it was breakfus ! " He paused, as if struck with an important idea.

For a time he reflected deeply. At last, with something like a sigh, he ran his hand down into the innermost depths of a jacket pocket, and fished from it a battered cigarette and some matches. These had been hoarded for some time --that was evident ; he eyed them tenderly as he handed them to his companion.

" Dis'll help some," was all he said.

The other lighted the cigarette, drew a deep breath of it into his lungs, and carefully blew the smoke in Kinky's direction. Then he leaned back against the steps.

Soon the furrows smoothed themselves a little on the gamin's forehead ; the hard lines about the lips relaxed, an expression akin to comfort stole over the worried face. With eyes half-closed he watched the white vapor wander into Mr. Jackson's knotty hair and shining features. When the cigarette was half-consumed, Scrapper handed the remaining portion to his friend, and waited until it dwindled.

" Well," said he, looking at the last of the yellow fragment in Kinky's hand, " dere's no more money fer us here today. Suppose we hike it ? "

" I'm wid ye ! " and Mr. Jackson stood up.

The crowd on the sidewalk thinned out to an occasional pedestrian. The two reached the pavement.

" How do you feel ? " asked Mr. Jackson.

" Feel ! " said Scrapper, earnestly. " I feel as if dere was a wolf inside o' me tearin' at me ribs ! "

" An' I got his mothah an' his lil' sistah an' th' rest of th' family," responded the other fervently.

They stood an instant, searching the street.

The noise of traffic was hushed. It was the hour when the day was fleeing before the conquering darkness ; that last lingering touch fell upon the clouds in the western sky. The night came on in triumph ; the sad-faced city rose with waving lights and greeted the victor. The tall buildings folded themselves in sable cloaks that spread out into the deserted highways at their feet, and the fitful pulse of the weary town throbbed faintly a moment ; then all was still.

The boys saw the torches blazing in front of the fruit-stand on the corner of Washington Street, and turned in that direction.

It was not the first time they had been hungry. From some corner succor had always blown toward them, and that strengthening hope that Heaven gives so bountifully to children, to cripples, and to the unwise, floated near them now. As for to-morrow, through all their remembrance they never doubted it. It was a powerful friend, and they asked of it any wish ; it *promised* fulfilment, at least.

" Cab, gentlemen ? " called out a facetious driver as they passed the line of vehicles along the curb.

" Less noise, me man ; less noise, me man," warned Scrapper, loftily, " or we'll quit ridin' wid ye ! "

The Greek fruit-seller watched them with a hawk's eye until they turned up Washington Street and were lost to sight.

The angry clang of a patrol-wagon—dashing up to where the murky yellow glare of State Street cut through the gloom —decided their direction. They ran after it, calling to each other in excited surmises. At any hour one can count on some kind of excitement on the corner of State and Madison Streets.

It was, after all, only a man hurt by a cable-car at that place.



"Scrapper Halpin"

Because of the evenness of the buildings and of the high electric lights, the sky here seems at night to rest upon the tops of the houses. State Street appears like a huge tunnel with black streams flowing along its sides. Like strange, timid monsters, with great, staring eyes, cable-cars follow one another continuously down its centre, uttering hoarse cries.

Other streets at evening go off in quiet slumbers, but State Street—never ! The surging,

rumbling thunder that beats against its gray walls at noon sinks into hoarse complainings through the struggling darkness.

After midnight the street becomes more terribly fascinating than any other in the world. Then the burglar slinks back from his quarry; the priest hurries to a death-bed, the last *viaticum* hidden reverently in his hands; the worker plods on with a glad thought of sheltered children warming his heart; the preying female outcast; the seeker after pleasure; the intended suicide, creeping back to his bare room, poison in his pocket; the hunted thief; the officer who drives him; aye, even the murderer who sees freshly the set jaws and staring eyes of his victim; all jostle one another under the sickly lights. Their feet beat time upon the breast of the great highway until it throbs and moans helplessly. It never knows rest.

Mr. Halpin and Mr. Jackson strayed along in the glare of the streets, pausing now and then to gaze at the resplendent mirrors, gaudy with shows of millinery; looking with longing eyes at piles of confections; lingering near lunch-room doors, and parting from them with regret; wandering as idly as leaves blown by a vagrant autumn wind. Throbbing along a sombre accompaniment to every word, to every sound and every thought, however, was the hunger. A dozen times, at least, they begged of passers-by, but to no purpose.

At last they stood before the café of the Auditorium; the brilliantly lighted room, with its elegantly dressed customers, attracted them.

"Come and take dinner wid me," entreated Mr. Halpin.

"Well, I reely ain't hongry," said Mr. Jackson.

They sauntered over to an open window and stood beside it, fascinated by the scene within. Servants were carrying about trays loaded with every food and delicacy. The fragrance of coffee and spices floated toward them. There were fowls browned and still smoking, cuts of roast beef, stacks of flaky bread with yellow butter beside them, potatoes with amber gravy in bowls, and, Great Scotland! slice after slice of watermelon! The whole scene moved in the glamour of fruits and flowers and shining silver; it was like a fairy story.

It seemed strange to the boys that no one was in a hurry to eat. People talked to one another, looked about them, read the newspapers, and did everything in so leisurely a way that it was maddening.

One middle-aged, beetle-browed gentleman in evening dress was particularly irritating. He sat so near the window that the boys could hear his conversation with the waiter. The man dawdled over his dinner in a resentful way; nothing seemed to please him. Suddenly he saw the begrimed, wistful faces at the window, watching every morsel that passed his lips. He grew annoyed at the comments made upon his dinner, but did not complain to the waiter.

"What'll ye take first?" asked Scrapper.

"Gimme some chicking."

"Naw, take soup. It's imperlite to eat anythink but soup at de breakaway."

"All right," responded the negro boy, smacking his lips and pretending to eat. "De soup was good, but de chicking is better."

"What'll yer take next?"

"More chicking."

"Why don't yer take some roas' duck wid unyuns an' stuffin' an' brown gravy, or some scorned beef an' cabbage?"

"Ah-h-h, I didn't know you had it. Den yo' may bring me a little of de duck."

The jest grew upon the boys until it was no longer jest. With increasing earnestness their eyes and hearts followed the courses carried before them.

The man at the table heard all the comments; and some faint suggestions of the truth dawned upon him. Still, not all the truth. At his elbow the servant stood, dignified, wrathful, and glancing helplessly about for assistance. The words of the two Arabs were so penetrating that soon twenty people were looking toward the window. Its two occupants couldn't tell which they most enjoyed, the general interest they had aroused, or the helpless wrath of the waiter. The diner next to them, turned again and noticed closer. There was such a suggestion in the ragged turned-up sleeve upon the sill, in the frayed and soiled neckband of Mr. Halpin's colorless shirt, that a recollection swiftly came to him. A few notes of a buried song, the perfume of trodden grass,

the odor of a flower, an old familiar word or two, even commoner things have at times enough magic in them to uncover forgotten faces, disclose distant lands or vanished scenes, although, in one's memory, the mould has covered them for years.

There was a certain yellow and gray web in Mr. Halpin's coat that made it the image of one this man had worn one night thirty years before. The buttons were missing, too, at the top, and stains were frequent down its front. The devil-may-care yet eager expression in the face of the street Arab prompted his memory strongly.

He closed his eyes a moment as from a lightning flash; yet he saw in its glare a barefoot, wild-hearted boy steal from a farm-house through the pasture-gate out into the lonely night-covered road. He thought of it all now; not slowly, but with a rush of feeling; the white mist crept up out of the marsh to sit upon the shining hills; the dew sparkled and shivered upon the star-lit plains; the thick corn shook its golden tassels and rustled its silken leaves; and the cattle lying by the roadside raised their patient eyes to him in reproach as he went. The road climbed a little hill and then plunged into a wood. At the hill-top he saw the boy stand and gaze at the little white house down in the valley. Then his eyes grew dim, and the blackness of the forest enfolded him.



Lingering near lunch-room doors —Page 188.

The years were long in passing, then, but now they leaped over one another as he looked backward—years that had beaten him with whips.

The old house at the bottom of the hill is empty of human habitation to-night. Its blackened and fallen rafters shelter the owl and the prowling fox. And where the orchard was, in a little place he had walled up a few years before, is a row of graves close to one another. He has gained all that his first ambition had wished for, yet he has nothing. Ah, God! If he could only go back to that old house this quiet night and find them all again, just as he saw them last! Oh, oh, oh!

"I say, me fine feller," a shrill voice said from the window. Scrapper was leaning on the sill and addressing the banqueter. "I say, me fine feller, I'd like to trade ye me appertite fer yer supper!"

The revery broke into fragments. The man's glance met this time the big gray eyes at the window, and their appearance brought him half-way to his feet. The rings under the eyes, their feverish gleam, the pallid cheeks, named it famine.

The waiter was already at the door, but the black boy had disappeared. These two, the white boy and the man who dined, stared, fascinated at each other; then the boy slipped to the pavement, while the man hastened after the waiter. All unmindful of the place and forgetful

of others, the man called hoarsely to the servant, "Stop him! For God's sake, stop him!"

Like young antelopes the boys started to the south along Michigan Avenue, the negro boy in the lead.

"Stop thief!" called someone on the sidewalk. A cabman thrust his whip between the black boy's legs as he ran. The child stumbled and fell heavily, his face upon the stone sidewalk.

The Scrapper looked back in his flight, and saw a man in evening dress raise Kinky, who hung limp in his arms, and then the crowd hid them. He turned west on Harrison Street, his mind in a haze of sudden fear, and ran until he darted into the alley, where he climbed through an open window into a coal-shed, and leaned panting against the wall. There he waited, his heart beating furiously, hunger for the time forgotten, every sense strained for the noise of pursuit.

Five anxious minutes passed: there was only the far-off rumble of carriages. He crept furtively out of the coal-shed and stole wearily down to the avenue again. There was no crowd about the Auditorium, and the stream of passage flowed on with untroubled current. The boy turned south, walking leisurely, trying to collect his thoughts. But where was Kinky?

III

HOW HE WAS TEMPTED

PEOPLE were coming down to the theatres. Miles upon miles to the south stretched the sentinel lamps. Out from between leaped teams of spirited horses, their dark swaying freight behind. Scrapper caught fleeting glimpses of snowy gowns and happy faces, and he wondered whether those within the carriages could be hungry.

Out on the lake the darkness fell; back and forth it swayed like a curtain. Red lamps upon the masts of boats bobbed up and down, showing at times a glimpse of folded sails that beckoned like spectres.

Where should he go? What could he do? His brain was racked for an answer; his head ached. The cruel hunger came back, and pinched him with sharp, burning gripes. Then the full tide of desolation also came, sweeping like an angry ocean wave. His soul surrendered to its misery.

"Wot have I ever done agin anybody?" he sobbed aloud. "W'y is everyone jumpin' on a poor little boy like me, kin yer tell? Say, ain't I been square? I wish, oh, I wish someone would give me a lift, wunst, jus' dis wunst!"

But there was no one near who could help. In fact, there was no one in sight except a bare-legged, bare-headed boy, who trotted just ahead, carefully holding in front a handleless tin can.

An idea struck Scrapper. The boy had come out of one of the charitable dispensaries. That can held something for the family supper—nice warm milk, perhaps—and there was no one in sight. The boy, too, was such a little boy—almost a baby. To rob him would be like robbing a baby, anyway that one figured. The stranger turned up Eldridge Court, and the newsboy, after hesitating a moment, followed him. The street was deserted, and the glimmer of the gas-lamps but emphasized its loneliness. The alley bisecting that court was a capital place for a footpad, and Scrapper remembered it well.

Scrapper struggled hard to keep from thinking of that can, yet he could not help following it, and the thought that it might turn into any of the houses, and be lost there, made his heart sink. Why should consideration be shown to this boy, he reasoned; no one had ever any mercy on *him*. Still, if he deprived the boy of his possession, he would never again be able to say that he was square. Why not? Who would ever know? The boy, besides, was such a weak little fellow, but Scrapper was starving. Was it his fault that he was starving? One had to look out for one's self in this world. It wasn't his fault that the boy was little and weak. Scrapper preferred to see the boy larger and stronger; then there would be a fair fight. Well, but there was God! He knew about the matter all the time. Why didn't He do something? It was a hard thing, and no one could deny it, to leave a little boy like him at the devil's mercy!

Thus the newsboy's mind ran on. What right had this other boy to go home to a

warm comfortable supper, while Scrapper wandered about the streets, homeless and starving. There was nothing square about it!

A hard look came over Scrapper's face, and he quickened his pace; his feet fell soft as snow-flakes.

The stranger trotted along unconscious of the threatening shadow behind. Scrapper's fists were clinched, his teeth set, his breath came hard and fast. The moral struggle was over; it was now simply a case of the hawk and the dove. The only question remaining was one of security, and the dark alley gloomed just ahead.

The pursuer crept up so close that he could hear the labored breath of his victim, and noticed how weakly the poor little shoulders curved beneath. But there was no pity, no compunction; only a savage determination to possess himself of the booty.



The child stumbled and fell heavily.—Page 190.

But Providence ordained that Mr. Halpin was not to be a highwayman—at least not just then. When they were within five feet of the alley a huge figure moved slowly out of the shadow of some trees. Scrapper fell back with a frightened gasp, and Big Pete, the policeman, walked past leisurely, swinging his club and whistling a mournful air.

The officer did not notice the frightened figure below him; nevertheless, Mr. Halpin's heart stood still in awful expectancy. "Gee," he muttered, "dat was a close call!"

He lingered near the alley till the officer was out of hearing. But the prey had escaped him.

The little boy had climbed the front steps of an old frame building a few doors farther on, and had laid his burden down. Then he pulled violently at the white bell-knob and waited. There was no answer. To the watcher in the alley a vague hope came that made his heart beat faster. The boy jerked the bell again, with both hands, but again there was no response. Scrapper crouched lower in the shadow. A dim light gleamed in the basement, but the rest of the house was in darkness.

After ringing again and receiving no answer, the little boy ran impatiently down the steps, leaving the can behind, on the door-sill, and disappearing within a door leading to the basement.

Scrapper looked up and down the street. Not a soul was in sight. The policeman had turned the corner. From Wabash Avenue came the clang, clang of the passing cable-cars; but no other sound was heard. It was now or never!

Scrapper crept stealthily to the front of the house and darted up the steps. An instant after he was sitting on the curb-stone, the can resting upon the gutter at his feet and covered by his hat. At the same instant the little boy returned. A rich, meaty odor came up from the can. It certainly did not contain milk, but some kind of soup; the fragrance was intoxicating.

The owner of the can soon missed it from the porch, and began, in a frightened way, to look for it. High and low he searched about the porch and steps.

Scrapper watched every move, hoping for a peaceable possession, determined, however, to retain his booty at any hazard.

The search broadened. The little bare white legs of the owner crossed the grass-plot, trotted out into the street, disappeared into the alley, and then came back to the steps. Then he cast one despairing look around and sat down. Mr. Halpin knew the crisis had arrived. Whether it would call for armed might or simple diplomacy he did not know; he hoped fervently for the latter.

The little boy was silent for a moment; then a dismal howl broke the stillness, succeeded by another and another, each exceeding its predecessor in vigor, until at last the noise settled down to a steady downpour of wailing. Scrapper had never heard anything in the mourning line to equal it.



"We got money enough fur a breakfus."—Page 194.

"Well, I'm blest!" he muttered, in a kind of dismay, "if *you* don't break de record!"

The noise made him exceedingly uncomfortable. Indeed, he had been rather uncomfortable since he had taken possession of the can. Now that it was safe, the act seemed a little meaner than before, and the more he thought of it, the worse it all appeared.

An impulse came over him to give up the can, but a breath from its contents made that impossible. The noise showed no sign of abatement, and, according to all indications, it would continue till morning. Besides being annoying to a sensitive ear, it was a serious menace to Mr. Halpin's safety—it might bring aid and fresh explorations. Scrapper determined to use his powers of persuasion.

"I say," at last he blurted out desperately, "w'y don't yer stop dat noise? Don't yer know dere's a man sick in Hyde Park?"

"Oh, oh, oh! I lost my father's supper! I lost my father's supper! Oh, oh, oh!"

"Well, don't ye see w'at a mistake yer makin'," expostulated Mr. Halpin. "W'y don't yer go in an' take yer lickin', an' den come out an' cry. Now yer goin' ter cry after de lickin'; yer crying twist fer de same t'ing, see!"

His air of superior virtue and authoritative wisdom caused the little boy to look up appealingly. Scrapper grew more uncomfortable.

"It ain't the fear of a whipping makes me cry," the victim sobbed, "I only wish my father could whip me; but he's too — too — sick to whip anybody. Oh, oh!"

"Stop dat durn noise," said Scrapper, now red in the face. "Don't set there bawlin' like a dago girl, but go an' get some more!" He said this savagely.

"I can't—can't—help it! There *ain't* any more, and there ain't any five cents to get more if there was;" and the boy rocked back and forth upon the steps, his body convulsed with sobs, his face saturated with tears, looking very little, very helpless, and miserable.

"You didn't—see a tin can with some —some beef-tea in it—did—did—you?"

Now did any boy ever have such luck as Scrapper Halpin? Everyone was against him, trying to make him feel bad, and doing the most unobliging and perverse things. What right had this boy to be little and weak? What right had

his father to be sick, anyway ? Durn the luck !—just like that man to go and die if he didn't get that beef-tea. If he thought it would make Scrapper more uncomfortable, he certainly would die.

Scrapper felt that if he could only get away from the odor of that can, he believed he could give it up ; he made an effort to rise. But when his hat was lifted a little off the can, the perfumes from Araby the blest were not as subtle as those that now floated up to him. He sat down again and fought with the hunger. Every time that good impulse seized him the wolf stuck its claws deeper into his heart. He called up every good and decent thing in his poor miserable little life to help him wrestle with the assailant, but the infernal can overpowered them. The other lad was now sobbing hysterically. Every sigh went through Scrapper like a knife ; a great lump came into his throat ; he felt that he must surely break down and cry if the struggle lasted much longer.

"Don't holler any more, little feller," he said weakly, "an' I'll find it fer yer." He waited a moment, bracing his soul.

The little fellow jumped to his feet.

Mr. Halpin slowly but firmly grasped his nostrils with his left hand, and closed them against the deadly incense. With his right he placed the ragged hat upon his head, then stood up. "Dere's yer can," he said to the little boy, "I was only jokin' yer. Take it ! "

The fight was over ; he had conquered. But his body felt weak and sick from the effort ; his mind whirled. There was a feeble trial to grasp the situation, but a spasm of agony smothered his reason. For an instant he thought that this was death coming on, and he grew horribly afraid. The world seemed to have slipped from under his feet ; the black universe closed in to crush him.

Just then, the moon, which had been sulking for a time behind the clouds, came out again. With sudden splendor it blazoned the cross upon the top of St. Mary's Church at the corner, and flung a mighty shadow athwart the street. A part of the dim figure covered the boy like a canopy. It was the image of the cross upon St. Mary's that fell in silence around him.

When the door closed upon the little boy, Scrapper turned wearily away. His last hope was gone. The spasm of physical weakness abated somewhat. Then youth and strong red blood dashed to his rescue. He walked across the street and sat for a time upon the steps of the church ; he was very tired, as well as very hungry. "Anyway, I *was* square, I was square," he kept saying to himself, grasping for comfort. After awhile, the pain growing less, he arose, went out into the street, and struggled up the steps of a northbound car. No one seeing him, he rode all the way down-town.

Fronting on Dearborn Street and running back to within twenty-five feet of the alley, is a bakery. The alley forms a little court. The front doors of the bakery close at eight o'clock in the evening, but in the basement ten or fifteen men struggle with great masses of dough : kneading, rolling, and pounding it until morning. They sing and pound, and chatter in German with one another until sunrise ; then the canvas-covered wagons begin to arrive, and they climb up in their white caps and aprons, bare-armed and laughing, and pile their fragrant loads into the waiting carts.

During the day, flour-barrels are rolled down a cellar-door—in the rear of the building—never used at night. Next to it is an iron grating through which ascends all night long the odor of new-baked bread and the heat from the ovens.

This court was Scrapper's hotel. A dozen such hotels were in nightly use between the river and Van Buren Street ; some of them crowded with occupants.

It was ten o'clock when Mr. Halpin came slouching into the alley. He went to a barrel and emptied it of some straw and boards, and drew forth two ragged blankets. One he spread upon the cellar-door, and fell, rather than lay, upon it ; he covered himself with the other.

The hunger did not hurt so much now, but he was weak and feverish. If he could only go to sleep, all would be well in the morning. But the clouds floating above the court took on such queer shapes that he could not close his eyes. Beasts, men, houses, birds of the most uncouth shapes hung over him. All at once he found

himself in a row-boat in the middle of Lake Michigan ; it was broad daylight, and he was alone and without oars or sail, the boat floating and rocking, the cool green waves all about it.

All this was strange enough ; but more marvellous were the things that swarmed about him. A shining table, furnished exactly like one of those at the Auditorium, was dancing and cavorting round his boat, not twenty feet away. Try as he would, he couldn't reach it ; whenever the boat leaned toward it, the table floated farther away. Suddenly it began moving toward him. Nearer and nearer it came. Without motion he waited till it got within arm's reach. Even then he waited till it was absolutely safe against the side of the boat, when he made a sudden dive and caught it in both hands ; and though it struggled with him, he felt that he was slowly but surely getting it into the boat. Then a hand upon his shoulder shook him roughly. "Wake up, wake up !" said someone.

"Wait a minute, jes' wait a minute !" begged Scrapper, struggling with the table.

"Hyar, git up an' lissen to me ! See what I've got," said the voice, and the shaking still continued.

Mr. Halpin slowly opened his eyes, then closed them for a moment ; the boat and the table had vanished.

Looking up, he saw that he was on the cellar-door and that Kinky was sitting beside him. "Fur de Lord's sake," he complained, "w'y didn't yer wait a minute, jes' a minute ?"

For answer, Mr. Jackson merely held out a large white disk out of which red juice was bursting.

In an instant Scrapper sat up to grasp it with both hands. Was this a dream, too ? Would Kinky, the hotel, and the pie fade away like the vision on the lake ? At any rate, he'd waste no time, and he'd eat as much as possible before he awoke.

No dream-pie ever melted so exquisitely upon one's lips, nor left so delicious a taste in one's mouth. Scrapper's face had moved half-way through, and his cheeks and neck were purple with the juice, before he spoke. Then his utterance was very indistinct :

"How did yer make de raise ?"

It was very simple. And Mr. Jackson told in detail how the gentleman had taken him to a restaurant. "An' de best of it is," said Mr. Jackson, in conclusion, "we got money enough fur a breakfus an' a stake fur business in de mawnin'."

Scrapper lay down again and covered his face with the blanket. Against all the troubles of the day he had borne without shedding a single tear, but this sudden rush of good-fortune was too much for him ; the unmistakable sound of weeping came from beneath the blanket. Scrapper had always maintained that it was a weak, shameful thing for a boy to cry.

"Don't lay it up ag'in me, Kinky," he sobbed, "I ain't meself to-night. I'm playing de dago, an' I'm ashamed of it as you are. Don't tell Lame Johnson or de gang I cried," he pleaded, "fur I can't help it."

The black boy turned down the blanket, crept in beside him, and comforted him with a lie : "It *was* a bad day, Scrapper. A little while ago I bellered like a gal meself. But de trouble is broke." He put his arm round the white boy, and they both lay that way till they fell asleep.

The moon changed to silver, and rode out into the deepest sky ; it flooded with a gray glory the dingy court. The Germans sang and pounded and chattered in the cellar. From the lake, fainting and afar, came the song of the hungry waters ; the city moaned and tossed in uneasy slumber. But only peaceful and happy thoughts came to the two on the cellar-door ; locked in each other's arms, they lay there until the morning sun chased the shadows from the court.

ENGLISH COURT AND SOCIETY 1883–1900

LETTERS OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADRESS

By Mary King Waddington

SECOND PAPER

To H. L. K.

LONDON, July 12. 1888.

LAST night I had a novel and most amusing experience. I went with Count and Countess Florian (they are always ready to do anything I want) to dine at the Mansion House. W. could not go. As soon as we arrived they roared out my name, or rather my official title—"Her Excellency the French Ambassadress," and I walked alone (the Florians a little behind) up the great hall lined with people to where the Lord Mayor was standing, with his robes, chains, etc., a mace-bearer on one side, and a sort of trumpeter on the other. He stood quite still until I got close to him, then shook hands and asked my permission to remove his robes (ermine). We then went in to dinner. The Lord Mayor and his wife sat side by side, and I was on his right. The dinner was fairly good (a regular banquet, 70 or 80 people) with music and speeches. I rather liked the ceremony of the "loving cup." The cup was a handsome heavy gold tankard, with handles and a cover, and was brought first to the Lord Mayor. He rose—I did the same, and he asked me to take off the cover, which I did, and held it while he drank. Then he wiped the edge with his napkin, and passed it to me. The man next to me got up and held the cover while I drank. (The cup is very heavy and I had to take it with both hands.) The same ceremony was repeated all around the enormous table, and it was a pretty and curious sight to see a couple always standing—the women in full dress and jewels standing out well between the black coats of the men. It seems it is a very old custom, a remnant of rough feudal times, when the man drinking was obliged to have a friend standing next to him, to ward off a possible blow, his hands being occupied. I don't know what we drank —I should think a sort of hot spiced wine. Of course one just touches the edge of the cup. A wonderful man, in old-fashioned garb and a stentorian voice, stood always behind the Lord Mayor's chair, and called out all the names, toasts, etc. We went in afterward to Mrs. O., who had a musical party—all the pretty women and Mme. Nordica singing beautifully, with the orchestra of the Opera.

To G. K. S.

Tuesday, May 28, 1889.

We had our first encounter with Boulanger this morning. W.* and I were walking our horses down the Row when we met three gentlemen cantering toward us. As they passed we heard they were speaking French, but didn't pay any particular attention. I merely said, "I wonder who those men are," one so rarely hears French spoken in the Row. A few minutes later we met Lord Charles Beresford, who took a little turn with us, and said to W., "the other distinguished Frenchman is also in the Row," then we divined. A few moments afterward (the Row is so small one crosses people all the time) we met them again, Boulanger in the middle riding his famous black horse—a man on each side riding good horses, chestnuts. They all wore top hats, which no Englishmen do now in the morning. The men all wear low hats, the women also, and covert coats, the girls cotton blouses; not at all the correct style we used to admire as children in *Punch* when those beautiful women of Leech's riding in the Park filled our childish hearts with envy. I was

* W. here and throughout these letters refers to Mme. Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.

rather curious as to what would happen, as W. knows Boulanger slightly, and went to him when he was Minister of War about something concerning the military attaché; however, there was no difficulty as Boulanger was apparently too engrossed in conversation with his companions to notice anyone. I wonder if we shall meet him anywhere? They tell us that some of the society people mean to invite him, but I suppose they will scarcely ask us together.

To G. K. S.

Thursday, March 12, 1891.

Yesterday we were at Windsor to dine and sleep. The party was small—Staal, the Russian Ambassador, Lord Hartington, Sir Frederick Leighton, Lord and Lady Curzon, Ctesse. Perponcher and Cte. Seckendorff in attendance on the Empress Frederick, and of course the regular members of the Queen's Household. Lady Antrim was in waiting. We assembled as usual in the long corridor close to the door by which the Royal Party entered. We were all in black as the Empress was there. The Queen and the Empress came in together. The Queen shook hands with me and the two Ambassadors—the Empress with me only, bowing to the others. She is still in deep mourning—her dress black (woollen stuff of some kind) covered with crêpe, and a crêpe veil arranged in a point, or sort of Mary Stuart cap, on the top of her head, and falling behind to the edge of her skirt. The corsage was a little open, and she had a splendid necklace of pearls, also a miniature of the Emperor Frederick set in diamonds fastened on the front of her bodice. The dress was very becoming—she looked very stately and graceful as she walked through the corridor. She gave her arm to the Queen, and they walked in first to the dining-room, the Empress sitting next to the Queen on her right. W. followed with Princess Beatrice, sitting on the Queen's left. Staal with Princess Margaretta, and sat on the right of the Empress. Lord Hartington took me. The Queen talked a great deal to W.—the Empress joined in occasionally. They were both much interested in the Protestants in France, and wanted to know if the feeling was as strong as in the old days of Huguenots and Catholics. I think there is a very strong feeling, and it is rare when a French Protestant marries a Catholic—rarer still when they become Catholics.

The dinner is always quickly served, and the conversation nil. Nobody talks except those who are next the Princesses. The Cercle was, as usual, in the corridor between the two doors. The Queen stood a little but not all the time. She spoke to me about Johannes Wolff—admired his playing so much. The Empress talked a long time to W., and spoke immediately about her visit to Paris and Versailles, which was rather awkward for him, as he regretted very much that she had gone. All the first part of her stay went so well. She told him she had had nothing but respect, and even sympathy wherever she had been, and that she was much astonished and distressed when she saw the papers and found what a storm was raging in the Press. The Queen said a few words to me about the visit, and seemed to think it was a radical demonstration against the Government. I answered vaguely that all radicals made mischief—it wasn't a very easy subject to discuss. The Cercle was not very long—about three-quarters of an hour—and then the Court retired, the two Sovereigns going out as they came in, together. We finished the evening in the drawing-room, but broke up early. W. went off to smoke, and I had a nice hour in the beautiful little yellow salon. I had a splendid fire, quantities of candles (always my mania—I hate lamps, particularly in these days of petroleum), and was quite happy. Adelaide was very eloquent over the style of the housekeeper's room, and was funny over Charles, our French footman, and his indignation at being excluded from the society of the valets and ladies' maids. W.'s man was ill, so he took the French footman who has often done his service. That gentleman being in livery was considered one of the lower servants (sat some way below the salt) and when the swells (Adelaide, of course, included) retired to the housekeeper's room for dessert and coffee he remained with the under servants. All these domestic arrangements are quite unheard of

in France—any distinctions of that kind would set the whole establishment in a storm.

It was a cold night, snow lying thick on the ground, clouds dark and low, and the great towers looked grim and formidable. W. came in about 12—said the talk in the fumoir was pleasant. He likes Count Seckendorff very much, finds him intelligent and moderate and sensible in his opinions—like all men who have knocked about a great deal and who know, not only other countries but the *people* of the country. After all churches, and palaces, and picture galleries have a certain "ressemblance," but people are different, and sometimes very interesting. We came away this morning at 10.30. I did not see anyone except Lady Antrim, as I never go to the dining-room for breakfast. I was ready a little before the time, and wandered about the corridor a little, looking at all the pictures. I met Staal doing the same thing. There is so much to see.

It is a beautiful bright day, and Hyde Park looked very animated as we drove through. Everyone was waiting to see the Queen pass. She arrived about an hour after us, as there is a Drawing-Room to-morrow. We had some music this afternoon—2 pianos, 8 hands—and we played rather well a splendid symphony of Brahm's—not at all easy. We dined with Mr. Henry Petre, one of the most soigné dinners in London. It is always pleasant at his house—they say it is because he is a bachelor, which is not very flattering to *us*, but I think it is true, I don't know why. As we were out we *went on*, as they say here, to Lady Aberdeen, who had a small dance, but did not stay very long, as it was rather a young company. People always say there is nothing going on in London before the Season, but we dine out every night and often have (I at least) something in the afternoon—a tea, or music. I don't believe anybody ever dines at home in London. The theatres are always crowded, quite as much as in Paris. Hilda and I went the other night with Count Seckendorff to see "Charlie's Aunt," a ridiculous farce which is having a great success. He protested at first at our choice—would have preferred something more classic, but he was perfectly amused (though protesting all the time). The piece is absolutely stupid, but so well played that the house was in roars of laughter, and that is always infectious. The man who played the part of the maiden aunt was extraordinarily well got up. His black silk dress and mittens were lovely—he looked really a prim old spinster and managed his skirts so well.

Saturday, April 4, 1891.

We lunched to-day with Ferdinand Rothschild to meet the Empress Frederick. We were a small party, principally Diplomatists. The Deyms, Hatzfeldt, Soveral, Harry Whites, etc. The Empress came (punctually) with Ctesse. Perponcher and Seckendorff. The lunch was very handsome, quickly served and very animated, everybody talked. I had Hatzfeldt on the other side (I sat between him and Rothschild) so I was quite happy—there is nobody I like so much to talk to. He is very clever, very entrain, speaks French beautifully and talks about anything—just enough "moqueur" to keep one's wits sharpened. We had a discussion as to what was the origin of "Mrs. Grundy." None of us knew. I must ask Jusserand, who will I am sure be able to tell us.

We were all dressed in black velvet, one would have thought it was a "mot d'ordre." The Empress is very easy and likes to talk. She asked me if I knew Deroulède, said she heard some of his poetry was charming. I told her the "Chants du Soldat" were delightful, but *I* couldn't send them to her (they are all about the French-German War). One of the ladies, Mrs. White I think, said she would.

Tuesday, April 19, 1891.

We had a most interesting day at Hatfield, and evidently we were right in going. We went down by a special, W. in deep mourning, I in my black crépon, my big pearls in my ears and around my neck, a little crêpe bonnet (with a soupçon of jet) and an ordinary dotted tulle veil. All our colleagues were most empressés and nice—said it had been so strange not to see either of us at any of the fêtes. There were as usual a certain number of young men, sons of the house, secretaries, etc., at the station at Hatfield; plenty of car-

riages, and in a few minutes we were at the house. We passed straight through the rooms to the terrace, where a very smart company was assembled. Some of the young women in white satin and lace, high bodices of course, all very much dressed, and all with necklaces and jewels on their corsages. No one in particular received us. Lady Salisbury was driving with the Empress, Lord Salisbury talking with the Prince of Wales, and the Emperor riding. (The Salisburys had an enormous house party, all arrived the night before for dinner—the Emperor and Empress with their suite, also the Prince and Princess and theirs). I was strolling about the terrace with Countess Deym when we came suddenly upon the Princess of Wales, walking about with her "Kodak" and looking about 25 in her simple gray foulard and big black hat. As we went up to speak to her, she made us a sign to stop, saying "I want you in my picture." We talked to her a little while and then she said she must go and make herself "smart" for the lunch-party. There was still some time before there was any sign of Princes—or lunch. Mr. Barrington asked us to stand near the perron, as he had charge of the placing of the people. The Emperor and Empress appeared first, and immediately made a sort of cercle. Lady Salisbury presented me at once to the Empress, and she was most amiable, regretted not having seen me at the Reception at Buckingham Palace, adding, "J'ai vu toutes vos jeunes femmes plus jolies les unes que les autres." The Emperor too was easy and pleasant, but so many people were brought up to him all the time that he couldn't talk much. It was interesting to watch him. He was of course *the* central figure, and there is always a certain curiosity as to what he will do. He holds himself very straight, has a stern face and rather a stiff manner, not particularly gracious, speaks English of course perfectly well (in fact looks like an Englishman particularly in ordinary dress—of course the uniform changes him a little). I think he knew about everybody who was presented to him; soldiers, statesmen, artists, and seemed to be interested in the very short talks he had with each one. He and W. had quite a talk, and he again expressed his regret at not having seen him before, and also for the cause which had kept him away. The Prince and Princess stood about on the terrace while all the presentations were going on, talking to their friends. After about half an hour there was a move to the great dining-hall. I think there were about 150 guests. The Royalties and swells lunched in the great hall at small tables of ten, and the others in the ordinary dining-room. I was at Lord Salisbury's table, who took in the Empress; the Prince took me; Hatzfeldt (German Ambassador) Mdme. de Staal; Rustem (Turkish Ambassador) Princess Maude; Soveral (Portuguese Minister) Countess Spencer. At Lady Salisbury's table were the Emperor, Princess, Staal, W., etc. The talk was fairly easy at our table—Hatzfeldt said to me rather pointedly, "Je suis très heureux de vous voir ici aujourd'hui, Madame Waddington." The Prince also said we were quite right to come. I said I thought my plain black dress was rather out of place at such a brilliant entertainment, but he assured me it was quite correct. About half way through luncheon came the pearl necklace incident (which you saw in the papers). I suddenly felt that my necklace was unclasped. It was sewed on the corsage in front as the pearls are large and heavy, and I am always afraid of breaking the string. I asked Soveral, who was next to me, if he couldn't clasp it for me. He tried, but was nervous or awkward; at any rate couldn't manage it, and we were both getting red and flustered when suddenly we heard the Emperor from his table calling W.'s attention to the fact that "le Portugal était en train d'étrangler la France"; also Staal, saying that his "Collegue de France se livrait à une gymnastique étrange." They all made various jokes at my expense, and the Prince said "Let me do it," but he couldn't either, and again we heard the Emperor remarking "maintenant c'est plus sérieux l'Angleterre s'en mêle." W., who had his back to me and who couldn't see what was going on, was decidedly mystified, and wondered what on earth I was doing to attract so much attention, in fact was rather annoyed. When we got up from table the Prince and I retreated to a corner of the terrace, and he cut the stitches that held the

necklace in front with his knife (which again looked funny to the people assembled on the terrace). He advised me to put the pearls, *not* in my pocket, but in a safe place, as they were very handsome, so I put them *inside* my dress. Of course everybody asked me what had happened, and what the Emperor was saying to me from the other table. I asked the Empress if she was never afraid of losing her pearls, but she said all her jewels were most carefully sewn on and strung on a very thick string or sort of silk cord.

Very soon after lunch the Emperor and Empress left, as they were starting in the evening for Germany, and had to go to Windsor to take leave of the Queen. The Prince and Princess followed quickly, and then of course all of us. W. had again a talk with the Emperor, and all his colleagues told him he was quite right to come. Any little incident between France and Germany always assumes gigantic proportions, and the papers, both French and German, would have been full of the *marked* absence of the French Ambassador from all the fêtes for the Emperor; his mourning a pretext, etc. It was a beautiful entertainment—bright, perfect summer day, quantities of pretty women beautifully dressed (a great many in white) and representative people of all kinds. The general impression was that the Emperor was not a lady's man—he evidently preferred talking to army and political men. My talk with him was so perfectly banal that I can scarcely have an opinion, but I should think one might talk to him easily. His face is certainly stern, and the manner very cold, but his smile, like the Queen's, lights up and softens the face. I said to one of the pretty young women who had made a luncheon-party for him, that I had heard that it was beautifully done, and that he was much pleased. She said she hoped he was, that as far as she personally was concerned he hadn't the slightest idea whether she was 25 or 50.

French Embassy, February 13, 1893.

I went this afternoon to the House of Commons to hear Mr. Gladstone make his great Irish speech. I had an excellent place in the front row of the ladies' gallery, and heard and saw everything. The House was packed, chairs all along the gangway—the Prince, Dukes of York and Teck in their places, quantities of peers and some diplomats—no Ambassadors, which surprised me. I know that W. always prefers reading a speech the next day, but I thought some of the others would be there. Mr. Gladstone was much cheered by both sides when he came in (a tribute to his age and intelligence rather than to his politics). He rose to speak at a quarter to 4, finishing at 5 minutes past six (two hours and 20 minutes). He was much quieter and less passionate than I had expected. There was no vehement appeal for the wrongs of Ireland. It was more an "exposé de motifs" than a real speech, but it was an extraordinary effort for a man of his age (83). His voice was so clear and strong, never faltering: a little weaker and lower perhaps toward the end. I suppose it is the last great political speech he will ever make.

French Embassy, March 3, 1893.

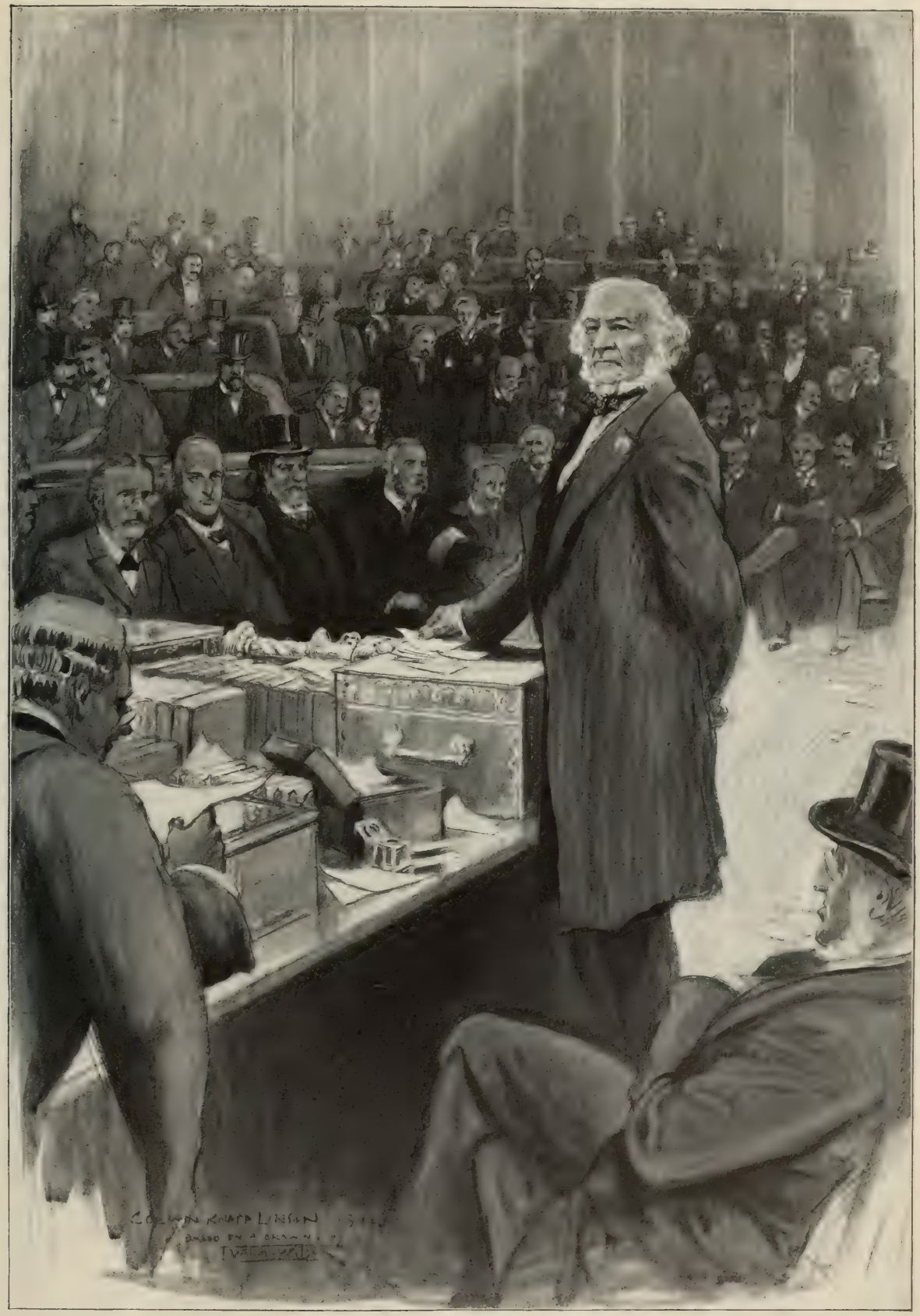
We are beginning our tournée of farewell visits, and to-day we have been to take leave of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. I had not seen the Princess since Prince Eddie's death. I wore blue velvet and my Jubilee medal. We were received at the door by all the household—Probyn, Lord Suffield, Stanley Clark, Lady Suffield, and Miss Knollys. Prince George was in the first drawing-room. The Prince and Princess with two daughters in the big long room. I can't say I found the Princess changed or grown older. She looked sad, but it was the same slight, youthful figure. She was still in deep plain black (woollen stuff) with no ornaments. She was charming, with the sweet, simple manner she always has. Tears came into her eyes when she said she hadn't seen me for so long on account of her mourning. I asked her about her first grandchild—Princess Louise Fife's little girl. She said she was a dear little thing, talked a great deal, trotted about everywhere, and called her "Granny." W. and the Prince talked together, but we didn't stay very long. I didn't say a word to the Princess about Prince Eddy (they told me not to) only just as we were going. I said I hoped the end of the

year would bring her happiness and blessing. She squeezed my hand, but her lips quivered and she couldn't speak. She has been unfailing to us always and said we should certainly meet again, and that I must always let her know when I came to England. I begin to realize now that we are going with all these leave-takings. After all we have been here 10 years, and that is a good piece out of one's life.

To H. L. K.

ALBERT GATE, March 5, 1893.

I wish you had been here yesterday to see the farewell dinner for W. at the Mansion House. It was a great tribute to a departing Ambassador—all the distinguished men in England assembled to say good-by. The Lady Mayoress had asked me to dine with her and bring any one I wanted, so I took Hilda and Mdme. de la Villestreux. Hilda and I started together a little before 7. As we drew near the Mansion House there was quite a crowd; quantities of policemen, and empty carriages driving away. We went in by the same entrance as the men, and then turned off sharp to the right and were conducted to the drawing-room of the Lady Mayoress. I wore black moire with a great band of orange velvet on the corsage, and all the jewels I possessed—tiara, pearls, and diamond necklace and diamond stars and ornaments fastened on the front of the dress, as I knew we were to sit in the gallery after dinner to hear the speeches. We found Mdme. de la Villestreux already there—there were 16 women. The Lady Mayoress presented them all to me. They were all ex-Lady Mayoresses—"ladies who had passed the chair," which it seems is the technical term. She also gave me a splendid bouquet tied with a tricolor ribbon. The dinner was very good, the traditional London public dinner menu—turtle soup, salmon, etc. There was very handsome silver on the table: great massive bowls and flagons and beautiful flowers—very quickly served, and really very pleasant. After the first five minutes every one talked. Some of the women were handsome, all well dressed and with quantities of diamonds. Just as we were finishing a servant came to summon us to the gallery. The loving cup was going round and the speeches were to begin. The Lady Mayoress led the way to the gallery in the great banqueting hall directly opposite the table d'honneur. It was a striking sight, particularly that table where was the Lord Mayor in his robes, and all the diplomatists with stars and broad ribbons. There was a blaze of light and at first I couldn't recognize anyone (we were very high), then I saw W. standing, drinking out of the loving cup, with the Lord Mayor on one side and Rustem on the other, and gradually I made out a good many people. There were two long tables besides the table d'honneur, and they told me about 300 guests. All the representative men and intelligence of England assembled to say God-speed to the departing Ambassador. The Speaker and Lord Herschel (Presidents of the two Houses) were both there, and men of every possible coterie from Lord Lorne to James Knowles of the "19th Century." As soon as the regular toasts had been drunk there was a pause and then came the toast of the evening with "bumpers," "The French Ambassador." There were roars of applause when W. got on his legs, and I must confess to a decided choke in my throat. W. spoke (in English, which they had asked him to do) very simply and very well, going back to his early days. When he said that he had done his best always to keep up good and friendly relations with England, and that he had had much sympathy from all sides, he was much cheered; but much more when he said that perhaps what had given him more friends in England than any of his public acts as a statesman was the fact that he had rowed in the University eight at Cambridge. Then there were roars of applause, and he heard quite distinctly the people below saying—"he is quite right, we always remember it." He was quite ému when he came to the end; his voice taking that grave tone I like so much when he said "good-by." One heard every word. He was much cheered when he finished. The Lady Mayoress came and shook hands with me and asked me if I wasn't proud of my husband. Some of the speeches were charming—the Speaker's particularly; Lord Lorne also made a very pretty little speech, and



Drawn by C. K. Linson.

Mr. Gladstone bringing forward the Irish Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons, February, 1893.

(Based on a drawing by Walter Wilson published by *The Illustrated London News*, February 18, 1893, by permission of the publishers.)

Rustem (Turk) who answered the toast for the "Corps Diplomatique" made a very good speech. I can't remember all the names and all the speeches, but it was a most brilliant assembly, and as Cte. Deym said to me, a wonderful tribute to W. As soon as the speeches were over we all went down to the great hall where I had a perfect defile of compliments and regrets, Lord Lorne again repeating his words "that W.'s departure was a national calamity." All had something friendly to say—the two Law Lords, Judge Bowen and Sir Francis Jeune most sympathetic. S. too told me I should be much pleased—he had never seen such a demonstration in England for a foreigner. Of course some of the young men came in to the Embassy to talk the dinner over, and gave their impressions. They were all much pleased. W. certainly was, and said he felt quite "ému" when he saw all the faces turned to him and knew that every word he said would tell—also he knew quite well that his reference to the boat-race would appeal much more to the *general* public than any expressions of good feeling toward England. He hasn't always had an easy time with his English name and his English education. Of course it has been very useful to him here, as he has been thrown with all sorts of people, and could understand the English point of view, but in France they were always afraid he was too English. I think when he has gone they will realize at home what good work he has done here *because* he understands them.



Comtesse de Florian.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

French Embassy, London,
March 8, 1893.

W. and I went together to the Mansion House, Tuesday, to pay a farewell visit to the Lady Mayoress, who was receiving formally with music, tea, and quantities of people. The Lord Mayor appeared too when he heard we were there, and was quite pleased when W. said how gratified and touched he had been by the banquet and the universal expression of regret at his departure. The Lord Mayor said to him, "You can't find any warmer friends, Ambassador, in France than those you are leaving here, but I quite understand that a man can't live long out of his own country." We had just time to get back to the Embassy, dress, and start for Windsor, where we dined: our last stay in the yellow rooms. The dinner was almost entirely Royal—The Empress Frederick, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Duchess of Connaught, del Mazo, the Spanish Ambassador, I the only other lady. The Cercle was not long—I thought the Queen looked tired. She sat down at once; said she wouldn't say good-by as she hoped to see me once more at Buckingham Palace. She said at her age she rather dreaded saying good-by, also seeing new faces, and she was very sorry we were going. "Who comes to replace you?" I said I thought nothing was yet decided. I talked some time to the other Princesses after the Queen had congédied me. The Empress was as usual charming, and said, "I am afraid we sha'n't meet again often, Mdme. Wad-



Hatfield House. Residence of Lord Salisbury.

Drawn from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company.

dington, you won't cross to Berlin, and I can't go again to Paris, but that isn't my fault. I think we shall have to meet in Italy, where I first had the pleasure of seeing you." The end of the evening we spent as usual in the drawing-room with the "household." I had quite a talk with Prince Henry,* who is very good-looking and attractive. We left the drawing-room about eleven—W. going as usual to smoke, and I to my rooms. I sat some time in front of the fire in the beautiful little yellow drawing-room wondering if I ever should see it again, and going back to our first Windsor visit when all was so new and strange to me. I wonder where we shall be this time next year, and if we shall settle down easily to our quiet life in France. W. came in rather late from the smoking-room: he said all the men were so nice to him, and seemed really sorry he was going; also were very anxious to know if he wasn't sorry himself.

This morning (Wednesday) it was beautiful. I breakfasted as usual in my rooms and sat some time in the deep window recess watching all the people coming and going. There is always so much life about Windsor when the Queen is there. About 10 Colonel Byng came to take us to the Chapel to see the sarcophagus of Prince Eddie,* which is enormous and has rather too much color — almost gaudy. I went with Hilda the other day to Gilbert's studio to see the monument he is making, and which I liked. It is very elaborate and complicated, but the sleeping figure good: so reposeful and young; the long straight limbs. One quite realized a young life cut short. Gilbert is clever and interesting, and begged us to criticise freely.

We got home about 12 and I took a short turn in the Park before breakfast, which was full as usual when the Queen passes. She came this afternoon for two Drawing-Rooms. I shall do my last tomorrow—I sha'n't go to the second.

French Embassy, March 10, 1893.

I am doing all my last things. I went to the Drawing-Room yesterday (our last).

* Prince Henry of Battenburg—husband of Princess Beatrice.

* Duke of Clarence, eldest son of Prince and Princess of Wales, died of typhoid fever, at Sandringham in January, 1892.



Lord Salisbury.

From a photograph by Lambert Weston & Son, Dover.

Countess Spencer presented the ladies, and looked very stately and handsome in black, with splendid jewels. The Queen didn't stay very long, but looked less tired I thought than the other night at Windsor. I said good-by to a great many people whom I sha'n't see again. At this season plenty of people are still in the country, and only come up for a day or two for Drawing-Rooms, theatres, etc. Teesdale and I had quite an affectionate parting. For so long now we have made our entrée together into the Throne Room: he holding my hand and both of us making a deep bow and courtesy at the door, that we have become quite like puppets.

This afternoon I have had my farewell audience from the Queen at Buckingham Palace at 4 o'clock. I wore as usual the blue velvet, which will walk about alone soon, as it has done all the ceremonies lately; my pearls, and a crême velvet bonnet with light blue feathers. I went in the ordinary open carriage (not gala). The gala carriage with the powdered wigs, big footmen, canes, etc., went out yesterday for the last time to the Drawing-Room. I had some difficulty in getting into the court-yard, which was filled with carriages, luggage-vans, soldiers, etc., as the Queen was leaving this afternoon for Windsor. I was sent from one entrance to another, in spite of the tricolor cockade, and finally drew up at a side-door (where a shabby little victoria was standing). A man in ordinary black livery appeared, and after a short parley (in which I intervened myself, saying that I was the French



Lady Salisbury.

Ambassadress and had an audience with the Queen) he showed me into a room on the ground floor. I waited about 15 minutes (it was 5 minutes to 4 when I arrived) and then Lady Southampton, Lady in Waiting, appeared, with many apologies for being late—she didn't think I would come so soon (and I was a little afraid of being late they kept me so long in the court-yard). We went upstairs to a small drawing-room looking out on the court-yard, and in about 10 minutes the same servant in black appeared, saying, "The Queen is ready to receive the French Ambassadress." Lady Southampton said she couldn't come as the Queen wished to see me alone, so I followed the servant down a long corridor—he stopped at a door, knocked, a voice said "come in," and I found myself in the Royal Presence. It was a small, ordinary room, rather like a sort of waiting-room, no traces of habitation, nothing pretty nor interesting. The Queen was standing, very simply dressed in black (her travelling dress she said, she was starting at once for Windsor) before a writing-table which was in the middle of the room, covered with books and papers. She was most kind, made me sit down on the sofa next to her, and said she was afraid she had kept me waiting, but that she had been kept by a visit from Mr. Gladstone—she then paused a moment, so I made a perfectly banal remark, "what a wonderful man, such an extraordinary intelligence," to which she replied, "He is very deaf." She expressed great regret

at our departure, and hoped we were sorry to leave England and all our friends, but after all Paris was not very far off, and she hoped she should see me again. She was sure M. Waddington would find plenty to do when he got back—would he continue his literary work? I said he would certainly have plenty to do as he was Senator and Membre de l'Institut, but that we should both miss the Embassy life and the varied interests it brought. She repeated she hoped to see me again, so I asked if ever I came back to England might I write to one of her ladies, and ask if I could be received. "Pray do, and I shall not say good-by, but au revoir." We talked about 15 minutes about all sorts of things — some of our colleagues — our successor, etc. She asked again who was coming to London, and said, "My last two Ambassadors to France were ex-Viceroys." It seemed to me that she said it on purpose, and that she wanted France to send one of her best men to St. James's. I repeated the remark to my husband, and the chancellerie. It is quite true. The present British Ambassador, Lord Dufferin, is certainly the first diplomatist they have. He has had every distinguished post England can offer—Ambassador to St. Petersburg and Rome, Governor of Canada, and Viceroy of India, and has played a great part. His predecessor, Lord Lytton, was also Viceroy of India, and very distinguished, though in a different way from Lord Dufferin. I rather fancy that Montebello would be an acceptable appointment. He knows English well, has English relations, and I should think would like the post, but I have really no idea. Some of the papers say that Ribot wants the place, but I think he prefers home politics and would not care to leave France; however I could not tell the Queen anything definite. She kissed me at parting, and gave me her photograph, signed, in a handsome silver frame—then half turned her back, moving to a door on the other side of the room, so that I could get out easily and not altogether à reculons, which would have been awkward to open the door. I tucked my parcel under my arm, opened the door myself (a thing I don't often do in these days, except my bed-room door) and found myself again in the long corridor. My audience was over, and I daresay I shall never see the Queen again. She was unfailing to us both from the first moment, always welcomed us with the same smile, was always inclined to talk about anything and to understand and smooth over any little difficulty or misunderstanding. I think she is a wonderful woman and a wonderful Queen. In her long life she must have had many difficult questions and responsibilities, and certainly England has not suffered under her rule. I met Lady S. in the corridor, who came downstairs with me, and said she was quite sure the Queen meant it when she said she would like to see me again, that she *never* said anything she didn't mean.



Empress Frederick, wearing the Order of the Black Eagle.

The last portrait of the Empress by the artist Angeli.

I found Hilda and one or two friends when I got home who told me that the English ladies, headed by Ladies Salisbury and Spencer, representing the two parties, Conservative and Liberal, were going to give me a souvenir (in memory of my ten years in London), a jewel of some kind. I was rather pleased. The last days of adieux are rather melancholy. I shall be glad when they are over. I



Entrance to the Club and Gardens, Cowes, Isle of Wight.
From a photograph by Broderick.

forgot to say that Wednesday I had a message about 3 o'clock from the Princess Beatrice, saying she and Prince Henry of Battenberg would come about 5 and ask me for a cup of tea. The notice was so short that I hadn't time to ask anyone except Hilda, who happened in, and some of the secretaries. They came alone and were most friendly—said they had not given me any more time on purpose, as they didn't want a party, but merely to see us. They were as easy and pleasant as possible, she talking much more than she ever does in the grand monde. I told her I hoped she would let me know if ever she came to Paris. She said, "Oh, yes—and we will do a lively play together."

French Embassy, April 12, 1893.

My last letter from Albert Gate, Dear. Yesterday all our small things, silver, house linen, etc., departed. The packing seemed well done. We put everything that was to go in the ball-room (little Dresden figures, glasses, silver ornaments) nothing packed, all spread out on tables. A man came and made an inventory, packs everything in a great van that comes to the door and arrives at our door in the Rue Dumont d'Urville, where equally everything is taken out and unpacked. He says nothing will be broken. It is certainly a very easy way of moving, and I shall be anxious to see how they arrive. The Florians had their furniture taken over like that, and I think one table was a little *démantibulée*. We leave to-morrow; we being Henriette and I. W. stays some little time still. I take over all the French servants, both coachmen, and my victoria and horses, as I must settle myself for the Spring in the Paris house. W. sends over one of the secretaries, M. Lecomte, with us, and the Colleagues are all coming to the station to say good-by. The rooms look melancholy to-night, so many things gone; piano of course and all books and small tables, screens, etc.—all the *gros mobilier* belongs to the Embassy. We sat some time talking, just we three: W., Henrietta, and I, after

dinner. W. has just been named one of the *Directeurs du Canal de Suez*. I think he will find plenty of occupation when he gets back.

PARIS, 31, RUE DUMONT L'URVILLE,
April 16, 1893.

Here I am, Dear, back in my little salon, writing at my table in the corner by the window, and rather distracted by the quantities of carriages passing. There is so much more movement in the street than when we left ten years ago, and I have got accustomed to such a quiet bedroom and salon. All our living rooms (except the dining-room) at Albert Gate gave on the Park, so we never heard the rattle and noise of carriages over pavements, and as no cabs nor camions are allowed in the Park the passing never disturbed us. We came over very comfortably on Thursday. All our colleagues were at the station to see us off, and I think they are sorry to say good-by. We found our voiture-salon filled with flowers. Sir George Arthur and S. came over with us. It was very cold and very rough. All the men disappeared at once, but Henrietta and I remained on deck and were quite happy, well wrapped up with rugs, and tarpaulins stretched in front of us to keep out the wet. Lecomte had arranged our lunch in the private room of the buffet at Calais (where W. and I always breakfasted when we came over) and it was comfortable to see a bright fire. I am ashamed to say that the ladies of the party eat a very good breakfast. The men looked rather white, and certainly were not good "*fourchettes*" at that meal. At Dover we had found Lord William Seymour in uniform, with his aide-de-camp, wife and daughter waiting for us. He took me on the boat, and to the cabin, where there were more flowers, and stayed to the last moment, giving the captain all manner of instructions for my comfort, and particularly to see that my cabin was warm, with plenty of rugs, etc. I never went near it. I think Adelaide and Bonny had a very comfortable time there. Francis met us at the Gare du Nord, much pleased to have us back. We went to Henrietta's to dine. I was glad to come home directly after dinner and go to bed. Well, Dear, there is one chapter of my life closed—I wonder what the future reserves for us. I shall be uncomfortable for a few days until my van arrives. It left the same day we did, and the man said it would take a week to bring the things over, but I shall not expect them for ten days. I found quantities of cards and notes here, and Louise and Henrietta of course will give me dinner or anything else I want until I can get quite settled. Hubert only got over today. The sea was so rough he wouldn't cross on Thursday; he waited a day at Folkestone, and another at Boulogne, to rest the horses who had been knocked about. W. writes that the Embassy seems absolutely empty. Still he dines out every night (at the club when he hasn't an invitation) and will come over as soon as he can. The house looks so small after the big rooms at Albert Gate, and the stable and little cour minute. It sounded so familiar to hear the carriage coming in under the voute, and also the street cries. I dare say in a few days I shall take up my ordinary Paris life, and London will seem a dream—like Moscow.

To H. L. K

EAST PAVILION, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT,
Monday, August 13, 1900.

Well, Dear, I am just back from Osborne. I have the salon to myself, Bessie and Borghese are out, and I will write you all about my audience while it is fresh in my memory, but I must begin at the beginning and tell you about the Royal visit to the "Nahma" which went off very well. A little before twelve Mr. W., Mrs. G.'s brother, came for us and we went off at once to the yacht. The Royal party arrived very punctually, Prince and Princess, Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria, and various gentlemen. They were all delighted with the yacht, particularly the Duke of York, who saw everything. He called an officer of the "Osborne" to see some arrangement of signals which it seems is wonderful, and said they had nothing so perfect in the Royal Yacht. Mrs. G. did the honors very well and simply, receiving the Princes at the gang-way with her son and daughter on each side of her, a pretty, graceful figure in her plain, black dress. I re-



Group at Hatfield House during the visit of the Shah of Persia, July 8, 1889.

The following are among those in the picture: Prince of Wales; Lord Salisbury; Shah of Persia; Princess of Wales; Rustem, Turkish Ambassador; Hatzfeldt, German Ambassador; Lord Halsbury, the Lord Chancellor; M. de Staal, Russian Ambassador; Duc d'Aumale; Countess of Cadogan; M. Waddington, French Ambassador; Madame Waddington; Countess of Galloway; Duchess of Devonshire.

From a photograph by Russell & Sons, London.

mained on board to lunch after the Princes departed, and they sent me ashore at 2.30 as I had just time to dress and go to Osborne.

I started again a little before 4, wearing my black taffetas trimmed with lace and a tulle bonnet and white aigrette (quite costume de ville—I could not go to the Queen in a serge skirt and big hat). I took Joseph with me in plain black livery. We arrived quite in time as there was no delay at the ferry this time, and the large gates were open, the man making a sign to us to drive in. There were two or three policemen standing near the gate and in the park. The park is pretty —not very large but beautifully green, and as we got near the house, quantities of flowers—a mass of color. The house is not handsome—rather imposing, a large gray stone house with two wings, and flower-beds close up to the windows. Three or four footmen in plain black livery were waiting in the hall, and they took me at once up-stairs to the ladies' drawing-room—a nice room at the side of the house not looking out to sea. The Duchess of Roxborough was waiting for me, and we talked about fifteen minutes. Then came a Highland servant saying, "Her Majesty was ready to receive *Lady* Waddington." The Duchess and I went downstairs, walked through various galleries, and stopped at a door where there was no servant. The Duchess knocked, the Queen's voice said, "come in," and I

found myself in a beautiful large salon, all the windows opening on the sea. The Queen, dressed as usual in black, was seated in the middle of the room facing the door. I had barely time to make one courtesy—she put out her hand and made me sit down next to her. She spoke to me at first in French (just as she always did when I was at the Embassy—to mark I suppose that I was the French Ambassadress) "Je suis très heureuse de vous revoir—I think we can speak English—how much has happened since we met;" and then we talked about all sorts of things. I thought she looked extremely well—of course I couldn't tell if her sight was gone, as she knew I was coming and I sat close to her. Her eyes were blue and clear, and her memory and conversation quite the same. She thanked me for my letter; said the Duke of Edinburgh's death was a great blow to her. It was so sudden, she had not thought him ill. She had lost three children all very dear to her, and it was hard at her age to see her children go before her. She spoke at once (so moderately) of the caricatures and various little incidents that had occurred in France. I said I was very glad to have an opportunity of telling her that everybody in France (except for a few hot-headed radicals and anti-English) was most indignant at such gratuitous insults not only to the Queen but to a woman. She said she quite understood that—that wherever she had been in France everybody had done what they could to make her stay happy and comfortable; that she never could forget it, and hoped the French nation felt that—also that she would never dream of holding the country responsible for the radical press, but "my children and my people feel it very deeply." We talked about the King of Italy's murder (she was much pleased with the expression in one of the Italian papers "e morto in piedi") and she expressed great sympathy for Queen Margherita—"She is fond of Italy and is always thinking and planning what she could do for the people." We also talked about the Shah and the *attentat* in Paris. I said that left me rather indifferent, but she answered instantly, "You are quite wrong—it is the principle, not the person that is attacked in those cases." I then remarked that it was a great pity, I thought, that one of those gentlemen (anarchists, not sovereigns) shouldn't be lynched; that I believed the one thing they were afraid of was the justice of the people. She said, "that is not a very Christian sentiment"; but I don't think she altogether disagreed with me. She asked me about Francis—was he working for diplomacy; and then I don't know exactly how we began talking about mixed marriages. She said she didn't think religion ought to be an invincible obstacle. I said I thought with her, but that French Protestants were very strict. I told her it had been said that my husband, who was certainly a very large-minded man in most things, was really narrow about Catholics. She said with such a charming smile, "Oh, I can't think M. Waddington was ever narrow about anything, I always thought him one of the most large-minded, just men I ever knew." I must say I was pleased, and W. always felt that for some reason or another he was sympathetic to her. We talked a little about the Empress Frederick; she said the last news was better, but she evidently didn't want to pursue the subject. We talked on some little time, and when she finally dismissed me, she said, "I hope you will come back to England, and whenever you do I shall be very glad to see you." She shook hands—I backed myself to the door, opened it, and there found the Highland servant who took me back to the drawing-room where the Duchess of Roxborough was waiting. She suggested that we should go for a turn in the garden, and when she went to get her hat I looked about the room which is quite plainly furnished—a grand piano, comfortable furniture, not pretty, and no particular style.

We walked about the gardens a little which are pretty, such quantities of flowers, and had tea under the trees. Two of the ladies came out—Mrs. Grant and Miss Harbord. They were very anxious to know if I found the Queen changed after seven years, but I really can't say I did. My impression is that they find her older. They say she felt the Duke of Edinburgh's death very much, and that she is very worried about the Empress Frederick, though she don't talk much about her. It was lovely sitting under



The Corridor, East End, Windsor Castle.

the trees, so cool and quiet after the noise and glare of Cowes. All the people bowed as we drove home through Cowes. I think they took Joseph in his black livery for one of the Queen's servants. I must tell you that Joseph and Elise are also moving in high society. Joseph came with a most smiling face to me Saturday night to say that one of his friends was chef on the Empress's yacht (The Thistle) and had invited them to breakfast on Sunday on the yacht. I said they could go, and when Bessie and I were going to church we saw them start. He in the regulation Cowes blue serge costume (*not* the short, very short Eton jacket which is the dress attire of the Club men) and yellow shoes, and she in my old purple foulard, with a very nice little toque. A very smart little boat was waiting for them.

Now, my Dear, I must stop as I am exhausted, and a perfect Mrs. Jellyby, papers flying all over the place, as I am writing at the open window, and ink all over me, fingers, hair, etc. I can't say, as Madame de Sévigné did, "ma plume vole," for mine stops and scratches, and makes holes in the paper, and does everything it can to make my writing difficult. I wonder why I hate it so—I do—as soon as I sit down to my writing-table I want to go out or play on the piano, or even crochet little petticoats—anything rather than write. I suppose I shall never see the Queen again—at her age it isn't very likely, especially if I wait another seven years without coming over. I am glad she received me, it was a great pleasure.

PARIS, 29, RUE AUGUSTE VACQUERIE,
Dimanche, 29 Decembre, 1901.

Of course I never saw the Queen again. She began to fail that same autumn (1900) after her return home from Balmoral, and died at Osborne the 22nd of January, 1901—a beautiful death, painless, sleeping away and all her children and grandchildren with her. It isn't only the Queen who has disappeared—it is the century. England will enter on a new phase—but it must be different from the chapter that has just closed.



The Imperfect Pilgrim

By Arthur Colton

I HAVE a home. Though palmer bound
For holy lands I pine for it.
I know its sheltering walls around
The hearth and lamp that shine for it,
The door apart.

I shall return by windward seas
And blue shores of Illyria
To find it filled with melodies
From Eden, beyond Syria.
It is thy heart.

WEATHERBY'S MOTHER

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRISON FISHER

WEATHERBY'S mother looked distinctly guilty when he entered the room. She went on talking to her caller with the nervous fluency of one hastily changing the subject, and in an elaborately accidental fashion contrived to drop a newspaper over the open magazine in her lap. When Mrs. Carter had gone, she inquired, solicitously, about her son's day, avoiding his eyes.

"Mother," said Weatherby, remorselessly, "you have been talking about my immortal works." There was amusement as well as resigned patience in his voice, but Mrs. Weatherby felt the irritation underneath and defended herself with flurried indignation.

"I did not, Howard! I had to. She brought the subject up herself."

"Didn't you just casually ask her if she had seen the February magazines?" His tone was still bantering, but his forehead was slightly drawn and his eyes seemed to pierce the newspaper lying so artlessly on her lap. Mrs. Weatherby resorted to dignity. She laid the paper aside and placed the magazine on the table.

"I am sure I don't know how we reached the point, Howard. But when she asked me about your poems I could not very well snub her on the subject—as you do me. And she thought this extremely pretty, dear." The desire to mollify came uppermost again. "She said it was as good as anything Keats ever wrote. I don't see why you should always act so ashamed of your pieces."

"But, dear mother, if you would only let the public discover them for itself!" Howard said, wearily. "When you slug a nice, kind old lady with a madrigal, and then demand, 'Isn't that as good as anything Keats ever wrote?' of course she is going to say yes. She has been drinking your tea and sitting on your chairs—it's the least she can do. Only"—his voice suddenly became serious, and even entreating, as he stood before her, long, thin, and gentle, hating above all things to give pain—"only don't you realize that it makes me rather ridiculous?"

Mrs. Weatherby turned to her unfailing help in time of trouble—hurt feelings.

"I am sorry if I mortify you, Howard," she said, very meekly.

Weatherby looked down on the plump, powdered face, handsome in spite of its injured expression, on the white hair coiling and puffing between its combs with an elaborate precision that someway suggested landscape gardening, and the stout figure in its tight and fashionable garments, and sighed to himself. But he was a good son. He kissed her and made affectionate fun of her, and she relented to his intention. Her dignity would have chosen a more deferential overture to peace, but she had learned to make sighing compromises in a long life with an irreverent child.

"How did your club meeting go off?" he asked, presently. "Any hair-pulling?"

"Very pleasantly," said Mrs. Weatherby, ignoring the latter question beyond a slight lifting of eyebrows at its questionable taste. "Mrs. Carter was made chairman of the next entertainment committee, and I and Mrs. Van Horne and Elizabeth Trent are to serve with her." Weatherby had lifted his head with a quick frown at the last name.

"Whatever is Bessie Trent doing on that committee?" he exclaimed.

"Apparently trying to block our plans and make everything as difficult as possible," said his mother, with tightened lips. "I have never forgotten, Howard, the way she scratched your face because you made a rhyme about her, and I don't think the past twenty years have im-

proved her in the least. All the others want me to give a reading from Browning, but she seems to think that would not be sufficiently—entertaining."

"Well, really, you know," Weatherby began with cheerful energy, "Browning is rather—overdone, don't you think?"

"I realize that you don't like my reading, my dear;" his mother spoke with careful politeness. "But as the club does, and as you do not have to go to the entertainments——"

"Oh, I know," he said, contritely. "It's a very harmless vice, dear mother, and I suppose you must have a flaw or two, to keep you human. Don't mind me—I'm a carping ass." And he rubbed his cheek against hers, then went to dress for dinner.

In his own room he paused at his desk and took from a drawer a little photograph, of a fashion ten years past. The face was full of young curves, the appealing roundness of sixteen, but he found there force, humor, and a trace of impishness.

"What a jolly mother you would make, thirty years older," he reflected. "You would be so *on*, Bessie Trent! One could be intimate friends with a mother like you." Then he put away the thought as disloyal and dropped the photograph back again with a frown. The Elizabeth Trent of to-day was a more complicated problem than the school-girl who had given him her photograph, or the small child who had scratched his face.

A few days later Weatherby, coming home early, heard voices in the drawing-room and paused in the hall to reconnoitre. A voluminous flow of silk from a big chair suggested Mrs. Carter, and against the window was Elizabeth Trent's profile, looking so profoundly bored that he smiled to himself. Evidently there was a committee meeting in progress and his mother had been giving a sample reading, for the sonorous roll of her Browning voice came to him as he closed the front door, and a scattering fire of small compliments could now be heard.

"Wonderful!" "Oh, charming!" "And so perfectly rendered!" Elizabeth Trent said nothing, and Weatherby nearly laughed outright at the suppressed impatience of her face and attitude.

"Poor Bess! I know just how you're feeling," he murmured, with twinkling eyes. Then Mrs. Van Horne's voice fell on his ears with a cold shock.

"It must be beautiful to have such a talented son," she was saying. "I envy you, Mrs. Weatherby."

Weatherby stood rigid, the color slowly rising to his forehead. Oh, it couldn't be—she wouldn't do that! He moved cautiously till his mother was in range between the *portières*. In her hands was, not a volume of Browning, but a publisher's proof that he had been correcting the night before. On her face was a heavenly composure.

"Oh, Lord!" muttered Weatherby, helplessly. His eyes again sought Bessie Trent's bored profile, but he no longer found it amusing. The red in his face deepened and he was turning noiselessly to escape when his mother's voice arrested him.

"Yes, Howard has great talent. All the magazines are running after him," she said. "Now I am going to read you——"

Weatherby turned back in desperation and entered the drawing-room.

"Oh—am I interrupting a committee meeting?" he asked, pausing deferentially.

"Oh, no: we had finished," said Elizabeth Trent, rising hastily. His mother dropped the proof under the table and welcomed him blandly. When he had shaken hands with the others, he made himself face Elizabeth.

"Well, Bessie," he said, nervously.

"How is the poet?" she returned. Her smile was all derision, and he found himself voiceless before it. "You came at the wrong moment," she went on. "You should time your entrances better. You have cut us off from a great privilege." She gave him a little mocking smile and left before he could answer.

He waited grimly for the others to go, resolved to settle this thing forever with his mother, with no weak relenting before hurt feelings. But Mrs. Weatherby, after a glance at his face, insisted on Mrs. Carter's staying to dinner, and when, after an interminable evening, Weatherby returned from taking her home, his mother had discreetly gone to bed. Not till the next evening could his attack be made, and then, unsupported by the freshness of his

indignation, he came off with a very poor victory. Mrs. Weatherby suggested that if he preferred she would never mention him in any way : perhaps that would be best : it was hard to teach an old woman new ways, and if her pride and affection were a trial to him—here she cried, and Weatherby felt like a plain brute. Presently he discovered himself begging her pardon, and gave up with a sigh of despair. He knew that it was unfair of her to cry, but he could not stand up against it.

A couple of weeks later Weatherby, wishing to refer to a small volume of verse he had published the year before, searched the house in vain for a copy. His mother gave them away so fast that there was seldom one on hand, and now even his private book-case had been rifled. The next day he stopped furtively at a book-store and asked for it, with a guilty stammer over the name. The clerk held out the little gray-and-gold volume for inspection.

"Yes, that's it," said Weatherby, hastily.

"Ah—so the poems are still selling ?" said a cool, amused voice at his shoulder. His start brought him face to face with Elizabeth Trent. He flushed miserably, then clutched at his self-possession and managed a rueful laugh.

"Bessie, I'd rather you had caught me picking a pocket !" he exclaimed.

"So would I," she assented, with a trace of sharpness. Peace-lover though he was, Weatherby could fight on occasion. He paid for his book with a new effrontery, then looked reflectively down on her.

"You scratched my face for one of my early works ; and the later ones seem to affect you in exactly the same way," he said, mildly. "I wonder why—is it poetry in general, or just my idea of it ? I must have improved some in the interval."

She recognized the challenge with a slight flush, but stood her ground valiantly.

"Your work has improved—yes," she said with meaning ; "it is extremely good, for modern verse."

"Then it is I myself who have gone downhill?"

She shrugged slightly. "Oh, well, I don't believe I like celebrities. But others do—your name will be on every tongue at the club this afternoon. The applause for you will be quite as loud as for Browning—louder, even. It is too bad you can't be there !" She turned to go, with a somewhat trying smile and nod, but Weatherby did not notice. He was staring at her in growing dismay.

"What do you mean—about me—at the club?" he burst out. "Oh, you don't—it couldn't——"

She looked at him in surprise and her face unbent a little.

"Didn't you know that your mother is going to read from your works, as an encore—by unanimous request ?"

"Oh, Lord !"

His sincerity was unmistakable. She laughed out, and the old friendliness suddenly dawned in her eyes.

"Why, I thought you would like it !" she said in frank relief.

"Like it !" he stammered. "*Like* it? My good Bessie, my life is one long fight to keep my mother from making a public show of me. I have hurt her feelings, I've insulted her—and she won't stop. I'm perfectly helpless. What can I do?" All the bitterness of past struggles was in his voice. It was the first time he had ever broken out on the subject, and he could not stop. "You have no idea what she does, Bessie ! She has special copies made on vellum and gives them round at Christmas. I caught her once reading samples of me and then of Keats to a select crowd and making them guess which was which ! She's a dear good woman and she'd give her life for me, and I try to be big about it and find it merely amusing. But, by heaven, I can't. This has got to end. What time does your show begin?"

"At three. I am just flying home to dress."

"Well, I shall settle one number on your programme." And he left her with scant ceremony. But she smiled after him as she had not since the days of his obscurity.

A growing fear made Weatherby rage at the slowness of his car. Yesterday he had finished the first draught of a little drama in verse, the most serious attempt he had yet made. His mother had begged to see it, and he had laughingly refused, on the ground that this was his one intelligible copy and that he could not trust

it out of his hands. His real reason was a certain divine shame that came with every new piece of work, a longing to treasure it in secret for a few days till the glamour of the hours of labor was a little dimmed and comment from without would not seem a hateful familiarity. His mother, of course, did not understand—could not have understood, even if he could have explained—and persisted, so, finally, being a good son, he had given it to her, with many exaggerated cautions for its safe-keeping. Then he had abruptly gone off for the evening. What she had wanted of it became every moment more certain and more exasperating.

She had gone when he reached the house. Being on the reception committee, she had to be there early, he remembered. Weatherby made a careful search for his manuscript, knowing quite well that he should not find it; then, with set lips, turned toward the club. He had never been quite so angry in his life. For the first time he forgot that there was an element of the ridiculous in the situation. She had got to understand—if he had to leave home to teach her.

A block on the car-line forced him to alight several squares from the club and he noticed with surprise that snow was beginning to fall. The sidewalks were already wet and slippery with it. At the door of the club-house he was told that his mother was not there : she had come and gone hurriedly away again. As he stood on the steps wondering what to do, the familiar family carriage of the Trents paused in front and Bessie came to his relief. She volunteered to find out where his mother had gone, and disappeared with a glimmer of amusement in her eyes; but this had quite vanished when she came back. She looked grave and puzzled. It seemed his mother had been taking off her things in the dressing-room, talking pleasantly with the maid, when suddenly she had given a little cry, looked wildly about, then caught up her wrap and rushed out without bonnet or gloves. She had given no explanation, but she had seemed deeply distressed.

They looked helplessly about. The drug-store on the corner gave Bessie a dim suggestion. Could she have felt ill and gone there for some remedy?

"She does faint, once in a very great while," Weatherby admitted. "But surely she would have sent someone." Nevertheless they went in and asked.

Mrs. Weatherby had not been there, but the clerk had seen her, in a silk gown with no bonnet, holding a wrap about her with bare hands. He had been interested because she was so evidently distressed about something. She had hurried up to a policeman who was passing and they had talked for several moments. After receiving directions, she had waited a moment for the car, then, finding the line still blocked, had turned and walked hurriedly south. The snow had just begun.

South was directly away from home. They returned to the street in a silence that covered alarmed thoughts, avoiding each other's eyes. The policeman was not in sight, and there seemed nothing to do but to follow.

In nearly every block someone had seen her, with the snow falling on her uncovered hair and her distressed face, hurrying recklessly. Once, when she had nearly fallen, a boy had caught and steadied her; she had not thanked him or seemed to notice. Evidently her whole soul had been bent on reaching some point.

"Bess, you must go back," said Weatherby, suddenly, when they had walked half a mile without result. "It may take hours, and your feet are wet."

She did not trouble to answer. "Shall you tell the police?" she asked instead.

"Oh, not yet—I can't!" he exclaimed. "What do you think, Bessie? Do you suppose she—" He could not say it, but she knew his thought.

"No, I don't," she said, stoutly. "People don't lose their minds all in a moment. There is the power-house—let us go across and ask there. All those conductors standing about—" She broke off with a clutch at his arm. A door leading to the car company's offices had opened and there stood Mrs. Weatherby, pale but radiant, clinging to a white package.

"Mother!" cried Weatherby as they ran up to her. She did not seem at all surprised to see them.

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Drawn by Harrison Fisher.

"Ah—so the poems are still selling?"—Page 215.

"I have it, dear, quite safe," she called, joyfully. "I have been over it and not a page is missing. The conductor picked it up just after I got out and——"

"Oh, mother! That wretched poem—why did you bother?" exclaimed her son, anger and remorse and overwhelming tenderness struggling in his voice.

"She is not well," said Bessie, sharply. And he had barely time to put his arms about her when she sank quite limply against him.

They carried her to a drug-store, and she was soon looking up at them weakly, while Bessie rubbed her hands and the young woman cashier fanned her with a magazine and her son hovered over her with brandy. Suddenly tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, Howard, if I had lost it!" she murmured.

"Mother, dearest!" he pleaded. "It wouldn't have mattered. I am ashamed that you cared so much about the thing—it wasn't worth it. I never dreamed how much you—you make me feel like a beast. Now I am going to telephone for a carriage and take you home."

"The club," she began, starting up. Bessie pressed her back again.

"Dear Mrs. Weatherby, I will see to the club: don't worry about it," she said, with unwonted gentleness. When Weatherby's back was turned, she stooped and kissed the older woman's cheek.

When Weatherby came back he found the cashier still fanning with the magazine and cheering his mother with conversation, while Bessie stood by looking pale and tired. Mrs. Weatherby, with returning brightness, glanced up at the brown cover fluttering before her.

"Is that the new March number?" he heard her say. "My son has a poem on the first page—you may have noticed it. It has been very highly praised." The cashier turned to the first page and was pleasingly impressed.

Weatherby glanced at Bessie, and she smiled at him with sudden tremulousness. He smiled back with misty eyes, and his hand closed over hers for a long moment.

"It was we who had to be taught," he said, vaguely; but she seemed to understand.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

By Caroline Duer

Although my feet may never walk your ways,
  No other eyes will follow you so far;
No voice rise readier to ring your praise,
Till the swift coming of those future days
  When the world knows you for the man you are.

You must go on and I must stay behind.
  We may not fare together, you and I.
But, though the path to Fame be steep and blind,
Walk, strong and steadfastly, before mankind,
  Because my heart must follow till you die.

Steadfast and strongly, scorning mean success.
  Lenient to others—to yourself severe.
If you must fail, fail not in nobleness.
God knows all other failure I could bless
  That sent you back to find your welcome here.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

IV

WHILE the corn grew, school went on and, like the corn, Chad's schooling put forth leaves and bore fruit rapidly. The boy's mind was as clear as his eye and, like a mountain-pool, gave back every image that passed before it. Not a word dropped from the master's lips that he failed to hear and couldn't repeat, and, in a month, he had put Dolph and Rube, who, big as they were, had little more than learned the alphabet, to open shame: and he won immunity with his fists from gibe and insult from every boy within his inches in school—including Tad Dillon, who came in time to know that it was good to let the boy alone. He worked like a little slave about the house and, like Jack, won his way into the hearts of old Joel and his wife, and even of Dolph and Rube, in spite of their soreness over Chad spelling them both down before the whole school. As for Tall Tom, he took as much pride as the school-master in the boy, and in town, at the grist-mill, the cross-roads, or blacksmith shop, never failed to tell the story of the dog and the boy, whenever there was a soul to listen. And as for Melissa, while she ruled him like a queen and Chad paid sturdy and uncomplaining homage, she would have scratched out the eyes of one of her own brothers had he dared to lay a finger on the boy. For Chad had God's own gift—to win love from all but enemies and nothing but respect and fear from them. Every morning, soon after daybreak, he stalked ahead of the little girl to school, with Dolph and Rube lounging along behind, and, an hour before sunset, stalked back in the same way home again. When not at school, the two fished and played together—inseparable.

Corn was ripe now and school closed and Chad went with the men into the fields and did his part, stripping the gray blades from the yellow stalks, binding them into sheaves, stowing them away under the low roof of the big barn, or stacking them tent-like in the fields—leaving each ear perched like a big roosting bird on each lone stalk. And when the autumn came, there were husking parties and dances and much merriment; and, night after night, Chad saw Sintha and the school-master in front of the fire—"settin' up"—close together with their arms about each other's necks and whispering. And there were quilting parties and house-warmings and house-raisings—one that was of great importance to Caleb Hazel and to Chad. For, one morning, Sintha disappeared and came back with the tall young hunter in the deerskin leggings—blushing furiously—a bride. And old Joel gave them some cleared land at the head of a creek, and the neighbors came in to build them a cabin. And among them all, none worked harder than the school-master, and no one but Chad guessed how sorely hit he was.

Meanwhile, the woods were ringing with the mellow echoes of axes, high and low, and the thundering crash of big trees along the mountain-side; for already the hillsmen were felling trees while the sap was in the roots, so that they could lie all winter, dry better and float better in the spring, when the rafts were taken down the river to the little capital in the Blue-grass. And Caleb Hazel said that he would go down on a raft in the spring and perhaps Chad could go with him—who knew? For the school-master had now made up his mind finally—he would



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

And the boy drank in the tales.—Page 222.

go out in the world and make his way out there ; and nobody but Chad noticed that his decision came only after, and only a little while after, the house-raising at the head of the creek.

When winter came, school opened again, and on Saturdays and Sundays and cold snowy nights, Chad and the school-master —for he too lived at the Turners' now— sat before the fire in the kitchen, and the school-master read to him from "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman," which he had brought from the Bluegrass, and from the Bible which had been his own since he was a child. And the boy drank in the tales until he was drunk with them and learned the conscious scorn of a lie, the conscious love of truth and pride in courage, and the conscious reverence for women that make the essence of chivalry as distinguished from the unthinking code of brave, simple people. He adopted the master's dignified phraseology as best he could ; he watched him, as the master stood before the fire with his hands under his coat-tails, his chin raised, and his eyes dreamily upward, and tall Tom caught the boy in just this attitude one day and made fun of him before all the others. He tried some high-sounding phrases on Melissa, and Melissa told him he must be crazy. Once, even, he tried to kiss her hand gallantly and she slapped his face. Undaunted, he made him a lance of white ash, threaded some loose yarn into Melissa's colors, as he told himself, sneaked into the barn, where Beelzebub was tied, got on the sheep's back and, as the old ram sprang forward, couched his lance at the trough and shattered it with a thrill that left him trembling for half an hour. It was too good to give up that secret joust and he made another lance and essayed another tournament, but this time Beelzebub butted the door open and sprang with a loud ba-a-a into the yard and charged for the gate—in full view of old Joel, the three brothers, and the school-master, who were standing in the road. Instinctively, Chad swung on in spite of the roar of laughter and astonishment that greeted him and, as Tom banged the gate, the ram swerved and Chad shot off sidewise like a catapult and dropped, a most unheroic little knight, in the mire. That ended Chad's chivalry in the hills, for in the roars of laughter that greeted him, Chab recognized Caleb Hazel's as the loudest. If *he* laughed, chivalry could never thrive there, and Chad gave it up ; but the seeds were sown.

The winter passed, and what a time Chad and Jack had, snaking logs out of the mountains with two, four, six—yes, even eight yoke of oxen, when the log was the heart of a monarch oak or poplar —snaking them to the chute ; watching them roll and whirl and leap like jackstraws from end to end down the steep incline and, with one last shoot in the air, roll, shaking, quivering, into a mighty heap on the bank of Kingdom Come. And then the "rafting" of those logs— dragging them into the pool of the creek, lashing them together with saplings driven to the logs with wooden pin and auger-hole — wading about, meanwhile, waist deep in the cold water : and the final lashing of the raft to a near-by tree with a grape-vine cable—to await the coming of a "tide."

Would that tide never come? It seemed not. The spring ploughing was over, the corn planted ; there had been rain after rain, but gentle rains only. There had been prayers for rain :

"O Lord," said the circuit-rider, "we do not presume to dictate to Thee, but we need rain, an' need it mighty bad. We do not presume to dictate, but, if it pleases Thee, send us, not a gentle sizzle-sozzle, but a sod-soaker, O Lord, a gully-washer. Give us a tide, O Lord !" Sunrise and sunset, old Joel turned his eye to the east and the west and shook his head. Tall Tom did the same, and Dolph and Rube studied the heavens for a sign. The school-master grew visibly impatient and Chad was in a fever of restless expectancy. The old mother made him a suit of clothes — mountain clothes — for the trip. Old Joel gave him a five-dollar bill for his winter's work. Even Jack seemed to know that something unusual was on hand and hung closer about the house, for fear he might be left behind.

Softly at last, one night, came the patter of little feet on the roof and passed— came again and paused ; and then there was a rush and a steady roar that wakened Chad and thrilled him as he lay listening.

It did not last long, but the river was muddy enough and high enough for the Turner brothers to float the raft slowly out the mouth of Kingdom Come and down in front of the house, where it was anchored to a huge sycamore in plain sight. At noon the clouds gathered and old Joel gave up his trip to town.

"Hit'll begin in about an hour, boys," he said, and in an hour it did begin. There was to be no doubt about this flood. At dusk, the river had risen two feet and the raft was pulling at its cable like an awakening sea-monster. Meanwhile, the mother had cooked a great pone of corn-bread, three feet in diameter, and had ground coffee and got sides of bacon ready. All night it poured and the dawn came clear, only to darken into gray again. But the river—the river! The roar of it filled the woods. The frothing hem of it swished through the tops of the trees and through the underbrush, high on the mountain-side. Arched slightly in the middle, for the river was still rising, it leaped and surged, tossing tawny mane and fleck and foam as it thundered along—a mad, molten mass of yellow struck into gold by the light of the sun. And there the raft, no longer the awkward monster it was the day before, floated like a lily-pad, straining at the cable as lightly as a greyhound leaping against its leash.

The neighbors were gathered to watch the departure—old Jerry Budd, blacksmith and "yarb doctor," and his folks; the Cultons and Middletons, and even the Dillons—little Tad and Whizzer—and all. And a bright picture of Arcadia the simple folk made, the men in homespun and the women with their brilliant shawls, as they stood on the bank laughing, calling to one another, and jesting like children. All were aboard now and there was no kissing and shaking hands in the farewell. The good old mother stood on the bank, with Melissa holding to her apron and looking at Chad gravely.

"Take good keer o' yo'self, Chad," she said kindly, and then she looked down at the little girl. "He's a-comin' back, honey—Chad's a-comin' back." And Chad nodded brightly, but Melissa drew her apron across her mouth and did not smile.

All were aboard now—Dolph and Rube, old Squire Middleton, and the school-master, all except tall Tom, who stood by the tree to unwind the cable.

A raft shot suddenly around the bend above them and swept past with the Dillon brothers, Jake and Jerry, nephews of old Tad Dillon, at bow and stern—passed with a sullen wave from Jerry and a good-natured smile from stupid Jake.

"All right," Tom shouted, and he unwound the great brown pliant vine from the sycamore and leaped aboard. Just then there was a mad howl behind the house and a gray streak of light flashed over the bank and Jack, with a wisp of rope around his neck, sprang through the air from a rock ten feet high and landed lightly on the last log as the raft shot forward. Chad gulped once and his heart leaped with joy, for he had agreed to leave Jack with old Joel, and old Joel had tied the dog in the barn.

"Hi there!" shouted the old hunter. "Throw that dawg off, Chad—throw him off."

But Chad shook his head and smiled.

"He won't go back," he shouted, and, indeed, there was Jack squatted on his haunches close by his little master and looking gravely back as though he were looking a last good-by.

"Hi!" shouted old Joel again. "How am I goin' to git along without that dawg? Throw him off, boy—throw him off, I tell ye!" Chad seized the dog by the shoulders, but Jack braced himself and, like a child, looked up in his master's face. Chad let go and shook his head.

A frantic yell from tall Tom at the bow oar drew every eye to him. The current was stronger than anyone guessed and the raft was being swept by an eddy straight for the point of the opposite shore where there was a sharp turn in the river.

"Watch out thar," shouted old Joel, "you're goin' to 'bow'!" Dolph and Rube were slashing the stern oar forward and back through the swift water, but straight the huge craft made for that deadly point. Every man had hold of an oar and was tussling in silence for life. Every man on shore was yelling directions and warning, while the women shrank back with frightened faces. Chad

scarcely knew what the matter was, but he squeezed Jack closer to him. He heard Tom roar a last warning as the craft struck, quivered a moment, and the stern swept around. The craft had "bowed."

"Watch out — jump, boys, jump! Watch when she humps! Watch yo' legs!" These were the cries from the shore, and still Chad did not understand. He saw Tom leap from the bow, and, as the stern swung to the other shore, Dolph, too, leaped. Then the stern struck. The raft humped in the middle like a bucking horse—the logs ground savagely together. Chad heard a cry of pain from Jack and saw the dog fly up in the air and drop in the water. He had gone up, too, but he came back on the raft with one leg in between two logs and he drew it up in time to keep the limb from being smashed to a pulp as the logs crashed together again, but not quickly enough to save the foot from a painful squeeze. Then he saw Tom and Dolph leap back again, the raft whirled on and steadied in its course, and behind him he saw Jack swimming feebly for the shore—fighting the waves for his life, for the dog was hurt. Twice he turned his eyes despairingly toward Chad, and the boy would have leaped in the water to save him if Tom had not caught him by the arm.

"Tell him to git to shore," he said quickly, and Chad motioned, when Jack looked again, and the dog obediently made for land. Old Joel was calling tenderly:

"Come on, Jack; come on, ole feller!"

Chad watched with a thumping heart. Once Jack went under, but gave no sound. Again he disappeared, and when he came up he gave a cry for help, but when he heard Chad's answering cry he fought on stroke by stroke until Chad saw old Joel reach out from the bushes and pull him in. And Chad could see that one of his hind legs hung limp. Then the raft swung around the curve out of sight.

Behind, the whole crowd rushed down to the water's edge. Jack tried to get away from old Joel and scramble after Chad on his broken leg, but old Joel held him, soothing him, and carried him back to the house, where the old "yarb doctor" put splints on the leg and bound it up tightly, just as though it had been the leg of a child. Melissa was crying and the old man put his hand on her head.

"He'll be all right. That leg'll be as good as the other one in two or three weeks. It's all right, little gal."

Melissa stopped weeping with a sudden gulp. But when Jack was lying in the kitchen by the fire alone, she slipped in and put her arm around the dog's head, and, when Jack began to lick her face, she bent her own head down and sobbed.

V

ON the way to God's Country at last!

Already Chad had schooled himself for the parting with Jack, and but for this he must—little man that he was—have burst into tears. As it was, the lump in his throat stayed there a long while, but it passed in the excitement of that mad race down the river. The old Squire had never known such a tide.

"Boys," he said, gleefully, "we're goin' to make a *re*cord on this trip—you jus' see if we don't. That is, if we ever git thar alive."

All the time the old man stood in the middle of the raft yelling orders. Ahead was the Dillon raft, and the twin brothers—the giants, one mild, the other sour-faced—were gesticulating angrily at each other from bow and stern. As usual, they were quarrelling. On the Turner raft Dolph was at the bow, the school-master at the stern, while Rube—who was cook—and Chad, in spite of a stinging pain in one foot, built an oven of stones, where coffee could be boiled and bacon broiled, and started a fire, for the air was chill on the river, especially when they were running between the hills and no sun could strike them.

When the fire blazed up, Chad sat by it watching tall Tom and the school-master at the stern oar and Rube at the bow. When the turn was sharp, how they lashed the huge white blades through the yellow water—with the handle across their broad

chests, catching with their toes in the little notches that had been chipped along the logs and tossing the oars down and up with a mighty swing that made the blades quiver and bend like the tops of pliant saplings! Then, on a run, they would rush back to start the stroke again, while the old Squire yelled:

"Hit her up thar now—easy—easy! *Now!* Hit her up! Hit her up—*Now!*

Now they passed between upright, wooded, gray mountain-sides, threaded with faint lines of the coming green; now between gray walls of rock streaked white with water-falls, and now past narrow little valleys which were just beginning to sprout with corn. At the mouth of the creeks, they saw other rafts making ready and, now and then, a raft would shoot out in the river from some creek ahead or behind them. In an hour, they struck a smooth run of several hundred yards where the men at the oars could sit still and rest, while the raft shot lightly forward in the middle of the stream; and down the river they could see the big Dillons making the next sharp turn and, that far away, they could hear Jerry yelling and swearing at his patient brother.

"Some o' these days," said the old Squire, "that fool Jake's a-goin' to pick up somethin' an' knock that mean Jerry's head off. I wonder he hain't done it afore. Hit's funny how brothers can hate when they do git to hatin'."

That night, they tied up at Jackson—to be famous long after the war as the seat of a bitter mountain feud. At noon, the next day, they struck "the Nahrrers" (Narrows), where the river ran like a torrent between high steep walls of rock, and where the men stood to the oars watchfully and the old Squire stood upright, watching every movement of the raft; for "bowing" there would have meant destruction to the raft and the death of them all. That night they were in Beattyville, whence they floated next day, along lower hills and, now and then, past a broad valley. Once Chad looked at the school-master—he wondered if they were approaching the Bluegrass—but Caleb Hazel smiled and shook his head. And had Chad waited another half hour, he would not have asked the question, even with his eyes, for they swept between high cliffs again—higher than he had yet seen. That night they ran from dark to dawn, for the river was broader and a brilliant moon was high; and, all night, Chad could hear the swish of the oars, as they floated in mysterious silence past the trees and the hills and the moonlit cliffs, and he lay on his back, looking up at the moon and the stars, and thinking about the land to which he was going and of Jack back in the land he had left; and of little Melissa. She had behaved very strangely during the last few days before the boy had left. She had not been sharp with him, even in play. She had been very quiet—indeed, she scarcely spoke a word to him, but she did little things for him that she had never done before, and she was unusually kind to Jack. Once, Chad found her crying behind the barn, and then she was very sharp with him, and told him to go away and cried more than ever. Her little face looked very white, as she stood on the bank, and, somehow, Chad saw it all that night in the river and among the trees and up among the stars, but he little knew what it all meant to him or to her. He thought of the Turners back at home, and he could see them sitting around the big fire—Joel with his pipe, the old mother spinning flax, Jack asleep on the hearth, and Melissa's big solemn eyes shining from the dark corner where she lay wide-awake in bed and, when he went to sleep, her eyes followed him in his dreams.

When he awoke, the day was just glimmering over the hills, and the chill air made him shiver, as he built up the fire and began to get breakfast ready. At noon, that day, though the cliffs were still high, the raft swung out into a broader current, where the water ran smoothly and, once, the hills parted and, looking past a log-cabin on the bank of the river, Chad saw a stone house—relic of pioneer days—and, farther out, through a gap in the hills, a huge house with great pillars running around it and, on the hill-side, many sheep and fat cattle and a great barn. There dwelt one of the lords of the Bluegrass land, and again Chad looked to the school-master and, this time, the school-master smiled and nodded as though to say:

"We're getting close now, Chad." So Chad rose to his feet thrilled, and watched the scene until the hills shut it off again. One more night and one more dawn, and, when the sun rose, the hills had grown smaller and smaller and the glimpses between them more frequent and, at last, far down the river, Chad saw a column of smoke and all the men on the raft took off their hats and shouted. The end of the trip was near, for that black column meant the capital!

Chad trembled on his feet and his heart rose into his throat, while Caleb Hazel seemed hardly less moved. His hat was off and he stood motionless, with his face uplifted, and his grave eyes fastened on that dark column as though it rose from the pillar of fire that was leading him to some promised land.

As they rounded the next curve, some monster swept out of the low hills on the right, with a shriek that startled the boy almost into terror and, with a mighty puffing and rumbling, shot out of sight again. The school-master shouted to Chad, and the Turner brothers grinned at him delightedly:

"Steam-cars!" they cried, and Chad nodded back gravely, trying to hold in his wonder.

Sweeping around the next curve, another monster hove in sight with the same puffing and a long "h-o-o-ot!" A monster on the river and moving up stream steadily, with no oar and no man in sight, and the Turners and the school-master shouted again. Chad's eyes grew big with wonder and he ran forward to see the rickety little steam-boat approach and, with wide eyes, devoured it, as it wheezed and labored up-stream past them—watched the thundering stern wheel threshing the water into a wake of foam far behind it and flashing its blades, water-dripping in the sun—watched it till it puffed and wheezed and labored on out of sight. Great Heavens! to think that he—Chad—was seeing all that!

About the next bend, more but thinner columns of smoke were visible. Soon the very hills over the capital could be seen, with little green wheat-fields dotting them and, as they drew a little closer, Chad could see houses on the hills—more strange houses of wood and stone, and porches, and queer towers on them from which glistened shining points.

"What's them?" he asked.

"Lightnin'-rods," said Tom, and Chad understood, for the school-master had told him about them back in the mountains. Was there anything that Caleb Hazel had not told him? The haze over the town was now visible, and soon they swept past tall chimneys puffing out smoke, great warehouses covered on the outside with weather-brown tin, and, straight ahead—Heavens, what a bridge!—arching clear over the river and covered like a house, from which people were looking down on them as they swept under. There were the houses, in two rows on the streets, jammed up against each other and without any yards. And people! Where had so many people come from? Close to the river and beyond the bridge was another great mansion, with tall pillars, and about it a green yard, as smooth as a floor, and negroes and children were standing on the outskirting stone wall and looking down at them as they floated by. And another great house still, and a big garden with little paths running through it and more patches of that strange green grass. Was that bluegrass? It was, but it didn't look blue and it didn't look like any other grass Chad had ever seen. Below this bridge was another bridge, but not so high, and, while Chad looked, another black monster on wheels went crashing over it.

Tom and the school-master were working the raft slowly to the shore now, and, a little farther down, Chad could see more rafts tied up—rafts, rafts, nothing but rafts on the river, everywhere! Up the bank a mighty buzzing was going on, amid a cloud of dust, and little cars with logs on them were shooting about amid the gleamings of many saws, and, now and then, a log would leap from the river and start up toward that dust-cloud with two glistening iron teeth sunk in one end and a long iron chain stretching up along a groove built of boards—and Heaven only knew what was pulling it up. On the bank was a stout, jolly looking man, with a red, kind face that was familiar to Chad, shouting to the Squire, as the raft slipped along another raft, and Tom sprang aboard it with the grape-vine

cable and the school-master leaped aboard with another cable from the stern.

Then Chad recognized him, for he was none other than the cattle-dealer who had given him Jack. The cattle-dealer knew Chad.

"Why, boy," he cried. "Where's yo' dog?"

"I left him at home."

"Is he all right?"

"Yes."

"Then I'd like to have him back again."

Chad smiled and shook his head.

"Not much."

"Well, he's the best sheep-dog on earth."

The raft slowed up, creaking—slower—straining and creaking, and stopped. The trip was over, and the Squire had made his "*re*cord," for the red-faced man whistled incredulously when the old man told him what day he had left Kingdom Come.

An hour later the big Dillon twins hove in sight, just as the Turner party was climbing the sawdust hill into the town, where Dolph and Rube were for taking the middle of the street like other mountaineers, who were marching thus ahead of them, single file, but Tom and the school-master laughed at them and drew them over to the sidewalk. Bricks and stones laid down for people to walk on—how wonderful! And all the houses were of brick or were weather-boarded—all built together, wall against wall. And the stores with the big glass windows all filled with wonderful things! Then a pair of swinging green shutters through which, while Chad and the school-master waited outside, Tom insisted on taking Dolph and Rube and giving them their first drink of bluegrass whiskey—red liquor, as the hillsmen call it. A little farther on, they all stopped still on a corner of the street, while the school-master pointed out to Chad and Dolph and Rube the Capitol—a mighty structure of massive stone, with majestic stone columns, where people went to the Legislature. How they looked with wondering eyes at the great flag floating lazily over it, and at the wonderful fountain tossing water in the air, and with the water three white balls which leaped and danced in the jet of shining spray and never flew away from it. How did they stay there? The school-master laughed—Chad had asked him a question at last that he couldn't answer. And the tall spiked iron fence that ran all the way around the yard, which was full of trees—how wonderful that was, too! As they stood looking, law-makers and visitors poured out the doors—a brave array—some of them in tight trousers, high hats and blue coats with brass buttons, and, as they passed, Caleb Hazel reverently whispered the names of those he knew—distinguished lawyers, statesmen, and Mexican veterans: witty Tom Marshall; Roger Hanson, bulky, brilliant; stately Preston, eagle-eyed Buckner, and Breckinridge, the magnificent, forensic in bearing. Chad was thrilled.

A little farther on, they turned to the left, and the school-master pointed out the Governor's Mansion, and there, close by, was a high gray wall—a wall as high as a house, with a wooden box taller than a man on each corner, and, inside, another big gray building in which, visible above the walls, were grated windows—the penitentiary! Every mountaineer has heard that word, and another—the "Legislatur'."

Chad shivered as he looked, for he could recall that sometimes down in the mountains a man would disappear for years and turn up again at home, whitened by confinement; and, during his absence, when anyone asked about him, the answer was—"penitentiary." He wondered what those boxes on the walls were for, and he was about to ask, when a guard stepped from them with a musket and started to patrol the wall, and he had no need to ask. Tom wanted to go up on the hill and look at the Armory and the graveyard, but the school-master said they did not have time, and, on the moment, the air was startled with whistles far and near—six o'clock! At once the master led the way to supper in the boarding-house, where a kind-faced old lady spoke to Chad in a motherly way, and where the boy saw his first hot biscuit and was almost afraid to eat anything at the table for fear he might do something wrong. For the first time in his life, too, he slept on a mattress without any feather bed, and Chad lay wondering,

but unsatisfied still. Not yet had he been out of sight of the hills, and the master told him that they would see the Blue-grass next day, when they started back to the mountains by train as far as Lexington, and Chad went to sleep, dreaming his old dream still.

VI

IT had been arranged by the school-master that they should all meet at the railway station to go home, next day at noon, and, as the Turner boys had to help the Squire with the logs at the river, and the school-master had to attend to some business of his own, Chad roamed all morning around the town. So engrossed was he with the people and the sights and sounds of the little village that he came to himself with a start and trotted back to the boarding-house for fear that he might not be able to find the station alone. The old lady was standing in the sunshine at the gate.

Chad panted—"Where's——?"

"They're gone."

"Gone!" echoed Chad, with a sinking heart.

"Yes, they've been gone—" But Chad did not wait to listen; he whirled and, forgetting his injured foot, fled at full speed down the street. He turned the corner, but could not see the station, and he ran on about another corner and still another, and, just when he was about to burst into tears, he saw the low roof that he was looking for, and hot, panting, and tired, he rushed to it, hardly able to speak.

"Has that en*jine* gone?" he asked breathlessly. The man who was whirling trunks on their corners into the baggage-room did not answer. Chad's eyes flashed and he caught the man by the coat-tail.

"Has that en*jine* gone?" he cried.

The man looked over his shoulder.

"Leggo my coat, you little devil. Yes, that en*jine's* gone," he added, mimicking. Then he saw the boy's unhappy face and he dropped the trunk and turned to him.

"What's the matter?" he asked, kindly.

Chad had turned away with a sob.

"They've lef' me—they've lef' me," he said, and then, controlling himself:

"Is thar another goin'?"

"Not till to-morrow mornin'."

Another sob came, and Chad turned away—he did not want anybody to see him cry. And this was no time for crying, for Chad's prayer back at the grave under the poplar came suddenly back to him.

"I got to ack like a man now." And, sobered at once, he walked on up the hill—thinking. He could not know that the school-master was back in the town, looking for him. If he waited until the next morning, the Turners would probably have gone on; whereas, if he started out now on foot, and walked all night, he might catch them before they left Lexington next morning. And if he missed the Squire and the Turner boys, he could certainly find the school-master there. And if not, he could go on to the mountains alone. Or he might stay in the "settlemints"—what had he come for? He might—he would—oh, he'd get along somehow, he said to himself, wagging his head—he always had and he always would. He could always go back to the mountains. If he only had Jack—if he only had Jack! Nothing would make any difference then, and he would never be lonely, if he only had Jack. But cheered with his determination, he rubbed the tears from his eyes with his coat-sleeve and climbed the long hill. There was the Armory, which, years later, was to harbor Union troops in the great war, and beyond it was the little city of the dead that sits on top of the hill far above the shining river. At the great iron gates he stopped a moment, peering through. He saw a wilderness of white slabs and, not until he made his way across the thick green turf and spelled out the names carved on them, could he make out what they were for. How he wondered when he saw the innumerable green mounds, for he hardly knew there were as many people in the world living as he saw there must be in that place, dead. But he had no time to spare and he turned quickly back to the pike—saddened—for his heart went back, as his faithful heart was always doing, to the lonely graves under the big poplar back in the mountains.

When he reached the top of the slope he saw a rolling country of low hills stretching out before him, greening with spring; with far stretches of thick grass and many woodlands under a long, low sky, and he wondered if this was the Bluegrass. But he "reckoned" not—not yet. And yet he looked in wonder at the green slopes, and the woods, and the flashing creek, and nowhere in front of him—wonder of all—could he see a mountain. It was as Caleb Hazel had told him, only Chad was not looking for any such mysterious joy as thrilled his sensitive soul. There had been a light sprinkle of snow—such a fall as may come even in early April—but the noon sun had let the wheat-fields and the pastures blossom through it, and had swept it from the gray moist pike until now there were patches of white only in gully and along north hill-sides under little groups of pines and in the woods, where the sunlight could not reach; and Chad trudged sturdily on in spite of his lame foot, keenly alive to the new sights and sounds and smells of the new world—on until the shadows lengthened and the air chilled again; on, until the sun began to sink close to the far-away haze of the horizon. Never had the horizon looked so far away. His foot began to hurt, and on the top of a hill he had to stop and sit down for a while in the road, the pain was so keen. The sun was setting now in a glory of gold, rose, pink, and crimson. Over him, the still clouds caught the divine light which swept swiftly through the heavens until the little pink clouds over the east, too, turned golden pink and the whole heavens were suffused with green and gold. In the west, cloud was piled on cloud like vast cathedrals that must have been built for worship on the way straight to the very throne of God. And Chad sat thrilled, as he had been at the sunrise on the mountains the morning after he ran away. There was no storm, but the same loneliness came to him now and he wondered what he should do. He could not get much farther that night—his foot hurt too badly. He looked up—the clouds had turned to ashes and the air was growing chill—and he got to his feet and started on. At the bottom of the hill and down a little creek he saw a light and he turned toward it. The house was small, and he could hear the crying of a child inside and could see a tall man cutting wood, and he stopped at the bars and shouted:

"Hello!"

The man stopped his axe in mid-air and turned. A woman, with a baby in her arms, appeared in the light of the door with children crowding about her.

"Hello!" answered the man.

"I want to git to stay all night." The man hesitated.

"We don't keep people all night."

"Not keep people all night," thought Chad with wonder.

"Oh, I reckon you will," he said. Was there anybody in the world who wouldn't take in a stranger for the night? From the doorway the woman saw that it was a boy who was asking shelter and the trust in his voice appealed vaguely to her.

"Come in!" she called, in a patient, whining tone. "You can stay, I reckon."

But Chad changed his mind suddenly. If they were in doubt about wanting him—he was in no doubt as to what he would do.

"No, I reckon I better git on," he said sturdily, and he turned and limped back up the hill to the road—still wondering, and he remembered that, in the mountains, when people wanted to stay all night, they usually stopped before sundown. Travelling after dark was suspicious in the mountains, and perhaps it was in this land, too. So, with this thought, he had half a mind to go back and explain, but he pushed on. Half a mile farther, his foot was so bad that he stopped with a cry of pain in the road and, seeing a barn close by, he climbed the fence and into the loft and burrowed himself under the hay. From under the shed he could see the stars rising. It was very still and very lonely and he was hungry—hungrier and lonelier than he had ever been in his life, and a sob of helplessness rose to his lips—if he only had Jack!—but he held it back.

"I got to ack like a man now." And, saying this over and over to himself, he went to sleep.

VII

RAIN fell that night—gentle rain and warm, for the south wind rose at midnight. At four o'clock a shower made the shingles over Chad rattle sharply, but without wakening the lad, and then the rain ceased; and when Chad climbed stiffly from his loft —the world was drenched and still, and the dawn was warm, for spring had come that morning, and Chad trudged along the road, —unchilled. Every now and then he had to stop to rest his foot. Now and then he would see people getting breakfast ready in the farm-houses that he passed, and, though his little belly was drawn with pain, he would not stop and ask for something to eat—for he did not want to risk another rebuff. The sun rose and the light leaped from every wet blade of grass and bursting leaf to meet it—leaped as though flashing back gladness that the spring was come. For a little while Chad forgot his hunger and forgot his foot—like the leaf and grass-blade his stout heart answered with gladness, too, and he trudged on.

Meanwhile, far behind him, an old carriage rolled out of a big yard and started toward him and toward Lexington. In the driver's seat was an old gray-haired, gray-bearded negro with knotty hands and a kindly face; while, on the oval-shaped seat behind the lumbering old vehicle, sat a little darky with his bare legs dangling down. In the carriage sat a man who might have been a stout squire straight from merry England, except that there was a little tilt to the brim of his slouch hat that one never sees except on the head of a Southerner, and in his strong, but easy, good-natured mouth was a pipe of corn-cob with a long cane stem. The horses that drew him were a handsome pair of half thoroughbreds, and the old driver, with his eyes half closed, looked as though, even that early in the morning, he were dozing.

An hour later, the pike ran through an old wooden-covered bridge, to one side of which a road led down to the water, and the old negro turned the carriage to the creek to let his horses drink. The carriage stood still in the middle of the stream and presently the old driver turned his head:

"Mars Cal!" he called in a low voice. The Major raised his head. The old negro was pointing with his whip ahead and the Major saw something sitting on the stone fence, some twenty yards beyond, which stirred him sharply from his mood of contemplation.

"Shades of Dan'l Boone!" he said softly. It was a miniature pioneer—the little still figure watching him solemnly and silently. Across the boy's lap lay a long rifle—the Major could see that it had a flintlock—and on his tangled hair was a coonskin cap—the scalp above his steady dark eyes and the tail hanging down the lad's neck. And on his feet were—moccasins! The carriage moved out of the stream and the old driver got down to hook the check-reins over the shining bit of metal that curved back over the little saddles to which the boy's eyes had swiftly strayed. Then they came back to the Major.

"Howdye!" said Chad.

"Good-mornin', little man," said the Major pleasantly, and Chad knew straightway that he had found a friend. But there was silence. Chad scanned the horses and the strange vehicle and the old driver and the little pickaninny who, hearing the boy's voice, had stood up on his seat and was grinning over one of the hind wheels, and then his eyes rested on the Major with a simple confidence and unconscious appeal that touched the Major at once.

"Are you goin' my way?" The Major's nature was too mellow and easy-going to pay any attention to final g's. Chad lifted his old gun and pointed up the road.

"I'm a-goin' thataway."

"Well, don't you want to ride?"

"Yes," he said, simply.

"Climb right in, my boy."

So Chad climbed in, and, holding the old rifle upright between his knees, he looked straight forward, in silence, while the Major studied him with a quiet smile.

"Where are you from, little man?"

"I come from the mountains."

"The mountains?" said the Major.

The Major had fished and hunted in the mountains, and somewhere in that unknown region he owned a kingdom of wild mountain land, but he knew as little

about the people as he knew about the Hottentots, and cared hardly more.

"What are you doin' up here?"

"I'm goin' home," said Chad.

"How did you happen to come away?"

"Oh, I been wantin' to see the settle*mints*."

"The settle*mints*," echoed the Major, and then he understood. He recalled having heard the mountaineers call the Bluegrass region the "settlemints" before.

"I come down on a raft with Dolph and Tom and Rube and the Squire and the school-teacher, an' I got lost in Frankfort. They've gone on, I reckon, an' I'm tryin' to ketch 'em."

"What will you do if you don't?"

"Foller 'em," said Chad, sturdily.

"Does your father live down in the mountains?"

"No," said Chad, shortly.

The Major looked at the lad gravely.

"Don't little boys down in the mountains ever say 'sir' to their elders?"

"No," said Chad. "No, sir," he added gravely, and the Major broke into a pleased laugh—the boy was quick as lightning.

"I ain't got no daddy. An' no mammy—I ain't got—nothin'." It was said quite simply, as though his purpose merely was not to sail under false colors, and the Major's answer was quick and apologetic:

"Oh!" he said, and for a moment there was silence again. Chad watched the woods, the fields, and the cattle, the strange grain growing about him, and the birds and the trees. Not a thing escaped his keen eye, and, now and then, he would ask a question which the Major would answer with some surprise and wonder. His artless ways pleased the old fellow.

"You haven't told me your name."

"You hain't axed me."

"Well, I axe you now," laughed the Major, but Chad saw nothing to laugh at.

"Chad," he said.

"Chad what?"

Now it had always been enough in the mountains when anybody asked his name, for him to answer simply—Chad. He hesitated now and his brow wrinkled as though he were thinking hard.

"I don't know," said Chad.

"What? Don't know your own name?"

The boy looked up into the Major's face with eyes that were so frank and unashamed and at the same time so vaguely troubled that the Major was abashed.

"Of course not," he said kindly, as though it were the most natural thing in the world that a boy should not know his own name. Presently the Major said, reflectively:

"Chadwick."

"Chad," corrected the boy.

"Yes, I know;" and the Major went on thinking that Chadwick happened to be an ancestral name in his own family.

Chad's brow was still wrinkled—he was trying to think what old Nathan Cherry used to call him.

"I reckon I hain't thought o' my name since I left old Nathan," he said. Then he told briefly about the old man, and lifting his lame foot suddenly, he said: "Ouch!" The Major looked around and Chad explained. "I hurt my foot comin' down the river an' hit got wuss walkin' so much." The Major noticed then that the boy's face was pale, and that there were dark hollows under his eyes, but it never occurred to him that the lad was hungry, for, in the Major's land, nobody ever went hungry for long. But Chad was suffering now and he leaned back in his seat and didn't talk nor look at the passing fields. By and by, he spied a cross-roads store.

"I wonder if I can't git somethin' to eat in that store."

The Major laughed: "You ain't gettin' hungry so soon, are you? You must have eaten breakfast pretty early."

"I ain't had no breakfast—an' I didn't hev no supper last night."

"What?" shouted the Major.

Chad stated the fact with brave unconcern, but his lip quivered slightly—he was weak.

"Well, I reckon we'll get something to eat there, whether they've got anything or not."

And then Chad explained, telling the story of his walk from Frankfort. The Major was amazed that anybody could have denied the boy food and lodging.

"Who were they, Tom?" he asked.

The old driver turned:

"They wus some po' white trash down on Cane Creek, I reckon, suh. Must 'a' been." There was a slight contempt in

the negro's words that made Chad think of hearing the Turners call the Dillons white trash—though they never said "po' white trash."

"Oh!" said the Major. So the carriage stopped, and when a man in a black slouch hat came out, the Major called:

"Jim, here's a boy who ain't had anything to eat for twenty-four hours. Get him a cup of coffee right away, and I reckon you've got some cold ham handy."

"Yes, indeed, Major," said Jim, and he yelled to a negro girl who was standing on the porch of his house behind the store.

Chad ate ravenously and the Major watched him with genuine pleasure. When the boy was through he reached in his pocket and brought out his old five-dollar bill, and the Major laughed aloud and patted him on the head.

"You can't pay for anything while you are with me, Chad."

The whole earth wore a smile when they started out again. The swelling hills had stretched out into gentler slopes. The sun was warm, the clouds were still, and the air was almost drowsy. The Major's eyes closed and everything lapsed into silence. That was a wonderful ride for Chad. It was all true, just as the school-master had told him; the big, beautiful houses he saw now and then up avenues of blossoming locusts; the endless stone fences, the whitewashed barns, the woodlands and pastures; the meadow larks flitting in the sunlight and singing everywhere; fluting, chattering blackbirds, and a strange new black bird with red wings, at which Chad wondered very much, as he watched it balancing itself against the wind and singing as it poised. Everything seemed to sing in that wonderful land. And the seas of bluegrass stretching away on every side and with the shadows of clouds passing in rapid succession like mystic floating islands—and never a mountain in sight. What a strange country it was.

"Maybe some of your friends are looking for you in Frankfort," said the Major.

"No, sir, I reckon not," said Chad—for the man at the station told him that the men who had asked about him had gone on.

"All of them?" asked the Major.

Of course, the man at the station could not tell whether all of them had gone, and perhaps the school-master had stayed behind—it was Caleb Hazel if anybody.

"Well, now, I wonder," said Chad—"the school-teacher might 'a' stayed."

Again the two lapsed into silence—Chad thinking very hard. He might yet catch the school-master in Lexington, and he grew very cheerful at the thought.

"You ain't told me yo' name," he said, presently. The Major's lips smiled under the brim of his hat.

"You hain't axed me."

"Well, I axe you now." Chad too was smiling.

"Cal," said the Major.

"Cal what?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, yes, you do, now—you foolin' me"—the boy lifted one finger at the Major.

"Buford—Calvin Buford."

"Buford—Buford—Buford," repeated the boy, each time with his forehead wrinkled as though he were trying to recall something.

"What is it, Chad?"

"Nothin'—nothin'."

And then he looked up with bewildered face at the Major and broke into the quavering voice of an old man.

"Chad Buford, you little devil, come hyeh this minute or I'll beat the life outen you!"

"What—what!" said the Major excitedly. The boy's face was as honest as the sky above him. "Well, that's funny—very funny."

"Well, that's it," said Chad, "that's what ole Nathan used to call me. I reckon I hain't nuver thought o' my name agin tell you axed me." The Major looked at the lad keenly and then dropped back in his seat ruminating.

Away back in 1778 a linchpin had slipped in a wagon on the Wilderness Road and his grandfather's only brother, Chadwick Buford, had concluded to stop there for a while and hunt and come on later—thus ran an old letter that the Major had in his strong box at home—and that brother had never turned up again and the supposition was that he had been killed by Indians. Now it would be strange if he had wandered up in the mountains and settled there and if this boy were a descendant of his. It would be

very, very strange, and then the Major almost laughed at the absurdity of the idea. The name Buford was all over the State. The boy had said, with amazing frankness and without a particle of shame, that he was a waif—a "woodscolt," he said, with paralyzing candor. And so the Major dropped the matter out of his mind, except in so far that it was a peculiar coincidence—again saying, half to himself :

"It certainly is very odd."

VIII

AHEAD of them, it was Court Day in Lexington. From the town, as a centre, white turnpikes radiated in every direction like the strands of a spider's web. Along them, on the day before, cattle, sheep, and hogs had made their slow way. Since dawn, that morning, the fine dust had been rising under hoof and wheel on every one of them, for Court Day is yet the great day of every month throughout the Bluegrass. The crowd had gone ahead of the Major and Chad. Only now and then would a laggard buggy or carriage turn into the pike from a pasture road or locust-bordered avenue. Only men were occupants, for the ladies rarely go to town on court days—and probably none would go on that day. Trouble was expected. An abolitionist—not from the North, but a Kentuckian, a slave-holder and a gentleman—would probably start a paper in Lexington to exploit his views in the heart of the Bluegrass; and his quondam friends would shatter his press and tear his office to pieces. So the Major told Chad, and he pointed out some "hands" at work in a field.

"An', mark my words, some day there's goin' to be the damnedest fight the world ever saw over these very niggers. An' the day ain't so far away."

It was noon before they reached the big cemetery on the edge of Lexington. Through a rift in the trees the Major pointed out the grave of Henry Clay, and told him about the big monument that was to be reared above his remains. The grave of Henry Clay ! Chad knew all about him. He had heard Caleb Hazel read the great man's speeches aloud by the hour—had heard him intoning them to himself as he walked the woods to and fro from school. Would wonders never cease? There seemed to be no end to the houses and streets and people in this big town, and Chad wondered why everybody turned to look at him and smile, and, later in the day, he came near getting into a fight with another boy who seemed to be making fun of him to his companions. He wondered at that, too, until it suddenly struck him that he saw nobody else carrying a rifle and wearing a coonskin cap—perhaps it was his cap and his gun. The Major was amused and pleased, and he took a certain pride in the boy's calm indifference to the attention he was drawing to himself. And he enjoyed the little mystery which he and his queer little companion seemed to create as they drove through the streets.

On one corner was a great hemp factory. Through the windows Chad could see negroes, dusty as millers, bustling about, singing as they worked. Before the door were two men—one on horseback. The Major drew up a moment.

"How are you, John? Howdye, Dick?" Both men answered heartily, and both looked at Chad—who looked intently at them—the graceful, powerful man on foot and the slender, wiry man with wonderful dark eyes on horseback.

"Pioneering, Major?" asked John Morgan.

"This is a namesake of mine from the mountains. He's come up to see the settlements."

Richard Hunt turned on his horse. "How do you like 'em?"

"Never seed nothin' like 'em in my life," said Chad, gravely. Morgan laughed and Richard Hunt rode on with them down the street.

At once, the Major took Chad to an old inn and gave the boy a hearty meal; and while the Major attended to some business, Chad roamed the streets.

"Don't get into trouble, my boy," said the Major, "an' come back here an hour or two by sun."

Naturally, the lad drifted where the crowd was thickest—to Cheapside. Cheapside—at once the market-place and the forum of the Bluegrass from pioneer days

to the present hour—the platform that knew Clay, Crittenden, Marshall, Breckenridge, as it knows the lesser men of to-day, who resemble those giants of old as the stunted woodlands of the Bluegrass to-day resemble the primeval forests from which they sprang.

Cheapside was thronged that morning with cattle, sheep, hogs, horses, farmers, aristocrats, negroes, poor whites. The air was a babel of cries from auctioneers—head, shoulders, and waistband above the crowd—and the cries of animals that were changing owners that day—one of which might now and then be a human being. The Major was busy, and Chad wandered where he pleased—keeping a sharp look-out everywhere for the school-master, but he could find nobody who knew even the master's name. In the middle of the afternoon the country people began to leave town and the crowd dwindled, but, as Chad walked past the old inn, he saw a crowd gathered within and about the wide doors of a livery stable, and in a circle outside that lapped half the street. The auctioneer was in plain sight above the heads of the crowd, and the horses were led out one by one from the stable. It was evidently a sale of considerable moment, and there were horse-raisers, horse-trainers, jockeys, stable-boys, gentlemen—all eager spectators or bidders. Chad edged his way through the outer rim of the crowd and to the edge of the sidewalk, and, when a spectator stepped down from a dry-goods box from which he had been looking on, Chad stepped up and took his place. Straightway, he began to wish he could buy a horse and ride back to the mountains. What fun that would be, and how he would astonish the folks on Kingdom Come. He had his five dollars still in his pocket, and when the first horse was brought out, the auctioneer raised his hammer and shouted in loud tones:

"How much am I offered for this horse?"

There was no answer, and the silence lasted so long that before he knew it Chad called out in a voice that frightened him:

"Five dollars!" Nobody heard the bid, and nobody paid any attention to him.

"One hundred dollars," said a voice.

"One hundred and twenty-five," said another, and the horse was knocked down for $200.

A black stallion with curving neck and red nostrils and two white feet walked proudly in.

"How much am I offered?"

"Five dollars," said Chad, promptly. A man who sat near heard the boy and turned to look at the little fellow, and was hardly able to believe his ears. And so it went on. Each time a horse was put up Chad shouted out:

"Five dollars," and the crowd around him began to smile and laugh and encourage him and wait for his bid. The auctioneer, too, saw him, and entered into the fun himself, and addressed himself to Chad at every opening bid.

"Keep it up, little man," said a voice behind him. "You'll get one by and by." Chad looked around. Richard Hunt was smiling to him from his horse on the edge of the crowd.

The last horse was an old brown mare—led in by a halter. She was old and a trifle lame, and Chad, still undispirited, called out this time louder than ever:

"Five dollars!"

He shouted out this time loudly enough to be heard by everybody, and a universal laugh rose, and then came silence, and, in that silence, an imperious voice shouted back:

"Let him have her!" It was the owner of the horse who spoke—a tall man with a noble face and long iron-gray hair. The crowd caught his mood, and as nobody wanted the old mare very much, and the owner would be the sole loser, nobody bid against him, and Chad's heart thumped when the auctioneer raised his hammer and said:

"Five dollars, five dollars—what am I offered? Five dollars, five dollars, going at five dollars, five dollars—going at five dollars—going—going, last bid, gentlemen—gone!" The hammer came down with a blow that made Chad's heart jump and brought a roar of laughter from the crowd.

"What is the name, please," said the auctioneer, bending forward with great respect and dignity toward the diminutive purchaser.

"Chad."

The auctioneer put his hand to one ear :

" I beg your pardon—Dan'l Boone did you say ? "

" No ! " shouted Chad indignantly—he began to feel that fun was going on at his expense. " You heerd me—*Chad.*"

" Ah, Mr. Chad."

Not a soul knew the boy, but they liked his spirit, and several followed him when he went up and handed up his $5 and took the halter of his new treasure—trembling so that he could scarcely stand. The owner of the horse placed his hand on the little fellow's head.

" Wait a minute," he said, and, turning to a negro boy : " Jim, go bring a bridle." The boy brought out a bridle, and the tall man slipped it on the old mare's head, and Chad led her away—the crowd watching him. Just outside he saw the Major, whose eyes opened wide :

" Where'd you get that old horse, Chad ? "

" Bought her," said Chad.

" What ? What'd you give for her ? "

" Five dollars."

The Major looked pained, for he thought the boy was lying, but Richard Hunt called him aside and told the story of the purchase ; and then how the Major did laugh—laughed until the tears rolled down his face.

And then and there he got out of his carriage and went into a saddler's shop and bought a brand-new saddle with a red blanket, and put it on the old mare and hoisted the boy to his seat. Chad was to have no little honor in his day, but he never knew a prouder moment than when he clutched the reins in his left hand and squeezed his short legs against the fat sides of that old brown mare.

He rode down the street and back again, and then the Major told him he had better put the black boy on the mare, to ride her home ahead of him, and Chad reluctantly got off and saw the little darky on his new saddle and his new horse.

" Take good keer o' that hoss, boy," he said, with a warning shake of his head, and again the Major roared.

First, the Major said, he would go by the old University and leave word with the faculty for the school-master when he should come there to matriculate ; and so, at a turnstile that led into a mighty green yard in the middle of which stood a huge gray mass of stone, the carriage stopped, and the Major got out and walked through the campus and up the great flight of stone steps and disappeared. The mighty columns, the stone steps—where had Chad heard of them ? And then the truth flashed. This was the college of which the school-master had told him down in the mountains, and, looking, Chad wanted to get closer.

" I wonder if it'll make any difference if I go up thar ? " he said to the old driver.

" No," the old man hesitated—" no, suh, co'se not." And Chad climbed out and the old negro followed him with his eyes. He did not wholly approve of his master's picking up an unknown boy on the road. It was all right to let him ride, but to be taking him home—old Tom shook his head.

" Jess wait till Miss Lucy sees that piece o' white trash," he said, shaking his head. Chad was walking slowly with his eyes raised. It must be the college where the school-master had gone to school—for the building was as big as the cliff that he had pointed out down in the mountains, and the porch was as big as the black rock that he pointed out at the same time—the college where Caleb Hazel said Chad, too, must go some day. The Major was coming out when the boy reached the foot of the steps, and with him was a tall, gray man with spectacles and a white tie and very white hands, and the Major said :

" There he is now, Professor." And the Professor looked at Chad curiously, and smiled and smiled again kindly when he saw the boy's grave, unsmiling eyes fastened on him.

Then, out of the town and through the late radiant afternoon they went until the sun sank and the carriage stopped before a gate. While the pickanniny was opening it, another carriage went swiftly behind them, and the Major called out cheerily to the occupants—a quiet, sombre, dignified-looking man and two handsome boys and a little girl. " They're my neighbors, Chad," said the Major.

Not a sound did the wheels make on the thick turf as they drove toward the

old-fashioned brick house (it had no pillars), with its windows shining through the firs and cedars that filled the yard. The Major put his hand on the boy's shoulder :

"Well, here we are, little man."

At the yard gate there was a great barking of dogs, and a great shout of welcome from the negroes who came forward to take the horses. To each of them the Major gave a little package, which each darky took with shining teeth and a laugh of delight—all looking with wonder at the curious little stranger with his rifle and coonskin cap, until a scowl from the Major checked the smile that started on each black face. Then the Major led Chad up a flight of steps and into a big hall and on into the big drawing-room, where there was a huge fireplace and a great fire that gave Chad a pang of homesickness at once. Chad was not accustomed to taking off his hat when he entered a house in the mountains, but he saw the Major take off his, and he dropped his own cap quickly. The Major sank into a chair.

"Here we are, little man," he said, kindly.

Chad sat down and looked at the books, and the portraits and prints, and the big mirrors and the carpets on the floor, none of which he had ever seen before, and he wondered at it all and what it all might mean. A few minutes later, a tall lady in black, with a curl down each side of her pale face, came in. Like old Tom, the driver, the Major, too, had been wondering what his sister, Miss Lucy, would think of his bringing so strange a waif home, and now, with sudden humor, he saw himself fortified.

"Sister," he said, solemnly, "here's a little kinsman of yours. He's a great-great-grandson of your great-great-uncle —Chadwick Buford. That's his name. What kin does that make us?"

"Hush, brother," said Miss Lucy, for she saw the boy reddening with embarrassment and she went across and shook hands with him, taking in with a glance his coarse strange clothes and his soiled hands and face and his tangled hair, but pleased at once with his shyness and his dark eyes. She was really never surprised at any caprice of her brother, and she did not show much interest when the Major went on to tell where he had found the lad —for she would have thought it quite possible that he might have taken the boy out of a circus. As for Chad, he was in awe of her at once—which the Major noticed with an inward chuckle, for the boy had shown no awe of him. Chad could hardly eat for shyness at supper and because everything was so strange and beautiful, and he scarcely opened his lips when they sat around the great fire, until Miss Lucy was gone to bed. Then he told the Major all about himself and old Nathan and the Turners, and the school-master, and how he hoped to come back to the Bluegrass, and go to that big college himself, and he amazed the Major when, glancing at the books, he spelled out the titles to two of Scott's novels, "The Talisman" and "Ivanhoe," and told how the school-master had read them to him. And the Major, who had a passion for Sir Walter, tested Chad's knowledge, and he could mention hardly a character or a scene in the two books that did not draw an excited response from the boy.

"Wouldn't you like to stay here in the Bluegrass now and go to school?"

Chad's eyes lighted up.

"I reckon I would; but how am I goin' to school, now, I'd like to know. I ain't got no money to buy books, and the school-teacher said you have to pay to go to school, up here."

"Well, we'll see about that," said the Major, and Chad wondered what he meant. Presently the Major got up and went to the sideboard and poured out a drink of whiskey and, raising it to his lips, stopped :

"Will you join me?" he asked, humorously, though it was hard for the Major to omit that formula even with a boy.

"I don't keer if I do," said Chad, gravely. The Major was astounded and amused, and thought that the boy was not in earnest, but he handed him the bottle and Chad poured out a drink that staggered his host, and drank it down without winking. At the fire, the Major pulled out his chewing-tobacco. This, too, he offered and Chad accepted, equalling the Major in the accuracy with which he reached the fireplace thereafter with the juice, carrying off his accomplishment, too,

with perfect and unconscious gravity. The Major was nigh to splitting with silent laughter for a few minutes, and then he grew grave.

"Does everybody drink and chew down in the mountains?"

"Yes, sir," said Chad. "Everybody makes his own licker where I come from."

"Don't you know it's very bad for little boys to drink and chew?"

"No, sir."

"Did nobody ever tell you it was very bad for little boys to drink and chew?"

"No, sir"—not once had Chad forgotten that "sir."

"Well, it is."

Chad thought for a minute. "Will it keep me from gittin' to be a *big* man?"

"Yes."

Chad quietly threw his quid into the fire.

"Well, I be damned," said the Major under his breath. "Are you goin' to quit?"

"Yes, sir."

Meanwhile, the old driver, whose wife lived on the next farm, was telling the servants over there about the queer little stranger whom his master had picked up on the road that day, and after Chad was gone to bed the Major got out some old letters from a chest and read them over again. Chadwick Buford was his great-grandfather's twin brother, and not a word had been heard of him since the two had parted that morning on the old Wilderness Road, away back in the earliest pioneer days. And the Major thought and thought —"suppose—suppose—" And at last he got up and picked up a candle, and looked a long while at the portrait of his grandfather that hung on the southern wall and then, with a sudden humor, he carried the light to the room where the boy was in sound sleep with his head on one sturdy arm, his hair loose on the pillow, and his lips slightly parted and showing his white, even teeth; and he looked at the boy a long time and fancied he could see some resemblance to the portrait in the set of the mouth and the nose and the brow, and he went back smiling at his fancies and thinking—for the Major was sensitive to the claim of any drop of the blood in his own veins—no matter how diluted. He was a handsome little chap.

"How strange! How strange!"

And he smiled when he thought of the boy's last question.

"Where's *yo'* mammy?"

It had stirred the Major.

"I am like you, Chad," he had said. "I've got no mammy—no nothin', except Miss Lucy, and she don't live here. I'm afraid she won't be on this earth long. Nobody lives here but me, Chad."

(To be continued.)

PHŒBUS APOLLO

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

Hear us, Phœbus Apollo, who are shorn of contempt and pride,
Humbled and crushed in a world gone wrong since the smoke on thine altars died!
Hear us, Lord of the Sunrise, and come, as of old you came;
Dawn on the doubts and darkness born of our later shame!
There are strange Gods come among us, of passion, and scorn, and greed:
They are throned in our stately cities, our sons at their altars bleed.
The smoke of their thousand battles hath blinded thy children's eyes,
And our hearts are sick for a ruler that answers us not with lies,
Sick for thy light untarnished, Fruit of Latona's pain:—
Hear us, Phœbus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

Our eyes, of earth grown weary, through the backward ages peer
Till, wooed of our eager craving, the scene of thy birth grows clear,
And across the calm Ægean, gray-green in the early morn,
We hear the cry of the circling swans that salute the God new-born;
The challenge of mighty Python, the song of the shafts that go
Straight to the heart of the monster, sped from thy slender bow.
Again through the vale of Tempe a magical music rings,
The song of the marching Muses, the ripple of fingered strings;
But this is our dreaming only: we wait for a stronger strain:—
Hear us, Phœbus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

There are some among us, Diviner, who know not thy way and will,
Some of thy rebel children who bow to the strange Gods still,
Some that dream of oppression, and many that dream of gold,
Whose ears are deaf to the music that gladdened the world of old;
But we, the few and the faithful, we are weary of wars unjust.
There is left no god of our thousand gods that we love, believe, or trust:
In our courts is justice scoffed at, in our senates gold has sway,
And the deeds of our priests and preachers make mock of the words they say.
Cardinals, kings, and captains, there is left none fit to reign:—
Hear us, Phœbus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

We have hearkened to creeds unnumbered, we have given them trial and test,
And the creed of thy Delphic temple of them all is still the best!
Thy clean-limbed blithe disciples, slender, and strong, and young,
The swing of their long processions, the lilt of the songs they sung,
Thine own majestic presence, pursuing the nymph of dawn
In thy chariot eastward blazing, by thy stately griffons drawn,
The spell of thy liquid music, heard once in the speeding year:—
These are the things, Great Archer, that we long to see and hear!
For beside thy creed unblemished all others are stale and vain:
Hear us, Phœbus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

Monarch of light and laughter, honor, and trust, and truth,
God of all inspiration, King of eternal youth,
Whose words are fitted to music as jewels are set in gold,
There is need of thy splendid worship in a world grown grim and old!
We have drunk the wine of the ages, we are come to the dregs and lees,
And the shrines are all unworthy where we bend reluctant knees:
The brand of the beast is on us, we grovel and grope and err.
Wake, Great God of the morning! The moment has come to stir!
The stars of our night of evil on a wan horizon wane:—
Hear us, Phœbus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

UNDER HIS EYE

By Eleanor Stuart

Illustrations by T. K. Hanna, Jr.

"OF the making of books there is no end!" Mr. Tertius Snow exclaimed, as a bookmaker registered his bet on Orizaba—at Ascot in 19—. I remonstrated: "That mare is a failure at the start. I've seen her run. Her feet stammer—like—like a German paying compliments."

Mr. Tertius Snow—for answer—put forty guineas on the beast, in my name, saying, kindly, "It's your birthday, du Belsoze, and this is a present to you. The odds against Orizaba are 8 to 2."

He paid a guaranty in notes, dropping a card from his pocket in doing so. It looked like an extra large card of invitation, in its envelope. I stooped to pick it up and restore it to him, but the crowd parted us, and I stood with it in my hand—alone in the holiday throng.

Coaches and brakes pressed close upon the inner sweep, and well-dressed women wearily watched the days running from them. Lady Palmyra Eckington bowed to me in glacial greeting, her eye of ice lighting with a chill gleam as grooms unpacked luncheon. I had known her at Nice, years before. The "great" public was more conservative in its pastimes. Placing Snow's invitation in my largest pocket, I watched hucksters punch each other for "standing-room only." I know Londonese as well as I know English, therefore enjoying the comments, I heard to right and left of me.

Tents garnished the plain like polka-dots on a lady's linen. Americans stared into space, looking for Princes; a few Frenchmen glared about, alert for beauty. A Russian conversed with four diplomatists in as many tongues—Snow had nodded to him, but I did not know his name.

At last I pushed my way to Sir Randers Sylvester's brake. Snow and I were his guests at Sylvester Gates, and had driven over with him for the races. I had known Snow since his lonely, Parisian childhood. He was Irish "in paternity," but his mother and his wealth were Russian. The Silsit Salt Deposit was solely his, and the Tolsk estate would come to him at Christa Tolskin's death. His visits to London had been few and brief, but his English was admirable.

He sat now with his back to me talking eagerly with a young woman. Her charming face was new to me, but the expression on his was old as the world's first dawn. I looked at her with consequent interest. She was slight; her hair was bright brown, her teeth perfect, her eyes blue, peculiar, and intelligent. I thought the pageant of high life had tired them perhaps; they looked indifferently over the vivid concourse. She was speaking when I came within earshot. I motioned a groom not to announce me, that I might overhear what she said.

"Your English is foreign because you only hesitate occasionally," she observed casually.

"Why?" Snow demanded.

She smiled slowly. "Englishmen," she answered, "hesitate seven times in a sentence of eight words, and Englishwomen never pause from breakfast till bed, unless someone interrupts them."

Snow introduced me, and I asked Miss Gifford if she were not English. Although she said she was, I soon knew her to be Cosmopolite. She had lived everywhere and met everyone but her match. She knew Paris as well as I know it, and told Snow about recent changes in Petersburg. When he called her "Agatha" I dropped my part in their conversation, watching them in silence from afar.

The course was at length cleared, bells rang, the more fortunate crushed their way back to their seats, and the voices of bookmakers were hushed. The horses were being "handled" for the start—some making speed to nerve them for the run and some being nursed at a standstill.

I knew the English name for each incident ; the jockeys "weighed out," the entries "lined up," it was a "fair go," and the "whole field in the run." Orizaba flew to the front, her rider kept her fourth for half the race, but in a burst of speed she led everything, until she crossed the line a winner.

I screamed with her other backers and, as we drove away, Tertius paid a month's expenses into my hand, minus forty guineas ; I considered those his. Some voice from the din about us brought word that Lady Palmyra Eckington and Miss Gifford were to be our fellow-guests for the rest of the week. I rebelled—inwardly. A world without women is a world without worry —hitherto our party had been "stag."

II

Sir Randers Sylvester filled his brake with chance guests from the race-course. They might stay a day or a week, a month or a year ; it was all one to their host. Telephoning for his T-cart, he deputed me to drive in it with Lady Palmyra and Miss Gifford. It was a matter of ten miles to Sylvester Gates.

Everyone was resting when we arrived there. A maid met the ladies and delivered me out of their hands. Drinking a little Kirschwasser, I studied some obsolete jests in a current joke-book until my boots grew suddenly painful, as boots will at the end of a holiday. Snow's room was on the same corridor as mine, and his door was opened a crack. I looked in as I passed to my own. His things were in confusion ; piles of trousers, coats, and waistcoats lay here and there, and his valet was looking through the pockets of his Raglan.

Snow's troubled voice pounded from the dressing-room. "It's no use looking in anything but what I wore to-day. Just search till you find it."

My boots on trees, and my feet at peace in large slippers, I put all my money in the safe of my dressing-box. As I transferred it from my pocket, Snow's envelope came with it. I opened it, forgetting it was his. I found a square of folded paste-board within, its outer flap had S. S. etched upon it. The seal had not been touched until I broke it, and I now broke an inner, smaller seal. The cards separated at their edges and a thoughtful face confronted me. It was a man's face and familiar to me as that of some public person. Above the picture a human eye was beautifully drawn. I sat down, horrified.

Any man versed in Continental affairs knows the initials of the Surveillance Secret. They were published with the names of its officers after the exposition of some plot of theirs in the Eighties. I tried to remember what I had heard of it. I wondered who was under its eye. I wondered that I should be chosen to observe for it, to punish for it, perhaps. I had no wish to furnish observations which might lead to death. In a frenzy of relief I realized that the envelope was Snow's. My impulse was to destroy it, that it might never come into his hands. I examined it for the postmark, but it had come by hand and was addressed in typewriting. Involuntarily, I destroyed the outer envelope. Someone knocked at my door with urgent raps. I placed the horrible thing in my portfolio, stretching myself on the lounge. I covered myself with a rug, crying, "Come in!" together with French maledictions, all in the voice of one who wakes against his will.

Snow entered. "You look done, old man," he said, kindly.

"Lady Palmyra was a hot finish to a warm day," I returned.

"Are you alone ?"

"I understand you are with me."

"Are *we* alone then ?"

"Yes, guardian-angels excepted." I wanted to gain time.

"Mine's been quite attentive to me lately," he said, shyly.

I had seen his look on the faces of many men. I knew it as a general knows the face of treachery, or a doctor the face of death. I took his hand and pressed it, saying, "Is it Miss Gifford ? She is charming. I wish you joy from a heart not quite devoid of memories."

"I knew you would," he cried, boyishly, before he told me all about it. He found many unusual things in his very commonplace story. He was excited by the fact that he had not heard of Miss Gifford before meeting her. It seemed to

him like not knowing about the Queen of England, or Abraham Lincoln. His happiness was so sincere that I vowed it should not be disturbed with secret societies. I agreed in all he said. He was an honest, handsome fellow, too emotional for an Englishman and not quite clever enough for a Russian, the most likely person imaginable to win a woman's heart.

"How old are you, Tertius?" I asked.

He yawned, trying not to look proud. "Going on twenty-four," he answered, quickly. "Oh, I've lost a letter, du Belsoze," he added; "it may be of no importance or it may mean a lot. It was handed me at the races, which gave me no chance to open it even."

"I wish it had been one of my bills," I said lightly.

A book called "Underground Russia" lay on a table at hand. I reached out for it, turning the pages while Tertius lighted his cigarette.

"Tell me!" I demanded, blandly, "is all this stuff true about these Russian Murder Clubs? Do they really exist?"

The lad changed color a little, but faced me with a quiet eye.

"I think they do, and probably lots of fellows you know belong to them. There's a kind of wrong in the world that's only checked with a timely death here and there." I pretended to be very shocked.

"How in Honor's name does a man join these things?" I cried.

"Oh, he sees the aim of these societies, and it's ten to one he'll never be called on for anything but money. Then, in the best of them, marriage is tacit resignation. It's a great system and, as a Russian, I respect the pluck of it's members."

"So do I," I replied, looking him steadily in the face.

He rose and took a turn through the room. "Goodby," he said, abruptly, opening the door and leaving me. I knew he wanted to tell me more than his engagement.

I lay still, thinking of his mother. She was a wit and had a beautiful hand, which was much in demand when I was young. She had married late. As the white moon filled the garden with soft light that evening, it filled my mind with a hundred thoughts of her. Her husband was dead, and Tertius had no near male relative. He sat alone on the terrace-steps, young and full of mettle.

"They can just do murder without him!" I exclaimed.

"What?" Sir Randers exclaimed also.

"Ah! Pardon!" I said, pretending to start. "I was dreaming, I'm afraid."

III

I ALWAYS breakfast upstairs in England, and I had almost finished on the day after the races when someone knocked at my door. I had slept but little, jumping from the bed at intervals to destroy Snow's letter, but tamely returning to it at the reflection that the letter was not mine to destroy. I now feared a visit from some of my fellow-guests, who indulged in competitive narrations of sport and war; but Sir Randers Sylvester came briskly into my room, a telegram in one hand and a driving-whip in the other. Every Englishman has a foible, Sir Randers's is taking whips up to bed with him. He says the grooms break them driving out of the stable.

"Good-morning. I'm asking a favor of you this morning."

"You have done so many for me, that I thank Heaven for my innings," I replied.

"The French turn a thing very neatly." He sat on the sofa, looking at me with his friendly eyes. "It's this," he began, briskly. "General Cambord is over here—in England—you know. Besides being a very clever man, he's a dear old gentleman, but he's in London awaiting his doctor's verdict. If it's favorable, he'll re-enter public life. I told him to run down here if the London papers got noisy about him, and he wires this morning that he wishes to come. Now the favor is, will you give up one room for him."

"Both," I said; "put me anywhere."

"One's all I need," he answered, "and as you've no servant with you my people will move you into the one room."

I thanked him. Presently he laughed and said: "Old Cambord only lost his wife last October, and only met Miss Gifford on April 26th at dinner at my house in London. Lady Palmyra says he goes to them almost as much as Snow and is



"Tell me!" I demanded, blandly, "is all this stuff true about these Russian Murder Clubs?"—Page 240.

—well—over head and ears. There's no fool like an old——"

"Wiseacre," I said, "I've seen that before in clever, old men."

"Put off your dressing-gown and meet me in the hall in five minutes. I'll drive you about. General Cambord comes with luncheon."

I shall not forget that drive. The summer-world charmed us with a thousand colors, a hundred ecstasies of bird-music, and green-uniformed regiments of shapely trees. I had a glimpse of Snow and Miss Gifford greeting day in the garden. When youth, and love, and early summer hold the stage, Death seems asleep. I forgot my increasing baldness, I even forgot the horrible letter. I seemed but one verse of the surrounding poem.

As Sir Randers prefers a quantity of his own talk to the quality of my terseness, I was silent, although we drove far. He told me all about Snow's fortune, and said that Miss Gifford's Uncle Hugh was a



Drawn by T. K. Hanna, Jr.

A glimpse of Snow and Miss Gifford greeting day in the garden.—Page 241.

man who convulsed nations, by advancing or withholding loans. "When he gets back to England he'll look Snow over; they can't be engaged—Tertius Snow and Agatha — until 'Uncle Hugh' says so. Personally, I think Cambord could be paramount in the Russian conservatism if he had Gifford's financial reputation to back him."

"I am *so* in favor of Russian conservatism," I cried, "I never could see the reason for any other kind of politics!"

"Cambord shares your opinion. He suffered many things at the hands of the Murder Clubs." Sir Randers drew up at the steps of his terrace. I descended to talk with the ladies while he drove away to meet General Cambord.

Miss Gifford was knitting under a tree. Snow was reading, and Lady Palmyra was making a kind of conversation called "chat." It is meant to be agreeable, but I find it hard to bear. I sought refuge in my room, resolved to destroy Snow's letter at once. Making my bow, I escaped thither.

I had not been told which of my former rooms was chosen for the new-comer. I accorded him the best one with bay-windows and a long mirror. Entering the other, I put off my coat and snatched up the portfolio, determined to destroy that letter. "I am right about this room being mine," I thought, "for all my things have been moved here." Snow's letter, thrust among a medley of innocuous invitations, was not among them now. I searched my pockets, the dressing-table, the chiffonier, under tables, chairs, rugs, the bed. I could not find it anywhere. I was in despair. The sound of wheels on the drive added to my fright; luncheon would be served while this horrible thing was at large. I remembered destroying the envelope because Snow's name was upon it. I wondered if it were possible that I had destroyed the card and forgotten my act thereafter. Steps sounded in the corridor and Sir Randers flung my door wide open.

"This, General Cambord, is your room," he said, "and your man can sleep across the hall. Why, du Belsoze, I meant you to keep the big room; you are very courteous to give it up. I know General Cambord would never let me ask for it; let me introduce you to the General—General Cambord, M. le Comte du Belsoze—the most amusing man alive."

I looked at him in terror. His photograph was pasted to Snow's card; it was a good likeness.

"Your face is so familiar to me," I gasped.

"I try to hide it all I can," he answered, in a deep voice.

"I think the housemaid might have left you in better shape," Sir Randers said, looking at the confusion about us.

"I am accountable for it after all," Cambord observed, politely. "I must thank you as well as Sir Randers for my hospitable reception."

He brought his heels together and bent his body in a bow. I felt as though I had a good seat in some theatre. It was too exciting to seem like real life.

IV

"When things begin to happen, it takes some time for them to stop," was what Louis Philippe said of wars. I thought of it as I sat at luncheon, studying the steadfast face of General Cambord.

"I see they shot at you yesterday, General," Lady Palmyra observed, as I took my seat.

"Ah, yes, that is what I came here to forget, Madame." He bowed over his plate and his sad face looked merry for the moment. "It was good of you to notice it. You ladies have so much to read about other people's parties that I feel flattered if you see any news of me."

"Why did he shoot at you?" she inquired—it was difficult to turn her.

"He was practising for a pistol-match at Brighton, and the papers have told him I'm fair game." The General looked old in the temperate, English sunlight; his great hands were feeble. "They are always after us," he added, sadly, "but I think this fellow was alone in his murderous plan. He thinks he is aggrieved, personally, no doubt. He got away in the crowd."

"It's the members of these Murder Clubs who are so distasteful to Englishmen," Sir Randers observed; "they per-



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"It was inside the counterpane," Cambord was explaining.—Page 245.

sonally conduct you into Kingdom Come, by order of a man they've never seen, and, like as not, they only know their victim's face from photographs."

"They are the pretext for Siberia," Cambord said, bitterly.

I felt that I had heard the Councils of the Highest, consigning souls to the blackness of eternal darkness. I escaped to the billiard-room, hoping to find diversion in the morning paper. It was full of the attempt to assassinate Cambord the day before, at 8.45 A.M., in the railway station, as he was about leaving London for Tunbridge Wells. His age was given as sixty-nine, and I was about to read the appended sketch of his career when the telephone-bell rang. Dreading the intrusion of servants, I went to the instrument myself. I closed the door of the booth which contained it, from the extra caution which a man pursued by predicament is bound to take.

"Bitte!" a German said at the far end of the line.

"I cannot speak German," I said. "Please speak English or——"

I was then addressed impulsively in what I knew to be Russian, recognizing Cambord's name in a stream of strange syllables.

"You wish to see him?" I inquired in French.

As I had hoped, the voice answered in my own language. "When I failed, you were notified," it said. "But we do not know where to direct you. The report is that his marriage to Miss Gifford is arranged——"

"To whom do you believe you are speaking?" I inquired.

"Mr. Tertius Snow. You said, 'I do not speak German.'"

"I asked only to prove you. I know that was the sign," I replied, quickly, much frightened, but pleased at my own good guess.

The voice continued: "You did well not to reply to your orders; every mail is watched. Cambord left London this morning with a secret policeman dressed as his valet."

"If," I whispered over the wire with many glances behind, "if his marriage is prevented——"

"If it is not he fastens a terrible new loan on Silsit. This banker Gifford makes it——"

"But if that marriage is prevented it is better than the extreme act, eh?"

"It is better to change a snake's nature than to kill him, but killing is quicker."

"To kill this snake is to blunder, for a stronger will take his place. I shall marry the lady myself."

"That would satisfy the Council."

"Entirely?" I demanded with anxiety.

"Entirely. She shall have the best yellow diamond in Europe and a protection greater than the armor of righteousness, if —if you succeed."

"If not——"

"Execute the extreme sentence."

"Where is she?"

"Where he is gone, you know?"

"I do," I said, dramatically. "I am here with them both. I arranged their coming. Every servant in the house is a spy in his pay. Everyone suspects me. I may be put from the door at any moment. It would be easier to kill Cambord and then myself. But nothing but financial backing can make Cambord dangerous, and I shall take away that hope from him by marrying the basis of it. I would rather take a life than a wife. It means my withdrawing from the Circles of Liberty, but I have sworn to do my best. This is my best. For, should Cambord, superannuated and poor, be displaced, a man of such power would succeed him that——"

"You are perfectly right, Comrade, and the best friend to Nationalism in the world," the voice interrupted. "Telephone 3 Upper Fulham Circuit if you need me." He blessed me in Russian and rang off.

I opened the door of Sir Randers's telephone-booth a new man. I walked to his great fire-place in the main hall. The General, Sir Randers, and Cambord's whilom valet stood by the fern-filled basin under the oak mantel, each white and shaken. The General held Snow's order from the Surveillance Secret between his thumb and finger. I pointed at it helplessly, with thoughts of Siberia as my permanent address.

"It was inside the counterpane," Cambord was explaining.

In a moment it flashed across my mind that I had taken the horrid message to my



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I stood at the stairhead and watched a farewell that was a chapter in history.—Page 247.

bed in one of my seizures of perplexity. A careless housemaid had put on fresh sheets, perhaps; but the blankets and counterpane had been spread over together, with the card in them. Some fold had caught and kept the death-warrant.

"Did you lock your room-door now, on leaving it?" the valet asked.

"No. I never thought of it; I——"

"Then he has gotten off——"

"Do you mean the man was in the room, the man who placed this in my bed?" The General was livid; he whispered and shook.

"Of course he was. Putting the thing in your bed was an attempt on your life. Where have you been lately? Nauheim. What is Nauheim? A cure for bad heart-action. What is the inference? That you have heart disease and can be scared to death."

"You are right," I cried, enthusiastically. "General Cambord, this man is right. It is as clear as day——"

But Sir Randers ran upstairs like a mad thing. We heard him opening doors and slamming them above. The policeman-valet went leisurely to the stairs'-foot calling, "Is he there?"

"Stole away," Sir Randers cried, disappointed, returning to the Council.

V

It was decided that General Cambord leave England at once, and that Tertius Snow accompany him to Dover. I suggested Tertius. I thought some spy of the Society, seeing them together, would believe funeral arrangements progressing favorably, while leaving Cambord the chance to escape with his life. He wouldn't permit Sir Randers a thought of going, too, and I absented myself at the very moment he seemed inclined to accept me as escort. Sir Randers—as a magistrate—had notified the county force of an attempt on Cambord's life while under his roof. Devotees of the bicycle were haled from their wheels to his study on a charge of vagrancy. Before an hour had passed twenty persons were mysteriously immured there. I remember one old gentleman had the sense to ring for tea. It is this faculty of making the best of anything that distinguishes the English.

"You better go up to Snow's room and hurry him," Sir Randers called to me on his way to the examination of his prisoners. "He has agreed to go——"

Snow's man was violently stuffing a portmanteau as I entered, the sweat pouring from his forehead. But Tertius sat serenely at his desk in the far window, writing "goodby" to Miss Gifford—at least, the writing was so spaced on the page as to look like verse. He seemed in high spirits.

"Come here," he whispered—looking carefully behind him.

I took the chair at his side: "I'm going to tell you something awfully private," he said, blushing to his hair. "D'you remember my saying I'd lost a letter? Well, when I heard old Cambord was over here I thought perhaps it—that letter—was an order to kill him—or something?"

"Why?"

"Pretty nearly every one in Silsit wants him out of the way. He has a scheme to raise a national loan on our Salt Deposit. A Russian gave me that letter—a fellow who belongs to a Nationalist Club—met me at the races and put it in my hand."

"Oh, nonsense, Tertius," I cried, laughing unnaturally.

"Say 'Nonsense' if you choose, but if you knew the comfort it is to have some other man—er——"

"Well, keep him under your eye and see that no one harms him. It's only as far as Dover——"

I had said "under your eye" without malice, but Tertius grew dead-white and looked at me blankly. I had seen more sudden pallor in an afternoon than anyone else—outside an earthquake.

"Old Cambord was a sort of rival of yours," I said—for the sake of saying something.

"He was a very close second," the lad declared, honestly. I said, "*Bon Voyage,*" and left him.

Miss Gifford was saying "good-by" to the General at the foot of the stairs. Some of Sir Randers's many guests were returning from an excursion. I stood at the stairhead and watched a farewell that was a chapter in history, related *sotto voce.* The great Cambord kissed Miss Gifford's hand.

"I had hoped for another happiness for



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A yellow, heart-shaped diamond, set between two daggers.—Page 249.

you," he said gently, "one that comprised my own."

Snow came down the stairs in his raglan. She went with him to the empty billiard-room, and I saw him kiss her on its threshold.

General Cambord, looking over his shoulder, saw me behind him.

"So Snow is the happy man!" he said, gamely; "he's an attractive fellow. I knew his mother ages ago. Miss Gifford didn't mention any names."

Sir Randers was explaining that General Cambord had only come down for the day, I heard the kodaks snapping—for such is the noise of fame. But we surrounded the old gentleman as he entered his carriage. Snow sat beside him, the policeman took a seat on the box, the door closed, the horses started, and presently the brougham vanished through the gates.

"Gloria in excelsis, Domine," I exclaimed, as I moved toward the telephone. I called up the editorial chambers of the *Piccadilly Personage*.

"Is this the person to whom news is reported?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"A marriage is arranged between Miss Agatha Gifford and Mr. Tertius Snow. What issue will that appear in?"

A voice of gladness, answered, "To-morrow's; what's your price?"

"It's gratis," I cried, indignantly, ringing off.

Miss Gifford often wonders how her engagement was made public, and I have taught her to suspect the servants, but it is well she did not find me appropriating Snow's telegrams, among which I found one from Petersburg. I read it and then it fluttered into the fire; the day was chilly. The telegram was short.

"*You* saved the situation," it read; "*the Silsit Loan is abandoned.*"

I have since learned that General Cambord never asked for it.

VI

Tertius Snow and Agatha Gifford were married in September, in Wiltshire. The day was perfect, the choir out of tune, and none of the bridesmaids handsome. When they returned from church, a package was placed in Agatha Snow's hand—a little package, sent by Parcel-Post. She opened it and found a yellow, heart-shaped diamond, set between two daggers. With a curious chill moving up my spine, I asked who sent it. "There is no name," they cried, searching among the wrappers.

"General Cambord," I suggested.

"He sent these." Tertius touched a diamond chain about his wife's neck. I had seen Madame Cambord wear it long ago, and wondered if the gift were a compliment or an economy. The mystery of that diamond is often mooted in the Snow household. I always inquire about it whenever I see them.

THE POINT OF VIEW

"THE only specialists about whom, I think, the thoughtful critic of education need give himself any serious concern," said President Wilson, of Princeton, in his inaugural address, "are the specialists who have never had any general education in which to give their special studies wide rootage and nourishment." This is not the view simply of the scholar and man of letters, for Dr. Wilson was able to quote in its behalf eminent "practical" authority. "It was but the other day," he said, "that the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education endorsed the opinion of their president, Mr. Eddy, that the crying need of the engineering profession was men whose technical knowledge and proficiency rest upon a broad basis of general culture."

Specialism and College Training.

This testimony by no means stands alone. In discussing, in his last annual report, the retention of Greek as a required study President Hadley, of Yale, quotes "a leading employer of railroad labor" as saying to him:

"When I want a college man I want a man who knows that it is hard work to use books that are worth anything; and as a preparation for railroad service I would rather have a man who has learned to use one hard book without liking it—a Greek dictionary, if you please—than a man who thinks he knows all the experimental science and all the shop-work which any school can give him, and has enjoyed it because it is easy."

The interesting thing in this coincidence of view is that, while not agreeing on the same essential of college training, the railroad manager instancing discipline and the engineer culture, both recognize the handicap of a strictly technical education. Looked at on one side, this is a gratifying acknowledgment from "practical" authority of the soundness of certain old-fashioned theories which have seemed to survive by sufferance. Looked at on another, the acknowledgment is so general in terms—"a Greek dictionary, if you please"—as to emphasize the difficulty of adjusting the traditional college system to the requirements of American life to-day. Which studies must be retained as essential to discipline and culture? Which can be sacrificed in the interest of a modern equipment? To this question fronting the "practical" educator, the man of affairs, who has studied the subject broadly, has seldom an answer ready, and it is hardly fair to expect one of him. Discrimination of this sort is not "in his line."

The problem is, in a sense, peculiar to America. It is due, in part, to the wide diversity of career open to the American college graduate, and in part to the attempt to make over the college inherited from England on the model of a German university. The former, aptly described as "the coping-stone of a system of secondary education," has a value for practical life—as Cecil Rhodes's will eloquently testifies—but is still distinctly untechnical, if not mediæval. It ministers to a social class from which are largely drawn the men who dominate England. To an American visitor who protested to Dr. Caird that he was wasting on minutiæ of discipline the time he ought to give to completing a great work on philosophy, the Master of Balliol replied: "I am training the future rulers of the empire"—meaning the class at whose head stands Lord Milner. The reply reveals in a word the purpose on which English university life lays chief stress—the enforcement of right habits. At the other extreme stands the German university, its four departments definitely designed for special training in theology, law, medicine, and philosophy. Something like seventy per cent. of its graduates enter the government service, which of itself gives a bureaucratic fixity to curriculum requirements, a peculiarity hard to appreciate in America under conditions so different. With the Church a state institution, with government control of the profession of teaching, with previous experience as recorder or clerk of a court demanded of the practising lawyer, and with a very large number of official positions awaiting the graduate in medicine, the German university in the careers of its graduates represents a system antithetic, if not antagonistic, to our own.

In watching the transition of the American college from the English to the German model, it is easy to lose sight of the fact that in growing away from the one educational theory to the other, we come no nearer to the German than we were to English conditions. The final end of an American education is neither to train a governing class nor to fit for a government service, but to develop good citizenship. For this the college must seek to broaden the specialist; not merely for his own sake, nor for the sake of his profession. The college should be first of all a school of duty, if, as Woodrow Wilson has said, "the business of the world is not individual success, but its own betterment."

Do We Breed Spendthrifts?

WE Americans have been called extravagant in money matters, and not without some justice. We make money (as the phrase goes) more quickly than other people, and incline to spend it with a corresponding lack of reserve. As a nation, we are not economical; indeed, we are, as a rule, what the Germans, French, or Italians would call singularly wasteful. We have a taste for luxury (who has not?), and are fond of getting in the easiest, that is, the most expensive way. Only a very small proportion of the wives of our mechanics and workmen have any notion whatever of what would, in Europe, be called good cooking; and poor cooking means either wretched living or expensive marketing. Certainly our mechanics and workmen do not, in general, live wretchedly; what a family throws away would keep an Italian household quite comfortably. If the bulk of our people do not

live entirely well in the matter of eating, it is not because they do not pay enough for it. And, apart from the question of food, the luxury of our living is unique, without a parallel in other countries. The rich in Europe undergo, as a matter of course, what people of exceedingly moderate means here would consider actual hardship. Our standard of comfort is high, and we pay for our comforts lavishly enough.

Yet, uneconomical and extravagant as we are, we have not yet developed the "perfect spendthrift," as he is to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. It seems at times as if he must be a product of an older, a more "effete" civilization. The man, either young or old, who runs through a large fortune quickly is a rarity with us. High as our standard of living, and of the ordinary expense of living, is, our standard of what might be called profligate extravagance is by no means so high. Of course pretty large sums are wasted in various forms of dissipation, here as elsewhere. But that is not the point. To take the single item of gambling, how often do we hear of a man's being ruined by it here? No doubt we hear stories of tremendous sums lost and won; but such sums do not seem either "to make or to break" anybody. For men whose incomes are reckoned by the hundreds of thousands or millions to play hundred-dollar poker is no great recklessness. But how often do we see young men, of the small-salaried sort, punting a thousand or two thousand dollars at a time at baccarat, as you can any day in France? We have not the instinct to save and scrape for eleven months in the year, and then shell out all our savings in a fortnight.

I once met in France a young man of old provincial family, Legitimist to the backbone, proud, and very poor; he was about twenty-one, modest, thoroughly "correct," as good, innocent a young fellow as one would care to meet: the sort of young man who seems to have been overlooked and left out in the cold by French fiction, though by no means a great rarity in French real life. I happened to ask him one day if he ever played cards. He said no, he did not care for that sort of thing, and besides, his means would not permit it. "I never go into a gambling-saloon," said he, "or into the card-room of a club; sometimes I may join in a little game of poker, among friends, just to pass the time; but only a very small game, never more than a louis limit." A louis limit! I wonder what club-man (out of the millionnaire class) in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or any of our larger Eastern cities would call four-dollar poker a "very small" game! And, if this was the sort of thing my young friend with next to no income indulged himself in now and then, think of what a game the real "gamblers" must play in France!

And, as it is with gambling, so is it also with other forms of extravagance. When the European sets out to be profligately reckless, he beats us hollow. With all our easy spending and lavish wastefulness in small things, we have yet preserved a wondrous prudence in great ones. We may throw more or less of our money away, but not the whole of it; we do not, as a rule, run through fortunes. The ruinously reckless spendthrift is not common in this country.

The Family in France.

IN his latest work, "Les Oberlé," a study of Alsace in the closing decade of the nineteenth century, M. René Bazin makes his hero say: "There are to be found in the present as well as in the past of the French nation many virtues and eminent qualities more abundantly than elsewhere—generosity, disinterestedness, love of justice, taste, and a certain flower of heroism. Feeble though she may be, these are treasures that do honor to the world. In comparison with them, all else is of little worth. France must be stripped of these before she can be pronounced worthy to perish." The poor young Alsatian is protesting against the relentless and all-too-successful process of Germanizing Alsace; and against that his protest is fine and futile. But what are we to say to another process which is not German, which is purely French, not imposed by force from without but by national tendencies within, by which France takes, year by year, a lower rank in population and in the strength that population gives?

An official report has recently been accepted by the French Government which sets forth facts not pleasant to contemplate for those who recognize that the French people have the qualities attributed to them by M. Bazin, and that these are of extreme value in the evolution of modern European civilization. In brief, the statement of the report is that during the last hundred years France has added but about one-ninth to her population,

while that of England as well as that of Germany has increased threefold. This means that in the course of the century, during the lives of three generations, the number of persons embodying and exerting the influence of the French character in the world is become relatively only one-third as great as it was. That is a loss to be regretted. Even the least sympathetic student of the French and of other nations will admit that we "could better spare a better" element in the complex make-up of modern life.

The explanation of the process noted in the report which is most generally accepted in France ascribes it to the law for the compulsory division of landed property at the death of its owner, and to the conditions enforced as to marriage, the latter intimately connected with the former. Doubtless the land law was originally intended to hasten the dissolution of the landed aristocracy, against which the great revolution was primarily aimed. But it would not have been left untouched in all these years of change, nor would it have been reinforced by the laws and customs relating to marriage, had they not satisfied deep-rooted tendencies in the nature of the race. Of these the most potent, the most persistent, subtle, and evasive is that which puts the family before the individual. It is hard for the English-speaking races to understand the extent to which this is done in France. The French may be said to think as to all things social in terms of the family. The marriage of one of its members is not essentially his or her affair, solely or chiefly. Indeed, it may be said to concern them mainly in their rôles as founders of another family. As to that the existing family, through its heads, the parents, and even, lacking them, through the grandparents, must be consulted, and their decision, though not absolutely final, is in the great body of cases practically so. A few years since a veteran of the Paris press, verging on threescore, possessed of a moderate fortune and an ample accumulation of social and personal experience suitable to guide him in the marital relation, secured, with great difficulty, the consent of a family council to his marriage with an American lady. Had he failed, he could still have married, but only after considerable delay and certain legal formalities of a distinctly defiant and disagreeable naturé, and he and his wife would have suffered appreciable social annoyance.

Obviously, under the law as to land, the French family is not predisposed to sanctioning marriages likely to result in indefinite fecundity and correspondingly minute partition of property. But it would be singularly unjust to the French to infer that solicitude for property is the sole motive that operates in these cases. That is but one form of respect for a certain indefinable but authoritative standard of duty to the family. Intensely democratic as France is in its laws and institutions, the shades of social difference are, compared to ours, numerous, minute, and keenly felt. A marriage that threatens the least decline in the scale menaces the family dignity, while one that promises even a slight advance appeals to family pride. The recklessness of American unions, manifestly more favorable to the increase of the birth-rate, is abhorrent to French family sentiment. Again the sense of obligation toward children, of the duty of forethought as to their opportunities for education and occupation, is much stronger in France than with us, or with the English and the Germans. This is shown, contrary to our habit, even more with reference to daughters than to sons. Since French daughters are neither trained nor expected, in most cases, to be self-supporting through life, marriage with them is more anxiously considered and restricted. One effect of this care is that acceptable husbands are, as a rule, much older than their wives.

Against the sentiment thus manifested and the view of life springing from it, legislation, and especially the legislation of a representative assembly, may make but slight headway. The change, if it come at all, is likely to be slow and reluctant. Meanwhile the numerical strength of the French, and all that it implies, must remain stationary and, relatively, must diminish.

THE FIELD OF ART

SHALL ARTISTS BE TRAINED IN OUR UNIVERSITIES?

ALL artists will agree that the number of those who appreciate the value of artistic work in our day is lamentably small; clearly if Art is to develop among us it is of vital importance that the public be led by some form of education to understand more fully than they now do the nature of Art, and to judge more justly of the worth of the productions of the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the architect, and the musician.

That our universities with very few exceptions make little earnest effort to supply this crying want has been already contended in a previous paper. It is nothing less than a scandal that students should be allowed to leave our universities with degrees which claim to indicate a full breadth of education, who are nevertheless densely ignorant of the importance of Art in the development of man, entirely unacquainted with the most rudimentary knowledge of artistic movements in the past, and without any sense of the values which artists and educated critics see in the creative work of those who devote their lives to the service of the Muses.

There is, indeed, a vast amount of talk in these days concerning the education of the artist, but an unfortunate lack of thought of the needs of the inappreciative public in this same direction. "Schools of the Art," devoted to the teaching of the artistic producer, abound and multiply among us, many of them being established beyond the influence of an artistic environment, without adequate endowment, and led by ill-equipped instructors; but we hear little of demands for the instruction of the public in all that goes to make the appreciative connoisseur.

It cannot be denied that our universities could do much to encourage Art by giving more dignity to their courses in Æsthetics, by establishing them on an equal plane with the other great departments of learning, by compelling their students to study the rudiments of Art and the outlines of its history, and by giving them opportunity to study æsthetic theory and the results of the investigation of æsthetic laws and principles. If they did so they could scarcely fail to lead the average student to perceive the incompleteness of a life which is devoid of interest in beauty and lacking in appreciation of artistic work.

Indirectly, therefore, but powerfully, such recognition of the importance of Art to the complete development of man would prove of the highest value to the artist himself, in the fact that it would increase the number of those who would encourage him by intelligent interest in his effort.

But there is another question concerning the work of our universities in relation to the artist to which our thoughts are here most naturally turned.

The establishment in them of schools of professional practice in relation to the *non-artistic* professions is very generally acknowledged to be advantageous to the practitioner, and one is naturally led to argue that it would be well if schools of practice in all the fine arts could be established under the same influence. In fact, as we have seen in the paper above referred to, such schools of practice have already been established in many of our colleges, although not on a basis which commends itself as thorough or logical.

But even if the success of non-artistic professional schools forces us to agree on logical grounds to a similar extension of the university system in the direction of Æsthetics, we cannot accept such a conclusion without finding arising within us some measure of doubt whether such a development of university teaching would prove to be of any direct value to the artist or to Art itself.

Even if we acknowledge that advantage in some measure attaches to study in our architectural schools and (with less positiveness) to study in our schools of rhetoric and music; still we are liable to feel much hesitancy when it is suggested that the universities could effectively teach the painter and the sculptor.

And these doubts are strengthened when we call to mind the patent fact that the great

painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, and poets of the past, whose names we revere, cannot be claimed to have had any such training as university schools, if fully equipped, might attempt to give.

Yet we have to acknowledge upon second thought that there appears to be little force in the objection aroused by this observation; for it is clear that a large proportion of the masters in philosophy and ethics, and in science, in the past have been equally without the advantages of university training; yet surely no one would argue that our universities are to-day valueless to the genius who is impelled to express himself as a philosopher, or as an astronomer, or as a biologist, or as an inventor.

The most that can be claimed after serious thought will be that it is wrong to assume that educational systems in the realm of Æsthetics should conform to those established in the other departments of learning; wrong to assume that advantage would accrue to the artist-student from the fact that the consideration of general æsthetic theory, the investigation of æsthetic laws, and the study of the principles of æsthetic practice, were going on in the institution in which he was working; and from the fact that in a broad way these studies were made to guide his work, were made part of his general training, it being open to him indeed to gain thorough knowledge of these theories, laws, and principles, if he should so desire.

But if we consider this objection seriously we are led to note that a similar opposition has been felt and evidenced in the past in all educational fields. The advantages, to the practitioner, of a school training of high grade have for ages been unrecognized in all the professions. And after these advantages have become patent it has been long before either the university authorities or the governors of the schools of practice have agreed that these schools are the legitimate outgrowth of the university system—long before it came to be generally agreed that they can only be carried on in the best manner when they are attached to such institutions; in which they have the benefit of the inspiration which can come only from the study of theory, the investigation of law, and the elucidation of general principles; in which the courses of study are subject to intelligent criticism so that the students or their guardians may feel convinced that they are gaining the broadest of training.

If, notwithstanding this opposition, schools of medicine, law, engineering, and mining have finally come to be looked upon as part and parcel of the ideal university, why should not schools of practice in all branches of Art be also established under the same direction?

But it may be said that the education given in a university would tend to make the artist introspective, self-conscious, intellectual; that it is the great fault of our artists to-day that they display these qualities in too great measure; that we should wish for a return to the unconscious, instinctive spontaneity which has characterized the work of the great masters of the past; that we should therefore oppose the university schools of practice because they would emphasize introspection, would make artists conscious of end or means; that we should encourage educational methods which would tend to make them impulsive and natural, for under such conditions only may we hope for artistic advance.

Now it is perfectly true that no man can produce a truly artistic work unless he is the happy possessor of some measure of genius; and genius is a special *gift;* its divine spark cannot be kindled by deliberate effort or by any sort of intellectual process; no preconceived theory, no technical knowledge of law, no appreciation of principles can make a man's laborious work artistic. The true artist must be a follower of the commands of his Muse, must be a listener for inspiration to which he should yield himself unreservedly, almost passively; and over-strenuous effort *at the moment of production* to gain a clear view of the way in which he is led, or to comprehend the nature of the goal toward which his steps tend, is prejudicial to the attainment of a truly artistic result.

But if we consider this fact sufficient reason for the discouragement of the establishment of university schools of practical Æsthetics, it is because we misconceive entirely the function of education in general; because we assume that the pedagogue hopes by his educational machinery to *produce* genius. Such an assumption, however, appears absurd as soon as it is stated clearly. Surely no one would claim that the study of theory, of law, of principle, in the universities as now constituted, involves the attempt to create scientific or ethical genius.

Nor can it be held that genius as displayed by the artist is of a very special type, and

that the artist's education should therefore differ radically from that of other men. No one can hold for a moment that there are no manifestations of genius in the fields of science, that there is no guidance of the same type as that which is granted to the worshipper of the beautiful to lead those who strive for advance in the realms of the true and of the good. That there is no deep-seated difference between genius as manifested in the artist and in those who express themselves in non-artistic fields is apparent to all who consider the flashes of inspiration which have come to men who have not been artists; to such men, for instance, as Plato and Aristotle, Newton and Bacon, Berkeley and Locke, Adam Smith, Darwin, Kelvin; inspiration which has guided these master minds in paths they knew not of.

The only ground for persistence of opposition, therefore, seems to result from the acceptance of the notion that the study of pure theory, the investigation of law, and the formulation of principles, tends to crush out genius. But this notion at once appears untenable when we consider that in the departments of learning other than those relating to Æsthetics the marks of true genius have been displayed most distinctly by those who have been conversant with theory, who have been investigators of laws and enunciators of principles. It may be true that spontaneity is not sufficiently evidenced among our artists to-day; but this cannot be claimed to be due to our methods of education; so far as it is true it is due simply to the fact that we have few men of genius among us who are led to express themselves in the field of Art. The Leonardos and Goethes and Miltons rise up to proclaim that the true artistic genius cannot be curbed by any amount of preparation for his work, nor by any studious attempt to guide his footsteps away from the pitfalls into which others have fallen.

Some critic may possibly make the further claim that the opposition of which we speak is warranted by what he holds to be self-evident, viz., that eras which have shown little art-product of high value have been eras of devotion to critical formalism and philosophical theorizing. But when we come to look at the facts we find no satisfactory evidence at hand to prove the truth of this notion.

If, however, for argument's sake we grant the facts which lead to this contention, we find that the deduction from them really appears to be altogether illegitimate; that indeed we may with much more reason argue from them that the studious age has actually been the parent of the productive one which has followed, rather than an age of sterility.

In truth, however, it is probable that in many cases neither of these views can be shown to be tenable, rather must it be held that the most probable deduction from the facts, so far as they are established, is that the force of production, when it occurs in marked degree, awakens the world of thinkers to the importance of the artistic impulses in man, and leads in a later generation to their serious consideration by men of philosophic trend of mind.

The last resort of the objector must then lie in his claim that artistic endeavor is not and cannot be aided by the investigation of theory, law, and principle. Yet such a notion will not be maintained by the thoughtful man when he considers, for instance, the importance of the knowledge of anatomy to the sculptor and to the draughtsman, of perspective to the painter, of the harmonic relation of tones to the musician, of structural principles to the architect, of rhythm and metre to the poet; and when he realizes that all of these valuable aids to the artist are the result of the study of theory, and of law, and of their practical application in the establishment of general principles.

It is, of course, not maintained that the artist-student should be compelled to devote himself to study of the metaphysical theory of Art, or that he should be forced to become an investigator of æsthetic problems. There is no reason to demand such full knowledge of the average student of practice in the fine arts; nor is there reason to believe that the university authorities would ever demand it if they established the most thorough courses in Art; for they do not make such demands of the student of practice in the lines now established. What they do is to lead them to see that their work is based upon broad fundamental principles, which they give them opportunities to study and to test if they are so minded.

And who can doubt that the artist would be better off if his education was not felt to be complete unless he had gained some notion of the noble breadth of the art-impulse which

is implanted in man; which he would most easily gain could he study under his master in an atmosphere where the principles of Æsthetics as a whole were studied, where investigation was going on, and where he might gain without difficulty the help of the special investigator? If under such conditions the student were drawn away from artistic production, clearly it would be because he had not the true stuff in him, because he was not *au fond* an artist. And such an one would surely do well to refrain from attempting to create artistically; we should run no risk of loss by his concentration upon some other work than that of artistic production.

Nor is it maintained that thorough university schools of artistic practice should be established in order to make too easy the path of the student. Rather would they, if developed on the widest lines, tend to impress upon him the difficulties of the paths he must tread if he wish to attain permanent recognition. For the thorough study of Art would make it evident to many, who now fail to realize it, that the "art-instinct" is a common heritage of man; that it is no sign that we ought to devote our lives to Art because we feel the impulse to artistic creation welling up within us. We should thus find the schools, were they broad enough in their teaching, tending to eliminate the less fit, while giving at the same time fuller opportunities to the best endowed artists.

It appears, then, that the opposition felt to the extension of university courses in Æsthetics is based upon a misconception of the function of university teaching in general. Scientific study cannot in any way define or determine the movement of genius, and this is as true in the realms of the true and of the good as it is in the realm of the beautiful. The best work in all fields is due to "inspiration" as we call it; or, in other words, to instinctive reactions which no amount of labor can produce in a man unless he has inherited capacity.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that scientific study can do much for all of us directly or indirectly, nor that what it does for men of ordinary ability it can do even for the genius himself; for it can aid him in gaining that measure of skill which will enable him to cut deep when his inborn talent demands expression.

It is acknowledged that science in general must for the most part content herself with effects which are negative rather than positive; yet scientifically ordered study in all fields does for the student in a more systematic way exactly what the master does for his apprentice in a less systematic way; it teaches him the experience of those who have gone before; it warns him how he may escape their errors, how he may avoid the wasteful experiments they have tried in their efforts to attain the skill which is evidenced in the works they have left to us as our heritage; and it enables him to set out from the vantage ground they have gained to conquer new worlds, so far as the light of genius within him can show the way.

This general truth when applied to Art teaches us that the study of the theory and science of Æsthetics cannot create artistic masters, nor can it be held that artistic masters cannot appear unless they have been influenced by it; but exactly the same thing may be said of systematic teaching in general; in all walks of life the "self-made" man is ever arising and surprising his machine-educated fellows. Nevertheless, it may surely be said that as a rule university training will be best for the future master:

> Schools and degrees will leave a fool a fool;
> But wit is best when wit has been to school.

Indeed, the truth of this is very generally acknowledged already in special branches of Art; *e.g.*, in rhetoric and in architecture.

But practical science can never be thorough, nor can it be thoroughly taught, unless it is grounded upon and inspired by a co-ordinate study of theory, law, and principle, as we have already argued. Toward the fuller development of university teaching in Æsthetics in the directions suggested we are evidently tending. That it must surely unfold in time in complete form seems inevitable, for the simple reason that the final goal of all pedagogical systems, beyond which there is no further step, appears in the establishment of schools of practice, and without such schools of practice no pedagogical system can be held to have reached its legitimate and complete development.

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, AND I WANT YOU TO LIVE HERE WITH ME."

—"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," page 337.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CITY

By John Corbin

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

A HUMOROUS poet bent on satirizing the crudeness of American life, once wrote a series of poems to the familiar streets of New York, in the manner of the poems that have been written to the localities of the Old World. One laughs with a good will at ballads to Fourteenth Street, and to Thirty-fourth Street. Any suggestion of illusion breaks down grotesquely amid associations that are so new, so crude, so much a matter of bread and butter.

I

WE assume that it does at least, but does it? And if it does, must it always do so? Our life may be crude, grotesque, if you will, but is not this only because happily it has not yet become conventional? It is formless, no doubt, but for that very reason it may be all the more alluring to an artist bent on divining new forms of beauty. It is an old and pathetic weakness of human nature, this disposition to find one's nearest surroundings immitigably ugly. Even the inhabitants of patriarchal London are as a rule disposed to find that their city is grimy, chill, and squalid—"a hell-hole shut in by a roof of soot supported on columns of chimney smoke," as one gloomy spirit called it. But along came Mr. Henry James, fresh from the sparkling air and the lofty clouds of America, and found in the neutral tints of the London air a kindred spirit to his neutral-tinted genius; and now the Londoner who has read Mr. James discourses of the richness and the color of the atmosphere about him. What our American cities most need to render them beautiful is an artist who will body forth to our duller eyes the beauties already there.

Surely—if this is a virtue!—New York in its moods (or during a strike in the anthracite coal-fields) can be as sombre as London. And if when a fine mist blows up from the Lower Bay, it sometimes lacks the sulphurous yellow of half consumed bitumen, it yet brings compensation. The clean dull grays are a joy in themselves as they merge with infinite gradations into profound darkness at the end of side streets, or leap into porcelain whiteness around the twin arc-lights on Fifth Avenue. The most casual eye may find delight in noting how softly building fades into building in the heart of the town, and with what rich variety of tone the smoke of steamers and factories on the water-front merge into the surrounding gray. There are dull days in summer, that take a tinge of color from green trees and vines, and there are dull days in winter that catch up a sheen of white from a mantle of snow. Most beautiful of all are the flurries of snow-flakes, in which the commonest city sights loom vague and mysterious. The postman making his rounds in a muffler, or the bus-driver swinging his arms to keep warm, dilate upon the view and take on an air of the

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unaccustomed in which the dullest eye must find delight. And the best charm of these gray moods is the element of surprise that comes from their brevity and their rarity !

The characteristic American sky is clear and pure. The genius of light prevails. The earth is inundated in midsummer with floods of blazing heat, and the coldest days of midwinter are cheered by sunlight that sparkles with the chill brilliancy of diamonds. In mid-day, tumbling masses of opaque white add an incandescent splendor to the soaring blue. In the late afternoon purple shadows gather in the street vistas at the foot of the tall buildings, while the light of the declining sun glows warmly on the cornices. At sunset clouds of clear gold and crimson, at the ends of the cross streets, for the moment cast a spell of primeval awe and mystery into the central highway of the metropolis.



Spring Showers—The Stage.

If we fail in our daily walks to be always conscious of the beauty about us, it is because we are the children of this high-spirited, shadowless sky, and as yet are too much a part of it to be able to see in perspective its just values. Let the true-born American once be exiled abroad and his eyes are opened. In the sudden chill of a London winter there are days and weeks when the soul of the salamander in each of us goes out in longing for the stuporous heat, the glittering brilliance of our midsummers. In the eternal gray-green of Paris there are days when the memory of tingling frost and the jingle of sleigh-bells bring a passion of homesickness. Something of this glamour of perspective the interpreting artist, and only he, can bring home to all of us.

II

Which of the poets that have sung the praises of Venice or of Edinburgh will devote his muse to the modern city of elevator buildings? The venture would tax the hardihood of a Columbus of rhyme. Hideous it assuredly is to the rhythm-loving eyes of an architect, and all its details are incongruous—the front of a Grecian temple surmounting a rocket-like office building, or the exquisitely proportioned Gothic lace-work of the Cas D'Oro racked out through nine stories. Yet the eye that delights in varieties of light and shadow, in the surprises of perspective and in the picturesque juxtaposition of masses, will find endless subjects of interest. Who was it called the steel construction a sky-scraper? The very phrase convicts him of having eyes that see not. From the depths of the canyons between these cliff-like structures the skies are loftier than from the boundless prairie, bluer, more ethereal, more infinitely serene. At sunset the towering cornices take a radiance scarcely less beautiful in itself than the glow that suffuses a snow-capped Alp. Would Wordsworth, who found as much beauty in the thronging bridge at Westminster as in the classic High Street of Oxford, indite a sonnet to lower Broadway? And if he did, would the sonnet deserve to stand beside the "Intimations," or beside "The Idiot Boy"? Only time and experience can answer. Yet the popular imagination is already at work —or is it the popular humor ?

One observer, with his eye on the keen northward edge of the Flat-iron Building, called it an ocean steamer with all Broadway in tow. Another, the flights of whose



Waiting for a Fare—Madison Square.

fancy were a trifle less giddy, compared it to a mediæval campanile. Granting the subject and the proportions—the terms of the problem set to the architect—is it not true that the treatment is fine ? Note the happy use of the shallow bays that break the sides, otherwise intolerably flat and monotonous, into lines that rest the eye as they carry it upward, and also the just emphasis of the cornice overhanging the street. Because precisely this problem was never treated by a European architect, does it follow that the problem is impossible or the solution bad ? Every observer has a mind of his own on the subject, and one is lucky if he has not two or three different minds. There are times when the building seems no more than what it is called, a flat-iron, or, if a choice might be allowed in domestic implements, a clothes-pin that served to fix Fifth Avenue and Broadway on the line of Twenty-third Street. But there are times when it seems one of the most striking monuments of modern civic architecture—a column of smoke by day, and by night, when the interior is lighted, a pillar of fires. And what an accent it gives to the two great highways of the metropolis ! Yes, but what shall we say when these fires are used to advertise electrically a patent remedy for weak backs and sore feet ? And as for the accent—whisper it low—has it not something of the stridence and the nasality of greater America ?

The retort courteous is to point to a

tower that confronts the new elevator building across the tops of the trees in Madison Square. There is nothing about this that could possibly offend the eye, even of those who keep most zealously to the highway of approved taste, for it is an intelligent variation upon the far-famed campanile of Seville. The imagination would certainly be dead that did not kindle at the sight of the exquisitely varied surface of its buff-colored sides, the airy sprightliness of the gray stone belfry, or the lithe grace of the Diana of Saint-Gaudens that strides into the wind. Yet what has a campanile to do with our past, our present, or our future? If it expresses anything in our life it expresses a pseudo-æsthetic desire to have pretty things to look at. Its best virtue is the virtue of bric-à-brac. It is an eternal monument to the fact that those who made it were not able to work out the life of their own time and place into new forms of beauty. Compared with this exquisite exotic from the Old World, no doubt, the rough young stripling of the New is crude and assertive—painfully disquieting to any sensitive consciousness. Yet the Spanish tower belongs to an alien people and a vanished age. This twentieth century giant, whether ugly or beautiful, stands on the threshold of vigorous new life and of vast architectural possibilities.



Fifth Avenue, During a Blizzard.

III

The crudeness and the potentialities of our architecture afford a fit symbol of the universal life of the city of the twentieth century. If any man wishes to see it all, he has only to walk with his eyes open through the centres of modern life. Forget for a moment the quarters which the novelist most delights to study—Stuyvesant Square, Gramercy Park, Washington Square, and the adjacent stretch of old Fifth Avenue; these are but shallows beside the great stream—pools that dimple perhaps with a smile of quiet beauty, and catch the radiance of the mellow sky above; yet the essence of their charm is of the Old World; it lies in the fact that action and progress—the world of the present—has passed them by.

Stroll rather from Madison Square up Fifth Avenue and along Central Park. At the outset one may pick out, if the fancy strikes him, the house in which Flora McFlimsey was abashed in the discovery that (in spite of very considerable ef-

forts on the part of the Parisian dressmaker) she had nothing to wear. How gay and worldly Flora once seemed, how truly urban and sophisticated! Yet, as the modern observer pauses beneath the trees of the square, and looks at the simple brown-stone houses in one of which she lived, she seems to be the heroine of an ancient pastoral, ingenuous and primitive. Our mother Eve, when she first dimly conceived the possibilities of modistery, seems scarcely more remote from the manners of to-day. The young woman who lives at the other end of the avenue is of but one generation later, yet she is the embodiment of sophistication and self-command. You can't catch her without the critical frock for the critical moment, or if you chanced to, with how cool a self-possession she would confront the exposure!

In a leisurely stroll between Madison Square and the Park, one may see scores of young ladies ranging between these two engaging types of womanhood. Yet each of them could reckon, if she only would, the brief space between the marvellous hat she wears upon her marvellous head and the ancestral truck-farm or gold mine. Some of them, to be sure, are of the ancient leaven of the Knickerbockers. But have they forgotten how few are the decades since their parents outlawed Washington Irving for his gentle satire upon the manner in which their forefathers took possession of Manhattan? Have they forgotten, moreover, that in all that makes for worldly splendor and position the saplings of a later growth have overshadowed them? Let them cherish their ancient traditions, as indeed we all do. Yet, Ichabod! their glory has departed. They have been eclipsed by newer men—by the daughters of newer men. And these daughters in their brief turn will be eclipsed by the daughters of a man who has made a syndicate of the manufacturers of motor-cars. In all the great cities of the world there are interesting and beautiful things, but they are things of a past, of manifold tradition, or things of a present that is scarcely distinguishable from such a past. The life here is the life of a present that looks



Spring Showers—The Street Cleaner. Madison Square, near Twenty-third Street.



Evening Impression. From my window—Madison Avenue and Eighty-third Street.

out to a future, infinite in the variety of its possibilities.

It is small wonder if this life is versatile and gay. Everywhere is new wealth, that brings the exultant sense of power ; everywhere are beautiful things, to buy which is the most concrete expression of this sense ; everywhere is a world of people who live in an endless intoxication of gayety, to take part in which is the obvious end of having money and of spending it.

IV

On either side of the street at brief intervals are shops—old mansions made over into show-rooms—in which the modern goddesses of liberty find raiment to make their natural loveliness adorable. In these shops are the gowns and the hats that will open the most desirable doors in this most desirable world ; that will make one presentable with each advancing season, almost with each succeeding hour. It is no selfish thing, this pleasing the eyes of others ! The philosopher will see at a glance that these shops are pure temples of Altruism. This, and only this, can explain the fact that all the women, as they alight from their carriages before the doors are so radiant.

Here as elsewhere, however, the way of the beneficent is hard. The same women as they pass out are not always so radiant. In the more sumptuous establishments assistants are employed—at stipends pitifully small—to walk up and down in the model gowns, across and roundabout. They are chosen for an exquisitely slender waist, a lithe and erect carriage ; and on their forms the gowns are the perfection of elegance. When the same pattern of gown is adapted to the person of the purchaser the disappointment is often beyond the power of philosophy to console. And as for the power of wealth, in such a crisis it is the hollowest of mockeries. Women there are in whose hearts the sight of a model

trailing complacent clouds of glory in the gown they are destined to wear raises dark and dangerous passions. For in some re- pier-glass, she burst into bitter tears, for she realized that she could never on earth be more beautiful than—that.



The Astoria in the Background—A Winter Day.

spects this matter of dressing well is not altogether altruistic. There is a story (with a moral) of one young woman who was enabled by a stroke of good fortune to array herself at these shops—to buy all that ambition can crave or fancy invent. When she put on her gowns at home for the first time and looked at herself in the

If the gowns can lose in the fitting, they can also gain. Stroll along the Avenue in the morning at the hour of shopping, or in the afternoon at the hour of the duty call, and you will see how each of them has borrowed an air of affability or of stateliness, of modesty or of pride, a Titania-like sprightliness or a Junonian

majesty—the *je ne sais quoi* one knows so well—from the incomparable she who has deigned to wear it. For, arrayed in all her glory, she is incomparable. The woman who shops in Old Bond Street and does her duty calls in Mayfair sometimes lacks the ultimate sense of color, the most scrupulous nicety as to cut, the finer grace in bearing and in manner; while she who shops in the Avenue de l'Opéra and lives in the Champs Elysées is sometimes addicted to extremities of design and of color, to frills and furbelows. But the young woman of Fifth Avenue, with all her newness, or perhaps because she feels obliged to offset her newness by her wit, shows at her best a more admirable fancy than the Englishwoman, a more admirable restraint than the Parisian. From the simplest golf skirt to the most elaborate ball costume, each gown exhausts the possibilities of art. To find her just counterpart you will have to go to the Kohlmarkt and the Ring-strasse. In Vienna the life is similarly shifting and cosmopolitan, there is a similar lack of indigenous style, and a similar willingness to take the best, wherever it is to be found. It is one of the many marvels of this metropolis of the new democracy, that its women, bred as they are upon the shifting quicksands of democratic society, are already meeting on equal terms the women of the oldest aristocracies.



The Obelisk, Central Park.

Quite as important as the something to wear is the some-place to live in. The show windows of others of these converted mansions are splendid with all that goes to make a house beautiful to the eye. There are great oaken chests with mediæval gothic carvings, and stately chairs and sideboards covered with florid Flemish or Italian designs; fragile Chippendales and Sheraton, so unlike the ungainly furniture of modern England; elegant and superelegant drawing-room sets of the later Louis and the Empire—in short the most beautiful examples of the most beautiful styles of all ages are grouped here to attract the eye of the new millionnaire who is bent on gaining a foothold in this wonderful world of the metropolis. Here a pair of sculptured lions guard the shop entrance. There the capital of an antique column, hollowed out to make room for plants or flowers, stands before a shop window. Both are real art treasures caught up from the ruins of the Old World to lend a touch of stately beauty to some newly fashioned garden in the New. There are wall papers of the newest and most beautiful patterns, embroideries and tapestries of all countries and all ages. Here a white Romish chasuble and stole richly embroidered with blue and crimson and gold, which has been worn through who knows how many solemn and magnificent masses, are displayed for sale against a curtain of dull red ancient velvet brought from a ruinous castle in Spain. Some day both the chasuble and the velvet will lend their stately richness to a New World interior. Everywhere are old vases, trays, and trinkets, and all the enticing flotsam and jetsam of the onward flowing centuries. The time was when a private collector could pick up here and there an unconsidered trifle in Little Britain or on



Fifth Avenue, Sixty-first Street, Central Park.

the Quai Voltaire, but the buyers for these and similar shops have changed all that. It is as much as one can do to find a treasure in the remote interior towns. The best of everything is spread out here for the newest houses in the newest world.

The proprietors of these old furniture shops could, if they would, tell many an instructive tale of the bargains they make with their affluent customers. The possession of new riches sometimes fails to develop knowledge and taste as rapidly as it develops the desire for splendor. In no place in the world, perhaps is it as easy for shopkeepers to work the old trick of exalting the buyer's desire by the easy expedient of exalting the price. As a rule it is well to make any extensive purchases through a professional furnisher, who takes a fee from both buyer and seller, to be sure, but as a rule does honest service to his client. It will not do, however, for the dealer to assume that an unprotected purchaser is an ignoramus. It takes brains to become rich, and when one has wealth and intelligence it needs no great amount of experience to develop considerable knowledge, and even taste. There have been cases in which bargain finds have been made at the expense of the proprietors of these very shops. And not all the buyers belong to the very rich. This stretch of Fifth Avenue is the haunt of engaged and married folk of all sorts and conditions ; and there are many to whom, in the fulness of hope, it is the pleasantest of all excitement to exceed their means in the matter of a carved Italian chest for the drawing-room firewood, a Chippendale sideboard in San Domingo mahogany, or a Sheraton chest of drawers. What better memorial could there be to the season of blossoming hope? A few such things bring a more enduring sense of affluence than many figures in the bank-book.

Of all the shops on Fifth Avenue the most eternally beautiful are those of the dealers in Oriental rugs. What is more pleasing to the eye than rich color, and what colors are more enchanting than these greens and browns and crimsons?

Here are silken rugs, so brilliant that the sheen seems actually to emit light, the prices of which are reckoned in thousands of dollars. Yet somehow they fail to hold the eye and satisfy it as do the woollen fabrics with their duller colors. In many American cities the rugs are shown only in darkened rooms, crumpled artfully beneath the deceptive rays of a shaded light. In a way this is a fairer test of the fabrics, for they were woven to hang in the half-lights of Mohammedan tents, and they show more varied shades and a greater depth of color when they are gathered in folds. But here, as in an Oriental bazaar, rugs from Tabreez and Senna, Khiva and Bokhara, are hung up before the shops, and spread out in the areas to the very sidewalk. If what one is after is a brilliance of rich color, it is nowhere to be had in such ravishing fulness. On the shady side of the avenue the Bokharas and Khivas lie smouldering at your feet, woodland pools that catch the afterglow of sunset. On the sunny side they burst upon the senses in floods of noontide glory.

The Armenian dealer in rugs is probably the craftiest of all the shopkeepers, and his emissaries have so thoroughly ransacked the Orient that the traveller is frequently advised in Persia and Afghanistan to look for the rarest and the best specimens in London, and especially in New York. Yet even here the experienced purchaser can find notable bargains. A gentleman who has, in Chicago, a very notable collection of Bokharas, and who has travelled throughout the Orient in search of the rarest and the most perfect fabrics, lately found three new specimens hanging before a Fifth Avenue shop, and bought them for prices which, allowing of course for the duty, would have been cheap in the tent of a Persian.



Prosperity.

Every shop on the Avenue and in the side streets adjacent tells the same tale of luxuriant taste. In the picture-shops are masterpieces, the sale of which will be chronicled in all the cities of the world. The book-shops are rich in old engravings, in rare quartos and folios of the great poets, and in the products of world-renowned presses, from Caxton to Will-

iam Morris. A veritable flood of pictures and books is flowing in increasing volume from the Old World to the New; and this is a never-failing cause of wrath to the European connoisseur—though he sometimes shifts the object of his wrath. When it all began, he loftily scolded the dangerous vanity of pork-packers that made them covet things they could not possibly value except in vulgar dollars. Then he likened America to ancient Rome, in that both indulged a craving for exotic luxury by despoiling the treasuries of more artistic countries. Now he is beginning to see that the American collectors are not only the richest, but also the most public-spirited, intelligent, and original. To-day the European connoisseur scolds his countrymen for being less enlightened and less thoughtful of future ages than his American competitor.

In this reaching out for the obvious splendor, this ransacking of all ages and all countries in order to convert new wealth into immediate luxury, there is no doubt a suggestion of the way of the barbarian. But even for the barbarian there is hope. Already we are profiting wisely by these exotic splendors. Our dressmakers are learning to make their own styles and to make them well; our manufacturers of furniture have forsaken the old gods of Victorian ugliness and are tentatively seeking new forms of fitness and beauty; our carpet-makers are experimenting with matters of design and of dye. English house interiors, at their best, are simple and solid, but apt to be cold and bare; French interiors are brilliant and harmonious, but apt not to be comfortably livable. The American is in a way to excel the Englishman in all the appliances of health and comfort, and to rival the Frenchman in the matter of mere ornament. As regards decoration, portrait work, and sculpture the best of our artists are men of international reputation.



Asphalters.

V

The new-comers make up a large part of the life that throngs upon Fifth Avenue, and it is astonishing how quickly they put on the externals of splendor. They fix cockades in the hats of their footmen, and emblazon coats of arms on their carriage-doors. Their devotion to motor-cars and carriages may be judged in the fact that the restaurants that exist by their patronage do not deign of a winter evening to clear away the snow upon their sidewalks, or to shovel clear their gutters, so that the residents of the city on their way from the street-cars to their homes or their clubs are sometimes obliged to wade ankle-deep in slush. This is an affront not easily forgiven. Yet a philo-

sophic mind will find consolation in the fact that when he has need of a restaurant he has at hand, thanks to these new-comers, a greater variety of food cooked with a finer art than is to be had in any other city the world over. An American living in Europe, who was lately obliged to travel to Australia, chose the less desirable western route in order to taste again what he called Christian cooking in his favorite Fifth Avenue restaurant.



Battery Park—A Winter Morning.

The new-comers do not always have the weakness of wishing to stay permanently in the East. After the first fling of delight in new luxury is past, the atmosphere is likely to choke them. Yet they keep coming out of the West in never-failing numbers, like comets that swim into our ken for a time, to add variety and life to the firmament of the metropolis.

Some of them fall under the spell of Eastern life, or are detained by business necessities, and build palaces of hope overlooking Central Park or the Hudson. The hope of the palace is not always realized. In spite of popular opinion, something more than wealth is necessary in order to become a part of this world. The palaces of the new millionnaires are often the abodes of a more than royal isolation. There are families who have houses filled with all the luxury and all the beauty wealth can buy, and who yet look back toward the rough inland town where they made their money with heart-breaking home-sickness. Their daughters are refused admission, perhaps, at the fashionable girls' schools, in which it is necessary to register a child's application almost as soon as it is born. Their sons go to Yale or to Harvard, and unless they have the happiest of knacks for making friends, live a life as isolated as that of their parents in the metropolis. It may not take three generations to make a gentleman, but it often takes more than that to give one the position in the world adequate to his ambition and his means.

VI

More often than not, however, those who have the means and the desire do end by becoming a part of the life of the metropolis. How the women manage it would not be easy to say, and besides, their stalking-ground is not the city : they prosper best in health-resorts and in foreign travel. The man, if he stands for anything of interest in life, finds his way very naturally into relationships with other men



The Hand of Man.

by means of the clubs that are so prominent a feature of the Avenue. Whatever his politics, there are others of his stripe in close affiliation, and if he has no politics, but is a reformer, here is a club of fellow-reformers. Engineers, officers of the army and the navy, railwaymen, lawyers, authors, painters, actors, bookmen, yachtsmen, athletes—all have special clubs, admission to which is easily obtained by the eligible. If one is merely a millionnaire or a society man, there are still clubs frequented exclusively by his kind. As soon as a fellow graduates from Harvard, or Yale, or Princeton, he is admissible to the Harvard Club, the Yale Club, or the Princeton Club, where he will renew old college friendships and make new ones. And then there is the University Club for all, which has lately erected one of the most splendid club edifices in the country. The clubs of Fifth Avenue are even more beautiful and more comfortable than the corresponding clubs in London, and never suffer from overcrowding. But, perhaps because New York is still relatively provincial, they lack the atmosphere of important activity that marks the clubs of Piccadilly.

It would not be easy, nevertheless, to overestimate their importance to the community. Rightly regarded, this well-developed club-life is one of the most valuable assets of a metropolis, a sort of loadstone that attracts men of means from all parts of the country. Western cities, in which business absorbs every man's time and energy to the exclusion of leisure and cultivation, will do well to take note of this. When their citizens are content with the money they have made, they are apt to disappear, to live in some place in which the normal amenities of life are tolerated. The communities they leave do not, of course, regret them, and are not aware of missing them ; but occasions are not infrequent on which their presence is much needed by individuals. Someone, for example, with a rapidly expanding business wants to borrow money on perfectly good security ; but his wealthy fellow-townsmen have left for the East, or for Europe, and he is unable to find capital that is free for investment. During the past ten years in Chicago many men have failed because they were not able to make immediately loans amply warranted by

a rapidly growing business; and some others, who have seen the way of wisdom in time, have transferred their business to New York, where any sudden crisis does not find them without an anchor to windward. If Chicago wishes to become the great centre of American life, it can do nothing wiser than to make leisure agreeable to those of its citizens who are quitting business. Until they have something that corresponds to the gay and varied life of Fifth Avenue, New York is likely to hold its position as the Metropolis, and its life is as likely to grow almost daily in the richness and variety, as in the harmony and proportion.

VII

Those who are inclined to despise the manners and the art of their own day will not do ill to consider what so intelligent a critic as Sir Philip Sidney thought of the drama of his generation. "Ye shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a Garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwracke, in the same place, and then we are to blame, if we accept it not for a Rock. . . . While in the mean-time two armies flye in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what harde heart will not receive it for a pitched fielde? . . . How absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine, and Arte hath taught and all ancient examples justified." It was indeed a crude and disproportioned art of the drama that the lad Shakespeare found when he came up to London—crude as a city of elevator buildings. Yet within a quarter of a century he and his fellow-workers had made of this despised material the greatest dramatic form of all times.



The Ferry—Thirty-fourth Street, East.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

BY DAVID J. BREWER

Associate Justice

THOUGHTFUL men, the world over, have not been lacking in praise of our Constitution and system of government. As the years go by it becomes more apparent that the distinctive feature of the Constitution is its judicial system, with the Supreme Court at its head. Not in the mere fact of a judicial system, for courts were a part of our Anglo-Saxon inheritance. Indeed, long before the settlement of this country executive, legislative, and judicial departments and functions were in existence. But the significance is in the powers given to the Supreme Court, and given in a Republic formed by a union of States, which, though surrendering some of the absolute supremacy of a nation, were continued in the possession of a large amount of independent authority.

We call ours a Federal system of government. It is Federal because there is a Nation and States within and a part of that Nation—a Nation supreme in national affairs and in foreign relations, and yet powerless to control the purely local interests of the separate States. We rightfully speak of the republic as a nation possessed in its relation to the nations of the world of all the essential attributes of nationality, yet we know that the nation, that Congress as the legislative body of the nation, is impotent to regulate the police affairs of the smallest village in any State. Over local affairs the States are as supreme as though they were not integral parts of the republic.

This creation of a new nation with all the elements of nationality, with absolute control over national affairs and foreign relations, and yet composed of States having a like absolute control over the local affairs of the communities within their limits, would, in the nature of things, result in controversies between the nation and the States as to their relative control in many matters. That such disputes might be settled peaceably required an independent tribunal, and so the Constitution provided the Supreme Court, and to that court were given vast powers. By virtue of the Constitution and the statutes enacted in pursuance thereof all judicial proceedings in the courts of the States may be brought before it. The States themselves may be summoned to its bar.

Article III. of the Constitution is devoted to the Judicial Department, and reads:

> Section 1. The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The judges, both of the Supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior, and shall, at stated times, receive for their services a compensation, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

Thus, the judicial powers of the United States are defined. A Supreme Court is provided for and Congress is authorized to create inferior tribunals.

> Section 2. The judicial power shall extend to all cases, in law and equity, arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States; between a State and citizens of another State; between citizens of different States; between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, and between a State or the citizens thereof and foreign States, citizens, or subjects.
>
> In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations as the Congress shall make.

It will be noticed that the Supreme Court is a constitutional court. Its original jurisdiction cannot be taken away by Congress, although doubtless that body may in many respects prescribe the modes of procedure. But its appellate jurisdiction, both in extent and procedure, is subject to congressional control, and has in fact often been changed. The inferior courts, in number, name, and powers, are creatures of congressional action.

At the first session of Congress provision was made for the Supreme Court, to consist of a Chief Justice and five Associate Justices. Since then the number of Associates has been changed, and is now eight. Like all tribunals, it adjudges personal disputes. Often those disputes present only matters of private right, in no manner affecting the public, but sometimes they involve questions of public interest, the decision of which affects the action of State or nation, and these are the cases which attract attention and give to it its great importance.

Two or three things must be borne in mind.

First, there is no direct appeal from the legislature to the court. The Executive may veto a bill passed by Congress, but the Court has no veto or other right to restrain the action of the legislative department; nor will it recognize any made-up case by which the validity of a legislative act is sought to be tested. Thus, in Chicago, etc., Railway Company *v.* Wellman, 143 U. S., 339, it was apparent that the case was a friendly one, with all facts agreed upon, to test the validity of an act passed by the Michigan legislature, reducing the rates of fare on the railroads of the State, and in the opinion the court said :

> The theory upon which, apparently, this suit was brought is that parties have an appeal from the legislature to the courts; and that the latter are given an immediate and general supervision of the constitutionality of the acts of the former. Such is not true. Whenever, in pursuance of an honest and actual antagonistic assertion of rights by one individual against another, there is presented a question involving the validity of any act of any legislature, State or Federal, and the decision necessarily rests on the competency of the legislature to so enact, the court must, in the exercise of its solemn duties, determine whether the act be constitutional or not; but such an exercise of power is the ultimate and supreme function of courts. It is legitimate only in the last resort, and as a necessity in the determination of real, earnest, and vital controversy between individuals. It never was thought that, by means of a friendly suit, a party beaten in the legislature could transfer to the courts an inquiry as to the constitutionality of the legislative act.

Second. While there is no direct appeal from the legislature to the court, and while the latter cannot say what questions or cases shall be brought before it, can in fact initiate nothing, yet if in a bona-fide controversy initiated by the parties thereto there is necessarily involved the validity of a legislative act it must decide that question of validity. Thus, in the celebrated income-tax cases certain litigants challenged the income tax and brought suit to restrain its collection. Being unquestionably a bona-fide litigation, the court was compelled to pass upon the question of the validity of the income-tax law. It may neither seek nor shun the decision of any question properly presented. As said by Chief Justice Marshall, in Cohens *v.* Virginia, 6 Wheat., 404 :

> It is most true that this court will not take jurisdiction if it should not; but it is equally true that it must take jurisdiction if it should. The judiciary cannot, as the legislature may, avoid a measure because it approaches the confines of the Constitution. We cannot pass it by because it is doubtful. With whatever doubts, with whatever difficulties, a case may be attended, we must decide it if it be brought before us. We have no more right to decline the exercise of jurisdiction which is given, than to usurp that which is not given. The one or the other would be treason to the Constitution. Questions may occur which we would gladly avoid; but we cannot avoid them. All we can do is to exercise our best judgment, and conscientiously to perform our duty.

Because legislation, State or national, can thus be brought into dispute and its validity determined in litigation between private parties, the Supreme Court has been an important factor in the life and growth of the republic.

Before noticing more fully its influence on the public life, there are some personal matters which may be worthy of notice. There have been eight Chief Justices and fifty Associates. They hold office for life. Yet, excluding the present incumbents, the average duration of the official life of the Chief Justices has been thirteen years and five months, and of the Associates fifteen years and nine months. The term of office of the Justices of the

Court of Appeals of New York is fourteen years, and of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania twenty-one years. Notwithstanding the significance of this comparison the permanence of Federal judicial life has seemed to many an undemocratic and undesirable feature.

Of the eight Chief Justices five came from north of Mason and Dixon's Line, and three from south thereof; yet the latter held the office for sixty-three years and the former only thirty-eight. This may be much increased by the hoped-for long continuance in office of the present Chief Justice. Of the Associates, thirty came from north of that line, and twenty from south thereof. Passing from the matter of latitude to that of longitude five of the Chief Justices came from east of the Alleghany Mountains, and three, they being the last three, from west thereof, although each of the latter was born on the east of those mountains. Thirty-two of the Associates came from east, and eighteen from west of the same mountains. Ohio is the only State to furnish two Chief Justices—Chase and Waite. Of the Associates New York has furnished six, Pennsylvania five, Massachusetts five, and Virginia four. No one of the Chief Justices came from west of the Mississippi, and only five of the Associates, two of those being from west of the Sierras—Field and McKenna of California; and from that vast region between the Mississippi River and the Sierras, a district containing sixteen States and four territories, with a population of over eighteen millions, almost one-fourth of the population of the nation, excluding its island possessions, only three—Miller of Iowa, White of Louisiana, and Brewer of Kansas. The Chief Justice who had the longest term of office was Marshall, who held thirty-four years and five months. The one who held the shortest term was Rutledge, who held less than a year, presiding at only a single term of the court. The Associate who had the longest term was Field, thirty-four years and six months; the shortest term, Thomas Johnson, one year and six months. The average age of the Chief Justices at appointment was fifty-two years and eight months, and of the Associates fifty-one years and five months. The youngest appointee to the bench was Associate Justice Story, thirty-two years and two months, and the oldest was Associate Justice Hunt, sixty-two years and five months.

The Executive is but a single person, the Supreme Court is composed of many; at first of a Chief Justice and five Associates, and never less than that number. At one time there were nine Associates, and for nearly two score years there have been eight. Yet there have been twenty-five Presidents and only fifty-eight Justices, Chief and Associate. It is not strange that we often hear the joking remark that "a Federal judge never resigns and seldom dies."

Again, there is this constitutional difference in the matter of legislative, executive, and judicial salaries: The first may be increased or diminished at any time. That of the President cannot be changed during an existing term of office. That of the Justices may be increased but not reduced during their continuance in office. Why permit increase when none is allowed in case of the President? Obviously, because the President has a fixed term, while the Justices have not. If an increase could be operative only in respect to those justices appointed after the passage of a law making the increase, then those who had been theretofore in office and who by reason of their years and experience were the most valuable would be compelled to work on the old and lower salaries, while the subsequent appointees, younger and of less experience, would be enjoying the new and larger salaries. Nor is there any practical danger in permitting an increase. Experience shows that the American people are not prone to give large judicial salaries, nor to make pecuniary rewards the temptation which induces a lawyer to leave his practice and accept a place on the bench.

Returning from these personal matters to a consideration of those decisions which have affected the history of the country, I notice this important fact: Its decisions have always been in harmony with and sustaining the proposition that this republic is a nation acting directly upon all its citizens, with the attributes and authority of a nation, and not a mere league or confederacy of States. The importance of this cannot be overestimated, and will be appreciated by all who compare the

weakness of the old confederacy with the strength and vigor of the republic under the present Constitution. A brief reference to some of those decisions is deserving.

In Chisholm *v.* Georgia, 2 Dall., 419, the court held that, by the constitutional grant of judicial power, any State could be brought to its bar as defendant in a suit brought by a citizen of another State. It is true that the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution, subsequently adopted, took away from the court this power, but the decision stands as an early and significant declaration of the unity of the nation, and the fact that the States were but parts of a larger and supreme nation.

In M'Culloch *v.* Maryland, 4 Wheat., 316, it decided that, although the Constitution does not mention corporations, an act of Congress incorporating a national bank may be sustained on the ground that such a bank is a convenient and appropriate aid in the management of the fiscal affairs of the nation; and further, that Congress may pass any act which, not forbidden by the Constitution, is reasonably appropriate and helpful in carrying into execution the powers expressly conferred.

In Brown *v.* Maryland, 12 Wheat., 419, it ruled that the control of commerce with foreign nations was wholly in the general government, and that no State could directly or indirectly place any restrictions thereon, even to the extent of imposing a license upon an importer for selling goods in the package in which they were imported.

In Gibbons *v.* Ogden, 9 Wheat., 1, the decision was that the nation had supreme authority over all navigable waters of the republic, and that no State could give exclusive rights in any such waters, although wholly within its territory.

In Genesee Chief, 12 How., 443, the admiralty jurisdiction which, by the Constitution, is vested in the national courts was declared not limited, as in England, to tide waters, but extended to all navigable waters within the republic.

In Ableman *v.* Booth, 21 How., 506, the court held that one in custody of United States Officers could not be discharged therefrom by process of a State court.

Martin *v.* Hunter, 1 Wheat., 304, and Cohens *v.* Virginia, 6 Wheat., 264, ruled that a party to a litigation in a State court, denied a right claimed by him under the national constitution, could take his case from the State to the United States Supreme Court, and have his claim of right there determined.

These are merely illustrations. To them might be added many other cases of similar import, extending to the present day. The court has uniformly upheld the nationality of the republic, and accorded to it all the rights which attend nationality.

In the light of our marvellous development and the wondrous growth of this republic to the first place in the family of nations, one may well pause to consider what would have been our history if the decisions of the Supreme Court had been adverse to this rule of nationality. Suppose that the court had held that, because the Constitution did not in terms grant the power to charter corporations, Congress could not charter a national bank, where would have been our great financial system? Suppose it had ruled that a State might impose a license on every importer from foreign nations; that it had supreme authority over all the navigable waters within its limits; that its courts could take from the custody of United States officials any person arrested for an alleged violation of Federal law, and that there was no power in the Supreme Court to review the judgments of State courts adverse to rights claimed under the Federal Constitution (and the questions presented in these cases were, under the strict language of the Constitution, debatable), where would have been the vigor and strength which exist in our national government, and which have been among the strongest supports of national progress? Reflections such as these will give some idea of how much the Supreme Court has by its decisions affected the life of the republic.

It must not be supposed that, because it has constantly affirmed our nationality, the court has been steadily undermining and destroying the legitimate power of the States. On the contrary, it has always ruled so as to uphold full governmental action on the part of the States unem-

barrassed by Federal power. Thus, it held that the nation could not levy an income tax on a salary paid by a State to its officials. Collector *v.* Day, 11 Wall., 113. It has upheld the police power of the States in a multitude of instances. It affirmed the right of a State to grant special privileges, even when the grant resulted (as shown in the Slaughter House Cases, coming from Louisiana) in creating a burdensome monopoly.

It would be an easy and a pleasant task to point out how in many other ways the court has by its decisions affected the life of the republic, but the limits of my paper forbid. This must do for the past. As admitted by all careful students of history, the Supreme Court, whose organization and powers constitute the most striking and distinguishing feature of the Constitution, has been a most potent factor in shaping the course of national events. It stands to-day a quiet but confessedly mighty power, whose action all wait for, and whose decisions all abide. Turning to the future, every thoughtful man wonders what is coming to the republic, and many inquire what the Supreme Court will do in shaping that future, and how its decisions may affect the national life.

The days of prophecy are past, and no man can with certainty foretell what will be. The Weather Bureau gives us its forecast of the weather for the coming twenty-four hours. Yet how often it is mistaken, and not strangely so, because meteorological conditions and forces fluctuate rapidly and easily. Wind currents change their direction; temperature and humidity vary from hour to hour. One of the standard jokes is the unreliability of the Weather Bureau predictions. But meteorological conditions and forces do not change more rapidly or more easily than the social and political conditions and forces which are working out the future of the republic. Who six years ago foresaw all that has come as the seeming result of the Spanish War? I refer not so much to the increase in our territorial possessions as to the changes in our inner life and in the character of the questions which are pressing for consideration. So no matter how carefully one studies present conditions, he hazards much in attempting to predict the questions which will present themselves to the American public or arise for judicial determination. Many matters which are hastening to the courts may, long before they reach the Supreme Court, be settled or superseded by others more important and pressing.

Yet the questions which now seem likely to arise and to be pressed upon judicial attention may be grouped in four classes: First, those growing out of the controversies between labor and capital; second, those that will spring from the manifest efforts to increase and concentrate the power of the nation and to lessen the powers of the States; third, those arising out of our new possessions, separate from us by so long distances and with so large a population, not merely of foreign tongue, but of a civilization essentially different from that of the Anglo-Saxon; and, fourth, those which will come because our relations to all other nations have grown to be so close and will surely increase in intimacy.

Of these in their order. That the present relations of employer and employee differ from those which subsisted when the Constitution was framed is obvious. Three facts stand out in bold relief: First, the changes wrought by the countless inventions of the last half-century; second, the concentration of capital; and, third, the organization of labor. When all business was upon a small scale, when there were no large factories, and when the great volume of labor was hand labor, competition was regarded as a great solvent of all commercial troubles. Now competition has lost much of its force and as a result of the three facts that I have just noticed. I cannot enlarge upon this subject, and yet a few words seem necessary. The industrial field was then occupied by the apprentice, the journeyman, and the employer. The apprentice was taught to do every part of the general work in which he was employed, and when so taught was recognized as a competent workman, a journeyman. The latter, master of his trade, could with a little economy soon establish a shop of his own, and himself become an employer. Take, for illustration, the manufacture of shoes. No one was considered a competent workman or anything more than an apprentice until he could do all the work in the making of a shoe, from

cutting out the leather to polishing the uppers. The employer often worked with his employee, in the same shop, doing the same work. The number of his employees was few, and one by one the capable and industrious were opening shops of their own and starting in independent business. If the journeyman was dissatisfied with his employer or with the town in which he worked there was little difficulty in finding another shop or another village. The avenues of employment were not crowded, and there was no blacklisting. The employer, if he found his business unprofitable, could easily move to another city and start a like business. If his prices were excessive some new man would start a rival establishment. Thus competition levelled prices and kept them reasonable. Not unnaturally there was a community of interest and at the same time an independence in both employer and employee. But to-day, through the inventive genius of the country, machines have superseded hand labor. The manufactory has taken the place of the shop, and labor finds its chief employment in the handling of machines, each employee doing only a special limited work. Some of the machines are costly and large amounts of capital are invested. For economy's sake the work is centred in large manufacturing establishments, where are gathered multitudes of machines and armies of laborers. The employer has become separated from his employees. They stand to him as meaning little more than the machines upon which they work. One significant and sad feature of not a few of our manufacturing establishments is the large boarding-house, where are gathered a multitude of laborers, like soldiers in barracks. Nor is there simply the large and separate manufacturing establishments; combinations have been formed by which all the factories of a single industry are brought under a single control. Difficult then is the position of the employee, who, familiar with only a particular and narrow work, finds, when discharged from one factory, the doors of all others closed against him. He feels that he must stay and accept the terms which the manufacturer has placed upon his service. So severe and stringent is the pressure upon him that not infrequently we hear his condition called the serfdom of labor. Nor is the pressure simply upon the employee. A combination of employers is often so rich and so powerful that one who would like to carry on an independent business is driven to the wall and has no other alternative than to go out of business or surrender to the combination. This which is true of manufacturing is also true of the mercantile business and of transportation; and combinations, some of them of immense wealth and far-reaching influence, have become the order of the day.

It is not strange, indeed it was the inevitable result of this subdivision of labor and such combinations of employers, that the laborers in the several departments should themselves organize. Labor organizations are as much the natural outgrowth of the economic conditions of the day as combinations of capital. We thus have, on the one hand, a few possessing or controlling immense amounts of capital and large industries, and, on the other hand, multitudes of laborers banded into organizations for self-protection. Self-interest (I will not call it selfishness) has operated to develop a great antagonism between these two factors in industry; each is seeking a greater control, a larger share of the profits resulting from the combined services of both. As organizations of laborers increase the influence and significance of a strike, which is one of their weapons in carrying on what is called the conflict between labor and capital, become greater. The summer of last year we stood face to face with one of immense magnitude, one affecting the business of the nation as none other has yet done. How shall these strikes be avoided? A man can scarcely count the suggestions which have been and are being made with a view of averting them in the future. The coal strike has precipitated more schemes of legislation, more suggestions of the extent of legislative and executive as well as judicial power than any which has preceded it. All legislative bodies, State and national, will be confronted with propositions to prevent or regulate struggles between labor and capital. Is it not reasonably certain that out of these conflicts and out of the legislation which may be enacted by Congress or the several State legislatures there will

arise a multitude of questions, many of which will finally reach the Supreme Court of the United States?

Let me mention one or two which are frequently mentioned in the newspapers and discussed in private. Compulsory arbitration is thought by many to be necessary, and the only possible solution of these labor troubles. We are referred to New Zealand as furnishing an illustration of the possibility and wisdom of such an enactment. But what does such a scheme imply? On the one hand possibly the compulsion of the employer to pay more than he can afford or else quit business. On the other hand, of the laborer to work for an employer he does not like, and at less wage than he feels himself entitled to. How does such compulsion consist with that freedom of personal action which for more than a hundred years we have believed was the inalienable right of every individual? It is said in support of the proposed enactment that to prescribe the conditions under which an employer may carry on his business, leaving him free to abandon the business and pursue some other, and like compulsion of the laborer to work at a certain wage and place if he continues in a certain kind of employment, does not abridge any constitutional right of either when the larger interests of society demand such compulsion. But if compulsion may be introduced into one employment, why not into all? I cannot spend the time to enlarge upon the arguments of either side, nor would it be proper to express any opinion as to the respective merits of such arguments. It is enough to say that if legislation be enacted looking toward compulsory arbitration it is obvious that there will be much to challenge the most careful consideration of the courts.

Again, we hear it said that the Nation or State should take the coal mines under condemnation proceedings and operate them for the public benefit. The power to do this is denied on the ground that private property can be taken only for public uses, and the furnishing of coal is said to be not a public service, that coal is no more a necessity of life than bread, meats, or clothing; that if the State can enter into the business of supplying coal it can into all these other matters, and for that purpose condemn all places in which such things are grown or manufactured. And it is contended by some that the State can under our constitutional limitations take to itself the control, ownership, and operation of all now known as private industries. On the other hand, and in reply to some of these arguments, it is said that the ordinary products of the soil can be grown or manufactured in many places, but that nature has created a monopoly in anthracite coal by locating it in only one or two portions of the United States; that by reason of the monopoly thus created by nature the power of the public to interfere and take possession is established.

I do not stop to notice the suggestions of government ownership of railroads, telegraph, telephones, electric lines, water and gas works, for as to them, or at least most of them, they are confessedly performing a public service, and the question of governmental possession and control is mainly one of expediency rather than of constitutionality, and the courts have nothing to do with questions of expediency.

Obviously in these and many kindred suggestions there is manifest a spirit of paternalism. The individual is not to be left to make his own contracts, determine his place and kind of work, or use his property in the way he sees fit. The government is to exercise the functions of a guardian, with the individual as its ward, to be in many respects protected, guided, and controlled. This is not wholly the idea that pervaded the old monarchical system, for there the king as a single ruler assumed the wisdom and the right to control the actions of all his subjects, while here the majority are the ruler, yet it is equally an assumption that the majority have the same right to control. It is true the belief is that such control is for the best interests of those controlled or of the general public. Yet it is unlike the thought which possessed the fathers at the foundation of the Republic. Their idea was expressed in the Declaration of Independence, "all men are created equal;" "inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and their purpose was to give the freest scope to individual action. The marvellous mystery which lies folded in the doctrine of the police powers of the government was to them un-

known. I am not questioning either the necessity or the wisdom of the change. I only notice the fact that the thought of to-day is different from that which then existed, and that the tendency of legislation is in a different direction. Now the Constitution was framed by those who had large notions of individual liberty and a jealousy of governmental power, and the profound question is how far the language and guarantees of the Constitution are, if unchanged, consistent with legislation expressing these changed ideas. That it may be amended so as to be adjustable to any social order is provided by the Constitution itself. Without amendment how far is it adjustable? That many conditions and questions unknown to the fathers have been presented and found capable of solution without any change in the language of the Constitution the history of the past 115 years attests. In the judgment of not a few it is without amendment adjustable to any conditions, social and political, that may arise. Indeed, as one reads some of the propositions which are advanced, he is inclined to believe that the instrument possesses an elasticity which would make the manufacturers of india-rubber choke with envy. Fortunately and wisely, its grants, prohibitions, and guarantees were expressed tersely and yet in general terms, so that it has proved to be no cast-iron instrument applicable only to conditions then existing. But the question remains how far its general and comprehensive terms may be adjusted to the varying situations which the present and future days will present, and this matter of adjustability will bring before the court some of the profoundest and most important questions ever presented to any tribunal.

I pass now to notice some questions which may arise from the manifest effort to concentrate power in the United States and to lessen the powers of the respective States. Ever since the Civil War many have spelled nation with a big N, and there have been constant efforts to enlarge the activity, if not increase the powers, of Congress. The centralizing tendency has been marked. It is not unnatural. It harmonizes with the consolidating spirit of business, the unifying movement in all the activities of life. In matters over which it is manifest that Congress has no power under the Constitution, there is much clamor to so amend that instrument as to invest it with the desired control. Polygamy must be stamped out, and as only national action will reach everywhere in the Republic the Constitution must be amended so as to grant full control to the nation. Uniformity in the matter of marriage and divorce is desirable. The States do not agree in establishing such uniformity, therefore let by constitutional amendment Congress be given power to compel it. Commerce between the States is now subject to Congressional regulation, that within each State under its control, but those two branches of commerce are so interwoven as to produce much confusion and irritation. If all power in respect to commerce were taken away from the States and the entire control both of that between the States and that within the States vested in Congress, a desirable uniformity could be obtained, and in this direction is a clamor for a change in the organic law. The trusts are a dangerous factor in our commercial and political life. The States are not adequate to suppress them, hence the Constitution should be amended and full power over them vested in Congress. And so I might go on enumerating others. I simply mention these, not as suggesting matters for judicial decision, for under the power of amendment reserved in the Constitution the people may, if they see fit, engraft any of them upon the organic law and the courts have nothing to say. However wise or unwise any of these changes may be, if the people will it and amend the Constitution in the appointed way, that is the end of the matter.

But judicial questions may arise from efforts under the Constitution as it is to secure action by Congress in some one or other of these or kindred directions, and action which it is contended the Constitution withholds from the power of Congress and has reserved to the States or the people thereof. And because of the centralizing tendency of the day and the disposition to invoke the efficient action of the National Government there will doubtless be many such efforts. But as Chief Justice Chase said in Texas *v.*

White, 7 Wall., 725: "The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible union, composed of indestructible States." And the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution provides that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." It is the duty of the Supreme Court, as of all other courts, to enforce that provision of the Constitution as fairly and fully as any other. Any legislation of Congress, however desirable or beneficial it may appear, must, unless it comes within the powers given by the Constitution to that body, be declared invalid. Equally also must any action of a State in attempting to exercise dominion over matters the exclusive control of which is vested in Congress be adjudged unconstitutional. No one can predict the precise legislation coming either from Congress or the State legislatures which will challenge judicial inquiry upon the principles just stated. Both sides have strong adherents. The controversy between National authority and State's rights is as old as the Government. Hamilton and Jefferson have each to-day a large following. State's rights have always been and still are represented in Congress, and there have always been and still are in both Houses some of the ablest lawyers of the land, who will be careful that no legislation of that body trespasses on the powers of the States. Yet when public feeling is deeply aroused and the efficiency of national action is felt, popular pressure may be so great that Congress yields to it and enacts laws beyond its powers. At any rate, it is not only possible but probable that some of its legislation may be so near the boundary of power as to challenge judicial inquiry. Take, for instance, the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, which was framed with the view of exercising only those powers which are conferred upon Congress over interstate commerce, and yet its application was invoked in behalf of interference with manufactures wholly under State control. So also a difficult problem is to draw the dividing line between the exclusive control which Congress has over interstate commerce and the police powers which are reserved to the States. The reports of the court are full of cases on one side or the other of such line. In no class of cases has the court been more closely divided. Leisy *v.* Hardin, 135 U. S., 100, in which the power of a State to forbid the sale in the original package of imported liquor was denied is a well-known illustration. Two cases are now pending in which is challenged the power of Congress to restrain the transportation by express companies of lottery tickets from State to State. The great irrigation problem in respect to the arid lands in the West which is just now attracting legislative attention will very likely produce some sharp controversies in respect to the limits of State and National action. And so I might go on in enumeration. It is safe to say that the antagonism between National authority and State's rights which began with the Republic and which has become intensified by the vast interests affected by it, will bring into the Supreme Court an increasing number of important and difficult questions. Where millions are at stake the ingenuity of lawyers may be depended on to find some way of entrance to the court of last resort.

In the third place, questions will arise out of our insular possessions, and questions different from those which have attended previous acquisitions of territory, because unlike them these are densely populated with peoples speaking another tongue, of an essentially different civilization, alien in life and thought to Anglo-Saxon institutions. To what extent the provisions of the Constitution operate in those possessions is yet undetermined. It was held by the court in DeLima *v.* Bidwell, 182 U. S., 1, that by the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain the island of Porto Rico ceased to be a foreign country, within the meaning of the tariff laws. In Downes *v.* Bidwell, *id.*, 244, the court, by five to four, held that Porto Rico was not a part of the United States, within the provision of the Constitution requiring uniformity in duties, imposts, and excises throughout the United States. From that conclusion four of the Justices dissented, and the majority did not agree in the reasoning by which that conclusion was reached. Justice White, one of the majority, speaking for Justices Shiras, Mc-

Kenna, and himself, laid down these propositions: "Every function of the government being thus derived from the Constitution, it follows that that instrument is everywhere and at all times potential in so far as its provisions are applicable. . . . As Congress in governing the territories is subject to the Constitution, it results that all the limitations of the Constitution which are applicable to Congress in exercising this authority necessarily limit its power on this subject. It follows also that every provision of the Constitution which is applicable to the territories is also controlling therein. . . . In the case of the territories, as in every other instance, when a provision of the Constitution is invoked, the question which arises is, not whether the Constitution is operative, for that is self-evident, but whether the provision relied on is applicable." In construing these declarations of three of the majority along with the views of the four dissenting Justices questions will naturally arise as to the force of the word "applicable." There are several provisions in the early amendments to the Constitution, designed to secure the liberty of the individual, such as that Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or abridging the freedom of speech; forbidding that any person shall be held to answer for a crime except upon indictment of a grand jury; that he be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb, or compelled to be a witness against himself; granting him the right to a speedy public trial by an impartial jury of the district wherein the crime was committed; to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses and to have the assistance of counsel; and the further provision securing in suits at common law the right of trial by jury. Are any or all of these provisions applicable to these insular possessions? They have been applied in other territories having mainly a population as foreign to our language and institutions as that of these recent acquisitions. If some are and others are not, upon what principle is the distinction to be made? and if none are what provisions of the Constitution are applicable? Obviously, as citizens of American birth move into these possessions, acquire property and engage in business, many questions of this nature will arise, and the court will be confronted with problems as difficult as any it has yet met and as important for the well-being of the Republic. An application was recently made for a *certiorari* to bring up a case involving as alleged the applicability in the Philippine Islands of the prohibition against being twice put in jeopardy of life or limb.

Take another illustration: The Fourteenth Amendment provides that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States." In United States *v.* Wong Kim Ark, 169 U. S., 649, it was held that "a child born in the United States of parents of Chinese descent, who at the time of his birth are subjects of the Emperor of China but have a permanent domicile and residence in the United States and are there carrying on business and are not employed in any diplomatic or official capacity under the Emperor of China, becomes at the time of his birth a citizen of the United States." Does the term "United States" as found in that amendment include all these insular possessions, and if so do the future children of all permanently residing there become citizens of the United States by virtue of their birth? I have seen it stated in the papers that Judge Lacombe, in the United States Circuit Court, has recently decided that one who was a citizen of Porto Rico at the time of the treaty and still remains such has not become a citizen of the United States, and is to be regarded as an alien until naturalized. But if an alien, are his children born after the treaty aliens or citizens?

But I must not tarry. It is enough to say that the taking of these insular possessions is a new venture, and no one can anticipate all the novel questions which will arise therefrom and be presented to the Supreme Court for its decision. Do I in virtue of these possibilities and the responsibilities which will rest upon the court unduly magnify its office and function in the development of the history of the Republic?

The final class which I suggested is of cases growing out of our relations with other nations, which as all perceive are

more intimate than in days gone by, and are surely to become much more so. I do not assume that this nation will forget Washington's farewell advice to avoid entangling alliances with foreign nations. But our rapidly extending commerce and our new possessions, especially those in the Orient, place us in close touch with the outer world. We cannot, if we would, live to ourselves alone. We must sit in the council of the nations. The questions which will consequently arise are not all political; many are judicial. And our dealings with foreign nations must be had with a recognition of the fact that here, far more than anywhere else, those questions cannot be finally determined for the nation save by the action of the judicial department. A pertinent illustration is found in the case of Tucker *v.* Alexandroff, recently decided and reported in 183 U. S., 424, 434. We had a treaty with Russia for the surrender of deserters from ships of war and merchant vessels. The Russian Government employed a Philadelphia firm to build a war-ship, the Variag, and when near completion it sent a body of men over to serve as its crew. One deserted, was arrested at the instance of the Russian vice-consul at Philadelphia and committed for surrender to the Russian authorities. He sued out a *habeas corpus* for a discharge from that detention, and the case in due time came to the Supreme Court. The court was divided in opinion, but the majority held that the detention was justifiable and that the deserter should be surrendered to the Russian authorities. The interpretation of that treaty and the defining of the obligations of our Government to Russia were judicial questions, and the Supreme Court prescribed the measure of this nation's duty. The recent Spanish War brought to the court many questions of prize in which the duties and obligations of neutrals were defined. Not merely in the construction of treaties, in matters of extradition and prize will the work of the court be seen, but in all the variety of questions which will grow out of the facts that our people are travelling through all countries of the world, our merchants trading in every city, our ships traversing every ocean and visiting every port. Further, we are contemplating such works outside our territorial limits as the Isthmian Canal for furthering the interests of the world's commerce, our own included, and who can predict all the questions that such enterprises will present to the courts?

Knowledge of international law has thus become a necessity, and the Supreme Court will be called upon to settle for this country what it is and what it requires. Our Federal system will also precipitate a class of questions not arising elsewhere. For instance, when some citizens of Italy were killed by a mob in New Orleans a demand was made by Italy upon this Government for the prosecution and punishment of the offenders, and the reply was in substance that the nation had no power in the matter; that prosecution for such crimes depended on the action of the State of Louisiana, and all that the nation could do was to call the attention of the authorities of that State to it and request action by them. A suggestion was made that Congress enact a law giving Federal courts jurisdiction in such cases, but the constitutionality of such an enactment was seriously challenged and nothing was done.

Another recent case in the Supreme Court, La Albra Silver Mining Company *v.* United States, 175 U. S., 423, though not involving the peculiarities of our Federal system, illustrates the variety of questions which may be brought before it by virtue of our international relations. By a convention with Mexico an arbitration tribunal was selected to adjudicate claims of Mexican citizens against the United States and those of American citizens against Mexico. That tribunal awarded a large sum in favor of the La Albra Silver Mining Company, a corporation of this country, against Mexico. The Mexican Government paid the money so awarded to the United States, but thereafter ascertained that the award was secured by fraud and perjury. The attention of our Government was called to the matter and after some years Congress referred it to the courts, where it was finally adjudged that the award was obtained by fraud and perjury as claimed by Mexico; and the money was returned to that government. So, growing out of our international relations, will be many cases involving questions of constitutional law, of international law, and of general jurisprudence.

Time forbids any further illustrations of the variety of questions which are likely to come before the Supreme Court. Surely a tribunal called upon to decide such cases and questions must have great weight in shaping the destinies of the Republic. It will continue to be, as it has been, a most important factor in our national life. That its influence has been helpful few will doubt. That it should be shorn of none of its power is generally affirmed by disinterested observers. No specious plea against government by injunction should ever be permitted to take from it that wholesome restraining influence which has been so powerful for good.

May I add in closing that it is of the utmost importance that such a tribunal should be independent, free from partisan bias or political influence. Its members should, if not by constitutional amendment at least by the common action of all, be debarred from political office, so that no temptation of office or popular applause shall ever swerve from the simple path of justice, and the Constitution. In these days of newspaper reputation and oft-times swiftly changing popularity it is well to have some tribunal of stability, one whose judgments do not vary with the varying opinions of the passing hours and do not, as Mr. Dooley says, simply "follow the election returns." The life tenure of its members does not make it an undemocratic factor in the life of the Republic. It does not govern the nation. The people are always the rulers. More than once have they reversed its judgments; but by reason of its stability and independence it has ever stood a check upon all hasty action; a brake on the swiftly moving wheels of popular passion, and holding ever the Republic close to the ways prescribed by the fathers in the Constitution. As it has been, so may it be. Each member of that tribunal should be animated by a noble ambition to be ever loyal to justice and the Constitution, no matter what may be temporary criticisms. He should appropriate in his life the spirit of the memorable words of Lord Mansfield, uttered in the presence of a mob demanding a particular decision: "I wish popularity, but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after. It is that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means."

THE FATAL SISTERS

By Margaret Cooper McGiffert

Illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark

RUTH MARVIN was an only daughter, so she had never enjoyed the benefit of elder-sisterly counsel and direction. But she had five sisters-in-law much older than herself, three maiden cousins, five cousins once removed, five aunts, two great-aunts, and two grandmothers, all living in the same town, and all with ample time and inclination to care for her manners and morals. She had also a mother. Coming into the world so many years after her brothers, Ruth seemed to constitute a generation of her own, and her unique position was set in higher relief by the fact that all the family connections approaching her in age were boys. Her case was not that of the one chicken belonging to the proverbial hen, but the far more absorbing case of the one chicken belonging to a score of hens.

Ruth lived in the Happy Valley, where backyards and orchards slope down to the river; and big garrets, full of antique chests, invite to endless rummages and masquerades; and horses, warranted kind and sound, but also spirited, await one's pleasure; and hard white roads, winding among the hills or wandering up their slopes, tempt to breathless gallops or to enchanting rambles.

Ruth was lightly built and graceful,

with a fair, wild-rose tinged skin that no energy of wind or sun could burn, freckle, or tan. She had fluffy golden curls that were never either disordered or prim, sunny blue eyes, and a winsome smile.

Up to the age of seventeen Ruth was an atrocious tom-boy. The girls whom she would admit to her companionship were ready for the most daring mischief; the boys were true and tried—in courage and ingenuity. She was the ringleader in all the escapades that kept the mothers in that happy valley on the verge of nervous prostration; but no one could be made to believe that she was anything but an innocent sufferer from the sins of her playmates. When she insisted, as strenuously as her sweet nature permitted, that she was responsible, her self-sacrificing generosity amazed those in authority. Even the most hopelessly subordinate of the ring-led felt that she was trying to divert the blame that belonged to them alone. For will you tell me how it is possible for a slim, mild-mannered, golden-haired girl, with eyes of heaven's own blue, and rose-leaf cheeks, and a smile like a child-angel's, to lead astray shaggy-haired, clumsy, romping, sun-browned destroyers of domestic peace? The child was truth incarnate, but who could believe her self-reproach when she returned spotless from adventures that left her companions in a state for which the garden-hose was the only adequate medium of expression?

Her feminine relatives lamented that more fitting companions could not be found for that sweet child. At such speeches Ruth's father laughed, her mother smiled serenely, and her brothers exchanged knowing glances. But they made no comment. Though they had no faith in the child-angel hypothesis, they tolerated the pr judices of those who had.

The real tribulations of the clan dated from Ruth's seventeenth birthday. At her birthday party her incorrigible, twenty-year-old cousin, Jack, devoted himself to her. Twenty pairs of eyes watched him in fascinated horror. He was putting ideas into that child's head; he was her cousin (insurmountable objection), and (it was whispered) he was wild. The nature of Jack's "wildness" was never definitely stated, but he talked recklessly, he wanted to "see life," he craved experience, he glared defiance at petticoat government. It was not positively known that he drank or gambled; but it was vaguely felt that he would not hesitate at anything to gain excitement or to prove his independence.

Within twenty-four hours Ruth's eyes had been so dazzled with danger-signals hung upon every salient point of Jack's character, that it seemed for a time impossible that she should ever again see anything, look which way she would, but red and blue lights. In the same space of time Jack was so frequently admonished that Ruth was a creature not to be looked upon by a profane mortal, that his last monitress *thought* he swore. "I am not *sure*," she said, conscientiously to a horrified circle of cousins and aunts, "for I did not hear the words; he muttered under his breath. But his tone and the expression of his face were unmistakable."

The next morning Jack and Ruth were off for a gallop among the hills; in the afternoon they played tennis; in the evening they rowed on the river. All that summer they were inseparable. As they rode the hills echoed their free-hearted laughter. They were too young to realize their own cruelty. The placid river told no tales as they endlessly celebrated the possibilities which life holds for the man of open-eyed and open-hearted courage. Comrades-in-arms they might have been but for Ruth's misfortune in being a girl. No thought of sentiment entered their minds, except at the suggestion of solicitous relatives; no word of sentiment fell from their lips, except as a public counter-irritant. In the fall Jack started on a tour round the world. Later he gained distinction for his knowledge of the Oriental character. Later still he entered the East Indian service, and became the hero of one of Kipling's other stories.

But that was after many years. Ruth was rescued from his clutches early in September and sent away to school, by the organized determination of her keepers. That the decision had been made a year before in the parental council did not lessen the self-gratulation of her rescuers, for they never knew it.

The peace of her four years at school



With the joy of the artist "Sister Nan" set about her task.—Page 289.

was broken during her long vacations. There was always a Cause of Apprehension. The zone surrounding her was as systematically frozen for the theological student, destined for the Chinese mission-field, as for the family scapegrace; and the life of a missionary's wife was painted for her in as discordant colors as had formerly served to depict the fate of a drunkard's wife. When at the end of his seminary course the missionary married the girl to whom he had been engaged for seven years, the magic circle that guarded Ruth's happiness agreed that only concerted effort had kept him true to his first love and saved Ruth from a living death. Specifications of the unhappy marriages from which Ruth was delivered would fill a volume. The humor of her rescues began to seem forced as the years went by. The only rescue which she adequately appreciated was the one in which Jack shared the joke.

After her formal entrance into society her weary guardians one by one dropped out of office, leaving all responsibility concentrated in the hands of her five sisters-in-law. They responded nobly to the inspiration of great need. The critical period was just beginning. Serious affairs took the place of preliminary skirmishes. Ruth was attractive, unquestionably, and she attracted all sorts, but among them all no one was fully satisfactory to the five sisters. They surpassed a jury in their genius for disagreement, and without unanimity there could be no favorable verdict. They lost flesh but they gained their point; Ruth reached the age of twenty-four without having made a single mistaken marriage. Then her father died. For two years she devoted herself to her mother; she became also a pertinacious reader and an unobtrusive charitable worker.

The sisters-in-law began to look at each other uneasily. Ruth would soon be twenty-six, and had apparently no thought of marriage. But they reassured each other. She had yielded so tractably to their efforts to prevent mis-matches that she would be easily induced to make a satisfactory marriage. Their action had so far been negative; it

must now be positive. They talked the situation over with their respective husbands. Ruth's brothers smiled. When they were with their wives they frequently smiled. Sometimes, when they were together, unrestrained by feminine supervision, they laughed uproariously.

The difficulty was to agree, but at last the sisters agreed to differ. The unqualified choice of any one sister would be respected by the other four, pending Ruth's decision. One, with Ruth on her side, would constitute a majority. It was a sad falling back from their early position, but a kind of panic had seized on the five sisters.

"Sister Stella" was literary and progressive. Her choice was a highly cultured anæmic young Unitarian clergyman, who read Browning to the ladies in the morning while they sewed, and preached strenuous sermons in a lady-like voice on the importance of living "a big, rich, full life." Such a life, he soon indicated, was impossible for him without Ruth. The other sisters scoffed, but, mindful of their contract, not in Ruth's presence. "Sister Stella" persevered, until one day, at the mention of the young apostle, Ruth laughed in a manner so like her earlier and less trammelled self that without another word "Sister Stella" laid down her colors.



Ruth smiled at her ardor.—Page 289.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

A distantly polite couple took leave of their host and hostess.—Page 290.

"Sister Mary" championed the cause of an athletic young High Church clergyman, who preached other-worldliness in a mellow baritone so persuasively that the young ladies who listened to him became convinced that other-worldliness was but another name for the expression of his eyes. Ruth smiled at the enthusiasts with a placidness startlingly like her mother's. Then, fearing that in her seclusion she was to be tempted with specimens from every sect under heaven, she returned to the world and to her place in society.

That was the signal for renewed and concerted action. Since her childhood the Happy Valley had been invaded by manufactures. The immense electric works and locomotive works had brought in swarms of well-connected, successful young men. "Sister Julia," "Sister Kate," and "Sister Nan" were society leaders, and never had they led to such effect as during the winter that followed. Ruth was caught in a three-centred whirl, whose dizzying effect was heightened by the perception that the complicated system was beginning to revolve around her. In the spring she and her mother went abroad. "My sisters-in-law have young hearts," she confided to her mother. "They can stand more than I can."

Her mother smiled. It was her unspoken opinion that their young heads were their safeguard.

The sisters-in-law looked at each other with sinking hearts. Their world, with all its whirl, seemed curiously empty.

"Perhaps she'll meet someone over there," "Sister Kate" ventured; "some one nice and cultured and artistic and—and—*queer!* Girls like that often do."

"But she ought to marry one of our own kind—someone here," "Sister Nan" objected.

"Yes!" was groaned in chorus.

"But there's no one good enough for her; there never has been," "Sister Mary" offered by way of consolation.

"Of course! But to think of her not marrying at all! *Ruth!*"

When she returned she was twenty-eight. Still more attractive young men had come to live in the Happy Valley and the five sisters laid their plans for an effective campaign. But Ruth unexpectedly rebelled.

"I'm tired of the everlasting treadmill," she said. "What does our society amount to? Card-playing, dancing, eating, gossiping. I've been through it all so often. I love my fellow men—and women—but I never respect them so little as when we are going together through the old, inane round. If only we could *do* something together—but we can't even talk intelligently—probably because we don't *do*."

She had brought home innumerable photographs and sketches. She started a working-girls' club. She had ideas about the application of art to common life, which she was bent on working out.

"And when a girl begins to have ideas," "Sister Nan" said, hopelessly, "you may as well give up!"

But they did not give up; and the course of two more years was strewed with their ruined hopes.

At last the award of merit fell to the five sisters. The one man in all the world fitted to be Ruth's husband came to take charge of the locomotive works. He had been a playmate and schoolmate of "Sister Nan's" in Philadelphia. He was brilliant, trustworthy, successful, fascinating. He had wounded "Sister Nan" years before by neglecting to fall in love with her, but she had forgiven him when she married Ruth's brother. He was ten years older than Ruth and was hard to suit; so was Ruth—in consequence of sisterly training. They were made for each other.

After it had been objected by the other four sisters that he was too tall, too thin, too old, too dark, too satirical, they agreed that he was the best that could be had and would have to do in spite of defects.

The initiative was naturally left to "Sister Nan," with the understanding that the other four would reinforce her.

With the joy of the artist "Sister Nan" set about her task. Her character-painting of Paul Chester glowed with true feeling.

Ruth smiled at her ardor. It struck "Sister Nan," even in her absorption, struck her to the heart, that her smile had grown pathetically like her mother's. It was a smile of resignation—the smile which has surrendered all desire for self. It made Nan's heart ache. Was Ruth, their Ruth, to die without ever having lived? Was there, then, someone that Ruth had really cared for among all the men they had

saved her from? Had they, unwittingly, done her that wrong? Nan's mercurial temperament could not endure painful surmises. If there was a grave in Ruth's heart, that was only all the more reason why flowers should be made to bloom in her life. Flowers accordingly bloomed in Nan's speech of Paul Chester.

As an old friend with his welfare at heart she could attack Paul openly. Though he and Ruth were made for each other, they were both so critical, so self-sufficing, that they would never recognize their fate without the friendly hand on the guide-post. Paul for a time was patient, but——

"See here, Nan," he said at last, "I have troubles of my own. I have three older sisters who have done experimental matchmaking ever since I was twenty-five. I never saw a nice girl but they tried to marry me to her with or without her consent. They have nipped every budding attachment I ever had. Let me tell you once for all, when I marry I'll marry to please myself and nobody else—not even the girl."

"And the girl will find that she has married a selfish tyrant," Nan cried, on the point of tears with vexation.

"Exactly," Paul returned, easily. "I'm glad you understand that. Please mention it to your sister and to all inquiring friends."

"I'll never mention your name again!" Nan retorted. "I'll never *speak* to you again! You are positively too insufferable!"

Then she looked at him and relented. "There's no use in talking," she cautioned herself. "I'll simply *act*."

She invited Ruth and Paul to dinner. They treated each other with distant politeness. The evening was a failure. When Ruth was ready to go home she looked longingly at her brother. Paul regarded him hopefully. The well-trained husband ignored both looks. A distantly polite couple took leave of their host and hostess. Cosey little dinners, Nan saw, must be left out of her plans. But there were other things less pointed: small card-parties; informal musicales—both Paul and Ruth loved music.

"Is Mr. Chester invited?" Ruth fell into the way of asking. "Then count me out. I *will* not be thrown at his supercilious head."

But she need not have denied herself the music. Paul's evenings had come to be occupied. His work was engrossing; the working-day was not long enough for his purposes. The latest and most valued ornament of the Happy Valley had relegated itself to the lumber-room of obscure utility. Disappointment clouded the faces of the society girls. "Mr. Chester was *so* interesting."

It was useless to disguise the fact that Ruth had wilfully dropped out of social life. Her mother needed her in the long winter evenings. She could not sleep early; her eyes were failing; Ruth read to her.

"Hire someone to read to her," Sister Nan suggested. "Plenty of nice girls need a little money."

"She likes to have *me*," Ruth answered.

Nan had no patience with useless self-sacrifice. Ruth would never be young again. Nan freed her mind to her mother-in-law.

"I would not think of keeping her at home," Mrs. Marvin said, gently. "But she insists. She does not care to go out much. It bores her. You know, Nan, quiet as she is, she is very like her father; she will not be driven."

"She *used* to be so easily managed."

"You thought so."

"We *all* thought so."

"Yes; you *all* thought so."

"Mother, do you realize what she is doing?" Nan broke out. "She is ruining her life."

Mrs. Marvin went on evenly with her knitting. "Ruining her life?" she echoed, in the soft voice so curiously contrasted with Nan's.

"Yes! She is deliberately cutting herself off from everything that makes life worth living."

"She is a good girl," Mrs. Marvin suggested. "A most devoted daughter; a helpful neighbor; a loyal friend. She loves books and pictures and her garden and out-of-door life. And there are scores of poor people whose sun would set if Ruth went out of their lives."

Nan shook herself impatiently. "You know what I mean, mother. Those things are all very well as side-issues; but what would your own life have been worth without your husband and children?"

Mrs. Marvin's sweet face grew a shade

graver. "Very little, I admit. But Ruth is much more of a woman than I ever was."

"It is because she is so much of a woman that I feel it as I do," Nan said, hotly. "Is all she is to be wasted?"

"No."

"But it *is* being wasted," Nan insisted. "You believe just as I do that marriage is a woman's mission. Ruth should be made to understand that."

"She does."

"Have you told her?"

"She knows it. Every woman knows it."

"Then why doesn't she act upon her knowledge?"

"Because the right man has never come her way."

"Oh, mother! think of the chances she has had! You know how we all love you, but we all feel just the same. You uphold Ruth in all her crotchets. You allow her to neglect her real interests. You have simply let her take her own way through life. What would ever have become of her if it had not been for her sisters-in-law?"

Mrs. Marvin went on placidly knitting. Her cheeks were as pink as the lining of a sea-shell. There was not a wrinkle on her face. All the lines on Nan's brow and about her eyes and mouth deepened as she looked at her. "Mother!" she demanded, "have you *no* sense of responsibility?"

Mrs. Marvin seemed to be searching her consciousness for some mislaid burden. "No," she said at last. "I can't seem to feel responsible. I have done the best I knew."

"You have never lifted a hand to help or to hinder Ruth's marriage!"

"It hasn't been necessary."

"Not necessary! What is a girl's mother for?"

"To train her in habits of neatness, and industry, and truthfulness, and kindliness. To set her the best example in her power. To give her a chance to be her best self."

"And then to leave her without guidance in the most important thing of all!"

"She has had guidance—the best guidance in the world."

"I know," Nan answered. "I have done my best." The dimple in Mrs. Marvin's left cheek deepened. "And the other girls have helped. And her cousins and aunts have been most interested. But after all, a girl's own mother counts, and that is what you never seemed to realize. Tell me, mother—I know you never *meant* to neglect her—what did you expect?"

"I expected her to do just what I did, and her father, and her brothers, and you, Nan, and the other girls; to marry the one she loved and no one else."

"Ah, yes!" said Nan, with a sigh. "That is all very well when one has married happily. But the older I grow the more scared I am to think how easy it would have been to make a mistake."

"Not for me," Mrs. Marvin said, quietly. "Nor for Ruth," she added.

Her placid smile, her soft voice, jarred on Nan's mood. "Mother!" she cried, impatiently. "Don't you *ever* worry about *anything?*"

"I don't seem to know how," Mrs. Marvin responded. "Perhaps because I have never needed to. There have always been so many to do it for me."

The twinkle in her eyes, the lurking mischief of her smile, were lost on Nan's intensity.

"It's no use," Nan sighed. "You are a fatalist, pure and simple." But she kissed her mother-in-law with a rush of affection that swept over her disapproval.

Though the cousins and aunts had yielded to the sisters-in-law in active efforts, they had not lost interest. No man had ever looked at Ruth without their watching to see if she would look back. Their dread of such a response had gradually turned to hope, and now, with the less sanguine, was rapidly becoming hopelessness. The coming of Paul Chester had given them new life. If Ruth were not totally blind she must see that such men were rare. Some of the relatives began to surprise themselves with a desire to shake her. But—the more candid were finally forced to admit—Chester looked at Ruth no more than she looked at him. The reason for this lack of appreciation was discussed in the frequent hap-hazard family gatherings—"the hen-concerts," as one of Ruth's brothers disrespectfully called them—which guarded Ruth's destinies.

Late in the winter Sister Nan decided to make one more effort. She had been passive so long that she might act now without suspicion. Her husband was to be out of town over Sunday. She invited Chester to supper, without telling him that

Bob would be absent; she invited Ruth to share her lonely meal, without telling her that Chester would be present. Both invitations were accepted, and triumph rang in Nan's brain.

As the hour for supper drew near Nan's mood curiously changed. Her heart began to beat ominously. What would they do to each other—and to her? Ruth came first. Nan fidgeted through fifteen minutes of desultory talk.

"You ought to have a change, Nan," Ruth said at last. "You are tired out with so much gayety. Doesn't Bob notice how nervous you are?"

Nan was listening intently, with her head bent toward the window. Yes, there was a step on the porch. She rose to her feet and rushed precipitately at Ruth. She must tell her, now that there was no way of escape.

"It's Paul Chester," she cried. "He is coming to supper. I—O Ruth! *Don't* be angry! *Please* don't look like *that!*"

Ruth seemed suddenly to have grown six inches. Blue sparks flashed from her eyes. "Why *will* you try to trap me into things against my will?" she demanded.

There is no anger so terrible as that of the sweet, rarely aroused nature. Whether she was driven into the hall by fear of Ruth, or by desire to anticipate Paul's ring and the entrance of the maid, Nan never knew; but in an instant she had opened the door, just as Paul stretched his hand to the bell.

"Come in!" she said hurriedly. Even in her agitation she could see the familiar teasing smile begin in his eyes. She closed the door after him and stood with her back against it.

"Take off your hat and coat!" she urged him. Even he could not be cruel enough to desert her after hanging his overcoat in her hall.

"I *never* wear my hat in the house," he returned, calmly. "It's conducive to baldness." He removed his coat with leisurely content and hung it up with care.

"O Paul!" she said, pitifully. "I'm afraid you'll hate me, and I'm in a terrible fix. I've asked Ruth here for supper, and I've just told her you were coming, and she's furious. She dislikes you as much as you do her, and— *Don't* look at me like that, Paul! We're such old friends!"

"Yes," he answered, with grave courtesy; "but there *is* such a thing as putting too severe a strain even on old friendship."

"I know— But I'm so fond of you both!"

"And so you want to make us both uncomfortable?"

"Paul," she pleaded, "I deserve anything you choose to say or do. I'll never interfere in your affairs again. But *do* help me this time! I'm simply frightened to death. I never saw Ruth angry before. I'm used to *your* temper, but *she's* different. I'm afraid to look at her. *Please* go in!"

As he paused at the library door to allow her to enter, she turned toward him helplessly. His eyes looked over her head into the room beyond; his face was set. Ruth stood by the table with her back toward the door, turning over the leaves of a book. To Nan's distracted gaze she seemed still to palpitate with righteous anger. She was small and slight, but if a colossal statue of Juno had suddenly been endowed with life and with her ancient property of wrath, Nan could not have found her so appalling. She took one uncertain step into the room, then turned a miserable look of appeal on Paul. With all his six feet of masculine and just indignation, he was her lifelong friend and a gentleman. Her old feeling that he was equal to any emergency sent a sudden tide of courage to her heart. His eyes fell on hers and read their pitiful appeal. "Trust me!" they seemed to say in return.

With his long quick stride he passed her and approached the glacial figure. Nan watched him with breathless admiration of his courage. That was what it was to be a *man!*

With a quick motion he threw both arms around Ruth and turned her toward her petrified sister-in-law.

"Nan," he said, "what do you think of this for a match?"

The keen dark face looked at her triumphantly above the fair rose-tinted face into which the light of eternal youth had flashed.

"Oh, you *mean things!*" cried Sister Nan.



Grand Gala Coach.

AT THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR ALEXANDER III

LETTERS OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADRESS

By Mary King Waddington

To G. K. S.

PARIS, Sunday, March 18, 1883.

I WILL write a little this morning, Dear —I am just back from l'Étoile. I have had rather an agitated week, and here is my news, good—bad—I don't know myself. W.* is going as Ambassador Extraordinary to Moscow to represent France at the Coronation of the Emperor Alexander. It was a "bolt from the blue" to us. I will tell you from the beginning. We went to ride as usual Thursday morning, but rather earlier than usual (9.30). When we came home Mdme. Hubert told us we hadn't been gone 10 minutes, when le Ministre des Affaires Étrangères (Challemel Lacour) came to see W., and was much discomposed at not finding him, told Mdme. H. he would come back at 11. He didn't reappear, but one of the young attachés did, with a note from Challemel begging W. to come and see him directly after breakfast. We couldn't think what he wanted, but we both made up our minds it was to insist on the Vienna Embassy. I protested vehemently, and I think W. would not have taken it. I told him I should take that opportunity to pay a visit to America if he accepted.

I went out in the afternoon with Anne to try on a dress at Redfern's, and just as we were coming away W. appeared. He had seen the carriage at the door and knew he would find us. He looked rather preoccupied, so I said, "You are not surely going to Vienna?"

"No, not to Vienna, probably to Russia, for the Coronation."

I was too bewildered at first to take it in, and I must frankly say I was wretched. Of course he asked 24 hours to think it over, though the Minister urged him very much to accept at once. Challemel also wishes me to go, says a woman gives more éclat to an Embassy. Of course it will be a magnificent sight, but I am a perfect poltroon—I am so afraid they will take advantage of that crowd to blow up everybody. However, if that should happen it would be better to be blown up together, but I really am nervous (I am not

* W. here and throughout these letters refers to Mme. Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.

usually such a coward, but Russian nihilists and dynamiters are terrible elements to contend with), and wish they hadn't asked him to go.

Of course it is a great honor and compliment to his personal position, and I have given no opinion, but I don't feel happy at all. I have always said that I would never try to influence my husband's actions (public) in any way, and I suppose I have kept to that as well as most women do who marry public men, but I should like to put a decided veto now. I will keep you au courant of the decision.

March 20th.

Well, Dear, it is quite decided. W. accepts to go to Moscow, and takes me with him. He consulted his brother and his friends, and all told him he could not refuse. As long as they didn't send a soldier (W. himself would have asked Maréchal MacMahon to go, if he had been at the Foreign Office), he was "tout indiqué."* It seems all the other Powers are going to send Princes—Spain, the Duc de Montpensier; England, the Duke of Edinburgh; Italy, Duc d'Aosta, etc.

We are to start somewhere about the 8th or 10th of May. W. is busy now composing his Mission. Of course everybody wants to go. It seems such an undertaking. We had a nice ride this morning—various people riding with us, and all talking about the Coronation. I overheard one timid old gentleman saying to W., "Vous emmenez votre femme, vous avez tort, on ne sait pas ce que peut arriver"—not very reassuring.

April 1st.

My Dear, my letters will now become monotonous, as I have only one idea—the Mission. All the arrangements are being begun, such an affair. W. has sent off a man to Moscow to see about a house big enough to hold all the party, with ballroom, and large dining-room. We are 9 people—W. and I; Comte de Pontécoulant, Ministre Plénipotentiare (W.'s ancien Chef de Cabinet); Général Pitter (Général de Division, chef de la maison militaire du Président de la République); Colonel Comte de Sesmaisons, commandant les 6ème. Hussards; François de Corcelle, Sécrétaire d'Ambassade; Commandant Fayette (de la maison du Président—Jules Grévy); Richard Waddington, Deputé, Capitaine dans l'armée territoriale; Robert Calmon, lieutenant dans l'armée territoriale. L'uniforme est absolument nécessaire en Russie.

We have three servants—W.'s valet Joseph and my two maids Adélaide and Mdme. Hubert. All the gentlemen have their servants. Then there is Pierson, the huissier from the Quai d'Orsay (you know who I mean, the big man who wears a gilt chain, announces the people, and writes down names, etc.), two cooks with one or two garçons de cuisine; 3 coachmen, Hubert of course, and two Englishmen. One, Mr. Leroy, such a magnificent person, came this morning to see W. He has already representé on several occasions, and driven gala carriages, etc. He seems graciously inclined to go with us (with very high wages, and making his conditions—will drive only the Ambassador and Ambassadrice in the gala carriage, etc.). That will necessitate very delicate negotiations with Hubert, who also wishes to drive only the Ambassador and me. However, as he has never driven a gala carriage, and they are very heavy, unwieldy vehicles to manage, I think he must waive his claim.

Tuesday, May 8, 1883.

Our boxes and cases are being packed, and the house is a curiosity—crowded with every conceivable thing. My two maids (I take Mdme. Hubert too, as Adélaide is not very strong, and if she gave out I should be in a bad way) are much taken up with their outfit. They each have two sets of new things, a blue serge costume and coat for travelling, and a black silk for their gala occasions. Pontécoulant is always teasing Mdme. Hubert, and asking if "ses toilettes sont prêtes."

This morning I saw the 9 gigantic horses who were paraded under the windows. They start to-night, as they must rest at Berlin. M. Lhermite is a treasure. He also starts to-night with his cooks and provisions of all kinds. W. and Pontécoulant gave him all their instructions, and then he came for mine. I told him I must have my maids in the room next to

* After the Berlin Congress and the Foreign Office.

me, and as we had a plan of the house, it is quite easy. I have fair-sized bedroom and dressing-room (which he will arrange as a sort of boudoir) on the court (no living rooms are on the street), and the maids a large room opening out of the dressing-room. He is eminently practical; takes charge of the whole personnel, will arrange a sort of dormitory for all the men servants; will see that they are ready in time, clean and well turned out.

Pontécoulant, who is also very practical, overlooks that part of the business; also the stables, and Mr. Leroy and Lhermite will report to him every morning. Leroy has also just been in, much pleased with his gala carriage and liveries. Hubert is beaming, and most particular about his lace jabot and ruffles. I wonder how they will all ever settle down to our quiet life again.

Thursday, 10th.

I will finish this afternoon, Dear. I am ready to start, dressed in my travelling dress, dark blue cloth, with a long coat lined with red satin, and a black hat with blue feathers (I haven't got on the coat and hat yet). There has been such a procession of people all day, and great vans to carry off the luggage. I have been rather bothered about my jewels—how to carry them. I have taken everything the family own. Anne's necklace, with some extra stones I had, has been converted into a tiara. All the Russian women wear their National coiffure at the Coronation, the Kakoshnik. As that is very high, studded with jewels, any ordinary arrangement of stars and feathers would look insignificant. Freddy, who is an authority on such matters, advised me to concentrate all my efforts on the tiara—he also suggested ropes of pearls (artificial) but I couldn't make up my mind to that. Chemin, the jeweller, was very anxious I should "louer" a sort of breastplate of diamonds—but on the whole I preferred taking less—merely mine and the sister's. What I shall do if they are stolen or lost I am sure I don't know. I don't care to carry them myself in a bag, as I never by any chance carry my bag, I should certainly leave it somewhere; and I don't like to give it to the maids either, so I have put all the jewels in two trunks, scattered about the fond, wrapped up with silk stockings, etc.

I have given my last instructions to Nounou, and a nice young coachman who comes to replace Hubert in our absence, and also provided a surprise for baby in the shape of a large train, which will distract him the first days. We saw also this morning the detective who goes with us. He is one of those who always accompanies the foreign Princes who pass through Paris, and is said to know well all the great nihilist leaders (all of whom he says will be at the Coronation). He has two ordinary policemen with him. They go of course on the train with us, and never lose sight of us. I shall feel rather like a distinguished criminal being tracked across Europe.

Pontécoulant is very funny over Philippe the coiffeur, who presented himself at the Quai d'Orsay, and insisted upon being included in the suite (consequently travelling free of expense on the special trains, etc., with us). He really isn't my coiffeur — I never have any one except Georges from time to time, but I daresay I shall be glad to have him. He said to Pontécoulant, "Monsieur le Comte comprend bien qu'il faut que je pose le diadème de Madame l'Ambassadrice le jour du Couronnement;" however he has gained his point, and Madame l'Ambassadrice takes her own coiffeur with her, as well as her two maids.

Well, Dear, we are going in an hour, and I must try and reason with myself, and not be the arrant coward I really feel like.

To H. L. K.

Ambassade de France, Moscow,
Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,
Monday, May 21st.

We arrived quite safely and comfortably yesterday morning — 34 people, counting servants, policemen, etc. I hadn't time to write, but you will have had the Havas telegram announcing our arrival. I am writing in my little boudoir, which looks on a large, square, light court-yard, and I wish you could see the wild confusion that reigns there. Quantities of boxes and "ballots" of every description. Mdme. Hubert, with a veil tied over her head, struggling to get at

some of my trunks, which are all marked with an enormous M. K. W. in white letters (a private mark, so as not to confound them with the general mark of the Mission). Leroy, Hubert, and Pontécoulant trying to get the big carriage cases opened (they look like small houses). Sesmaisons and Calmon fussing over their saddles, which they apparently had got without much difficulty — quantities of Russian helpers working, talking, but *not* loud, nor yelling to each other. How anything will ever come out of all that chaos I don't know.

However, I must begin at the beginning. We got here about 8.30 yesterday morning. We were all up early, as the country grew more interesting as we approached Moscow. We had a confused vision of gilt domes, high colored steeples, etc., but nothing stood out very distinctly. There was a fine confusion at the station—quantities of officials, all in uniform, detachments of soldiers, red carpets, etc. We were *not* received officially, not being Princes. The Mission only exists here *after* they have presented their lettres de créance. We found our consul, Lagrené, waiting for us, several members of the French Colony, and Lhermite. We drove off at once to our Ambassade. The main street, Tverskaya, looked very gay with quantities of flags and draperies in every direction, and even at that time in the morning a great many people. Our house looks well—the entrance isn't bad, and the stair-case marble, handsome. I hardly looked at the reception-rooms as I was anxious to get to mine. Lhermite had done them very well, quite as I wanted, and a nice-looking woman, Russian of course, the femme de charge left in the house, was there to see if everything was right.

I washed off a little dust, got a cup of tea, and then went with W. and Pontécoulant to inspect the house. The ballroom, "serre," and 3 drawing-rooms are nice; the dining-room small in comparison and low. Not a breath of air anywhere, double windows, hermetically sealed, with *one* pane opening in each; so the very first thing we did was to send for someone to take down the extra window, and open everything wide—the close smell was something awful. The femme de charge was astounded, and most unwilling. I think she thought we wished to demolish the whole establishment. W. has a large room opening out of the drawing-room. Pontécoulant took charge of the distribution of the gentlemen's rooms (which wasn't easy, as they were generally small, and not particularly comfortable, but I must say they were all easy going, and not at all inclined to make difficulties). He chose a room downstairs for himself next the Chancellerie, which he has arranged at once very well. The ballroom is handsome, a parquet floor, and yellow satin furniture; the other drawing-rooms too are well furnished in silk and satin. The dining-room is small, but the serre will make a very good fumoir where the gentlemen can sit and smoke. It has nice cane arm-chairs and tables, and will be a resource.

I went back to my own rooms and arranged my affairs with the maids. There is a large room, half lingerie, half débarras, upstairs, with good placards and closets where I can put my dresses if I ever get hold of them. They must be unpacked at once, particularly the velvet dresses. Of course I am always at the window. My Dear, how it would amuse you, so absolutely unlike anything you have ever seen.

The men seem to work well enough—they all wear red flannel shirts tucked into their trousers, and high boots—at the present moment they are all gaping at the horses, who certainly do look enormous (the Russian horses are all small). It seems ours stand the cannon, and shouting, and waving flags and draperies very well (so the lessons in the École Militaire, where they were taken several times after they arrived in Paris to have cannons and guns fired close to their heads, and flags waved about, did them good).

A little Russian maid, in a red petticoat, and a blue handkerchief tied over her head, has just appeared, and I suppose will be a sort of fille de chambre. She smiles every time I speak to the maids, and watches every movement I make. I moved a fauteuil just now, and in an instant she had possession of it, and stood over it looking at me hard to see where I wanted it put. I daresay we



Drawn by J. H. Gardner-Soper.

The Arrival of the Emperor and Empress at the Church for the Coronation, Moscow, 1883.

[These coronation pictures after authorized paintings.]

shall get on very well. We breakfasted at 12.30 all together—a very good breakfast, flowers on the table, and everything most correct. The gentlemen were amusing, all giving their experiences. Just as we were finishing we heard someone coming, with the clank of sabre, and those long, heavy spurs the Russians wear; and a good-looking officer, Colonel Benckendorff, who was attached to our Embassy, appeared. He will never lose sight of us now until the ceremonies are over.

We adjourned to the serre, and he put us au courant of everything. He told us the crowd and confusion at the Kremlin was indescribable (all the foreign Princes are lodged there). He had all sorts of papers, invitations, audiences, cartes de circulation, etc. W. is to present his lettres de créance and all the Mission en grande tenue at 10.30 to-day. (I am waiting now to see them start. W. has just been in, looking very well, as he always does in full uniform.) He wears the Danish Grand Cordon, he hasn't the Légion d'Honneur nor any Russian decoration. Two Maîtres de Cérémonie, covered with gold lace and embroideries, have arrived in an ordinary Russian court coupé—they have also an Imperial gala carriage for the Ambassador, and two ordinary Court carriages, and they have just started, quite a crowd of people before the house to see the départ. First went two Maîtres de Cérémonie, their coats covered with gold embroidery; then W. alone in a gala carriage with four horses, two footmen standing behind, two mounted, and an ecuyer. The rest of the Mission followed in two ordinary court carriages, all with the Imperial liveries, which are not very handsome, long red cloaks, with a sort of cocked hat. Benckendorff followed alone in his private carriage.

Our big footmen figured for the first time—the four in their blue and silver livery were at the door when the Maîtres de Cérémonie arrived, and Pierson with his chain in the anteroom. They looked very well; Lhermite and our coachman saw the whole thing, and were not at all impressed with carriages, liveries, or horses. They said the carriages were absolutely shabby; the liveries neither well made nor well put on, and the horses beneath criticism. They do look extraordinarily small before those great heavy state carriages, rather like rats, as Hubert says—"Quand on voit les notres ce sera une surprise," for they are enormous.



Madame Waddington.
From a copyright photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, London.

What do you think I did as soon as they had all gone? I had rather an inspiration—I told the maids to bring me my blue court train (they have unpacked some of the boxes, the jewels are all right, and locked up in a coffre-fort in W.'s room), but can't find one of Delannoy's caisses—I suppose it will turn up though, as Pontécoulant says the compte was quite right when we arrived yesterday, all the boxes here. I then locked the door of the ball-room, stationed Pierson outside, with strict orders not to let anyone in, put on my train over my brown cloth dress, put Adélaide and Mdme. Hubert at one end of the room, and whisked backwards and forwards, making them low courtesys (they were rather embarrassed). I have never worn a train in my life, as you know, and I wanted to see how it would go. It seems perfectly cut, and follows every



Empress Marie in her Coronation Robes.

movement, and doesn't get twisted around my ankles. The maids were quite satisfied, and told me it worked beautifully, particularly when I backed across the room. Madame Jaurès, wife of Admiral Jaurès, permanent French Ambassador to Russia, told me such hideous tales yesterday, when she came to see me, of women getting nervous and entangled in their trains when they backed away from the Emperor, that I thought I had better take some precautions. I indulged in those antics for about twenty minutes, then unlocked the door, released Pierson, and went upstairs to the lingerie to see how my unpacking was getting on. The missing trunk had just arrived, and my two women, with the little Russian maid, whose eyes opened wide when she saw the quantity of dresses being produced, and W.'s man were putting things to rights.

The gentlemen got back to a late breakfast, much pleased with their reception. They were received in a small palace out-

side of Moscow,* as the Emperor makes his formal entrée into the town to-morrow only. They found the Emperor very amiable, talking quite easily, saying something to everyone. He had on the Grand Cordon of the Légion d'Honneur. They were all presented also to the Empress. W. said she was very gracious and charming; remembered quite well having seen us in Paris. We were presented to her by the Prince of Wales, Exhibition year. He said she recalled the Princess of Wales, not so tall, and had splendid eyes.

Benckendorff stayed to breakfast, and we told him his place would be always ready for him at breakfast and dinner. The hours of standing apparently will be something awful. About 3.30 Mdme. Jaurès came for me, and we went to see Lady Thornton, who is Doyenne of the Corps Diplomatique, but didn't find her. The Jaurès have just arrived themselves with all the Corps Diplomatique from Petersburg. They said the starting from there was frightfully mismanaged, not nearly carriages enough for the people and their luggage. The Ambassadors furious, railway officials distracted, a second train had to be prepared which made a long delay, and a general uproar. The only man who was quite quiet and happy was Mr. Mackay (Silver King from California). He formed part of the United States Mission, had his own private car attached to the train, in which were Mrs. Mackay and Mr. and Mrs. Hunt (U. S. Minister and his wife), and was absolutely independent.

After leaving our cards we drove through the Tverskaya, the main street. There were quantities of people, and vehicles of every description, from the Ambassador's carriages (all with small, black Russian horses, a Russian coachman in caffan and flat cap, and a gorgeous chasseur, all gold braid, and hat with feathers, beside him), to the most ordinary little drosky or fiacre. Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, passed us going very quickly with the regular Russian attelage—3 horses, one scarcely harnessed, galloping almost free on one side.

All the houses are dressed with red and gold draperies, and immense tribunes put up all along the street, as the procession passes through it from one end to the other when the Emperor makes his formal entrance to-morrow. There are crowds of peasants and country people, all the men in flannel shirts tucked into their trousers, and the women with a handkerchief or little shawl over their heads. They don't look the least gay, or excited, or enthusiastic ; on the contrary, it is generally a sad face, principally fair, and blue eyes. They stand, apparently a compact mass, in the middle of the street, close up to the carriages which can scarcely get on—then comes a little detachment of Cossacks (most curious looking, quite wild, on very small horses, and enormous long lances), rides into the crowd and over them. They make no resistance, don't say anything, and close up again, as soon as the carriage passes—and so it goes on all day.

I was quite excited when we drove into the Kremlin—it is enormous, really a city, surrounded by a great crenulated wall, with high towers at intervals, quantities of squares, courts, churches, palaces, barracks, terraces, etc. The view of the town from one of the terraces overlooking the river is splendid, but the great interest is the Kremlin itself. Numbers of gilt domes, pink and green roofs, and steeples. It seemed to me that pink predominated, or was it merely the rose flush of the sunset which gave a beautiful color to everything. We saw of course the great bell, and the tower of Ivan the Terrible (from where they told us he surveyed massacres of hundreds of his soldiers), everywhere a hurrying, busy crowd (though always quiet).

Thanks to our " Carte de Circulation " we pass everywhere, though stopped at every moment. We crossed, among other things, a procession of servants, and minor court officials, with quantities of silver dishes, flagons, etc., some great swell's dinner being sent from the Imperial Palace. We went from one great square to another, stopping at the Palace where all the fêtes are to be. There we found one or two Court officials whom Mdme. Jaurès knew, and they showed us as much as they could, but everybody is " sur les dents," and nothing ready ; and in spite of all the precautions one feels that there is a strong undercurrent of nervousness.

* Petrofski.



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

The Emperor Crowning the Empress. Church de l'Assomption.

We went to the Church de l'Assomption, where the Coronation is to take place. There too we found officials, who showed us our places, and exactly where the Court would be. The church is small, with a great deal of gilding and painting. All the tribunes are ready, and what we shall feel like when the ceremony is over I am sure I don't know. It will last about three hours and a half, and we stand all the time. There is not a vestige of a seat in the Tribune Diplomatique —merely a sort of rail or "barre d'appui" where one can lean back a little.

We lingered a little on the terrace overlooking the river where there is a fine view of the town, and came out by the Porte St. Sauveur, where everyone, Emperor and peasant, uncover. I was glad to get home and rest a little before dinner, but I have had a delightful afternoon.

I will finish this evening, as the bag goes to-morrow. We had a pleasant dinner, our personnel only, and Colonel Benckendorff, who told us all we had to do these days. The day of the Coronation we meet at the German Embassy (General Schweinitz, who married Anna Jay, is Doyen of the Corps Diplomatique), and go all together to the Kremlin. The hour of rendezvous is 8 there, and as it is quite far off, and the gala carriages go on a walk, we must leave here at 7, and get up at Heaven knows what hour. What do you think we will look like in full Court dress at that hour in the morning? Our dinner was very good—wines, fruit, etc. W. complimented Lhermite.

To-morrow we start at 11 for the Palace of Prince Dolgourouky, Governor of Moscow, from where we see the Emperor pass on his way to the Kremlin. It is not far away, but the streets are so barricaded and shut up that we must make a long détour. The most stringent measures are taken, all windows closed, no canes nor umbrellas allowed, and a triple line of troops all along the route. The maids are much excited. They have places in one of the Tribunes, and M. Lhermite is going to escort them. In some marvellous way they have been able to communicate with the Russian maids, and have given me various pieces of information. I have left the gentlemen all smoking in the serre, except W., who retired to his own quarters, as he had some despatches to write. He has had a long talk with Jaurès this afternoon, and has also seen Sir Edward Thornton, British Ambassador. The house is quite quiet—the court-yard asleep, as no carriages or horses have been out to-night. We have two ordinary Russian landaus, with those fast little horses, for our everyday outings, as the big coupé d'Orsay only goes out on state occasions.

The detective has made his report, and says the nihilists will do nothing to-morrow—*perhaps* the night of the gala at the Opera. It is curious to live in such a highly charged atmosphere, and yet I am less nervous—I wonder why—the excitement I suppose of the whole thing. Well, Good-night, Dear; I would say it in Russian if I could, but so far all I have learnt is "Jchai," which means tea, and "Karosch," which seems to be an exclamation of delighted admiration. The little maids say it every time I appear in a new garment.

Ambassade de France à Moscou,
Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,
Mardi, 22d.

How shall I ever begin to describe to you, Dear, the wonderful life we are leading. Everything is unlike anything I have ever seen. I suppose it is the beginning of the real far off East. This morning I am sitting at the window reading and writing, and looking out into the court-yard, which is a never-failing interest—such quantities of people always there. The first thing I hear in the morning is Pontécoulant's voice. He is there every day at eight o'clock, conferring with Leroy and Hubert, examining the horses and carriages, deciding which ones are to be used, and giving orders for the day.

Then arrive the two Russian landaus which go all day, and very different they look from our beautiful equipages, and big important servants. Then comes Lhermite, rattling off, in a low pony cart, with the boy from the Consulate along side of him. He goes to market every day, and nearly has a fit, because he can't talk himself, and he knows they are all lying, and stealing, and imposing upon him



Drawn by G. W. Peters.

Banquet given by the Imperial Couple in the room of the old Kremlin.

Entrance of the soup.

generally. In one corner there is a group of little Russian horses tied to the stable doors, with Russian soldiers fussing over them. They have been sent from one of the cavalry barracks for the gentlemen to ride.

In every direction men are cleaning carriages, saddles, harness, liveries ; and with such little noise—they are extraordinarily quiet.

May 22d, 5.30.

We have just got back from the Governor's palace ; and to-night the Emperor is safe in the Kremlin.

It was a marvellous day. We started (the whole Mission) at 10.30 this morning, W. and I alone in the d'Orsay, which looked very handsome. It is dark blue with white stripes, like all our carriages, and lined with blue satin of rather a lighter shade. The men were in demigala, blue plush breeches, white silk stockings, and high hats (not tricornes), with silver bands and cords. Thornton, the English coachman, looked very smart, and handled his big black horses perfectly. The gentlemen told us he used very strong language when he got back to the stables over the abomination of the Moscow pavement. We were preceded as usual by Richard and Benckendorff in a light carriage. I wore one of Philippe's dresses, brown gauze embroidered in velvet flowers, all the front écru lace, and an écru straw bonnet, with a vieux rose velvet crown.

I was much amused while I was dressing to hear various members of the party in the lingerie, "Madame, voulez-vous me coudre un bouton," "les plumes de mon chapeau ne tiennent pas," etc., even Thornton came in to have his lace cravate tied. We were a long time getting to Prince Dolgourouky's palace; not that it is far away, but the streets are barricaded in every direction, however I didn't mind—the crowd was so interesting, packed tight ; they had been standing for hours, they told us, such pale, patient faces, but so *un*joyous ; no jokes, nor bits of songs, nor good-natured scuffling ; so unlike our Paris crowd on a great fête day, laughing and chaffing, and commenting freely on everything; and certainly very much unlike the American-Irish crowd at home in New York, on the 4th of July or St. Patrick's day. I remember quite well putting boxes of fire-crackers in a tin pail to frighten the horses, and throwing numerous little petards under people's feet, but no one seemed to mind. Fancy the effect of a pailful of fire-crackers exploding in any part of Moscow to-day. The tribunes covered with red cloth, or red and gold, crammed ; and armies of soldiers, mounted and on foot in every direction ; and yet we were only in the side streets. The real crowd was in the Tverskaya where the cortège was to pass.



Grand Duc Wladimir.
From a photograph by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

When we arrived finally we were received by the Governor's two nieces, Madame Mounousourah and Princess Oberlenski. The Prince, like all the other Russian noblemen, took part in the cortège. All our colleagues were there, but the Duc de Montpensier was the only special envoy. All the other foreign Princes were riding with the Emperor's suite. It was almost a female gathering, though of course all the men of the Corps Diplomatique were there. We waited some little time in the large

drawing-room, where many presentations were made; and then had a very handsome breakfast, people talking easily, but the Russians visibly nervous and preoccupied. As soon as it was over we went out on the balconies, where we remained until the cortège had passed. They brought us tea at intervals, but I never stirred from my chair until the end.



Colonel Benckendorff.

From a photograph by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

It was a beautiful sight as we looked down—as far as one could see, right and left, flags, draperies, principally red and gold, green wreaths, flowers and uniforms—the crowd of people well kept back behind a triple row of soldiers, the middle of the street perfectly clear, always a distant sound of bells, trumpets, and music. A salute of cannon was to let us know when the Emperor left Petrofski, the small palace just outside the walls where he has been all these days. As the time drew near one felt the anxiety of the Russians, and when the first coup sounded, all of them in the Palace and in the street crossed themselves. As the procession drew near the tension was intense. The Governor's Palace is about half way between the gate by which the Emperor entered and the Kremlin. He had all that long street to follow at a foot's pace. As soon as he entered the Kremlin another cannon would tell his people he was safe inside.

At last the head of the gorgeous procession appeared. It was magnificent, but I can't begin to tell you the details. I don't even remember all I saw, but you will read it all in the papers, as of course all their correspondents are here. There were quantities of troops of all descriptions, the splendid chevaliers-gardes looked very imposing with their white tunics and silver cuirasses; both horses and men enormous. What I liked best were the red Cossacks (even their long lances red). They look perfectly wild and uncivilized, and their little horses equally so, prancing and plunging all the time.

The most interesting thing to me was the deputations from all the provinces of this vast Empire—Kirghis, Moguls, Tartars, Kalmucks, etc. There was a magnificent chief from the Caucase, all in white, with jewelled sword and high cap (even from where we were, so high above the crowd, we saw the flash of the diamonds); the Khan of Khiva, Emir of Bokhara, both with high fur caps, also with jewels on cap and belt. A young fellow, cousin I think of the Prince Dolgourouky, came and stood near me, and told me as well as he could who the most important people were. Bells going all the time (and the Moscow bells have a deep, beautiful sound), music, the steady tramp of soldiers, and the curious, dull noise of a great crowd of people.

Then a break in the troops, and a long procession of gala court carriages passed, with six horses and six runners, a man to each horse, with all the grands-maîtres and high officials of the Court, each man covered with gold lace and embroidery, and holding his staff of office, white with a jewel at the top. After that more troops, the Emperor's body-guard, and then the Emperor himself. He was in full uniform, riding quite alone in front on his little white horse which he had ridden in the Turkish campaign. He

looked quite composed and smiling, not a trace of nervousness (perhaps a little pale), returned all the salutations most graciously, and looked up, bowed and smiled to our balcony. A little distance behind him rode his two sons, and close up to him on the left rode the Duke of Edinburgh in red; any bomb that was thrown at the Emperor must have killed the English Prince.

Then followed a long suite of Princes —some of their uniforms, Austrian, Greek, and Montenegran standing out well. From that moment there was almost silence on the balcony; as the Emperor disappeared again all crossed themselves, and everyone waited for the welcome sound from the Kremlin.

After a long interval, always troops passing, came the Empress. She was with her daughter, the little Grand Duchess Zenia, both in Russian dress. The carriage was shut, a coupé, but half glass, so we saw them perfectly, and the high head-dress (Kakoshnike) and white veil, spangled with silver was very becoming. The carriage was very handsome, all gold and paintings; six white horses led, and running footmen. The Empress and her daughter were seated side by side, and on a curious sort of *outside* seat, on one side of the coupé, was a page, dressed in red and yellow, a sort of cloth of gold, with high feathers in his cap. The Empress looked grave and very pale, but she smiled and bowed all the time. It must have been an awful day for her, for she was so far behind the Emperor, and such masses of troops in between, that he might have been assassinated easily, she knowing nothing of it.

There was again a great sound of bells and music when the Empress passed, all the people crossing themselves, but the great interest of course was far ahead with the Emperor. A great procession of Court carriages followed with all the Princesses, Grandes-Maîtresses, etc., and endless troops still, but no one paid much attention; every ear was strained to hear the first sound from the Kremlin. When the cannon boomed out the effect was indescribable. All the Russians embraced each other, some with tears running down their cheeks, everybody shook hands with everybody, and for a moment the emotion was contagious—I felt rather a choke in my throat. The extraordinary reaction showed what the tension had been.

After rather a whirl of felicitations we went into the drawing-room for a few minutes, had tea (of course), and I talked to some of the people whom I had not seen before. Montpensier came up, and was very civil and nice. He is here as a Spanish Prince. He told me he had been frightfully nervous for the Emperor. They all knew that so many nihilists were about—he added, "Il était superbe, leur Empereur, si crâne."

We had to wait a few moments for the carriage and got home about 5, having been standing a long time. We were almost as long getting back to the Embassy as we were coming. There was a dense crowd everywhere, and the same little detachments of Cossacks galloping hard into the midst of the people, and apparently doing no harm to anyone.

I will finish now before going to bed—happily all our dissipations finish early. We dined quietly with only our own Embassy and Benckendorff, and then drove about for an hour or so looking at the illuminations, which were not very wonderful. We met all our colleagues doing the same thing. W. has just had his report from the detective. He said all the nihilists were scattered along the route today, but evidently had no intention of doing anything. It seems curious they should be allowed to remain, as of course the Russian police know them quite as well as our man does.

I have just had a notice that the Empress will receive me to-morrow. I will try and write a few lines always late before going to bed, and while the whole thing is still fresh in my memory. If this letter is slightly incoherent it is because I have had so many interruptions. The maids can hardly undress me, they are so anxious to tell me all they have seen. It certainly was a magnificent sight today, and the fears for the Emperor gave such a dramatic note to the whole thing. My eyes are rather tired, looking so hard I suppose.

Wednesday, May 23d.

Well, Dear, I have had my audience. It was most interesting. I started at 11 o'clock in the gala carriage, Hubert

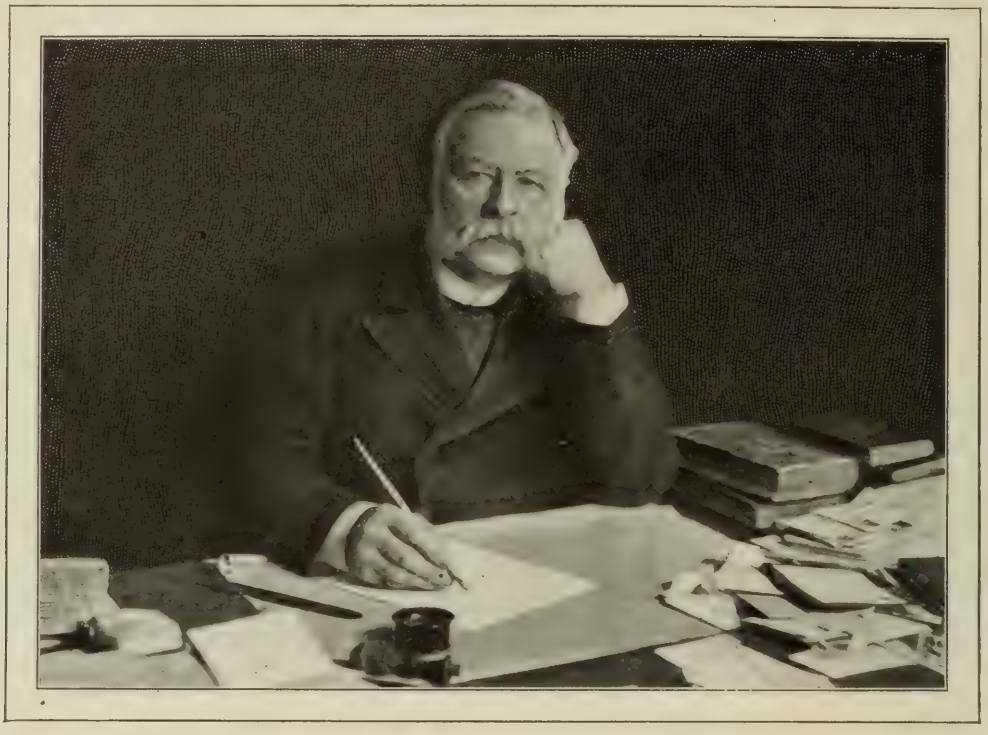


Reception of Deputations from the Provinces by the Emperor and Empress.

driving me, as he wanted to go once to the Kremlin with the carriage before the day of the Coronation. It seems there is a slight rise in the road just as one gets to the gate, which is also narrow. I wore the blue brocade with bunches of cherries, the front of moussé velvet, and a light blue crêpe bonnet, neither gloves nor veil. Benckendorff and Richard, as "officier de service," went ahead in a small carriage. Benckendorff said I must have one of my own Embassy, and Richard thought it would amuse him to come. W. rather demurred — was afraid we wouldn't be serious enough, but we promised him to be absolutely dignes. Do you remember at the first official reception at the Instruction Publique he never would let you and Pauline stand behind me—he was afraid we would make unseemly jokes, or laugh at some of the dresses.

Our progress to the Kremlin was slow. The carriage is heavy, goes always at a foot's pace, and has a swinging motion which is very disagreeable. I felt rather shy, sitting up there alone, as of course there is a great deal of glass, so that I was much "en évidence." Everybody looked, and the people in the street crowded close up to the carriage. We found grand preparations when we got to the Palace—the great staircase covered with a red cloth, and every variety of chamberlain, page, usher, and officer on the stairs and at the door. Benckendorff and Richard helped me out of my carriage, and Richard's impulse was to give me his arm to go upstairs, but he was waved back imperatively, and a magnificent gentleman in a velvet coat, all lace and embroidery, advanced, and conducted me up the grand staircase, always a little behind me. I passed through a hedge of uniforms and costumes. When we came to the landing where there was a piquet of soldiers my attendant said—"La France," and they presented arms.

At the top of the staircase, at the door of the first of a long enfilade of salons, I was handed over, with a very low bow, from my first gentleman to another of the same description, equally all gold, lace, and embroidery; and so I passed through all the rooms, always meeting a new chamberlain in each one. The rooms are large and high, with vaulted roofs like a cathedral, little or no furuiture (I believe the Russian Court never sits down except at meals). We made a halt in one of the salons, where we found several maids of honor of the Empress, who were presented to me. They were all very much dressed in long, light dresses, and wore their badge — the Empress's chiffre in diamonds on a blue ribbon. While I was talking to them a procession of diplomats and special envoys passed through the room. They had just been received by the Empress.



M. William Waddington.

From a copyright photograph by Russell & Son.

Presently appeared Prince Galitzin— Grand Maître des Cérémonies, attired in red velvet, and lace, and embroidery, who said, "Sa Majeste sera bientôt prête." I continued my progress with the same ceremonial, passed through the salle du trône, which is handsome, white and gold; and came to a stand-still in the next salon, evidently the ante-chamber of the room where I was to be received, as the two colossal negroes who always accompany the Emperor and Empress were standing at the door. They were dressed in a sort of Asiatic costume, cashmeres, turbans, scimitars, etc. I was received by the Princess Kotschoubey and Count Pahlen, Arche Grande Maître. The Princess K. is the mother of Princess Lise Troubetzkoi (whom you will remember in Paris as having a salon the first days of the Republic where political men of all opinions assembled—Thiers was her great friend). She was a little old lady, dressed entirely in white, with a jewel low on her forehead, and Count Pahlen, Arche Grand Maître. He was dressed in blue velvet and embroidery, and carried his staff of office, white, with a large sapphire on the top.

We talked a few minutes, when apparently there came a signal from the Empress. The doors flew open, and the Princess advanced to the threshold, making a beautiful courtesy (I am sure mine was not half so good), she seemed to go straight down to the ground, said—"J'ai l'honneur d'annoncer l'Ambassadrice de France." She then withdrew to one side.

—I made a courtesy at the door, which was instantly shut, another, a little farther on (the regulation is 3), but hadn't time for my third, as the Empress, who was standing in the middle of the room, advanced a few steps, shook hands and begged me to sit down. I hadn't seen her for some years, since she came to Paris with her husband, then Grand Duke Héritier (his father was still alive), and I didn't find her changed. She recalls the Princess of Wales, but is not so tall; has beautiful dark eyes, and a very gracious manner. She was dressed almost as I was, but in a different color, yellow brocade with bunches of plumes, splendid lace in front, and a beautiful pearl necklace, three rows of large stones (my one row of fairly large ones was nowhere). I think I stayed about 20 minutes.

We talked easily enough. She said the long day yesterday had been very fatiguing, the going at a foot's pace all that long distance with the peculiar swinging motion of the heavy gala carriage had tired her very much; also the constant bowing right and left, and the quantities of flags and draperies waving under her eyes. She didn't say anything about being nervous, so of course I didn't. She gave me the impression of having extraordinary self-control. I asked her what the little Grand Duchess thought of it all. She said that she really didn't know—that she didn't speak, but looked at everything and bowed to all the people exactly as she did.

She said the day of the sacre would be very long and tiring, particularly beginning so early in the morning; that she was very matinale, quite accustomed to getting up early—was I. "Fairly—but I hadn't often been up and dressed in full dress and diamonds at seven in the morning." "You would prefer a ceremony by candle-light." "I think we should all look better at 9 o'clock in the evening." She laughed, and then we talked a little; Paris, chiffons, etc. She said some of her dresses had come from Philippe. We talked a little about Moscow and the Kremlin. She asked me what I had seen. When I spoke of the church and the tribunes for the Corps Diplomatique with *no* seats, and a very long ceremony, she was quite indifferent; evidently didn't think it was of the slightest consequence whether we were tired or not; and I don't suppose it is.

When she congédied me the door flew open (she evidently had a bell under her chair which she touched with her feet); she shook hands, and walked immediately to a door at the other end of the room; so I didn't have to back out all the way. Princess Kotschouby and Count Pahlen were waiting for me. The Princess said, "Sa Majesté vous a gardé bien longtemps Madame l'Ambassadrice, j'espère que vous avez été contente." Pahlen also made me a polite phrase. They both accompanied me across the room, and then the door opened, and another chamberlain took possession of me. Just as we got to the door the Princess was saying something about her daughter "devenue absolument une Parisienne," when it opened; she stopped short in the middle of her phrase, and made me a little courtesy—her function was over once I passed into the other room. It was too funny.

I was conducted through all the rooms and down the great staircase with the same ceremony. I found Richard waiting in one of the big rooms, with the "Dames du portrait," but this time he didn't venture to offer his arm to the Ambassadress, and followed with Benckendorff at a respectful distance.

I found my carriage surrounded by an admiring crowd. The horses are handsome and enormous, particularly here where the race is small, also the French gala liveries are unlike anything else. Hubert, my own coachman, sits up so straight and pompous on his box, and looks so correct I hardly know him. The movement of the gala carriage is something awful, makes me really ill.

May 23d, 10 o'clock.

We have had a quiet evening—some of the gentlemen have gone off to hear the famous Bohemiennes in one of the public gardens. They have been leaving cards all day on the special envoys, Princes, etc. W. and Pontécoulant are having a conference, and I have got into my tea-gown, and am reading a little, writing a little, and being generally lazy. W.

and I also did a round of visits this afternoon.

As naturally none of our servants know either a word of Russian, or the streets of Moscow, we took with us the little polyglot youth from the Consulate, who knows equally well French, Russian, and German. We gave him our list, and he went ahead in a drosky.

We found no one but the Princess Oberlenski, who spoke at once about the Emperor's entrée; said no one could imagine the relief it was to all of them to know that he was actually safe in the Kremlin. They had evidently all dreaded that day, and of course notwithstanding all the precautions a bomb *could* have been thrown. The thrower par exemple would have been torn to pieces by the crowd; but what makes the strength of the nihilists is that they all count their lives as nothing in what they consider the great cause.

How hideous the life of the Emperor and the Empress must be. They say they find letters on their tables, in their carriages, coming from no one knows where, telling them of all the horrors in store for them and their children.

Ambassade de France a Moscou,
Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,
Dimanche, 27 Mai.

I am perfectly exhausted, Dear, after the most beautiful, bewildering, exhausting day I have ever gone through. We got home at 4.30. I rested a little, had tea as usual in my boudoir with W. and Richard, and will write as much as I can while I am still under the impression of all I have seen.

I was up at 5.30, as we had to leave here at 7. Philippe was very punctual—put on diadem and feathers very well. Happily it was all blue, rather dark (as my dress too was blue), and he remarked pleasantly, to put me at my ease I think, and make me feel as comfortable as I could at that hour of the morning, "Le bleu c'est le fard de Madame." He couldn't understand that I wouldn't let him maquiller my face—said all the Princesses were painted—but I really couldn't go into that.

When I appeared in the drawing-room, the men of the Embassy were very complimentary about my dress. We went in our three carriages (I had the white moire cloak, trimmed with dark feathers over me), W. and I and Pontécoulant in the first gala carriage driven by Leroy (I wish you could have seen him, as much taken up with *his dress* as I was with mine). He stood giving directions to a quantity of understrappers, but never touching harness, nor even whip, until we appeared, then got on his box as we got into the carriage, settled himself in a fine pose, and we started.

The second gala carriage driven by Hubert (who looked very well) came next, and then the d'Orsay. It really was a very pretty cortège, and we were much looked at and admired, as we drove very slowly, and jolting very much to the German Embassy. All our colleagues came up about the same time. Some of the gala carriages were good, the Austrian, but ours out and out the best. No one else had three.

We assembled in one of the large rooms of the palace, and then walked through numerous rooms, galleries, and finally through an open court, entirely covered with a red carpet, and lined with soldiers and officers—every description of uniform. The Chevalier-Gardes, magnificent in their white tunics, silver cuirasses and helmets. Happily it was fine—I don't know what we should have done in the rain, and also so early in the morning the sun was not génant (as it was later in the day). The long procession, the men in uniform and decorations; the women in full dress, feathers and diadems, were most effective.

I left my cloak in the carriage, and didn't feel chilly, but some of the women were uncomfortable, and had little lace and fur tippets. We filed into the church (which is small), and into the Diplomatic Tribune, and settled ourselves quite easily—there was plenty of room. The effect inside was dazzling: tapers, flowers, pictures, jewels, quantities of women already seated, all in the Kakoshnik, and a general impression of red and gold in their costumes. All the Empress's ladies wear red velvet trains, embroidered in gold. People seemed to be coming in all the time. Deputations from the provinces, officials of Moscow, officers, chamberlains,

a moving mass of color. The costume of the Popes was gorgeous—cloth of gold with very high jewelled mitres.

We waited some time before the ceremony began, but there was so much to see that we didn't mind, and from time to time one of the officials came and stood with us a little, explaining who all the people were. The whole church was hung with red, and red carpets everywhere. Just in the middle there was a high estrade, covered with red velvet, and a great gold baldaquin with Imperial eagles embroidered on it. It was all surrounded by a gold balustrade, and on it were the two thrones. A little lower on the same estrade were the places of the Princes of the family, and the Foreign Princes.

A little before 9 the Imperial family began to arrive. Almost all the Grand Duchesses in trains of drap d'argent, bordered with sable, and magnificent jewels. Then there was a great sound of trumpets, and cheering outside (those curious, suppressed Russian cheers), and they told us the Emperor and Empress were coming. They were preceded by an officer of the Chevalier-Gardes, with sabre-à-nu. The Emperor was in full uniform, with the blue ribbon of St. André. The Empress quite simple in white and silver, the Imperial eagles embroidered on the front of her dress; no diadem, no veil, nor jewels; her train carried by 4 pages, her hair quite simply done—she looked so young, quite like a school-girl. Then followed a glittering suite of Princes, officers, etc.

The service was very long, the chanting quite fine: the men have beautiful, deep voices—I cared less for the intoning, they all end on such a peculiar, high note. I didn't like the looks of the Popes either—the long beards worried me. Of course the real interest was when the Emperor took the crown from the hands of the Pope (kneeling before him) and put it on his own head. He looked a magnificent figure, towering over everybody, as he stood there in his Imperial robes, cloth of gold lined with ermine, and a splendid jewelled collar. The crown looked high and heavy—made entirely of jewels.

His two brothers, Grand Dukes Wladimir and Alexis, put on his robes. The Grand Duke Wladimir always stands close behind his brother. He has a stern, keen face. He would be the Regent if anything should happen to the Emperor, and I think his would be an iron rule.

As soon as the Emperor was crowned the Empress left her seat, came to the middle of the platform, made a deep courtesy to the Emperor, and knelt. Her court ladies then gathered around her, and put on the Imperial mantle, also in cloth of gold lined with ermine, and the same jewelled collar like the Emperor's. When she was dressed, the Emperor, stooping low over her, put on her crown, a small one made entirely in diamonds, raised her and kissed her. As she stood a moment she almost staggered back under the weight of the mantle—the 4 pages could hardly hold it.

Then the long procession of Princes and Princesses left their seats on the estrade, and passed before the Sovereigns. First came his two brothers Wladimir and Alexis. They kissed the Emperor, then bent low before her, kissing her hand. She kissed them each on the forehead. Next came the two young Princes, in uniform like their father, wearing also the blue ribbon of St. André, and the little Grand Duchess (aged 10) in a short white dress, but the Kakoshnik.

It was a pretty sight to see the children bowing and courtesying low to their parents. Some of the ladies' courtesys were wonderful—the Arch Duchess Charles Louis extraordinarily graceful (I wonder how I ever shall get through mine—I am certainly much less souple than these ladies). When they had all passed the Emperor went alone into the chapel to communier, and receive the sacred oil—the Empress remained kneeling outside.

We had various incidents in our tribune—one or two ladies fainted, but couldn't get out, they had to be propped up against the rail, and brought round with fans, salts, etc. We stood for three hours and a half.

The Emperor and Empress left the church with the same ceremony (we all following), and then there was a curious function. Under a dais, still in their court robes, their trains carried by

six or eight officers, they walked around the enceinte, going into three or four churches to make their devotions, all of us and all the other Princes following, all their suites, and an accompaniment of bells, cannon, music, and cheers. (I forgot to say that when the Emperor put his crown on his head in the church, the cannon announced to his people that their sovereign was crowned.)

We had a few drops of rain, then the sun came out strong, and I was rather wretched—however Général Pittié came to my rescue, and shaded me with his hat (all the men were bare-headed). There were tribunes all along the route for the people who hadn't been able to get into the church; in one of them all the younger members of the Embassies, as of course *all* couldn't be got inside. These two were all gold and red, filled with women, mostly in white, and men in uniform. You can't imagine what a gorgeous sight it was, and the crowd below packed tight, all gaping at the spectacle.

We didn't dirty our dresses (the trains of course we carried in our arms), I don't know why, as the red carpet was decidedly damp and muddyish in places. We finally arrived at the Vieux Palais where we were to breakfast, and the Emperor and Empress were also to have a little respite before dining in state with their people.

We had a handsome breakfast, quantities of gold and silver plate, and many Russian dishes. I didn't much like the looks of the soup, which was clear, but had various things floating about on it—uncooked fish, little black balls, which I thought might be caviar, which I don't ever like; and I was rather wondering what I should eat (I was very hungry), when my neighbor, Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, suggested I should share his meal. He didn't like Russian cookery either, so he had intrigued with a friendly official, who was going to bring him a cold chicken and a bottle of good red wine. I accepted joyfully, and we had a very good breakfast.

I think we were about three-quarters of an hour at table, and it was very pleasant to sit down after those hours of standing. When the breakfast was over, a little after two, we were conducted to the Imperial dining-room, a square, low room in the old Kremlin with a vaulted ceiling, and heavy Byzantine decorations; quantities of paintings on a gold ground, bright colored frescoes, most elaborate. There were great buffets and tables covered with splendid gold and silver plates, flagons, vases, etc. At the end of the room was a square, raised platform covered with red, and a splendid dais, all purple velvet, ermine, and gold embroidery where the Imperial couple were to dine with their faithful subjects.

We strangers were merely admitted for a few minutes to see the beginning of the meal, and then we retired, and the Emperor remained alone with his people. Of course officers and officials of all descriptions were standing close round the platform. There was a large table to the left as we came in, where almost all the Russians were already assembled—all the women in the national dress, high Kakoshnik, long white lace spangled veil, and a sort of loose hanging sleeve which was very effective. The ensemble was striking.

Presently we heard a sound of music and trumpets, which told us the Royalties were approaching, and as they came near we heard the familiar strains of the Polonaise from Glinka opera "La Vie pour le Czar," which is always played when the Emperor and Empress appear. They came with the usual escort of officers and chamberlains, smiling and bowing graciously to all of us. They seated themselves (always in their cloth of gold mantles, and crowns on their heads) on the two throne chairs; a small table was placed in front of them, and then the dinner began.

The soupière was preceded by a chamberlain in gold lace; held by a Master of Ceremonies, and flanked on each side by a gigantic Chevalier-garde, sabre à nu. There was always a collection of officials, chamberlains, pages, etc., bringing up the rear of the cortège, so that at each entrée a little procession appeared. We saw three dishes brought in with the same ceremony—the fish was so large on a large silver dish, that *two* Masters of Ceremonies held that.

It was really a wonderful sight, like a picture in some old history of the Moyen

Age. As soon as the Sovereigns had taken their places on the thrones all the Russians at their table sat down too. We couldn't, because we had nothing to sit upon, so we remained standing at the end of the room, facing the estrade. They told us that when the Emperor raised his glass, and asked for wine, that was the signal for us to retire, and that it would be after the roast. (All our instructions were most carefully given to us by Benckendorff, who felt his responsibility.) Think what his position would have been if any member of *his* Embassy had made a "gaffe." Accordingly as soon as the roast made its appearance all our eyes were riveted upon the Emperor. He raised his glass slowly (very high) to give us time. General Schweinitz, as Doyen, stepped well forward, and made a very low bow. We all bowed and courtesied low (my knees are becoming more supple) and got ourselves out backwards. It wasn't very difficult as we had our trains over our arms.

I don't think we shall see anything more curious than that state banquet. I certainly shall never see again a soup tureen guarded by soldiers with drawn swords.

10 o'clock.

We dined quietly, everyone giving their experiences—of course the younger members of the Embassy, who had no places in the church, had a better impression of the ensemble than we had. They said the excitement and emotion of the crowd in the square before the church was extraordinary. All crossed themselves, and many cried, when the cannon told them that the Emperor was crowned. They seem to be an emotional, superstitious race. They also said the procession around the courts, when the Emperor and Empress were going to the various churches, was wonderful—a moving mass of feathers, jewels, banners, bright helmets and cuirasses, all glittering in the sun.

After dinner we drove about a little, seeing the illuminations, but the crowd was so dense we could hardly move, though the soldiers did all they could, and battered the people about. Then it began to rain a little, so I begged to come home. It is raining quite hard now—I hear it on the marquise. Heavens how tired I am.

Of course I can't write half of what I have seen, but the papers will keep you quite au courant. Some of the newspaper correspondents were in the church, and of course plenty in the tribunes outside. Our carriages certainly made a great effect, and we were cheered various times on our way home.

Madame Hubert talks so much she can hardly get me my things. She is as much pleased with her husband's appearance as I am with mine. What an experience for them. When you think that she had never been out of Villers-Cotterets and Bourneville when she came to us, and Paris seemed a Paradise.

To G. K. S.

Ambassade de France, Moscow,
Maison Klein, Malaia Dimitrofska,
June 5, 1883.

The Palace ball was quite beautiful last night. I had some misgivings as to my dress until we got to the Palace, as the gentlemen of the Embassy had evidently found me *very green* when we assembled in the great hall before starting: however as soon as we arrived in the big room of the Palace where we were all marshalled, Countess Linden (an American born) said to me at once "Oh, Mdme. Waddington, how lovely your pink roses look on the *dark blue* velvet," so I knew it was all right. I wore that dress of Delannoy's which she was sure would be most effective—pink tulle skirts—with a green velvet habit (chosen of course by candle-light) so that it did look very green by daylight, and a wreath of pink roses round the décolleté. I remember both Henrietta and Pauline were a little doubtful—but it certainly made more effect than any dress I wore except the blue manteau de cour. I will tell Delannoy. We always go in by a special side entrance to these Palace functions, which is a pity, as we miss the grand staircase which they told us was splendid with red carpets, soldiers, and gold-laced gentlemen to-night. We waited some time, an hour certainly, before the Court came, but as all the Corps Diplomatique were assembled there it was pleasant enough,

and we all compared our experiences and our fatigue, for everybody was dead tired —the men more than the women.

The rooms are magnificent—very high, and entirely lighted by wax candles—thousands ; one of the chamberlains told me how many, but I would scarcely dare to say. The Court arrived with the usual ceremony and always the same brilliant suite of officers and foreign Princes. The Emperor and Empress looked very smiling and not at all tired. She was in white with splendid diamonds, and the broad blue ribbon of St. André. He always in uniform. As soon as they appeared the polonaises began, this time three only, which the Emperor danced with the ladies of the family. I danced the first with the Grand Duke Wladimir. He is charming and amiable, but has a stern face when he isn't smiling. I think if the Russians ever feel his hand it will be a heavy one. I danced the 2nd with the Grand Duke Alexis, and looked on at the third. It was not nearly so fine a sight as the Court ball at the old palace. *There* the mixture of modern life and dress and half barbaric costumes and ornamentations was so striking ; also the trains made such an effect, being all étaléd one was obliged to keep a certain distance, and that gave a stately air to the whole thing which was wanting last night when all the women were in ordinary ball dress, not particularly long, so that the cortège was rather crowded and one saw merely a mass of jewelled heads (the dress was lost). Also they merely walked around the ball-room, not going through all the rooms as we did at the old palace.

When the polonaises were over there were one or two waltzes. The Empress made several turns, but with the Princes only, and we stood and looked on.

While we were waiting there until someone should come and get us for some new function I heard a sort of scuffle behind me and a woman's impatient voice saying in English " I can't bear it another moment," and a sound of something falling or rolling across the floor. I turned round and saw Mdme. A—— (a secretary's wife, also an American) apparently struggling with something, and very flushed and excited. I said, " What is the matter ? " " I am kicking off my shoes." " But you can never put them on again." " I don't care if I never see them again—I can't stand them another minute." " But you have to walk in a cortège to supper with the Imperial party." " I don't care at all, I shall walk in my stockings," then came another little kick, and the slipper disappeared, rolling underneath a heavy damask curtain. I quite sympathized with her, as my beautiful white slippers (Moscow manufacture) were not altogether comfortable, but I don't think I should have had the strength of mind to discard them entirely. When I was dressing, Adelaide tried to persuade me that I had better put on the pink satin slippers that matched my dress ; but my experience of the hours of standing at all Russian Court functions had at least taught me not to start with anything that was at all tight.

While we were looking at the dancing the Grand Duke Michel came over and asked me if I wouldn't come and stand a little with the Grand Duchesses. He took me to a little group where were the Grand Duchesses Michel and Constantine and the Queen of Greece (she is always so gay and natural). They at once asked me who had made my dress, and what color it was. They had been talking about it, and couldn't agree. The Grand Duchess Constantine had on her emeralds, and beautiful they were—blocks of stone, rather difficult to wear. She must have been very handsome, has still a beautiful figure, and holds herself splendidly.

We talked music a little—she said I ought to hear some of the people's songs. I should like to very much, but there doesn't seem any place where one can hear the national songs. The men of the Embassy went one night to the " Hermitage," where there was a little of everything, and did hear some of the peasants singing their national airs, but they didn't seem to think I could go. While we were still talking there was a move, and they said the Empress (who had been dancing all the time in a small circle made for her at her end of the ball-room and very strictly kept) was going to have tea. All the Court and suite followed, and I was rather wondering

how to get back to my place and my colleagues when a tall aide-de-camp came up and said he would have the honor of conducting me to Her Majesty's tea—so we started off across several rooms and corridors which were crowded, and arrived at a door where the two gigantic negroes were standing. He said something—the doors flew open—he made me a low bow and retired (as he couldn't come any farther), and I found myself standing alone in a large room with four or five tables—every one seated. For a moment I didn't know quite what to do, and felt rather shy, but the Princess Kotschoubey, Grande Maîtresse, who was standing in the middle of the room, came forward at once and took me to the Duchesse d'Édinbourg's table where there were also the Arch-Duchess Charles Louis, the Princess of Oldenbourg, a young Hessian Prince and my two colleagues, Lady Thornton and Madame Jaurès.

We had tea and ices—didn't talk much, except the Duchess of Edinburgh, who seems clever and ready to talk—but I wasn't near her. I didn't see all the Ambassadors, mine certainly wasn't there, and of course very few comparatively of our colleagues, as only Ambassadors and their wives were invited to Her Majesty's tea (no small fry, like Ministers).

I had the explanation of W.'s absence later. When the Court moved off to tea General Wolseley suggested that W. should come and smoke a cigar in his room. He was lodged at the Kremlin with his Prince, the Duke of Edinburgh. He, like a true Briton, had enough of bowing and standing. W. was naturally quite of the same opinion, so they picked up Admiral Seymour (also with the Duke of Edinburgh) and had a very pleasant hour smoking and talking until they were summoned for supper. *That* they couldn't get out of as we made a fine procession directly behind the Court through all the rooms to St. George's Hall —a great white high room magnificently lighted, with tablets all around the walls with the names of the Knights of the Order of St. George who had died in battle, and a souper assis for 800 people. Sir Edward Thornton, British Ambassador, took me. As we were parading through the rooms between two hedges of gaping people looking at the cortège, dresses, diamonds, &c., I thought of Mdme. A—— and her stockings, and wondered how she was getting on. I daresay quite well, as she had a yellow satin dress and yellow silk stockings perhaps no one noticed anything, and as long as she didn't step on a needle or anything sharp she was all right. Some one will find a nice little pair of yellow satin shoes under the window-curtains in the ball-room when the cleaning up is done after the fêtes. The hall was a blaze of light and jewels—a long table across the end for the Imperial party, and all of us at two long tables running the whole length of the room. The gold and silver plate was very handsome, particularly the massive flambeaux and high ornaments for the middle of the table. The supper was good, hot, and quickly served. There was music all the time—singers, men and women, in a gallery singing all sorts of Russian airs which nobody listened to. The Emperor did not sit down to supper. He remained standing in the middle of the room talking to his gentlemen and a few words to the diplomatists when supper was over and one loitered a little before going back to the ball-room. He certainly doesn't care to talk to strangers—seeks them out very little, and when he does talk it is absolutely banal. Is it "paresse d'esprit" or great reserve—one hardly knows. I should think all this parade and function bored him extremely. They say he is very domestic in his tastes, and what he likes best is the country with his wife and children.

After supper we went back to the ball-room for about half an hour. Then the Court retired and we followed them at once. We got our carriages fairly quickly. There are always crowds in the streets waiting to see the grande-monde pass. The Kremlin looks fairy-like as we drive through — lights everywhere, some high, high up in a queer little octagon green tower—then a great door-way and staircase all lighted, with quantities of servants and soldiers standing about: then a bit of rough pavement in a half-dark court and under a little low dark gate with a shrine and Madonna at one

end—all so perfectly unmodern, and unlike anything else.

To G. K. S.

PARIS, 31, RUE DUMONT D'URVILLE,
July 3d.

We got back this morning at 10 o'clock. The journey was very comfortable—there is nothing like those French "lits-salons." Our departure from Cologne was rather amusing. The Chef de Gare summoned us at the last moment—all the passengers had taken their places, the doors were shut, officials careering up and down the platform, and *yet* the train didn't start. Various heads were put out of the windows, and one or two irate gentlemen inquired what they were waiting for, and why didn't we start. Then we appeared strolling leisurely down the platform, with a small suite of gentlemen, officers, etc. The adieux were again a little long, and really one man was bursting with rage, and not at all mollified when he heard it was an Ambassador returning to France after the Coronation; "he supposed Ambassadors could be as punctual as anybody else, and when an express started at 10.30, it was 10.30 for everybody."

We were very pleased to find Hubert and the coupé waiting for us at the Gare de l'Est, and Baby and nounou in the street at the door of the Porte Cochère.

Well the Moscow Coronation is over—I wonder what the next turn of the wheel will bring us.

THE END.



Coupé Dorsay demi gala.

CAPTAIN MEAGHAN'S RETIREMENT

By Harvey J. O'Higgins Illustrations by George Wright



He rolled over on the hose to pin it down.—Page 324.

WHEN the alarm of fire in Cook & Co.'s warehouse rang in the truck-house of Hook and Ladder Company No. 0, at ten o'clock that night, Captain Meaghan and Battalion-Chief Tighe were closeted together in the captain's room. "No," Tighe had been repeating patiently, "there ain't any knockin' in it. There ain't any politics in it. There ain't anything in it but just what I'm tellin' you. The Chief says he wants young blood in the department. He's squeezed out all

the old fellers out of the ranks, an' now he's goin' higher up. If you won't get out without raisin' a kick, you'll have to stand examinin' by the medical board. An' you know how that's worked."

"Why don't he retire Brodrick?" Meaghan asked, plaintively.

Tighe did not answer. "I'm sorry," he went on. "I'm sorry, but it's likely's not to be my call next. We're all of us gettin' stiff, I guess. They say you can't learn an old dog any new stunts——"

Captain Meaghan's anger had passed with his first indignant protests that he was being put out of the department for private or political ends. He relapsed now into a silent apathy and resignation; and he stood in the centre of his room to gaze at his swivel chair and his desk of papers —the empty throne and office of his power—with a mute pathos of fixed eye and wrinkled forehead.

Tighe continued: "We all got to come to it some time. An' it ain't as bad as lots of jobs I know, where a man's chucked out on the streets without a cent. You'll have your half pay to live easy on, anyways."

Captain Meaghan sat down by the window, as if his desk were already occupied by the right of his successor. "Live!" he said. "I know how I'm goin' to live. But what'm I goin' to *do?* Where's my *work?*"

"Well, if I was you," Tighe said, "I'd guess I'd worked long enough."

Meaghan did not reply. He sank forward to rest his forearms on his knees and let his heavy hands hang down limp between them.

Tighe watched him in silence. There was nothing more that he could say, and yet he did not know how to get out of the room without saying something. He was looking wistfully at the door, when he was saved from an awkward exit by the jangling of the "jigger" with the first strokes of the alarm of fire. He flung out of the room in a noisy haste that made an excuse of urgency out of an excess of bustle. And the house awoke at once to the sound of cries and footfalls and the dull pounding of horses' hoofs on the planking.

Captain Meaghan rose like an automaton to the bell, and reached down his cap from a hook in the corner. He put it on; and he seemed to grope and feel around the room with his eyes, in a bewildered and wandering gaze, as he did so. Then he turned to go out in a blind stumble; and he closed the door behind him, either absent-mindedly or in the way a woman will gently shut herself out of a room of happy memories when she leaves it forever to the past.

The truck was waiting for him impatiently below stairs. He nodded to the driver, and swung himself up to his place on the "turn-table" as the horses sprang forward obliquely from the pole with straining haunches, and the great machine rolled out on noiseless axles into the darkness.

His lieutenant was the only one who noticed that he put on his helmet wrong side before; and the lieutenant noticed it because he was Gallegher—the soft-hearted, the slow-handed, the sure and steady Gallegher—who had heard the rumor of changes in the battalion, and knew that Meaghan was in danger. The men on the side-step were either sleepily putting on their rubber coats while they clung to the ladders, or were borrowing and lending the chewing tobacco with which they were accustomed to fortify themselves against the thirst and excitement of a fire. There was some chaffing among those on the other side of the truck, and the lieutenant glared at them through the rungs of the ladders, understanding from the manner of his captain that Tighe's interview with "the Old Man" had brought him his retirement; for Meaghan, instead of leaning out from the turn-table to watch the street ahead and call unnecessary directions to the driver, was holding on with both hands, his face to the ladders, and swaying dizzily with the lurching of the truck.

When they swung around a street corner into the black belch of "steamers," Gallegher had to say "Here we are, sir," before Meaghan raised his eyes. Even then he did not seem to waken. He did not get down until the truck had stopped; and he stood in the gutter fumbling with his helmet—as if he noticed for the first time that it sat uneasily awry on his head—until Gallegher, having righted it for him, said, "Chief's over there, sir," and pointed him out where he stood beside his carriage.



Drawn by George Wright.

"Hit on the lock!" he yelled. – Page 320.

Meaghan shambled across the street to report the arrival of his company, with a dispirited "No. 0, Chief."

The head of the department, without turning to him, answered, impatiently: "Get in, then. Get in. They don't seem to be able to find the cursed fire."

Meaghan looked up dully at the five-storied warehouse that showed a dark bulk of brick in the feeble light of the street-lamps. He saw smoke leaking out around the iron shutters of its second and third stories, as if from the joints of a dampered box-stove. He saw firemen on ladder-tops working to force an entrance through these shutters with crow-bars and jimmies. A second-story window had been opened, and a flaccid hose hung down empty from it to show that the blaze had not been found. And two engine crews, having coupled butts to hydrants and stretched their lines of hose, were waiting like soldiers in a night attack for the order to advance.

For one blank moment, Meaghan stood at gaze. Then he pushed back his helmet from his forehead; his face set in a thoughtful scowl; he spat at his feet; he looked up again, frowning. And, suddenly, he pulled down the peak of his helmet to his eyes, with the manner of a mind resolved, and bounded forward in a run across the cobble-stones to his command.

"Ground floor!" he shouted. "Break in the doors!" Three of the company leaped at the truck and dragged out the battering-ram—a knobbed bar of iron, fitted with handles for two men. "That's no good," he bawled angrily at them. "Get your twenty-foot ladder!" Six of them dragged down the heavy ladder, caught it at both ends and the middle, and ran at full tilt with it against the warehouse doors. "Hit on the lock!" he yelled.

Lieutenant Gallegher suggested, mildly: "Smoke's all up above, sir."

Meaghan brushed him aside as the impact of the half-dozen men, behind the steel-shod hundred-weight of wood, struck the doors a blow that burst them open with a crash of splintered planking and the sharp report of snapped metal.

"Get in, now," Meaghan cried. "Get in! Never mind your lights. You can't open your eyes in there. Get your axes." Gallegher dropped his lantern and ran to them. Smoke had begun to thicken in the doorway. They stopped to drag out their ladder. "Oh, Hell!" Meaghan yelled. "Get in, will you? Find the fire! Find the fire!"

Three of them, armed from the truck, disappeared after Gallegher into the smoke. Meaghan sent three others to support them, and hurried out into the road to see the front of the building; and now, as he looked up from the smoke of the doorway to the smoke of the windows and down again, he jerked his head backward and forward abruptly and spasmodically, with an old man's exaggerated alertness in the set of his chin. He ran back to the door. "Try the elevator shaft," he shouted in.

The cry that replied to him sounded from above him, as if the men were groping their way up the stairs; and this was not what he had intended that they should do. He rushed out into the street to look up again at the smoke in the windows. He found it thinned and lessened, and with an oath of exasperation he charged back into the doorway to shout, "Come down here an' feel the floors! Feel the floors!" He got no answer. He waved to the rest of the company to follow him, and plunged headlong into the choking heat and darkness.

When the old fireman's "sixth sense" warned him of obstacles in his path, he dropped on hands and knees to scuttle forward on flat palms over the smooth hardwood. He stopped, in a moment, to take off his helmet and lay his cheek to the planks. He scrambled on again—knocking against a packing-case that scraped his bare temple with its tin "straps"—"eating smoke," with his nose down to get the low current of cold air. When he stopped a second time he put his ear to the floor. Then he jumped to his feet, ran forward blindly, struck against a tin-sheathed door and fell panting at the crack beneath it.

He could hear, unmistakably, the quiet grumble of stifled flames. And the flooring was hot under his hands.

With that he turned on all-fours, followed his path back with an unerring sense of direction, shouldered into the packing-case, picked up his helmet, rose



Meaghan had picked out the steel maul and was attacking the dead-lights with it.

to his feet and ran for the doorway, shouting to the men who were groping around him in the darkness.

Two of Gallegher's squad were coughing and gasping in the street. "Report No. o finds fire in the basement," he cried in a heart-lifting exultation; "comin' up th' elevator shaft! . . . Smash in those dead-lights! Get your cellar pipe."

One of the men darted out into the confusion of the street to find the Chief. Before the other could reach the truck, Meaghan had picked out the steel maul and was attacking the dead-lights with it. And swung with the stiff, short blows of strong shoulders, he drove it through thick glass and cracking cast-iron with the accuracy of a stone-breaker.

His men joined him with their axes; and while they were still working there, Gallegher came out, choking and coughing, from the stairs. He saw Meaghan

working with the maul like a common truckman, and he did not understand the sight. He went over to him. The captain tossed him the heavy hammer, ordered him to take the men into the cellar, and hurried back to the truck for an axe. He was met by an engine company dragging a line of hose. "Come along here," he greeted them. "Fire's in the back;" and led them into the ground floor on the double.

Gallegher looked up at him as he passed, and remained staring after him when he was lost in the smoke. He knew that it was Meaghan's place to remain with his own company. He supposed—from what he had guessed of the condition of the captain's mind—that the old man, stung with the thought of his retirement, would commit some folly that would endanger his life. He turned to one of the crew. "Look after this," he said; and shutting his teeth with a snap on the stifle that puffed into his face, he began to track up the line of hose which Meaghan had led in.

He found the air at once almost unbreathable, the heat unendurable; but he made better progress, on the sure trail, than the men who had preceded him, and he quickly overtook the foreman of the engine company, who, with his two pipemen, was following on hands and knees after Meaghan, whom they had lost. Gallegher heard the captain's call ahead of them, and he dashed forward in the direction of the voice to find Meaghan snaking in through the smoke, dragging his axe, as if he were crawling in a burrow.

Gallegher threw himself beside him. "Start your water," Meaghan ordered. "We can't make the door."

"It's me—Gallegher," the lieutenant gasped.

"What? What's the matter?" Meaghan asked, thickly. "What d'you want? . . . Eh?"

Gallegher stammered: "I thought you'd— I thought—" It was impossible to confess what he had thought.

"Someone want me?" Meaghan asked.

He got no answer.

"Who wants me?"

Gallegher did not answer.

He had, in fact, taken advantage of the darkness to retreat from his mistake. "He's over to the right there," he said hurriedly to the pipemen as he passed; and he came out on the street red and flustered with the consciousness of having made an indiscreet fool of himself.

He was standing over the men, at their work of lowering a ladder into the basement, when the captain came unexpectedly out to him. "What?" he said, looking around him for a superior officer. "Who wants me?"

Gallegher struggled with a clumsy lie, in an abashed silence. Meaghan glared at him. "Who wanted me?" he demanded.

The lieutenant did not answer; he looked up with a piteously appealing eye. The truth dawned on the captain. "What the—" He choked. "What d'you—What the devil!"

Gallegher eased his helmet. "Well," he tried to explain, "I was afraid you'd——"

"Afraid I'd what?" Meaghan bellowed at him. "Ain't I old enough to take care of my—" The words stopped him. "Well, by G—," he swore. "That's it, is it? You got the Chief's bat, have you?" He shook his fist in the lieutenant's eyes. "When I want a nurse, I'll tell you—you. You cubs, you'd been huntin' for this blaze yet if it hadn't been for me."

A muffled cry of "Start your water!" sounded from within. The lineman on the threshold took up the cry and sent it bounding from man to man, like a tossed ball, over the tumult of the street, into the echoing gorge of high buildings at the corner.

Meaghan took off his helmet and threw it in Gallegher's face. "Blast your eyes," he cried. "Why can't you mind your own business. You think you know it all, don't you? If I didn't know any more'n you do about a fire——"

The hose at their feet writhed, swelled, and stiffened to the size of a gigantic serpent. "You obey your orders, see?" Meaghan cried. "I'm captain of this company yet a while;" and with a last furious oath, turned and darted back into the doorway.

Gallegher put a hand across his bruised mouth. "Well, darn his old hide," he said.



Drawn by George Wright.

The voice above them said: "Get off him."—Page 324.

"I'll show him I got's much right in there as him;" and kicking aside the captain's helmet, he followed him doggedly in.

When Captain Meaghan reached the nozzle again, he found the pipemen lying drenched with the water that beat back on them from the near wall in a refreshingly cool spray. He shouted to them to turn the stream to the left where he knew the door to be. They could not hear him. He crawled over one of them to push the nozzle aside, and the man promptly gave place to him. He lay down beside the pipe and directed it blindly; and in a moment the powerful stream struck the tin sheathing with a roaring weight that burst the door from its hinges into a hissing flame.

The heat leaped out on them before a live puff of flame, and Captain Meaghan felt the man beside him kick and struggle with the pain and stingings of blistered hands and cracking lips. Then the nozzle tried to lash free of his grip; the remaining pipeman clambered over his legs, and he was left alone.

He rolled over on the hose to pin it down, rested the nozzle on his arm, and hid his face beside it where he could get the little air that was freed from the stream. His anger against Gallegher and the Chief set his jaws in a determination to beat back the fire, even though he was helpless before *them*. And that Irish resolution held him until the first torture of the heat had slowly passed and left him numb and drowsy in that effect of physical ease which precedes death by fire as it precedes death by freezing.

He was aroused by the touch of a hand on his boot-heel. It closed tightly around his instep and tugged at his leg; and he kicked out impatiently to show that he was in no need of help. A man crawled up on him and loosened his hands from the nozzle—which immediately wriggled free of him and began to thresh about on the floor. He protested angrily, trying to catch the hose again. A pair of strong arms closed under his chest, turned him, lifted him, and threw him suddenly over a broad shoulder. He fought with the smooth tarpaulin of a "turn-out" coat until his knees were pinned together in the crook of an arm, and his rescuer, straightening his back to the load, rose swaying with him and began to run through the smoke toward the doorway.

Slung head down, and choked with the rush of blood to his throat, Meaghan caught speechlessly at the man's legs in a vain attempt to trip him. He might as well have tried to hold back a runaway horse by leaning down out of the saddle to catch its hoofs; the fireman went ahead with him unheedingly. The crew of an engine company, hurrying in to the fire, bumped against them. He got a breath of cooler air, and he beat on the rubber coat, shouting a maddened indignation. Then, as he was borne out of the doorway, he caught a glimpse of the street, turned topsy-turvy, and the fear of making his situation still more laughable before his command, held him ragingly still and silent.

His rescuer bent forward to heave him upright on his feet, and stood back from him warily. And he saw that it was Gallegher.

If he had had an axe in his hand, he would have killed the lieutenant on the spot. Having no weapon, he leaped at him, without a word, not striking him but clutching for his throat, in the primitive instinct of the savage to use his fingers as claws. Gallegher wrapped him in a tender embrace, threw him carefully on the flag-stones, and sat on his chest. He raved and fought in a panting struggle to wriggle himself free, growling like an animal, his face blackened with smoke and fire, his eyes red-rimmed as the haws of a mastiff, his teeth gleaming through a singed mustache.

Someone said over Gallegher's shoulder: "What's wrong here?"

The lieutenant forced down a straining arm and gasped: "Man gone fire crazy!"

"You're a liar!" Meaghan yelled. "You're a liar! You're a li—" Gallegher shifted his weight to the captain's diaphragm, and he ended in a grunting groan.

The voice above them said: "Get off him." And Gallegher looked up to recognize the Chief.

He rose with a stubborn reluctance. Meaghan sprang unsteadily to his feet. He was weak almost to the point of tears. "He's been—chasin' me aroun'

all night," he panted. "Haulin' me out of everywhere I got——"

"You've been tryin' to get yourself burned alive," Gallegher cut in. "An' when I carried him out of a blazin' fire, he tried to t'rottle me. Look at him!" He pointed to the burned and blackened face of his captain.

"Ain't I able to take care of myself?" Meaghan cried.

"No, you ain't," Gallegher said. "You been runnin' wild aroun' here all night. You ain't right. You know you ain't right."

"What's wrong about him?" the Chief interposed.

"I don't know," Gallegher said, sulkily.

"There ain't nuthin' wrong about me," Meaghan complained. "I wanted to have a whirl out of the fire—seein' it was goin' to be my last. . . . An' I did have a whirl out of it, too," he boasted. "I found it. An' I'd 've held it in the shaft there, if that —— hadn't yanked me out."

The Chief stroked his mustache. "What do you say it was your 'last' for?"

Meaghan frowned at him. "Tighe said *you* said——"

The Chief shook his head slowly. "I told Tighe either Brodrick or you ought to give place to a younger man."

Meaghan looked down at his rubber boots. "I don't want to squeeze out Brodrick, neither," he said. "If I got to go, I'll go."

The Chief stood aside for the entrance of another engine company. "Well," he ruled, "you can do as you like about it. Brodrick fell off a ladder over there, and broke his hip. He's out anyway. You can go too, if you want to. Nobody's going to prevent you, but nobody's going to force you to." He followed into the building after the linemen.

Meaghan looked up at Gallegher. Gallegher looked away. He saw the captain's much-abused helmet lying on the curb-stone, and he went to pick it up.

Meaghan took it from him and clapped it on his head. "It's lucky for you I didn't have anything to hit you with," he growled.

"Yes, sir," Gallegher answered, meekly.

Meaghan glared at him. "Well, what'd you do it for?"

"I thought there was something wrong with you," Gallegher apologized. "I didn't want you to—to get hurt."

The captain snorted his contempt. "Who told you to think? You obey orders—that's your business."

Gallegher raised an humble eye to him. "Yes, sir," he said.

Meaghan scowled and swallowed. Gallegher waited in a pose of humility that it would have been inhuman to abuse. "Where's the boys?" the captain demanded.

"In the cellar," Gallegher replied.

"Well," he said with a heavy sarcasm, "don't you think it's about time you yanked them out?"

And when the lieutenant was descending the ladder, Meaghan looked up at the smoking windows and down on the crown of Gallegher's helmet with his old mouth twisted in what seemed to be the grim suppression of a smile.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

IX

THE Major was in town and Miss Lucy had gone to spend the day with a neighbor; so Chad was left alone. "Look aroun', Chad, and see how you like things," said the Major. "Go anywhere you please."

And Chad looked around. He went to the barn to see his old mare and the Major's horses, and to the kennels, where the fox-hounds reared against the palings and sniffed at him curiously; he strolled about the quarters, where the little pickaninnies were playing, and out to the fields, where the servants were at work under the overseer, Jerome Conners, a tall, thin man with shrewd eyes, a sour, sullen face, and protruding upper teeth. One of the few smiles that ever came to that face came now when the overseer saw the little mountaineer. By and by Chad got one of the "hands" to let him take hold of the plough and go once around the field, and the boy handled the plough like a veteran, so that the others watched him, and the negro grinned, when he came back, and said:

"You sutinly can plough fer a fac'!"

He was lonesome by noon and had a lonely dinner, during which he could scarcely realize that it was really he—Chad—Chad sitting up at the table alone and being respectfully waited on by a kinky-headed little negro girl—called Thankyma'am because she was born on Thanksgiving-day—and he wondered what the Turners would think if they could see him now—and the schoolmaster. Where was the schoolmaster? He began to be sorry that he hadn't gone to town to try to find him. Perhaps the Major would see him—but how would the Major know the schoolmaster? He was sorry he hadn't gone. After dinner he started out-doors again. Earth and sky were radiant with light. Great white tumbling clouds were piled high all around the horizon—and what a long length of sky it was in every direction! Down in the mountains, he had to look straight up, sometimes, to see the sky at all. Blackbirds chattered in the cedars as he went to the yard gate. The field outside was full of singing meadow larks, and crows were cawing in the woods beyond. There had been a light shower, and on the dead top of a tall tree he saw a buzzard stretching his wings out to the sun. Past the edge of the woods, ran a little stream with banks that were green to the very water's edge, and Chad followed it on through the woods, over a worm rail-fence, along a sprouting wheat field, out into a pasture in which sheep and cattle were grazing, and on, past a little hill, where, on the next low slope, sat a great white house with big white pillars, and Chad climbed on top of the stone fence—and sat, looking. On the portico stood a tall man and a lady in black. At the foot of the steps a boy—a head taller than Chad perhaps—was rigging up a fishing-pole. A negro boy was leading a black pony toward the porch, and, to his dying day, Chad never forgot the scene. For, the next moment, a little figure in a long riding skirt stood in the big doorway and then ran down the steps, while a laugh, as joyous as the water running at his feet, floated down the slope to his ears. He saw the negro stoop, the little girl bound lightly to her saddle; he saw her black curls shake in the sunlight, again the merry laugh tinkled in his ears, and then, with a white plume nodding from her

black cap, she galloped off and disappeared among the trees; and Chad sat looking after her—thrilled, mysteriously thrilled—mysteriously saddened, straightway. Would he ever see her again?

The tall man and the lady in black went in-doors, the negro disappeared, and the boy at the foot of the steps kept on rigging his pole. Several times voices sounded under the high creek bank below him, but, quick as his ears were, Chad did not hear them. Suddenly there was a cry that startled him, and something flashed in the sun over the edge of the bank and flopped in the grass.

"Snowball!" an imperious young voice called below the bank, "get that fish!"

On the moment Chad was alert again—somebody was fishing—and he sprang from his perch and ran toward the fish just as a woolly head and a jet-black face peeped over the bank.

The pickaninny's eyes were stretched wide when he saw the strange figure in coon-skin cap and moccasins running down on him, his face almost blanched with terror, and he loosed his hold and, with a cry of fright, rolled back out of sight. Chad looked over the bank. A boy of his own age was holding another pole, and, hearing the little darky slide down, he said, sharply:

"Get that fish, I tell you!"

"Look dar, Mars' Dan, look dar!"

The boy looked around and up and stared with as much wonder as his little body-servant, but with no fear.

"Howdye!" said Chad; but the white boy stared on silently.

"Fishin'?" said Chad.

"Yes," said Dan, shortly — he had shown enough curiosity and he turned his eyes to his cork. "Get that fish, Snowball," he said again.

"I'll git him fer ye," Chad said; and he went to the fish and unhooked it and came down the bank with the perch in one hand and the pole in the other.

"Whar's yo' string?" he asked, handing the pole to the still trembling little darky.

"I'll take it," said Dan, sticking the butt of his cane-pole in the mud. The fish slipped through his wet fingers, when Chad passed it to him, dropped on the bank, flopped to the edge of the creek, and the three boys, with the same cry, scrambled for it—Snowball falling down on it and clutching it in both his black little paws.

"Dar now!" he shrieked. "I got him!"

"Give him to me," said Dan.

"Lemme string him," said the black boy.

"Give him to me, I tell you!" And, stringing the fish, Dan took the other pole and turned his eyes to his corks, while the pickaninny squatted behind him and Chad climbed up and sat on the bank—letting his legs dangle over. When Dan caught a fish he would fling it with a whoop high over the bank. After the third fish, the lad was mollified and got over his ill-temper. He turned to Chad:

"Want to fish?"

Chad sprang down the bank quickly.

"Yes," he said, and he took the other pole out of the bank, put on a fresh wriggling worm, and moved a little farther down the creek where there was an eddy.

"Ketchin' any?" said a voice above the bank, and Chad looked up to see still another lad, taller by a head than either he or Dan—evidently the boy whom he had seen rigging a pole up at the big house on the hill.

"Oh, 'bout 'leven," said Dan, carelessly.

"Howdye!" said Chad.

"Howdye!" said the other boy, and he, too, stared curiously, but Chad had got used to people staring at him.

"I'm goin' over the big rock," added the new arrival, and he went down the creek and climbed around a steep little cliff, and out on a huge rock that hung over the creek, where he dropped his hook. He had no cork, and Chad knew that he was fishing for catfish. Presently he jerked, and a yellow mudcat rose to the surface, fighting desperately for his life, and Dan and Snowball yelled crazily. Then Dan pulled out a perch.

"I got another one," he shouted. And Chad fished silently. They were making "a mighty big fuss," he thought, "over mighty little fish. If he just had a minnow an' had 'em down in the mountains, 'I Gonnies, he'd show 'em what fishin' was." But he began to have good luck as it was. Perch after perch he pulled out quietly, and he kept Snowball busy string-

ing them until he had five on the string. The boy on the rock was watching him and so was the boy near him—furtively—while Snowball's admiration was won completely, and he grinned and gurgled his delight, until Dan lost his temper again and spoke to him sharply. Dan did not like to be beaten at anything. Pretty soon there was a light thunder of hoofs on the turf above the bank. A black pony shot around the bank and was pulled in at the edge of the ford, and Chad was looking into the dancing black eyes of a little girl with a black velvet cap and a white plume waving from it.

"Howdye!" said Chad, and his heart leaped curiously, but the little girl did not answer. She, too, stared at him as all the others had done and started to ride into the creek, but Dan stopped her sharply:

"Now, Margaret, don't you ride into that water. You'll skeer the fish."

"No, you won't," said Chad, promptly. "Fish don't keer nothin' about a hoss." But the little girl stood still, and her brother's face flushed. He resented the stranger's interference and his assumption of a better acquaintance with fish.

"Mind your own business," trembled on his tongue, and the fact that he held the words back only served to increase his ill-humor and make a worse outbreak possible. But, if Chad did not understand, Snowball did, and his black face grew suddenly grave and he sprang more alertly than ever at any word from his little master. Meanwhile, all unconscious, Chad fished on, catching perch after perch, but he could not keep his eyes on his cork, and more than once he was warned by a suppressed cry from the pickaninny when to pull. Once, when he was putting on a worm, he saw the little girl watching the process with great disgust, and he remembered that Melissa would never bait her own hook. All girls were alike, he "reckoned" to himself, and when he caught a fish that was unusually big, he walked over to her.

"I'll give this un to you," he said, but she shrank from it.

"Go 'way!" she said, and she turned her pony. Dan was red in the face by this time. How did this piece of poor white trash dare to offer a fish to his sister? And this time the words came out like the crack of a whip:

"Mind your own business!"

Chad started as though he had been struck and looked around quickly. He said nothing, but he stuck the butt of his pole in the mud and climbed up on the bank again and sat there, with his legs hanging over; and his own face was not pleasant to see. The little girl was riding at a walk up the road. Chad kept perfect silence, for he realized that he had not been minding his own business; still he did not like to be told so and in such a way. Both corks were shaking at the same time now.

"You got a bite," said Dan, but Chad did not move.

"You got a bite, I tell you," he said, in almost the tone he had used to Snowball, but Chad when the small aristocrat looked sharply around, dropped his elbows to his knees and his chin into his hand—taking no notice. Once he spat dextrously into the creek. Dan's own cork was going under:

"Snowball!" he cried—"jerk!" A fish flew over Chad's head. Snowball had run for the other pole at command and jerked, too, but the fish was gone and with it the bait.

"You lost that fish!" said the boy, hotly, but Chad sat silent—still. If he would only say something! Dan began to think that the stranger was a coward. So presently, to show what a great little man he was, he began to tease Snowball, who was up on the bank unhooking the fish, of which Chad had taken no notice.

"What's your name?"

"Snowball!" shouted the black little henchman, obediently.

"Louder!"

"S-n-o-w-b-a-l-l!"

"Louder!" The little black fellow opened his mouth wide.

"S-N-O-W-B-A-L-L!" he shrieked.

"LOUDER!"

At last Chad spoke—quietly.

"He can't holler no louder."

"What do you know about it? Louder!" and Dan started menacingly after the little darky: but Chad stepped between.

"Don't hit him!"

Now Dan had never struck Snowball in

his life, and he would as soon have struck his own brother—but he must not be told that he couldn't. His face flamed and little Hotspur that he was, he drew his fist back and hit Chad full in the chest. Chad leaped back to avoid the blow, tumbling Snowball down the bank; the two clinched, and, while they tussled, Chad heard the other brother clambering over the rocks, the beat of hoofs coming toward him on the turf, and the little girl's cry :

"Don't you *dare* touch my brother!"

Both went down side by side with their heads just hanging over the bank, where both could see Snowball's black wool coming to the surface in the deep hole, and both heard his terrified shriek as he went under again. Chad was first to his feet.

"Git a rail!" he shouted and plunged in, but Dan sprang in after him. In three strokes, for the current was rather strong, Chad had the kinky wool in his hand, and, in a few strokes more, the two boys had Snowball gasping on the bank. Harry, the taller brother, ran forward to help them carry him up the bank, and they laid him, choking and bawling, on the grass. Whip in one hand and with the skirt of her long black riding-habit in the other, the little girl stood above, looking on—white and frightened. The hullabaloo had reached the house and General Dean was walking swiftly down the hill, with Snowball's mammy, topped by a red bandanna handkerchief rushing after him and the kitchen servants following.

"What does this mean?" he said, sternly, and Chad was in a strange awe at once—he was so tall, and he stood so straight, and his eye was so piercing. Few people could lie into that eye. The little girl spoke first—usually she does speak first, as well as last.

"Dan and—and—that boy were fighting and they pushed Snowball into the creek."

"Dan was teasin' Snowball," said Harry the just.

"And that boy meddled," said Dan.

"Who struck first?" asked the General, looking from one boy to the other. Dan dropped his eyes sullenly and Chad did not answer.

"I wasn't goin' to hit Snowball," said Dan.

"I thought you wus," said Chad.

"Who struck first?" repeated the General, looking at Dan now.

"That boy meddled and I hit him."

Chad turned and answered the General's eyes steadily.

"I reckon I had no business meddlin'!"

"He tried to give sister a fish."

That was unwise in Dan—Margaret's chin lifted.

"Oh," she said, "that was it, too, was it? Well——"

"I didn't see no harm givin' the little gal a fish," said Chad. "Little gal," indeed! Chad lost the ground he might have gained. Margaret's eyes looked all at once like her father's.

"I'm a little *girl*, thank you."

Chad turned to her father now, looking him in the face straight and steadily.

"I reckon I had no business meddlin', but I didn't think hit was fa'r fer him to hit the nigger; the nigger was littler, an' I didn't think hit was right."

"I didn't mean to hit him—I was only playin'!"

"But I *thought* you wus goin' to hit him," said Chad. He looked at the General again. "But I had no business meddlin'." And he picked up his old coonskin cap from the grass to start away.

"Hold on, little man," said the General.

"Dan, haven't I told you not to tease Snowball?" Dan dropped his eyes again.

"Yes, sir."

"You struck first, and this boy says he oughtn't to have meddled, but I think he did just right. Have you anything to say to him?" Dan worked the toe of his left boot into the turf for a moment.

"No, sir."

"Well go up to your room and think about it awhile and see if you don't owe somebody an apology. Hurry up now an' change your clothes. You'd better come up to the house and get some dry clothes for yourself, little man," he added to Chad. "You'll catch cold."

"Much obleeged," said Chad. "But I don't ketch cold."

He put on his old coonskin cap, and then the General recognized him.

"Why, aren't you the little boy who bought a horse from me in town the other

day?" And then Chad recognized him as the tall man who had cried out :

"Let him have her."

"Yes, sir."

"Well I know all about you," said the General, kindly. "You are staying with Major Buford. He's a great friend and neighbor of mine. Now you must come up and get some clothes Harry!"—But Chad, though he hesitated, for he knew now that the gentleman had practically given him the old mare, interrupted, sturdily,

"No, sir, I can't go—not while he's a-feelin' hard at me."

"Very well," said the General, gravely. Chad started off on a trot and stopped suddenly.

"I wish you'd please tell that little *gurl*"—Chad pronounced the word with some difficulty—"that I didn't mean nothin' callin' her a little gal. Ever'body calls gurls gals whar I come from."

"All right," laughed the General. Chad trotted all the way home and there Miss Lucy made him take off his wet clothes at once, though the boy had to go to bed while they were drying, for he had no other clothes, and while he lay in bed the Major came up and listened to Chad's story of the afternoon, which Chad told him word for word just as it had all happened.

"You did just right, Chad," said the Major, and he went down the stairs, chuckling :

"Wouldn't go in and get dry clothes because Dan wouldn't apologize. Dear me! I reckon they'll have it out when they see each other agin. I'd like to be on hand, and I'd bet my bottom dollar on Chad." But they did not have it out. Half an hour after supper somebody shouted "Hello!" at the gate, and the Major went out and came back smiling.

"Somebody wants to see you, Chad," he said. And Chad went out and found Dan out there on the black pony with Snowball behind him.

"I've come over to say that I had no business hittin' you down at the creek, and—" Chad interrupted him :

"That's all right," he said, and Dan stopped and thrust out his hand. The two boys shook hands gravely.

"An' my papa says you are a man an' he wants you to come over and see us and I want you—and Harry and Margaret. We all want you."

"All right," said Chad. Dan turned his black pony and galloped off.

"An' come soon!" he shouted back.

Out in the quarters Mammy Ailsie, old Tom's wife, was having her own say that night.

"Ole Marse Cal Buford pickin' a piece o' white trash out de gutter an' not sayin' whar he come from an' nuttin' 'bout him. An' old Mars Henry takin' him jus' like he was quality. My Tom say dat boy don' know who is his mammy ner his daddy. I ain' gwine to let my little mistis play wid no sech trash, I tell you—'deed I ain't!" And this talk would reach the drawing-room by and by, where the General was telling the family, at just about the same hour, the story of the horse sale and Chad's purchase of the old brood mare.

"I knew where he was from right away," said Harry. "I've seen mountain people wearing caps like his up at Uncle Brutus's, when they come down to go to Richmond."

The General frowned.

"Well, you won't see any more people like him up there again."

"Why, papa?"

"Because you aren't going to Uncle Brutus's any more."

"Why, papa?"

The mother put her hand on her husband's knee.

"Never mind, son," she said.

X

GOD'S Country.

No humor in that phrase to the blue-grass Kentuckian! There never was—there is none now. To him, the land seems in all the New World, to have been the pet shrine of the Great Mother herself. She fashioned it with loving hands. She shut it in with a mighty barrier of mighty mountains to keep the mob out. She gave it the loving clasp of a mighty river, and spread broad, level prairies beyond that the mob might glide by, or be tempted to the other side, where the earth was level

and there was no need to climb : that she might send priests from her shrine to reclaim western wastes or let the weak or the unloving—if such could be—have easy access to another land.

In the beginning, such was her clear purpose to the Kentuckian's eye, she filled it with flowers and grass and trees, and fish and bird and wild beast, just as she made Eden for Adam and Eve. The red men fought for the Paradise—fought till it was drenched with blood, but no tribe, without a mortal challenge from another straightway, could ever call a rood its own. Boone loved the land from the moment the eagle eye in his head swept its shaking wilderness from a mountain-top, and every man who followed him loved the land no less. And when the chosen came they found the earth ready to receive them—lifted above the baneful breath of river-bottom and marshland, drained by rivers full of fish, filled with woods full of game, and underlaid—all—with thick blue limestone strata that, like some divine agent working in the dark, kept crumbling—ever crumbling—to enrich the soil and give bone-building virtue to every drop of water and every blade of grass. For those chosen people—such, too, seemed her purpose—the Mother went to the race upon whom she has smiled a benediction for a thousand years—the race that obstacle but strengthens, that thrives best under an alien effort to kill, that has ever conquered its conquerors, and that seems bent on the task of carrying the best ideals any age has ever known back to the Old World from which it sprang. The Great Mother knows ! Knows that her children must suffer, if they stray too far from her great teeming breasts. And how she has followed close when this race—her youngest born—seemed likely to stray too far—gathering its sons to her arms in virgin lands that they might suckle again and keep the old blood fresh and strong. Who could know what danger threatened it when she sent her blue-eyed men and women to people the wilderness of the New World ? To climb the Alleghanies, spread through the wastes beyond, and plant their kind across a continent from sea to sea. Who knows what dangers threaten now, when, this task done, she seems to be opening the eastern gates of the earth with a gesture that seems to say—" Enter, reclaim, and dwell therein ! "

One little race of that race in the New World, and one only, has she kept flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone—to that race only did she give no outside aid. She shut it in with gray hill and shining river. She shut it off from the mother state and the mother nation and left it to fight its own fight with savage nature, savage beast, and savage man. And thus she gave the little race strength of mind and body and brain, and taught it to stand together as she taught each man of the race to stand alone, protect his women, mind his own business, and meddle not at all ; to think his own thoughts and die for them if need be, though he divided his own house against itself ; taught the man to cleave to one woman, with the penalty of death if he strayed elsewhere ; to keep her—and even himself—in dark ignorance of the sins against Herself for which she has slain other nations, and in that happy ignorance keeps them to-day, even while she is slaying elsewhere still.

And Nature holds the Kentuckians close even to-day—suckling at her breasts and living after her simple laws. What further use she may have for them is hid by the darkness of to-morrow, but before the Great War came she could look upon her work and say with a smile that it was good. The land was a great series of wooded parks such as one might have found in Merry England, except that worm fences and stone walls took the place of hedge along the highways. It was a land of peace and of a plenty that was close to easy luxury—for all. Poor whites were few, the beggar was unknown, and throughout the region there was no man, woman, or child, perhaps, who did not have enough to eat and to wear and a roof to cover his head, whether it was his own roof or not. If slavery had to be—then the fetters were forged light and hung loosely. And, broadcast, through the people, was the upright sturdiness of the Scotch-Irishman, without his narrowness and bigotry ; the grace and chivalry of the Cavalier without his Quixotic sentiment and his weakness ; the jovial good-nature of the English squire and the leavening spirit of a simple yeomanry that bore itself with unconscious

tenacity to traditions that seeped from the very earth. And the wings of the eagle hovered over all.

For that land it was the flowering time of the age and the people; and the bud that was about to open into the perfect flower had its living symbol in the little creature racing over the blue-grass fields on a black pony, with a black velvet cap and a white nodding plume above her shaking curls, just as the little stranger who had floated down into those Elysian fields—with better blood in his veins than he knew—was a reincarnation perhaps of the spirit of the old race that had lain dormant in the hills. The long way from log cabin to Greek portico had marked the progress of the generations before her; and, on this same way, the boy had set his sturdy feet.

XI

ON Sunday the Major and Miss Lucy took Chad to church—a country church built of red brick and overgrown with ivy—and the sermon was very short, Chad thought, for, down in the mountains, the circuit-rider would preach for hours—and the deacons passed around velvet pouches for the people to drop money in, and they passed around bread, of which nearly everybody took a pinch, and a silver goblet with wine, from which the same people took a sip—all of which Chad did not understand. Usually the Deans went to Lexington to church, for they were Episcopalians, but they were all at the country church that day, and with them was Richard Hunt, who smiled at Chad and waved his riding-whip. After church Dan came to him and shook hands. Harry nodded to him gravely, the mother smiled kindly, and the General put his hand on the boy's head. Margaret looked at him furtively, but passed him by. Perhaps she was still "mad" at him, Chad thought, and he was much worried. Margaret was not shy like Melissa, but her face was kind. The General asked them all over to take dinner, but Miss Lucy declined—she had asked people to take dinner with her. And Chad, with keen disappointment, saw them drive away.

It was a lonely day for him that Sunday. He got tired staying so long at the table, and he did not understand what the guests were talking about. The afternoon was long, and he wandered restlessly about the yard and the quarters. Jerome Conners, the overseer, tried to be friendly with him for the first time, but the boy did not like the overseer and turned away from him. He walked down to the pike gate and sat on it, looking over toward the Dean's. He wished that Dan would come over to see him or, better still, that he could go over to see Dan and Harry and—Margaret. But Dan did not come and Chad could not ask the Major to let him go—he was too shy about it—and Chad was glad when bedtime came.

Two days more and spring was come in earnest. It was in the softness of the air, the tenderness of cloud and sky, and the warmth of the sunlight. The grass was greener and the trees quivered happily. Hens scratched and cocks crowed more lustily. Insect life was busier. A stallion nickered in the barn, and from the fields came the mooing of cattle. Field-hands going to work chaffed the maids about the house and quarters. It stirred dreamy memories in the Major of his youth, and it brought a sad light into Miss Lucy's faded eyes. Would she ever see another spring? It brought tender memories to the General, and over at Woodlawn, after he and Mrs. Dean had watched the children go off with happy cries and laughter to school, it led them back into the house hand in hand. And it set Chad's heart aglow as he walked through the dewy grass and the singing of many birds toward the pike gate. He, too, was on his way to school—in a brave new suit of clothes—and nobody smiled at him now, except admiringly, for the Major had taken him to town the preceding day and had got the boy clothes such as Dan and Harry wore. Chad was worried at first—he did not like to accept so much from the Major.

"I'll pay you back," said Chad. "I'll leave you my hoss when I go way, if I don't," and the Major laughingly said that was all right and he made Chad, too, think that it was all right. And so spring took the shape of hope in Chad's breast, that morning, and a little later it took the shape of Margaret, for he soon saw the

Dean children ahead of him in the road and he ran to catch up with them.

All looked at him with surprise—seeing his broad white collar with ruffles, his turned-back, ruffled cuffs, and his boots with red tops; but they were too polite to say anything. Still Chad felt Margaret taking them all in and he was proud and confident. And, when her eyes were lifted to the handsome face that rose from the collar and the thick yellow hair, he caught them with his own in an unconscious look of fealty, that made the little girl blush and hurry on and not look at him again until they were in school, when she turned her eyes, as did all the other boys and girls, to scan the new "scholar." Chad's work in the mountains came in well now. The teacher, a gray, sad-eyed, thin-faced man, was surprised at the boy's capacity, for he could read as well as Dan, and in mental arithmetic even Harry was no match for him; and when in the spelling class he went from the bottom to the head in a single lesson the teacher looked as though he were going to give the boy a word of praise openly and Margaret was regarding him with a new light in her proud eyes. That was a happy day for Chad, but it passed after school when, as they went home together, Margaret looked at him no more; else Chad would have gone by the Deans' house when Dan and Harry asked him to go and look at their ponies and the new sheep that their father had just brought; for Chad was puzzled and awed and shy of the little girl. It was strange—he had never felt that way about Melissa. But his shyness kept him away from her day after day until, one morning, he saw her ahead of him going to school alone, and his heart thumped as he quietly and swiftly overtook her without calling to her; but he stopped running that she might not know that he had been running, and for the first time she was shy with him. Harry and Dan were threatened with the measles, she said, and would say no more. When they went through the fields toward the schoolhouse Chad stalked ahead as he had done in the mountains with Melissa, and, looking back, he saw that Margaret had stopped. He waited for her to come up, and she looked at him for a moment as though displeased. Puzzled, Chad gave back her look for a moment and turned without a word—still stalking ahead. He looked back presently and Margaret had stopped and was pouting.

"You aren't polite, little boy. My mamma says a *nice* little boy always lets a little *girl* go first." But Chad still walked ahead. He looked back presently and she had stopped again—whether angry or ready to cry, he could not make out—so he waited for her, and as she came slowly near he stepped gravely from the path, and Margaret went on like a queen.

In town, a few days later, he saw a little fellow take off his hat when a lady passed him, and it set Chad to thinking. He remembered asking the schoolmaster once what was meant when the latter read about a knight doffing his plume, and the schoolmaster had told him that men, in those days, took off their hats in the presence of ladies just as they did in the Blue-grass now; but Chad had forgotten. He understood it all then and he surprised Margaret, next morning, by taking off his cap gravely when he spoke to her; and the little lady was greatly pleased, for her own brothers did not do that, at least, not to her, though she had heard her mother tell them that they must. All this must be chivalry, Chad thought, and when Harry and Dan got well he revived his old ideas, but Harry laughed at him and Dan did, too, until Chad, remembering Beelzebub, suggested that they should have a tournament with two rams that the General had tied up in the stable. They would make spears and each would get on a ram. Harry would let them out into the lot and they would have "a real charge—sure enough." But Margaret received the plan with disdain, until Dan, at Chad's suggestion, asked the General to read them the tournament scene in "Ivanhoe," which excited the little lady a great deal; and when Chad said that she must be the Queen of Love and Beauty she blushed prettily and thought, after all, that it would be great fun. They would make spears of ash-wood and helmets of tin buckets, and perhaps Margaret would make red sashes for them. Indeed, she would, and the tournament would take place on the next Saturday. But on Saturday one of the sheep was taken over to Major Buford's and the other was turned

loose in the Major's back-pasture and the great day had to be postponed.

It was on the night of the reading from "Ivanhoe" that Harry and Dan found out how Chad could play the banjo. Passing old Mammy's cabin that night before supper, the three boys had stopped to listen to old Tom play, and after a few tunes, Chad could stand it no longer. "I foller pickin' the banjer a leetle," he said shyly, and thereupon he had taken the rude instrument and made the old negro's eyes stretch with amazement, while Dan rolled in the grass with delight, and every negro who heard gathered around the boy. After supper Dan brought the banjo into the house and made Chad play in the porch, to the delight of them all. And there, too, the servants gathered, and even old Mammy was observed slyly shaking her foot—so that Margaret clapped her hands and laughed the old woman into great confusion. After that no Saturday came that Chad did not spend the night at the Deans, or Harry and Dan did not stay at Major Buford's. And not a Saturday passed that the three boys did not go coon-hunting with the darkies, or fox-hunting with the Major and the General. Chad never forgot that first starlit night when he was awakened by the near winding of a horn and heard the Major jump from bed. He jumped too, and when the Major reached the barn a dark little figure was close at his heels.

"Can I go, too?" Chad asked, eagerly.

"Think you can stick on?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Get my bay horse. That old mare of yours is too slow."

The Major's big bay horse! Chad was dizzy with pride.

When they galloped out into the dark woods, there were the General and Harry and Dan and half a dozen neighbors, sitting silently on their horses and listening to the music of the hounds.

The General laughed.

"I thought you'd come," he said, and the Major laughed too, and cocked his ear. "Old Rock's ahead," he said, for he knew, as did everyone there, the old hound's tongue.

"He's been ahead for an hour," said the General with quiet satisfaction, "and I think he'll stay there."

Just then a dark object swept past them, and the Major with a low cry hied on his favorite hound.

"Not now, I reckon," he said, and the General laughed again.

Dan and Harry pressed their horses close to Chad, and all talked in low voices.

"Ain't it fun?" whispered Dan. Chad answered with a shiver of pure joy.

"He's making for the creek," said the Major, sharply, and he touched spurs to his horse. How they raced through the woods, cracking brush and whisking around trees, and how they thundered over the turf and clattered across the road and on! For a few moments the Major kept close to Chad, watching him anxiously, but the boy stuck to the big bay like a jockey, and he left Dan and Harry on their ponies far behind. All night they rode under the starlit sky, and ten miles away they caught poor Reynard. Chad was in at the kill, with the Major and the General, and the General gave Chad the brush with his own hand.

"Where did you learn to ride, boy?"

"I never learned," said Chad, simply, whereat the Major winked at his friends and patted Chad on the shoulders.

"I've got to let my boys ride better horses, I suppose," said the General; "I can't have a boy who does not know how to ride beating them this way."

Day was breaking when the Major and Chad rode into the stable-yard. The boy's face was pale, his arms and legs ached, and he was so sleepy that he could hardly keep his eyes open.

"How'd you like it, Chad?"

"I never knowed nothing like it in my life," said Chad.

"I'm going to teach you to shoot."

"Yes, sir," said Chad.

As they approached the house a squirrel barked from the woods.

"Hear that, Chad?" said the Major. "We'll get him."

The following morning Chad rose early and took his old rifle out into the woods, and when the Major came out on the porch before breakfast the boy was coming up the walk with six squirrels in his hand. The Major's eyes opened and he looked at the squirrels when Chad dropped them on the porch. Every one of them was shot through the head.

"Well, I'm damned! How many times did you shoot, Chad?"

"Seven."

"What—missed only once?"

"I took a knot fer a squirrel once," said Chad.

The Major roared aloud.

"Did I say I was going to teach you to shoot, Chad?"

"Yes, sir."

The Major chuckled and that day he told about those squirrels and that knot to everybody he saw. With every day the Major grew fonder and prouder of the boy and more convinced than ever that the lad was of his own blood.

"There's nothing that I like that that boy don't take to like a duck to water." And when he saw the boy take off his hat to Margaret and observed his manner with the little girl, he said to himself that if Chad wasn't a gentleman born, he ought to have been, and the Major believed that he must be.

Everywhere, at school, at the Deans, with the darkies—with everybody but Conners, the overseer—Chad became a favorite, but, as to Napoleon, so to Chad, came Waterloo—with the long deferred tournament came Waterloo to Chad.

And it came after a certain miracle on May-day. The Major had taken Chad to the festival where the dance was on sawdust in a woodland—in the bottom of a little hollow, around which the seats ran as in an amphitheatre. Ready to fiddle for them stood none other than John Morgan himself, his gray eyes dancing and an arch smile on his handsome face; and, taking a place among the dancers, were Richard Hunt and—Margaret. The poised bow fell, a merry tune rang out, and Richard Hunt bowed low to his little partner, who, smiling and blushing, dropped him the daintiest of graceful courtesies. Then the miracle came to pass. Rage straightway shook Chad's soul—shook it as a terrier shakes a rat—and the look on his face and in his eyes went back a thousand years. And Richard Hunt, looking up, saw the strange spectacle, understood, and did not even smile. On the contrary, he went at once after the dance to speak to the boy and got for his answer fierce, white, staring silence and a clenched fist, that was almost ready to strike. Something else that was strange happened then to Chad. He felt a very firm and a very gentle hand on his shoulder, his own eyes dropped before the piercing dark eyes and kindly smile above him, and, a moment later, he was shyly making his way with Richard Hunt toward Margaret.

It was on Thursday of the following week that Dan told him the two rams were once more tied in his father's stable. On Saturday, then, they would have the tournament. To get Mammy's help Margaret had to tell the plan to her, and Mammy stormed against the little girl taking part in any such undignified proceedings, but imperious Margaret forced her to keep silent and help make sashes and a tent for each of the two knights. Chad would be the "Knight of the Cumberland" and Dan the "Knight of the Blue-grass." Snowball was to be Dan's squire and black Rufus, Harry's body-servant, would be squire to Chad. Harry was King John, the other pickaninnies would be varlets and vassals, and outraged Uncle Tom, so Dan told him, would, "by the beard of Abraham," have to be a "Dog of an Unbeliever." Margaret was undecided whether she would play Rebecca or the "Queen of Love and Beauty," until Chad told her she ought to be both, so both she decided to be. So all was done—the spears fashioned of ash, the helmets battered from tin-buckets, colors knotted for the spears, and shields made of sheepskins. On the stiles sat Harry and Margaret in royal state under a canopy of calico with indignant Mammy behind them. At each end of the stable lot was a tent of cotton, and before one stood Snowball and before the other black Rufus, each with his master's spear and shield. Near Harry stood Sam, the trumpeter, with a fox-horn to sound the charge, and four black vassals stood at the stable-door to lead the chargers forth.

Near the stiles were neighbors' children, and around the barn was gathered every darky on the place, while behind the hedge and peeping through it were the Major and the General, the one chuckling, the other smiling indulgently.

The stable-door opened, the vassals disappeared and came forth each pair leading a ram, one covered with red calico, the other with blue cotton, and each with a

bandanna handkerchief around his neck. Each knight stepped forth from his tent, as his charger was dragged—ba-a-ing and butting—toward it, and, grasping his spear and shield and setting his helmet on more firmly, got astride gravely—each squire solemn, for the King had given command that no varlet must show unseemly mirth. Behind the hedge the Major was holding his hands to his sides and the General was getting grave. It had just occurred to him that those rams would make for each other like tornadoes, and he said so.

"Of course they will," chuckled the Major. "Don't you suppose they know that? That's what they're doing it for. Bless my soul!"

The King waved his hand just then and his black trumpeter tooted the charge.

"Leggo!" said Chad.

"Leggo!" said Dan.

And Snowball and Rufus let go, and each ram ran a few paces and stopped with his head close to the ground, while each knight brandished his spear and dug with his spurred heels. One charger gave a ba-a! The other heard, raised his head, saw his enemy, and ba-a-ed an answering challenge. Then they started for each other with a rush that brought a sudden fearsome silence, quickly followed by a babel of excited cries, in which Mammy's was loudest and most indignant. Dan, nearly unseated, had dropped his lance to catch hold of his charger's wool, and Chad had gallantly lowered the point of his, because his antagonist was unarmed. But the temper of rams and not of knights was in that fight now and they came together with a shock that banged the two knights into each other like catapults and hurled both violently to the ground. General Dean and the Major ran anxiously from the hedge. Several negro men rushed for the rams, who were charging and butting like demons. Harry tumbled from the canopy in a most unkingly fashion. Margaret cried and Mammy wrung her hands. Chad rose dizzily, but Dan lay still. Chad's elbow had struck him in the temple and knocked him unconscious.

The servants were thrown into an uproar when Dan was carried back into the house. Harry was white and almost in tears.

"I did it, father, I did it," he said, at the foot of the steps.

"No," said Chad, sturdily, "I done it myself."

Margaret heard and ran from the hallway and down the steps, brushing away her tears with both hands.

"Yes, you did—you *did*," she cried. "I hate you."

"Why, Margaret," said General Dean.

Chad, startled and stung, turned without a word and, unnoticed by the rest, made his way slowly across the fields.

XII

IT was the tournament that, at last, loosed Mammy's tongue. She was savage in her denunciation of Chad to Mrs. Dean—so savage and in such plain language that her mistress checked her sharply, but not before Margaret had heard, though the little girl, with an awed face, slipped quietly out of the room into the yard, while Harry stood in the doorway, troubled and silent.

"Don't let me hear you speak that way again, Mammy," said Mrs. Dean, so sternly that the old woman swept out of the room in high dudgeon. And yet she told her husband of Mammy's charge.

"I am rather surprised at Major Buford."

"Perhaps he does not know," said the General. "Perhaps it isn't true."

"Nobody knows anything about the boy."

"That's true."

"Well, I cannot have my children associating with a waif."

"He seems like a nice boy."

"He uses extraordinary language. I cannot have him teaching my children mischief. Why I believe Margaret is really fond of him. I know Harry and Dan are." The General looked thoughtful.

"I will speak to Major Buford about him," he said; and he did—no little to that gentleman's confusion—though he defended Chad stanchly—and the two friends parted with some heat.

Thereafter, the world changed for

Chad, for is there any older and truer story than that Evil has wings, while Good goes a plodding way? And Chad felt the change, in the negroes, in the sneering overseer, and could not understand. The rumor reached Miss Lucy's ears and she and the Major had a spirited discussion that rather staggered Chad's kind-hearted champion. It reached the school, and a black-haired youngster, named Georgie Forbes, who had long been one of Margaret's abject slaves, and who hated Chad, brought out the terrible charge in the presence of a dozen school-children at noon-recess one day. It had been no insult in the mountains, but Chad, dazed though he was, knew it was meant for an insult, and his hard fist shot out promptly, landing in his enemy's chin and bringing him bawling to the earth. Others gave out the cry then, and the boy fought right and left like a demon. Dan stood sullenly near, taking no part, and Harry, while he stopped the unequal fight, turned away from Chad coldly, calling Margaret, who had run up toward them, away at the same time, and Chad's three friends turned from him then and there, while the boy, forgetting all else, stood watching them with dumb wonder and pain. The school-bell clanged, but Chad stood still—with his heart well-nigh breaking. In a few minutes the last pupil had disappeared through the school-room door, and Chad stood under a great elm—alone. But only a moment, for he turned quickly away, the tears starting to his eyes, walked rapidly through the woods, climbed the worm-fence beyond, and dropped, sobbing, in the thick blue-grass.

An hour later he was walking swiftly through the fields toward the old brick house that had sheltered him. He was very quiet at supper that night, and after Miss Lucy was gone to bed and he and the Major were seated before the fire he was so quiet that the Major looked at him anxiously.

"What's the matter, Chad? Are you sick!"

"Nothin'—no, sir."

But the Major was uneasy, and when he rose to go to bed he went over and put his hand on the boy's head.

"Chad," he said, "if you hear of people saying mean things about you you mustn't pay any attention to them."

"No, sir."

"You're a good boy, and I want you to live here with me. Good-night, Chad," he added, affectionately. Chad nearly broke down, but he steadied himself.

"Good-by, Major," he said, brokenly. "I'm obleeged to you."

"Good-by?" repeated the Major. "Why——"

"Good-night, I mean," stammered Chad.

The Major stood inside his own door, listening to the boy's slow steps up the second flight. "I'm gettin' to love that boy," he said, wonderingly—"An' I'm damned if people who talk about him don't have me to reckon with"—and the Major shook his head from side to side. Several times he thought he could hear the boy moving around in the room above him, and while he was wondering why the lad did not go to bed he fell asleep.

Chad was moving around. First, by the light of a candle, he laboriously dug out a short letter to the Major—scalding it with tears. Then he took off his clothes and got his old mountain suit out of the closet—moccasins and all—and put them on. Very carefully he folded the pretty clothes he had taken off—just as Miss Lucy had taught him—and laid them on the bed. Then he picked up his old rifle in one hand and his old coon-skin cap in the other, blew out the candle, slipped noiselessly down the stairs in his moccasined feet, out the unbolted door and into the starlit night. From the pike fence he turned once to look back to the dark, silent house amid the dark trees. Then he sprang down and started through the fields—his face set toward the mountains.

It so happened that mischance led General Dean to go over to see Major Buford about Chad next morning. The Major listened patiently—or tried ineffectively to listen—and when the General was through he burst out with a vehemence that shocked and amazed his old friend.

"Damn those niggers!" he cried, in a tone that seemed to include the General in his condemnation, "that boy is the best

boy I ever knew. I believe he is my own blood, he looks like that picture there"—pointing to the old portrait—"and if he is what I believe he is, by ——, sir, he gets this farm and all I have. Do you understand that?"

"I believe he told you what he was."

"He did—but I don't believe he knows, and, anyhow, whatever he is, he shall have a home under this roof as long as he lives."

The General rose suddenly—stiffly.

"He must never darken my door again."

"Very well." The Major made a gesture which plainly said, "In that event, you are darkening mine too long," and the General rose, slowly descended the steps of the portico, and turned:

"Do you really mean, Cal, that you are going to let a little brat that you picked up in the road only yesterday stand between *you* and *me*?"

The Major softened.

"Look here," he said, whisking a sheet of paper from his coat pocket. While the General read Chad's scrawl, the Major watched his face.

"He's gone, by ——. A hint was enough for him. If he isn't the son of a gentleman, then I'm not, nor you."

"Cal," said the General, holding out his hand, "we'll talk this over again."

The bees buzzed around the honeysuckles that clambered over the porch. A crow flew overhead. The sound of a crying child came around the corner of the house from the quarters, and the General's footsteps died on the gravel walk, but the Major heard them not. Mechanically he watched the General mount his black horse and canter toward the pike gate. The overseer called to him from the stable, but the Major dropped his eyes to the scrawl in his hand. When Miss Lucy came out he handed it to her.

"I reckon you know what folks is a-sayin' about me. I tol' you myself. But I didn't know hit wus any harm, and anyways hit ain't my fault, I reckon, an' I don' see how folks can blame me. But I don' want nobody who don' want me. An' I'm leavin' 'cause I don't want to bother you. I never bring nothing but trouble nohow an' I'm goin' back to the mountains. Tell Miss Lucy good-by. She was mighty good to me, but I know she didn't like me. I left the hoss for you. If you don't have no use fer the saddle, I wish you'd give hit to Harry, 'cause he tuk up fer me at school when I was fightin', though he wouldn't speak to me no more. I'm mighty sorry to leave you. I'm obleeged to you 'cause you wus so good to me an' I'm goin' to see you agin some day, if I can. Good-by."

"Left that damned old mare to pay for his clothes and his board and his schooling," muttered the Major. "By the gods"—he rose suddenly and strode away—"I beg your pardon, Lucy."

A tear was running down each of Miss Lucy's faded cheeks.

Dawn that morning found Chad springing from a bed in a haystack—ten miles from Lexington. By dusk that day he was on the edge of the blue-grass and that night he stayed at a farm-house, going in boldly, for he had learned now that the wayfarer was as welcome in a blue-grass farm-house as in a log-cabin in the mountains. Higher and higher grew the green swelling slopes, until, climbing one about noon next day, he saw the blue foothills of the Cumberland through the clear air—and he stopped and looked long, breathing hard from pure ecstasy. The plain-dweller never knows the fierce home hunger that the mountain-born have for hills.

Besides, beyond those blue summits were the Turners and the school-master and Jack, waiting for him, and he forgot hunger and weariness as he trod on eagerly toward them. That night he stayed in a mountain-cabin, and while the contrast of the dark room, the crowding children, the slovenly dress, and the coarse food was strangely disagreeable, along with the strange new shock came the thrill that all this meant hills and home. It was about three o'clock of the fourth day that, tramping up the Kentucky River, he came upon a long, even stretch of smooth water, from the upper end of which two black bowlders were thrust out of the water, and with a keener thrill he recognized that he was nearing home. He recalled seeing those rocks as the raft swept down the river, and the old Squire had said that they were named after

oxen—"Billy and Buck." Opposite the rocks he met a mountaineer.

"How fer is it to Uncle Joel Turner's?"

"A leetle the rise o' six miles, I reckon."

The boy was faint with weariness, and those six miles seemed a dozen. Idea of distance is vague among the mountaineers, and two hours of weary travel followed, yet nothing that he recognized was in sight. Once a bend of the river looked familiar, but when he neared it, the road turned steeply from the river and over a high bluff, and the boy started up with a groan. He meant to reach the summit before he stopped to rest, but, in sheer pain, he dropped a dozen paces from the top and lay with his tongue, like a dog's, between his lips.

The top was warm, but a chill was rising from the fast-darkening shadows below him. The rim of the sun was about to brush the green tip of a mountain across the river, and the boy rose in a minute, dragged himself on to the point where, rounding a big rock, he dropped again with a thumping heart and a reeling brain. There it was—old Joel's cabin in the pretty valley below—old Joel's cabin—home! Smoke was rising from the chimney, and that far away it seemed that Chad could smell frying bacon. There was the old barn, and he could make out one of the boys feeding stock and another chopping wood—was that the school-master? There was the huge form of old Joel at the fence talking with a neighbor. He was gesticulating as though angry, and the old mother came to the door as the neighbor moved away with a shuffling gait that the boy knew belonged to the Dillon breed. Where was Jack? Jack! Chad sprang to his feet and went down the hill on a run. He climbed the orchard fence, breaking the top-rail in his eagerness, and as he neared the house, he gave a shrill yell. A scarlet figure flashed like a flame out of the door, with an answering cry, and the Turners followed:

"Why, boy," roared old Joel. "Mammy, it's Chad!"

Dolph dropped an armful of feed. The man with the axe left it stuck in a log, and each man shouted:

"Chad!"

The mountaineers are an undemonstrative race, but Mother Turner took the boy in her arms and the rest crowded around, slapping him on the back and all asking questions at once—Dolph and Rube and Tom. Yes, and there was the school-master—every face was almost tender with love for the boy. But where was Jack?

"Where's—where's Jack?" said Chad.

Old Joel changed face—looking angry; the rest were grave. Only the old Mother spoke:

"Jack's all right."

"Oh," said Chad, but he looked anxious.

Melissa inside heard. He had not asked for *her*, and with the sudden choking of a nameless fear she sprang out the door to be caught by the school-master, who had gone around the corner to look for her.

"Lemme go," she said, fiercely, breaking his hold and darting away, but stopping, when she saw Chad in the doorway, with a shy smile.

"Howdye, Melissa!"

The girl stared at him mildly and made no answer, and a wave of shame and confusion swept over the boy as his thoughts flashed back to a little girl in a black cap and on a black pony, and he stood reddening and helpless. There was a halloo at the gate. It was the old Squire and the circuit-rider, and old Joel went toward them with a darkening face.

"Why hello, Chad," the Squire said. "You back again?"

He turned to Joel.

"Look hyeh, Joel. Thar hain't no use o' your buckin' agin yo' neighbors and harborin' a sheep-killin' dog." Chad started and looked from one face to another—slowly but surely making out the truth.

"You never seed the dawg afore last spring. You don't know that he hain't a sheep-killer."

"It's a lie—a lie," Chad cried, hotly, but the schoolmaster stopped him.

"Hush, Chad," he said, and he took the boy inside and told him Jack was in trouble. A Dillon sheep had been found dead on a hill-side. Daws Dillon had come upon Jack leaping out of the

pasture, and Jack had come home with his muzzle bloody. Even with this overwhelming evidence, old Joel stanchly refused to believe the dog was guilty and ordered old man Dillon off the place. A neighbor had come over, then another, and another, until old Joel got livid with rage.

"That dawg mought eat a dead sheep but he never would kill a live one, and if you kill him, by ——, you've got to kill me fust."

Now there is no more un-neighborly or unchristian act for a farmer than to harbor a sheep-killing dog. So the old Squire and the circuit-rider had come over to show Joel the grievous error of his selfish, obstinate course, and, so far, old Joel had refused to be shown. All of his sons sturdily upheld him and little Melissa fiercely—the old mother and the schoolmaster alone remaining quiet and taking no part in the dissension.

"Have they got Jack?"

"No, Chad," said the schoolmaster, "He's safe—tied up in the stable." Chad started out, and no one followed but Melissa. A joyous bark that was almost human came from the stable as Chad approached, for the dog must have known the sound of his master's footsteps, and when Chad threw open the door Jack sprang the length of his tether to meet him and was jerked to his back. Again and again he sprang, barking, as though beside himself, while Chad stood at the door, looking sorrowfully at him.

"Down, Jack!" he said sternly and Jack dropped obediently, looking straight at his master with honest eyes and whimpering like a child.

"Jack," said Chad, "did you kill that sheep?" This was all strange conduct for his little master, and Jack looked wondering and dazed, but his eyes never wavered or blinked. Chad could not long stand those honest eyes.

"No," he said, fiercely—"no, little doggie, no—*no!*" And Chad dropped on his knees and took the dog in his arms and hugged him to his breast.

(To be continued.)

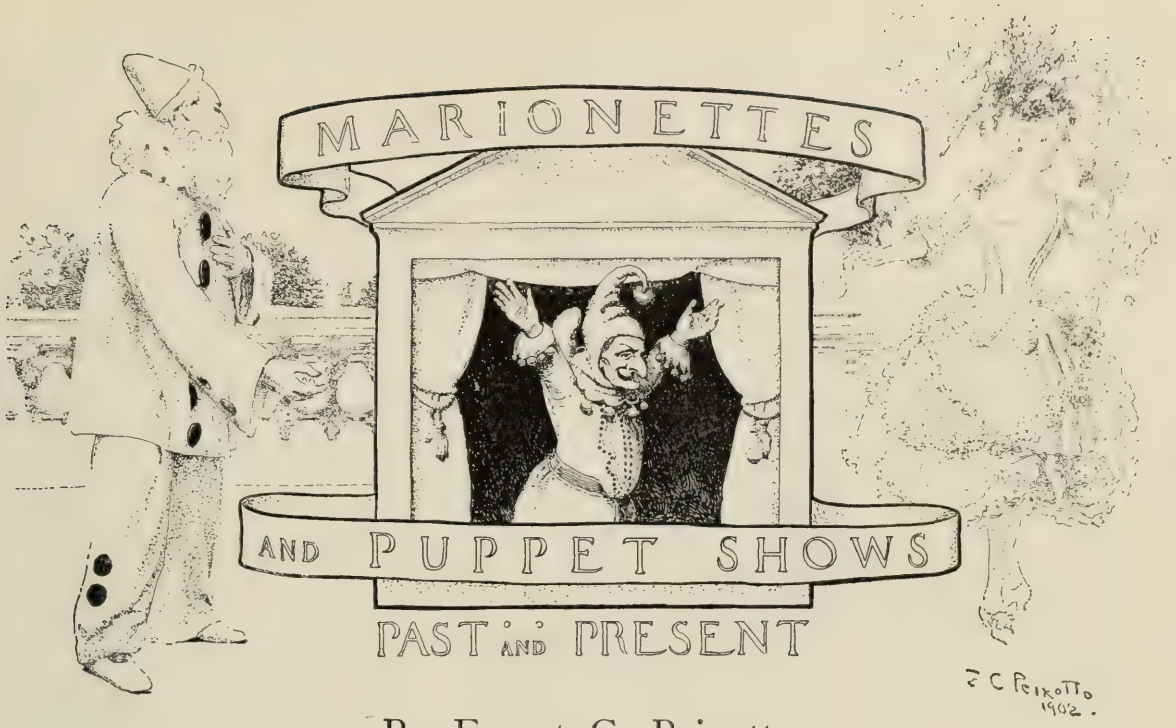
THE DARK BEFORE DAWN

By Edith M. Thomas

Oh, mystery of the morning gloam,
  Of haunted air, of windless hush!
Oh, wonder of the deepening dome—
  Afar, still far, the morning's flush!
My spirit hears, among the spheres,
  The round earth's ever-quickening rush!

A single leaf, on yonder tree,
  The planet's rush hath felt, hath heard;
And soon, all branches whispering be!
  That whisper wakes the nested bird—
The song of thrush, before the blush
  Of Dawn, the dreaming world hath stirred!

The old moon withers in the East—
  The winds of space may drive her far!
In heaven's chancel waits the priest—
  Dawn's pontiff-priest, the morning star!
And yonder, lo! a shafted glow—
  The gates of Day-spring fall ajar!



MARIONETTES AND PUPPET SHOWS PAST AND PRESENT

By Ernest C. Peixotto

Illustrations by the Author

THE other day, standing on the Champs-Elysées, I looked over the heads of some merry children before Guignol's famous stage. The wooden dolls were dancing about the boards, screeching their laughable dialogue to the delight of these young Parisians, the little stage just as I remembered it years ago, with its quaint proscenium in the style of the First Empire and its proud legend inscribed on a garland: The Original Guignol, established 1814. And the half circle of chubby little faces was just the same too—eager, laughing, expectant. Into whatever country my wanderings have taken me—on more serious pleasure bent—I have assisted a delighted spectator at the puppet-shows, consoling myself for my frivolity with the thought that many a better man had done the same, remembering Gautier's love for them and Stevenson's.

So that day in sympathy with the children, I watched Guignol's mad antics and, looking round, wondered if any of the elders present recalled their childhood and the time when they had been amused by this same iniquitous show, just as their powdered ancestors had been in the eighteenth century; as were their knightly forebears in the Middle Ages; as were the Romans in remote antiquity.

Even the word "marionette" dates back six hundred years to the time when the Venetians, substituting wooden dolls for girls in their religious processions, called them "mariettes" or little Marias. But articulated dolls certainly antedate this name, for they are often found to-day lying beside tiny baby bones in children's graves at Thebes, Athens, and Rome. We know, too, that the Romans had a Punch named Maccus, for a very creditable specimen of him has lately been unearthed near Naples—a bronze, humped before and behind and graced with the classic hooked nose and nutcracker chin.

Nor have we moderns improved upon the ancient method of manipulating marionettes. The operator still pulls the wires as of old from a loft supported on a four-sided scaffolding—a counterpart of the Greek *πῆγμα τετράγωνον*.

All through the Middle Ages, puppets played a great part in the amusement of the masses, nor were they always relegated to the realms of comedy. In the hands of famous directors they have invaded the whole range of dramatic art. In England two hundred years ago they gave tragedies

like "Julius Cæsar," strutting the boards, mouthing, slaying, and making love in true melodramatic fashion. Later on in Italy *fantoccini* even sang grand opera and, if we may believe reports, sang it creditably too.

Names of noted managers have come down to us through the centuries. During the reign of "le Roi Soleil," Paris was diverted by an impresario named Brioché, and, as we cross the old Pont Neuf to-day, it is pleasant to imagine on just which *trottoir* Jean Brioché, with his celebrated monkey, Fagotin, set up his show before a crowd of gaping *badauds*, and to picture him extracting teeth between the acts. Even on this lively bridge—a favorite rendezvous of all the cleverest Paris fakirs, mountebanks, and venders of quack medicines, Brioché succeeded in pushing to the front, and finally was honored by a command from the King to bring his show to St.-Germain-en-Laye for the edification of the Dauphin and his court. His performances there have passed into history, for do we not find on the great royal registers: "À Brioché, pour le séjour qu'il a fait à St.-Germain-en-Laye pendant les mois de Septembre, Octobre et Novembre, 1669, pour divertir les enfants de France, 1365 livres!"



A Sicilian Puppet Show.

In the following century marionettes came into great favor with the French *grand monde*, and the very best society frequented the shows at the yearly *foires* of St.-Germain and St.-Laurent, where



A Marionette Show at an Eighteenth Century *Foire*.

Cadet de Beaupré, Oudinot, and the famous Nicolet made lasting reputations as managers of puppet-shows. Dignified members of the Académie Française, like Malézieu, did not disdain to write plays for them. Even Voltaire fell a victim to their wiles and used to bring companies to his house at Cirey, where in all probability



A Neapolitan Pulchinilla.



A Pantin of a Hundred Years ago.

From an old cut in the Musée Carnavalet, Paris.

some of his own satirical lines were first uttered through the mouths of wooden actors.

But just after this period of prosperity, before the horrors of the Revolution, their vogue was threatened by the so-called "pantins"—little figures of card-board or wood made to dance like jumping-jacks by means of strings. At first these were made for children, but soon grown people too became crazy for them and the fashion grew into such an extravagant rage that it was pointed out as one of the signs of degeneracy in the French upper classes. The most noted artists took to painting them; fabulous sums were paid for fine ones, and we learn with surprise that the Duchess of Chartres gave 1,500 livres for one from Boucher's brush. The vogue spread to the provinces, where no self-respecting *bourgeois* but had one or two *pantins de Paris* hanging from his chimney-piece. The word came into the language to stay, and is still used to signify a cat's-paw or one who changes his opinions like a weather-vane.

It remained for the Italians, however, to bring marionettes to their highest state of development, and wonderful indeed is the ingenuity of their shows. We saw a remarkably clever performance given by *fantoccini* last year under the colonnades of the Municipio at Orta. On carefully examining the dolls we found them to be not entirely made of wood. The head was of papier-maché—light and capable of feeling the slightest impulsion, and provided with a hinged lower jaw arranged to imitate the movements of talking. The body and thighs were wooden ; the arms, legs, and neck of lead, or leaded so as to readily obey the laws of gravity. All the strings destined to move the arms and legs united inside the body and issued together from the head. A metal rod connected this latter with the operator in his "*castello,*" and by it the manikin could be moved about the stage.

The play dealt with peasant life, relating the trite story of a country lass who, despite the allurements of the city and the attentions of a great gentleman, remains true to her rustic swain; of Rosalia, her mother, and Pietro, her father—a cobbler with but just enough work to keep his family from starvation, and the voices of their hungry children calling from behind the scenes for "*polenta, polenta !*" At another show I saw a shepherd in his goat-skins do a drunken scene upon his stilts that for low comedy was absolutely inimitable, and well do I remember a dancing giant who dropped first his arms, then his legs, and finally his head, each of which, with the body, became a separate waltzing figure.

Some years ago, for now the vogue has almost died away, the Italian nobles gave *fantoccini* shows in their private palaces —plays reeking with escapades of the Roman *monsignori* and political satire that dared not show its face on public boards. I think it is Stendhal who tells of one he witnessed in Florence, on a little stage but five feet high, though perfect in every detail, where diminutive marionettes not a foot in height gave a comedy adapted from Machiavelli's "Mandragore."

Puppet shows as interesting exist today. In Palermo and Catania, in fact in many Sicilian towns, I have been to marionette shows that compare both in *mise-en-scene* and cleverness of action with any that I have read of.

The Sicilian plays are almost invariably founded upon the same theme—Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." The theatre is usually installed in a vacant shop and has a temporary air, for as soon as the shop is rented the showman moves on. Outside hangs a gaudy poster depicting the thrilling scenes to be enacted within—pictures of battle and tourney—better suited than a lettered announcement to the public, only ten per cent. of whom can read or write. An admission fee of two soldi is charged. On entering, a strong odor of garlic offends the nose, there being no other ventilation than the closed street-door. The audience, for the most part masculine, sits in serried ranks on ordinary rush-bottomed chairs ; a little gallery on either side of the shop shows above its rail an expectant row of faces lit by the fitful glow of coal-oil lanterns. The stage, surprisingly large, is framed in red pasteboard draperies ; six small lamps do duty as foot-lights.

The curtain rises and displays a Council of the Paladins. The background and wings figure a massive Gothic hall. The puppets, of gigantic size, each nearly five feet tall, stand sheathed *cap-à-pie* in shimmering armor—armet and pauldron, plastron and tasseted skirt imitated to the life by a local tinsmith.

In bombastic phrases the discussion begins. The audience recognizes each character as an old familiar friend—Orlando by his commanding figure, his deep bass voice, and his helmet

> Topt high with plumes like Mars his burgonet;

Rinaldo by his flaming *panache;* Marfisa by her shrill falsetto. Carlo Magno sits upon his throne, wrapped in robes of state, nodding approval or expressing discontent.

Occasionally an operator's arm or leg, Brobdingnagian, distorted to unnatural size, appears from flies or wings as he moves a figure.

The faces on the rush-covered chairs glow with excitement as they follow the multitudinous incidents : Orlando's quest for his long-lost Angelica, Ruggiero's

flights upon the Hippogriff to his well-beloved Bradamante ; but above all, revelling in the terrific onslaught 'twixt Pagan and Paladin, Oliviero, pitted against the King of Africa, Gradasso, daring to face Il Furioso, and Brandimarte, slaying King Agramante. The clash of tin resounds on tin; turbaned Turks pile high upon the stage; the shock of battle is terrific, heightened by the operators' feet thumping upon the hollow stage and their voices in unison shouting the battle-cries :

Del gran romor fù visto il mar gonfiarsi,
Del gran romor, che s'udì sino in Francia.

As Sicily has Orlando, so each district of Italy has its favorite puppet-hero : Naples, Scaramuccia and Pulchinella ; Venice, Messer Pantaleone ; Turin, Girolamo ; Bologna, Dottore Bellandrone ; Bergamo, Arlequino.

The Neapolitan hero, Scaramuccia, is a sort of false bravo, quarrelsome but cowardly, and always clothed in black, which Riccoboni says shows him to be of Spanish origin. He declares himself a prince of some exotic country, but is usually supposed to have been raised in prison at the King's expense and to have spent his youth on the galleys. He is always valet to some *grand signore*, and an execrable valet, too, robbing his master and his master's friends. He shares his ill-gotten gains with Pulchinella, and, as they warm up over their gluttonous feasts, he dilates upon his courage and his impossible loves till Punch, wearied, lays about him with his stick. Then Scaramuccia drops under the table. When the fit of anger is past, up he pops again with "Afraid ! Me ! I afraid ! I'm brave—not sheep-brave but wolf-brave !"

A very different character is Harlequin, Bergamo's hero, and a very charming story indeed is told of his origin. It seems that in that pretty city of the Lower Alps once there dwelt a little boy —lovely and full of wit—by name Arlequino. So modest was he that, despite his many accomplishments, his schoolboy friends never were jealous of him, but loved him as did his parents. At carnival-time all the children, as usual, were to have fancy costumes, and they eagerly asked Arlequino what he was to wear.

"Ah," said he, "my parents are too poor this year to give me a travesty."

At this his companions were greatly grieved, for they had especially counted upon romping with him. So they arranged that each should contribute a piece of stuff, and that from these pieces they would make a suit for Arlequino. On the appointed day each brought his bit of cloth, but what was their dismay to find that each scrap was of a different color ! In their *naïveté* they had never thought of that. But Arlequino did not mind. He took the bits, patched them together, and on Mardi Gras appeared in his strange motley coat, a wooden sword in his hand, his face covered with a black half-mask, jumping, dancing, singing at the head of his comrades—the life of the *festa*.

In the French adaptation of the character Harlequin is remarkable for the same traits as the little Bergamasque boy : kindness, agility, credulity—but the French have added his discreet *gourmandise* and his endless chain of troubles.

C'est lui (plaignez ses malheurs)
C'est lui que le sort balote
Reconnoisez-le à ses pleurs
Encor plus à sa culote.

The original Neapolitan Pulchinella was endowed with the simple character of Pierrot. So constituted he made his bow to England in the eighteenth century, being then only a young gallant, joyous and roystering, causing more noise than harm, and so Addison describes him in his "Machinæ Gesticulantes."

But later on he was made over to suit the violent taste and pugnacious tendencies of the British lower classes, and the now classic Punch appeared—the Punch who kills his baby, his wife, the constable, the doctor, the judge, the Devil, and even Death, with the same cynical indifference.

His Dutch equivalent, Jean Pickelhoering, much resembles the German Hanswürst or Kasperle—a satirical, brutal sort of fellow, whose dominant trait is gluttony—not the delicate French *gourmandise*, but the gluttony that swells the belly and weightens the jowls. In Turkey, Caragueuz, an oriental Don Juan whose exploits would not bear publication, is endowed with physical attributes too



A Guignol Audience.



Guignol and Madelon.

indecent to mention, but well calculated to please the tastes of his audience.

The French Polichinelle, on the other hand, is distinguished by mental traits, is witty, satirical, loud-mouthed, and terribly conceited as he sets forth, in his favorite song: "Quand je marche la terre tremble; c'est moi qui conduit le soleil."

Now he has been practically superseded by a new-comer, Guignol. In the shows of to-day Punch only squawks a greeting to his audience, and bows his adieus as the curtain falls.

The real hero is essentially a Frenchman, for Guignol is a Lyonnais, first conceived by an impresario named Mourget. From Lyons Guignol voyaged to Paris and all through France, until to-day the renown of this wooden doll far exceeds that of any actor of flesh and blood. He is always a *bonhomme* dressed in a long coat with either a *casquette* or a night-cap on his head and he wears a queue—his *salsifis*. Not alone children but grown people, too, have always taken pleasure in his antics. Even persons of refinement like Charles Nodier were habitual spectators at his shows, and George Sand had a little stage of her own in her château at Nohant.

Guignol is just as popular now as ever. His diminutive theatres at the Square Marigny in the Champs-Élysées and in the Tuileries and Luxembourg Gardens constantly draw crowded houses. To them nurse-maids coiffed in ribboned bonnets bring their aristocratic charges—children decked in lace and lawn and soft white fur. Under the spreading branches of the chestnut-trees these little French dolls are carefully seated in rows on low benches —miniature "*fauteuils d'orchestre*." The maids and grown people group themselves at the sides and back. All around this expectant half-circle, in whose magic ring each seat is taxed two sous, a rope holds back less fortunate members of society—pastry-cooks' boys in white with cake or *paté* on head; milliners' and modistes' errand-girls carrying a new-made gown in a big brown box; workmen, *concierges*, idle promenaders; a mother raising her

babe to see above the intervening crowd; soldiers on leave; a bank-messenger stealing a moment from his duty; and on the curb-stone a coachman reins up his horse while his face expands in a broad grin as from his vantage seat he anticipates the coming stick-fights. Many a glance of admiration passes 'twixt red-legged dragoon and white-capped nursery-maid—many an embryo love-affair between *nou-nou* and *piou-piou* is here begun.

But now a faint squeak is heard. The old musician tunes up his harp and begins a jig. The little curtain rises. Two Polichinelles appear at a bound and, after a deep obeisance, whirl off in the mazes of a dance. Follows the director—a doll with waxed mustache, immaculate in dress-coat and satin waistcoat. In honeyed phrases he craves the indulgence of the audience and with their kind permission announces the play—"Le Ménage de Guignol."

And what a funny household it is, to be sure! How would it be possible to depict these terrifying family-scenes—these tongue-bouts 'twixt husband and wife—the kiss-kiss alternating with the biff-biff of the cudgel? How describe Guignol's inimitable way of holding his baby, wrapped in its swaddling clothes, head down, and then dancing with it, beating time with its head against the floor! How tell of his feeding it from the *casserole* and of its shrieks as he rams the food down with a great wooden spoon; and how finally, to quiet its cries, he thrusts its head into the stew-pan and covers it with a mattress, singing the while,

> Mama au lavoir.
> Manie la battoir;
> Papa au marchand de vin
> Va boire une bouteille de vin.

Shockingly bad poetry, no doubt, but plainly showing his depraved tastes.

And ah, the anguish of Madelon, when, returning from her washing, she finds her offspring head down in the *casserole*—the tearing of hair, the screams of rage and despair; the Gendarme's entrance, the excitement as the audience denounces Guignol; the latter's bravado and the grand "*charassement finale!*"

One day, after enjoying Guignol's bright sallies, I happened to linger after the crowd and thus saw the operator leave his show—a poor cripple, hump-backed, with legs and arms bent and crooked with rheumatism.

Was it not always so? Gonello, Thevenin, Triboulet, Rigoletto—were not all the kings' fools the maimed and misshapen of God's creatures?

A DELUSION OF GRANDEUR

By Eleanor Stuart

Illustrations by H. M. Walcott

FOLLY'S brightest opportunity is spring-time Paris. It becomes a kaleidoscope of gay changes in which the thermometer and the price of things climb hand in hand. Mild airs traverse sun-warmed streets and blue skies roof a shining town, flowers and shrubs in early leaf revive man's sentiment as wine his strength. And at races, routs, and restaurants, women bloom in careful arrangement, like bouquets in the flower shop. Spring-time Paris is the gala performance of nations.

I, Comte Hector du Belsoze, am ever ready to attend it. The price of admission is small, for having many cousins I am in a position to eat good dinners—for which I do not pay. In the spring of 1894, while dining with my aunt, Madame de Rastelle, I met my youngest cousin, Mademoiselle Lili d'Ambry. As my intimacy with her brother has been lifelong, I regarded her with interest for his sake; my second glance was for her own.

Her beauty owed its power to no fashion, and the soft hair which swept her brow would have lent charm to any arrange-

ment of coils and curls, of braid or pompadour. Her height, slimness, and the whiteness of her bright face made one think of a pale flower upon a tall stalk. I took her hand in mine, kissing it with affection.

"You are fresh from your convent?" I inquired.

"From Ste. Stephanie du Bois."

"I thank God you are close kin to me. I might have loved you were you not my little cousin."

"And then?" she asked, laughing, perhaps to show the excellence of her teeth.

"I should have won you, and picture my expenses!"

She laughed again and her manner was unaffected and easy. Her independence was almost American, and I could discover no trace of shyness, except with such ladies as patronized her with an occasional question about music or photography. Her beauty was too youthful for competition with theirs, and they consequently enjoyed it as much as I did. I felt sure that the little Lili would make a great match. Historic names breathed their magic in my ears, and great bank accounts literally figured in my imagination.

To my regret, she was gone when I had finished coffee: d'Ambry was gone also, and I could but hope for a chance meeting to continue my talk with her. I had no opportunity to ask Madame de Rastelle with whom she was living.

But my chance came next morning when I entered our club, the Cercle Egalité. Only those born noble may join it; hence, within its carven doors, one associates with equals. D'Ambry was smoking in the anteroom, and, as I joined him, he embraced me with an affection that has lasted through long years.

"Where are you this season?" I demanded. "Where is Mademoiselle? I wish to know more of so charming a relative."

"If you come with me now I can show you the way to her. She is with Madame de Rastelle."

We drove through the noon glare to her door, while d'Ambry told me his reasons —excellent reasons—for keeping his old rooms in the hôtel d'Autriche. He wished to keep late hours — being independent was his name for it.

The doors and windows of our aunt's weather-stained hotel were wide open, pansies drooped in their boxes, and the fringes of striped awnings were motionless. Summer had come.

She was departing in some state from the door, and d'Ambry helped her into the carriage, stopping to listen to the gossip without which she could neither greet a relative nor say farewell to friends. Raising my eyes from the *porte-cochère* to the balcony over it, I saw Lili stitching a gaudy Italian cloth. Her pretty hands showed white against its bright colors, but the smile on her face was brighter than they. It suggested passages in my own youth, of which I think much and say little. Discretion dictates silence, for one word might wake regret.

Presently a dark-haired foreigner leaned forward beyond the potted bay-tree that had screened him. I knew him for an American, because his mustache was neither waxed nor drooping. I was just defining to myself the difference between French and American mustaches when he leaned still farther forward to kiss my cousin's captivating hair. My first impulse was to call for help; my second, upon which I acted, was to see if our coachman had witnessed this balcony scene. It was God's mercy that his eyes were busy elsewhere, for there was a second kiss, ending when Lili's eyes met mine. Her shock was shown in pallor, but the stranger took his leave without another word with her. Had he glanced at the street he would have encountered me, imposing and implacable.

I promised secrecy in a gesture, replying to Lili's pained glances, and presently bowed to our aunt's departing carriage. I then led d'Ambry to the house-door which the stranger opened in exit. I wondered if his air would be the same if he knew what I had witnessed.

"Who is that person?" I demanded.

D'Ambry turned to watch him, waiting for his trap.

"I've not seen him before, some foreigner."

"Some American," I pronounced with conviction.

Lili trembled when I greeted her. She had left the balcony and now sewed diligently in the darkened room. Her music-

mistress knitted in a far corner, and d'Ambry set himself to write notes at a distant desk. I was practically alone with my little cousin—whose eyes were wet.

"A fine-looking man passed out as we entered," I said at once. "Do you know him well?"

"You know me very little—or you wouldn't ask such a question after what you saw."

"My dear cousin," I returned, quietly, "I saw nothing. Although shortsighted, my discretion never fails."

"You are an exception to all Paris, then," she exclaimed.

"The exception which proves the fool," I declared, under my breath.

We changed the topic, and my cousin's mind showed itself to be vigorous, original, and shrewd. I admired it as much as her appearance. As we drove back to the club I spoke to her brother with gravity.

"Lucien d'Ambry, we must marry dear Lili. Unless one does such things for one's sisters, they do them for themselves."

"God forbid!" he cried, piously.

"They are a great responsibility."

"They are a great expense," he replied, with bitterness.

II

I HAD promised to dine with d'Ambry that evening, but I wished myself free of the promise when the dinner-hour arrived. Desiring other guests, I found him alone in the garish lobby of his chosen hotel, smoking a cigarette and criticising the company. Many of the women were pretty, most of them had style, and the soft German of Vienna sounded in my ears like the burden of an old song. I would say—in parentheses—that it is pleasant to be young in Vienna.

"Hector, will you cocktail?" my cousin asked.

"Lucien, the stomach is more to middle age than the palate. I will not cocktail."

The band played a Chanson de Coon as we entered the restaurant, and I observed the beauty of my cousin's sleeve-links, which were pink pearls, and, he told me, souvenirs of piquet.

The place was vulgar to my eyes. What was not imitation American was mimic Austrian. Glasses stood upon the tables filled with iced water, and bread of Viennese shapes lay upon large napkins. A broad-shouldered man sat at the table next ours which was elaborately dressed with flowers.

Pointing toward him, Lucien whispered to me: "That person is of some importance."

His crown was bald, but the thick hair above his ears had been arranged to cover it artfully; and, although his hands were coarse, one could but observe the polish of his finger-nails with the assurance that his valet was a treasure. Changing his seat he faced us at the salad, and his fresh complexion suggested good nature, his eyes roving about the room with a certain magnificence. While I tried to define the peculiarity observable in them he rose and came toward us cordially, offering the well-tended hands.

"Your names escape me," he said, pleasantly, "but your faces recall much that is agreeable. I am glad to see you once more."

D'Ambry looked at him in silence, but I returned his compliment with grace.

"If I am not mistaken, your name is——?"

"Mr. Alexander Rives," he replied, immediately; supplying it—as I intended he should.

We rose as one man to our four feet, for Alexander Rives is a name of might. It is becoming to the face of any check, and is known in money markets from Surrey to Siberia. Although hardly believing that Mr. Rives had seen us before, we were glad to have him hail us as old acquaintances. My cousin said, "I am Lucien, Duc d'Ambry," somewhat shyly, and although to be Hector, Comte du Belsoze, seems a small thing at the heels of ducal rank, the bow I made outclassed any gesture my cousin has ever attempted. One cannot be everything.

Seated at our table, Mr. Rives offered us cigars of special excellence, and I felt surprised at his creditable conversation. He avoided our military scandals, and the inconvenience of French railway systems. I also remember his telling us that trained nurses, of whom one hears in America,

are taught to live without sleeping, also that shampooing is the modern substitute for scalping among Indians. This sounded interesting, but is untrue. I sometimes tell it myself, however—in the provinces. His experience of foreign courts was equal to his knowledge of foreign markets. Having sentimentalized with many imperial spinsters, he has courteously refused to do more.

"I shall choose whom I please," he declared, in excellent French. "I do not wish to buy a princess, but to win a wife."

Before we left the table he told us why Siberian Centrals had risen, and in response to an inquiry of mine, we learned that he kept 25,000 francs on hand in ready money.

"Most millionnaires would find this sum a narrow margin for personal expenses," he said, "but my tastes are simple, gentlemen, quite simple. But my heart is generous. What I cannot invest to real advantage I distribute among friends."

"You must have many," I said, laughing.

Upon consulting the hotel's register we found that Mr. Rives occupied suite No. 2, in l'Hôtel d'Autriche. They were the finest rooms in Paris. He travelled with a servant, as one could tell from his appearance.

I had turned to the book again to see from what place Mr. Rives had registered, when the gentleman standing beside me asked his name, for he still lingered, talking to d'Ambry. I gave it; and consulting the book, added, "of New York"—consulting my general knowledge of geography I again added, "North America."

"I must know his face from newspaper portraits. I fancied I had seen him professionally," this gentleman explained before he turned to go.

"To whom have I spoken?" I said to Madame at the desk.

"To Dr. Blancherette." Tapping her forehead, she indicated his specialty—the brain.

"He is searching over all Paris for one of his charges—I thought this Blancherette a little mad himself," I observed turning to d'Ambry, "his manner was eager."

Madame shrugged in adieu.

III

I HAD pushed aside my coffee next morning in the hope of more sleep when the bedroom door opened without warning. D'Ambry stood before me in evident excitement.

"Is your credit exhausted, or your hotel in ashes?" I inquired, swiftly.

"I know I am very early," he said in apology, "but I bring news."

He was dressed in a French translation of English riding clothes. I thought he looked a little apprehensive, which is not unusual before horse exercise, but he spoke collectedly.

The quickest way to learn another's errand is to refrain from asking it. I drank coffee in a silence which hastened d'Ambry's speech.

"Rives proposes for Lili this morning—by the first mail."

"He was odd not to speak of it last night."

"Not at all odd," Lucien returned, hotly, "he intended to examine the men of our family before entering it."

An ugly thought shadowed the future. "You are obliged to collect a dot?" I inquired.

"I am requested to omit that custom."

D'Ambry reddened, but I laughed.

"I was thinking of asking you to see Mr. Rives for me this morning," he said, after a pause, "I shoot pigeons at eleven."

"You aim at pigeons at eleven," I corrected.

"I saw Mr. Rives after you left me last evening—we played piquet."

"From his luck in love I infer loss at cards."

My cousin looked at me some moments before speaking. "Five thousand francs," he said, softly.

"And after that he proposed for Lili?"

"Before. This letter was sent before we met him."

"Tell me how to answer it," I demanded. "I can understand your desire not to do so in person."

"Say yes—but not quickly."

"But suppose our choice is not Lili's?" The balcony scene recurred to me.

"Our choice will be hers. His income is extraordinary."

"So is Lili."

D'Ambry left me abruptly, and I looked upon a gray sky and pavements fast becoming black in a light rain. Lili had said it was her custom to ride in the ring on wet mornings, and I hastened to find her there. Half equestrian Paris jolts its liver indoors in fine weather and all of it in foul, so that the ring was full and Lili hard to find. The man seen upon her balcony now smoked a cigarette near the stalls, and to my amusement d'Ally-Prenchard was with him. But yesterday he had pretended to intimate knowledge of Rives, describing him as dark and difficult, but agreeable. Prenchard is one of those who will pretend to intimacy with any man of moment. As he is also past-master of the long distance narrative, I could hope—with reason—to know whatever he did of *this* stranger. I approached them, but they gained the street-door and passed through it before I was within hailing distance. I returned to my search for Lili, finding her dismounted and in the stall of her sorrel—Louis d'Or.

A pungent odor of tanbark surrounded us, and the electric light shone white in the straw-covered alley. It occurred to me that artificial light would be the only one to shine in Lili's life henceforth, and as I carried her cold hand to my lips I also felt that I was the hard message life had sent to her soft heart. I was almost ashamed of offering her the world's greatest matrimonial opportunity. Love seemed —momentarily—of actual value.

Although her pale face was drawn in nervous tension, the eyes wet, and her breathing uneven, I was gratified to see her hair well arranged.

"Lili," I said, and as she turned to me I patted her and her mount with the same impersonal kindness.

"Cousin," I continued, "I am come to you with a great message. But before I give it to you I would like to talk for a moment. I have your permission?"

She gave it with a little nod—her eyes were swimming.

"In life," I said, kindly, "we find a cure for love. I am older than you by many lustres, but I tell you love's cure is a dose we cannot shirk, it comes disguised—in work and play. You could not love always, if you wanted to."

She turned to me with troubled eyes. "I have promised to try," she replied.

"So I supposed."

She flushed brightly. "Now that—that—kiss," she cried, boldly, "which you saw, was without my consent, Cousin. I would not have you think that I countenanced it."

"I saw you did not—it was upon the hair."

She flushed again; and, with a heavy heart, I spoke my errand.

"Alexander Rives, you know whom I mean—proposes for you, and Lucien consents."

I thought she would have fallen in the first shock, but presently she grasped my shoulders, kissing either cheek, and laughing with a heartiness that annoyed me.

"I am delighted," she cried, hysterically. "I have given alms to any beggar at all, in prayer that this might be. I have prayed over it, and who says the saints are heedless?"

"Lili," I declared, sternly, "this is hardly the way a French girl should hear such news."

"Thank God, I shall soon be an American."

She left me, singing as she went, and I disliked her cold heart with an intensity which showed my own virtue.

IV

My steps lagged when I first retraced them to the Cercle Egalité, but I mended my pace upon seeing d'Ally-Prenchard hastening before the threat of a heavy shower. The street was no place to talk in with the sky above it so dark, but I meant to be abreast of my friend at the club steps—and I was.

"What foreigner were you so busy with at the Riding Ring?" I said, holding out my hand.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Rives—the great Mr. Rives—there this morning."

"No—it was not Mr. Rives."

"Then it was his friend, Mr. Sumner, a charming person, and his secretary."

I doubted his charm, but gave my acquaintance an American drink for the information. I then set out for l'Hôtel d'Autriche.



Folly's brightest opportunity is spring-time Paris.—Page 348.

The many chairs in its palm court stood empty among bay-trees in green tubs. A boy, with last night's waltz tune upon his lips, polished the winking glasses with much vim. Restaurant messengers flew past me bearing orders for seltzer—sad postscript to an evening's pleasure. While considering the symbolic significance of seltzer I noticed Mr. Rives's entrance from the street. He carried many little parcels most unaffectedly, including a gardenia, possibly intended to adorn his visit to Mademoiselle. He bore it jauntily, between thumb and finger, protected from rain by oiled paper. I observed that the pupil of one of his eyes was large, the other remaining small, and I confess that I thought this an undesirable variety.

Collecting his letters at the desk, he turned down the corridor, where I was instantly beside him, hat in hand and heart in mouth.

He smiled brightly upon seeing me, and, as we inquired for one another's health, entered the first room of suite No. 2, bidding me follow. I saw poems of de Musset upon the night-stand. The reading of de Musset late at night is symptomatic, and I inferred from it that Mr. Rives was indeed a lover.

"Your quarters are palatial," I exclaimed in admiration, "and I am come to them in reply to a note you sent my cousin—M. le Duc d'Ambry."

A look of caution crossed his face. "I will credit you as the Duke's messenger," he explained, blandly, "when you tell me what the note contained."

"Your native caution commands a Frenchman's respect. In your note you offered marriage to our family in proposing for Mademoiselle Lili d'Ambry."

He looked at me speechless, with eyes that were not mates. I thought that he awaited his answer very coolly, but a suave majesty about the man made me feel somewhat undersized.

"We have honored your proposal with acceptance," I said, hurriedly, "and Mademoiselle d'Ambry sends you her sincerest greeting in her brother's name."

Stepping forward he threw an arm about me, whispering in my ear, "Coming to me now, this news pleases me im-

mensely. For this evening all Paris will know that my fortune is doubled. I am so rich that I suffer from financial distention; dear friend," he continued, with a solemn glance, "pray that you may never suffer from financial distention. The only possible relief is the lending of money to friends—without sufficient security. How ostentatious it would seem to some people to be as rich as I am!"

I believed that d'Ambry, or very possibly myself, might be a relief to him on a basis even more comprehensive than piquet. I bowed excellently, too thoughtful for speech.

"I feel," he resumed, "that I must make you a statement of affairs as they stand. I may as well begin by saying that I own all the railways in the world except two, one of which is not yet built, and the other is about to forfeit its charter. In houses, I own one-twenty-seventh of the city of Vienna. In mining interests, mineral claims, breweries, and grain elevators, I have double the revenue of the New York port customs. In rails and roadbeds I own ten times the earth's circumference." Dropping fatigued to a chair he rubbed his leg below the knee. "I am leg weary to think of these miles," he added.

The ensuing simplicity of this financial giant filled me with wonder. He poured his hair tonic upon a saucer, getting brushes and combs ready with a skilled quickness. His lack of embarrassment showed me I was already regarded as a brother. He brought his frock-coat from a drawer, his trousers from a shelf, and his cravat from a box of sandal-wood.

An hotel runner knocked at the door, and—being nearer it than Mr. Rives—I opened it, taking in a note addressed to him in Lili's handwriting. I gave it to him in mournful appreciation of the fact that its possible endearments were perjuries. The balcony scene yesterday gave the lie to what had passed in the Ring today.

To my surprise he did not open Lili's letter, but laid it with others on his desk. I at once rallied him, begging him to behave as if I were absent, and he presently took it with him to the next room.

He was away some moments and my eyes fell to the letters he had left behind. That on the top of the pile had "E. Max Blancherette, l'Écoles Unies des Sciences," upon its left-hand upper corner.

Mr. Rives rang his bell on returning, and I watched him seal Lili's letter up again, wetting the unused gum border high upon the envelope's flap.

"I have a friend living with me here, who believes in a conspiracy against me. He likes to open my letters before I read them," Rives explained. "So I let him think I wait for him to get the full force of the infernal machines those scoundrels send about; I had forty in one mail when I was a boy!"

I wanted to hear more of this, but a servant came for orders, to which I listened with eagerness. Mr. Rives demanded cakes, iced tea, white wine cup, and the frozen things that offset a warm welcome in warm weather. These things were bespoken for four o'clock, and I inferred a tea-party for Lili, with myself as fellow-guest. It was then drawing on toward two.

I felt justifiable impatience upon receiving no invitation, and, rising to go, asked Mr. Rives if he expected Madame de Rastelle and her niece.

"We do," he answered; "we expect them, and we expect Christmas; we also expect a little consideration in these matters, not leaving everything to me and the last moment."

"It is rather early in the day to complain, Monsieur," I said, sternly.

We heard a hurried footstep in the hall and the door again opened, admitting the leading gentleman of the balcony scene. His mode of entry was too authoritative, his manner was overbearing, and he whistled the air Lili had sung at parting from me in the morning. I considered his appearance that of the ideal parasite, for he was as well groomed as Rives, but being more elegant in person he outdid his patron in effect. I hated this Sumner.

"Has a parcel come for me?" he demanded, shortly.

"No, Monsieur," Rives answered, with a low bow, and I was glad he had the spirit to deride these airs of command with such mocking deference. Mr. Sumner continued arrogant, however, in spite of tactful rebuke.

"Who is this?" he cried, pointing at



The bow I made outclassed any gesture my cousin has ever attempted.—Page 350.

me as one would point to an article in the shop.

"It is Hector, Comte du Belsoze," I declared immediately, and with evident anger.

"I beg your pardon many times," he said, penitently. "I had no idea you were the person I so wished to meet. He"—pointing to our relative-elect—"is an eccentric, and frequently receives his own kind in my rooms." Mr. Sumner then held out a hand which I scarcely touched.

"Can this be American humor?" I thought, appalled at its insolence, while Mr. Rives busied himself adjusting the Venetians, without any show of resentment.

"I am expecting you all this afternoon," Sumner continued. "Your aunt and cousin have rearranged their day so as to come. I was about to write to you."

In an instant I understood why Rives had not invited me. He evidently left all invitations to his secretary. But I hated this fellow's assumption of authority, longing to tell him so. There was another knock at the door.

And again I opened it, this time to Caillou's messenger, who delivered a pink package into my hands, thrusting a book upon me also in which one signs for jewels received. I knew the package contained something for Lili, because it came from the great jewellers. It was addressed to Mr. Rives, to whom I very properly handed it. But Sumner snatched the box from him without apology, leaving him to sign the book; and my ideas of Mr. Rives as a man of force weakened as I watched him write.

"There is money in the left drawer of the secretary—25,000 francs," Sumner said, presently, while his patron, without demur, opened the *tiroir mineur*, took from it a key, and moved to the safe in the secretary. I felt envious of Sumner's influence over his master's millions, or, if Mr. Rives were paying for his own, I thought he might be allowed to untie the package. Looking to the open door I

saw d'Ambry standing behind the messenger; he was dressed in checks and his piqué waistcoat was embroidered in lilies-of-the-valley.

"May I come in?" he inquired in perfect English.

"Indeed you may," Mr. Rives answered, cordially, leaving the safe to greet my cousin. He stood smiling at him, his hands on his shoulders, his mismated eyes on a level with d'Ambry's. Sumner had found the money and stood paying it into the messenger's hand. We three watched him while he darted looks of anger at d'Ambry and Rives. I was amused at seeing him pay for the jewels that were Lili's betrothal present from another—and a better man.

"Bignon," he said, quietly, and Rives raised his eyes in answer, as if accustomed to the name. Sumner held the last note in his hand. "Bignon," he said again, "5,000 francs are missing."

D'Ambry's eyes met mine and we laughed. Evidently Rives was afraid to tell of all his deals—with the cards for instance.

"Did you count it carefully?" he asked.

The notes crackled in perfect quiet, but Mr. Sumner failed to find the missing thousands. He bent his eyes upon Rives, who glared upon him in return.

"You must explain this," Sumner said.

"Explanation is nine points of the bore." Rives whispered to d'Ambry, but in a moment his laughter changed to wrath; he flew at Sumner and raised him without effort, carrying him to the great bed. Seizing the night-stand, he threw it at d'Ambry. "There's table talk!" he cried, falling back in a second to Sumner, whose arms he pinioned.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I come to bury Cæsar, not to craze him, for my life has been a sequence of successes. I stepped from my mother's knee into the future—where I have remained ever since. This man has been my one enemy, he has stolen my money, my reputation, my eyeglasses, his grasping hand has tried to steal my home. I am Alexander Rives."

I burst into applause as at the play, the man's delivery was perfect, and even to my Gallic ear his French had the grand accent.

"This man's heart is black," he screamed, beating Sumner in the wind, "his heart is black and I cannot deny it."

Sumner made an effort to free himself, slipping forward on the bed and, pushing Rives to the floor, to fall on him, face downward. Caillou's messenger grabbed at the notes dropped from his hands, and I closed the door and locked it, lest he escape and alarm the house. I believed Mr. Rives capable of defending himself and was pleased he had the spirit to attempt it. I had often heard that the forbearing hit the hardest when roused.

"Hector," d'Ambry screamed, "who caused this?"

"You," I rejoined, "or, piquet. It seems this Sumner dictates what Mr. Rives may spend of his own money. I saw it myself. Let Rives punish him." Drawing forward a comfortable chair I sat upon it, enjoying the spectacle. Mr. Rives panted more than his adversary, which fact was offset by his punching more freely. One of Sumner's eyes had already seen better days.

But in a moment there was a turn in the tide of battle. Rives had begun to declaim again: "I am Rives," he cried, "Rives the rich, the prosperous, the plutocrat. I am godfather to cities, and kings' children are called after me, in the hope of birthday presents. I dine here in the restaurant, and everyone who sees me knows I am rich. I am fortunate; anyone would say that of me on sight."

Sumner's hands had slipped to Rives's throat and I thought he would have strangled him, but with incredible quickness I had loosed one of them, which dealt me a blow in the side. In trying to return it, I struck Rives sharply and the face of Sumner glowed with gratitude. Someone again knocked loudly on the door.

"It is Lili," Sumner gasped. "I feel sure it is Lili."

I cursed his familiarity, and d'Ambry asked, in a loud voice—which trembled—who wanted to come in.

"I—Sumner."

"Let him in," cried the Sumner on the floor. "Let him in at once."

D'Ambry unlocked the door through which Caillou's stunned messenger bolted. When I turned to the scene of strife, and a stranger, previously unseen by my con-



It was then that Lili found us.—Page 358.

sort or by me, entered with staring eyes and much scared pallor, I saw that Rives lay quiet and his antagonist had staggered to his feet.

"That last cuff of yours paralyzed him," he said to me faintly, before he greeted the new-comer.

"Alexander," he cried at him, "have they killed you? Blancherette is here for him. He's madder than folly. He used to be John the Baptist before he was you; and, when the summer comes, he takes a fancy to Eve and plays her part. He escaped in February and Blancherette saw him dining in the restaurant, all by chance. He has searched everywhere for him. He didn't do a thing to your face; it's perfectly awful."

Blancherette strolled into the room, looking at me quizzically.

"Did you say that was Rives last evening?" he demanded, pointing to the floor where our friend of the restaurant now lay resting.

"I said it to humor him," I replied, adroitly; "I had already the pleasure of seeing the real Mr. Rives upon my aunt's balcony with my cousin, Mademoiselle Lili d'Ambry." I bowed to him—erst Sumner.

Blancherette seemed disappointed. I continued.

"This fellow"—I waved a hand toward the man on the floor—"said he was Rives. I discredited it, because his eyes looked mad, one pupil was large, the other under-sized."

"Paresis," Blancherette interrupted. Science will go any length to arrive at a name.

"Besides," I resumed, "I had seen the real Rives at my aunt's, and this person spoke improbably of kings and made himself the hero of tales that would be a tight fit for d'Artagnan."

"Delusions of grandeur," Blancherette avowed.

The real Rives took my hand and held it. "But for this Frenchman," he said, in a voice that shook with feeling, "but for him, I should be worse off than that madman. Who was he, Blancherette?"

"Dyœme, the actor. He lost his identity in his many rôles. He could play more parts than any player in Paris."

"That accounts for his delivery," I exclaimed. "It was perfect."

"So was your blow. It was the neatest knockout I have seen," Rives answered, helping Blancherette tie the arms of Bignon-Dyœme-Rives. "I gave him cognac, for the bout had been severe."

Blancherette asked if his note had been received, and I gave it back to him unopened before his men secured our delusion, whose consciousness was returning. He departed on a stretcher, reciting an ode to Liberty in a voice that thrilled us.

D'Ambry was uneasy about the piquet money, but I advised him, in a passing whisper, to think no more of it and to speak even less.

The ensuing scene was pictorial and interesting. The surgeons arrived to repair Mr. Rives and apply necessaries to my own damaged face. They worked in the midst of reporters, whose strained ears caught my least utterance, and Mr. Sumner, a man of infinite charm, told them the story of my timely intervention. One by one they came forward to press the shapely hand whose skill had turned defeat to rejoicing. It was then that Lili found us, and I shall never forget the manner of her thanks, and I myself was full of gratitude.

"You are noble," she cried; "your virtue is excessive—you are indeed grand."

"Ah, Lili," I replied, "even the sane have their delusions of grandeur. I am just a man like other men."

"And, you know," Rives declared, "the whole thing was so clever. When you looked at me in that way I thought the blow was meant for me. I rolled over and that was your chance."

"Where did my blow seem to take him?" I inquired.

"In the diaphragm."

"I meant it to fall there," I returned, quietly, but d'Ambry's laughter threatened my dignity for a moment.

"You are fortunate," he whispered; "that was a lucky miscue, wasn't it?"

"My dear d'Ambry," I returned, "there never was a genius that some fool did not call a bungler. If you depreciate my skilled valor I retaliate with piquet."

The surgeons advised bed, and Mr. Rives put me up in his apartment. Madame de Rastelle and Lili made a great fuss over us, and a special issue of newspapers cried my excellence all over Paris within two hours. Rives was ill for three days, during which time I talked much with Lili, who had known him the entire season, as he had letters to our aunt. I sat in a *chaise longue*, eating, drinking, and talking to the ladies of my family; in the inner room d'Ambry gave lessons in piquet. My days were happy, and the news we got of Bignon-Rives was reassuring. Blancherette told us he believed himself a gladiator and was in strict training for combat. D'Ambry told Rives he was lucky to be rid of a maniac for so small a loss as 5,000 francs. Rives agreed with him.

Upon the first day of June Lili wore

the white dress of a bride for two ceremonies, civil and religious. I handed her to her brother's side in the de Rastelle equipage (Lucien feared to spot his gloves for the ceremony), and as I kissed her sweet face for the last time she handed me a packet. It contained a very wonderful watch with every modern convenience, except, perhaps, the chafing-dish. But what I truly loved about it was the inscription : "To Hector du Belsoze—more than friend—whose daring and resource made possible the union this watch commemorates."

"Dear Lili," I said, raising my hat although the wind blew. The thought of her admiring love touched me strongly. As I entered the carriage assigned to my transportation I repeated a happy truth, "Even the sane have their delusions of grandeur."

I thanked God for this, kneeling in the silence of the mouldy church. A strong scent of lilies breathed upon me, the organ rolled great tones through the aisles, candles burnt dim, and the mystic bell struck a heavenly note at the height of earthly promise. It was then that I bent my knees, thanking the God of France that I had appeared so well.



Upon the first day of June Lili wore the white dress of a bride



Typical Moro Huts on the Banks of the Rio Grande del Mindanao.

A MORO PRINCESS

By Harriet Arnold Febiger

WORD had been sent to us early in the morning that Dato Uto and his wife, known as the Princessa, would call upon us in state at about the hour of noon. Uto is one of the most powerful of the Moro Chiefs or Datos of the island of Mindanao, and is properly a Sultan, though he is called simply Dato. His is the very bluest of all the blue Moro blood in this great island. His slaves, in serving him, creep and crouch like dogs, and even the other and lesser Datos bow before him and murmur between their half-closed lips, "Dato, Dato." His title of Sultan of Mindanao, which he inherits from his father, has been handed down from father to son through many, many generations, and Dato Uto himself is now a very old man—how old he does not know. His acts of cruelty among his own people and his lawless depredations upon the other chiefs have made him, for years, the terror of this valley of the Rio Grande de Mindanao. There is another upstart, self-made Dato here named Piang, who is now more respected and feared. The sons of Uto are weak and the prestige of the House of Uto dies with him.

The visit of Dato Uto and his young wife to the Military Governor of Cottabato was attended with much ceremony. At mid-day we went to the bank of the river to watch the approach of the barge of state. As it first came into view, gliding slowly down and set, as it were, against the lovely dark green of the luxuriantly foliaged river-banks, we could only exclaim, "How beautiful!" The barge itself was gayly decorated with calico of all colors, made up into banners and frills, the latter extending to the tops of the masts and ruffling jabot-like. Most prominent of all was our own flag, for Uto calls it his flag now. As the boat approached we could see that the outriggers were canoes, one on either side of the boat, in each of which were twelve or fifteen Moro paddlers, strong men and able to paddle for hours without rest.

The Princessa's women came ashore



Dato Uto, Dato Balabaran and Attendants.

first, chanting over and over again a strange hymn in her praise. A thought of Cleopatra flashed into my mind. Two slaves lifted the Princessa in a chair from the barge to the landing-place, and thus, the centre of a group of her slaves and attendants, she was borne through the streets of the town to the residence of the Gobernador.

Uto, accompanied by the officers of the garrison and surrounded by his slaves and attendants, walked behind his wife. Slaves carried huge umbrellas, upon long, silver-covered staffs, over the heads of the Princessa and of the Dato. The umbrellas were covered with brocaded Chinese silk with heavy fringes around them, and were surmounted with elaborate designs in silver that looked like lyres. One of the attendants of Uto carried a circular shield of wood with a centre-piece and rim of wrought silver, and in the other hand a

spear richly ornamented with silver ; another carried a huge frog of silver in which were the never-failing betel-nut and tobacco. Another follower in high office bore the royal criss, the handle being of gold.

The Princessa is not, it is said, of the purest Moro descent. Her skin is pale brown, her features are delicate, and her eyes are set in Chinese fashion. Her black hair was brushed very smoothly from her forehead and was just tied in a great knot at the back of her head, and was always half tumbling down. No pins were used in arranging it.

Her women numbered about fifty, and were of all ages and dressed in every variety of *malong*. There were several children also in the party. Close about her were several young women wearing colored silk handkerchiefs over one shoulder as a sort of badge. They carried nothing in their hands, and were the wives of low degree of Uto. Other young girls bore silver trays on which were most beautifully wrought boxes of silver. Each tray was crowded with the boxes, and they made one think of the Arabian Nights in their sumptuousness. Some of the girls held vases of silver of lovely designs.

Upon their arrival at the house of the Gobernador the chanting, which had continued while the procession moved through the town, ceased, and we were overcome by the sudden silence—and indeed we felt that we were in the presence of a great person. The crowd of followers and onlookers parted, and the slaves bore the chair upon which the Princessa was seated into the hall and up the staircase into the sala, where a sort of seat of honor had been arranged for her on a settee. Though she is quite unaccustomed to a seat of any elevation, yet we felt it was only proper to offer her our best, according to our customs. Her people, however, gathered closely about her and seated themselves on mats.

A slave laid a beautiful criss at her feet. A young girl, a relative of the Princessa, who had immediately preceded the chair in the procession, stood quite close to her, bearing in her hands a silver tray, on which stood, very coquettishly and with toes pointing outward, a pair of red slippers



Sea-going Vinta used by Mindanao Moros.



Scene in Uto's Market.

with high heels of the variety known as *mules*. We were told that they had belonged to her grandmother. They were overlaid with gold, which was cut out in arabesque designs to show the red lining. The upturned toes bore little peaks of gold upon them. When the Princessa seated herself the tray with the slippers was laid at her feet. They might be called the slippers of state, and were merely emblems. She was wearing a tiny pair of black and gold ones. Her simple costume can be more easily described than that of most women. First there was a tight-fitting jacket of transparent pina cloth, opening in the front to the waist. There was no garment worn under this. The sleeves were really as tight as they could be and wrinkled very stylishly at the wrists. She wore one other garment —a *sarong*, or, as it is called in Moro, a *malong*. This was of purple silk embroidered delicately in gold. The *sarong* is worn throughout the Orient by both men and women, and is simply a very full skirt, but without gathering or band.

The men of Ceylon and the Filipino women of Mindanao wear it in the same fashion — thrown over the head and dropped to the waist like a skirt, then the fulness gathered into the hand in front and twisted into a knot, which is turned back into the belt to secure it. This garment or skirt is called by the Filipino women *patadion*, but by the Ceylon men *sarong*. This same *sarong* is worn by the Moro men and women of the Sulu Archipelago and of Mindanao, but in a variety of ways. The stuff is always native handwoven cotton. I should call it a gayly plaided gingham. Sometimes the *sarong* is worn resting on one shoulder and falling down to the ground, unless caught up on one arm; again it almost entirely envelops the figure. The Princessa wore her *malong* just under her arms, and both hands were occupied in keeping it from falling off altogether.



Drawn by Henry McCarter from photograph.

Dato Uto, the Princessa and Attendants.

Dato Uto seated himself in a comfortable chair, his slaves standing about him. The attendant bearing the silver frog was conveniently at hand. He wore trousers of yellow satin embroidered "all over in spots," and a Chinese blouse of black satin embroidered in the same wonderful fashion. On his head was a silk turban of many colors. Through the interpreters polite expressions of greeting and many compliments were exchanged.

The Princessa turned to an attendant and opened one of the silver repoussé boxes on a tray. All of these lovely boxes were desecrated by the horrid habit of betel-nut chewing. One box was filled with fresh green leaves from what tree I do not know. Taking out a leaf, the Princessa smeared it with lime, using for the purpose a slender copper rod beaten a little flat at one end. Then, with a sharp, curiously shaped blade, she cut a piece from a betel nut, which has somewhat the appearance of a nutmeg. Placing this in the leaf, together with a piece of tobacco taken from another box, she now placed the delicious packet in her mouth as we should a bonbon. Her teeth are perfectly black, as are the teeth of all Moro women after marriage. It is said that they sacrifice the charm of their beauty by blackening their teeth in order to show their devotion to their husbands.

We were asked through the interpreters if we would like to see the dancing-girls. Two little girls of eight or ten years of age then took their places on a mat before us. Their *malongs* were fastened around their waists, leaving their hands free. There were silver bangles on their little wrists and ankles. On two fingers of each hand were silver sheaths covering and protecting their long nails. On their heads were elaborate head-dresses of nodding tinsel and artificial flowers. Two women seated themselves on a mat near them, one beating with her hand a brass tray, the other a sort of native drum. It was strange and interesting, and set one to dreaming.

These people called the American flag their flag. They are ignorant of all save what immediately surrounds them. In thought we were carried back to another age.

The little bare feet kept beating time as the girls danced around and around. Their shy looks and downcast eyes seemed to ask for sympathy. The arms and hands and the bodies themselves moved with unfaltering rhythm. The dancing over, we smiled our approval, but the little faces remained impassive and expressed no response.

We played on the piano, which seemed to delight them. One of the younger women, probably a musician according to Moro standards, was persuaded by the others to try and play on this strange musical instrument. After much hesitating, she gathered up her *malong* and seated herself on the bench, but drew her heels up on it also in true Oriental fashion! She very soon, cleverly enough, began beating out Moro music, striking a key with the whole length of the forefinger of one hand, and then striking a key with the forefinger of the other.

Trays of bonbons were then passed. They were taken very gravely, only the children tasting them. I noticed that many of the women tied the pieces up in their *malongs*, just as one often sees people tie coins up in the corner of their handkerchiefs.

Dato Uto and the Princessa then took their leave, expressing the hope that we would soon go up the river and visit them in their home. The procession formed as before, the chanting commenced, the great umbrellas were raised, and slowly and almost solemnly our new friends passed from our view.

Some time after, in going up the river to return the visit of Dato Uto and the Princessa, we took the precaution of having two vintas lashed together, otherwise we would scarcely have dared to move a hand or even laugh for fear of upsetting, as the Moro boats used on the Rio Grande del Mindanao are just huge tree-trunks hollowed out, and without outriggers. Natives clothed in tightest of jackets and shortest of breeches, with gay turbans on their heads, paddle strong and steadily, and when meeting another vinta give a succession of quick raps on the edge of the boat as a sort of salute. The head paddler now and again gives a whoop to force his men, who have become lazy, into a quicker pace. For a few minutes our vintas rush through the water and we

are covered with spray. Then the paddlers fall back into the same slow, measured strokes as before.

The trip up the river was enchanting, and like a dream come true. Blue mountains in the distance and close at hand palm-trees, and at intervals clumps of bamboo, like gigantic plumes, bending and tossing in the breeze. Sky-blue swallows by hundreds fly close to the water, rise high into the air, and dart in and out of their nests in the clay banks of the river, the water being low now.

We made our landing at Uto's market, as it is market-day and crowded with natives, intending to walk on to Uto's house, which is very near. The natives had brought their produce for sale to the market in vintas, and there is very little change in the variety from year's end to year's end. You will always see straw sacks of native weave containing *pilai* or unhusked rice, sweet potatoes, bananas of many kinds, and long stalks of sugar-cane. Then there is the never-failing betel-nut and tobacco, with neat little bundles of a fresh green leaf which they chew with the betel-nut. There are also home-made rice-cakes fried in cocoanut-oil, which look tempting but are detestable. Live chickens and dried fish are in abundance.

A short walk brought us to Uto's house, which was in every way like all the other nipa-covered huts along the river. It was set on piles, and it was with much difficulty that we mounted the broad bamboo ladder, which was without a hand-rail. Here was one large apartment, in the centre of which was a thick mattress forming a bed which was piled with pillows. On this the Princessa was seated, but left it for a moment to come forward and greet us. Uto seated himself in a chair, old and richly carved, which had doubtless belonged in other days to some Spanish family.

His wife, while seated in Turkish fashion upon her couch, offered us cigarettes, which she smoked almost constantly. She was dressed in a tight jacket and a *sarong* of richest Chinese brocade. Her feet have the delicate look of an infant's. They scarcely ever bear her weight. With the exception of her visit to the river close by for her daily bath, her life is spent on that couch. She has been up the river, as Uto has a house there where they formerly spent a part of their time, but she has never been to the mouth of the river, which is only five miles distant, and so has never seen the sea.

Chests lined the sides of the room, and several of these were opened to show us the native garments woven by her slaves. Some of the *sarongs* were entirely of silk, lovely in coloring and design, and others were of one color and embroidered. We know, too, that one chest contained a quantity of gold, for the old Dato had one day asked one of our friends to come over and count it for him. A chest of gold! Does not that recall the nursery tales of our childhood? On the wall we saw the shield with the silver rim that Uto takes out on occasions of ceremony. Brass vessels of all sizes and shapes, some of them very old and of beautiful workmanship, are ranged about the sides of the room, and are a part of the wealth of these people, a man sometimes giving a hundred of these to the father of his bride-elect. Perhaps it was because we over-admired them that when we left one was presented to each of the women of our party!

A slave brought in a brass tray on which were many little dishes containing small portions of native cookery. This was passed to us, and we made a selection from bananas fried in cocoanut-oil, cocoanut dried in sugar, rice-cakes made into fanciful shapes and sugared, dried pumpkin. There were also little English biscuits that I recognized as having come from a tin, though the Mohammedans themselves do not eat food that has been prepared by Christians. For myself, I was very glad to take one.

The Princessa said very little, but maintained her position with wonderful ease and dignity. Dato Uto talked a little in Spanish, but only to say that he was growing very old and that he was very ill. He showed much attention to one of his children, a small boy of not more than five or six years, who smoked a long cigar as he stood by his father's chair.

The Princessa then ordered her slaves to beat on the brass, gong-like instruments so universally in use with all the natives of the Pacific islands. The music is monotonous, but the Moros never tire of it, and one can hear that constant beating

almost all through the night in a Moro village. There is a number of these gongs, of different sizes and tones, in a set—six or seven, I think—and they rest on a sort of bamboo support, like a ladder, placed horizontally, at a convenient height for the hands of the performer as she stands before it. We were glad when the music ceased and the little dancing girls came out, though we at once felt sorry for them, as we were told that they were not sufficiently fed, and then only on special things that were thought to make their bones and muscles supple.

Uto's day of power and authority has already passed, and his actual days themselves are numbered, but the Princessa will probably live to see great and wonderful changes in the valley of the Rio Grande de Mindanao.

To us she complained that some of her slaves had run away. We shrugged our shoulders, but in our hearts rejoiced. The time has not yet come for us to force radical changes upon these people, but they are learning much, and the rising generation is absorbing new ideas through every pore.

One of Uto's sons, a man of past twenty, asked if he might attend the school in Cottabato. He came attended by a small slave, who carried his brass betel-nut box upon his shoulder. He made some progress in the First Reader, but gained much knowledge of civilization by mingling with the people of the town. He saw ice, he observed the telephone in use—even spoke in Moro through it, and was answered in Moro by a Dato far up the river where there was a sub-military station.

We left the Princessa and Uto with the usual expressions of farewell and our minds full of new and strange impressions.

EXPERIENCE

By Frank Dempster Sherman

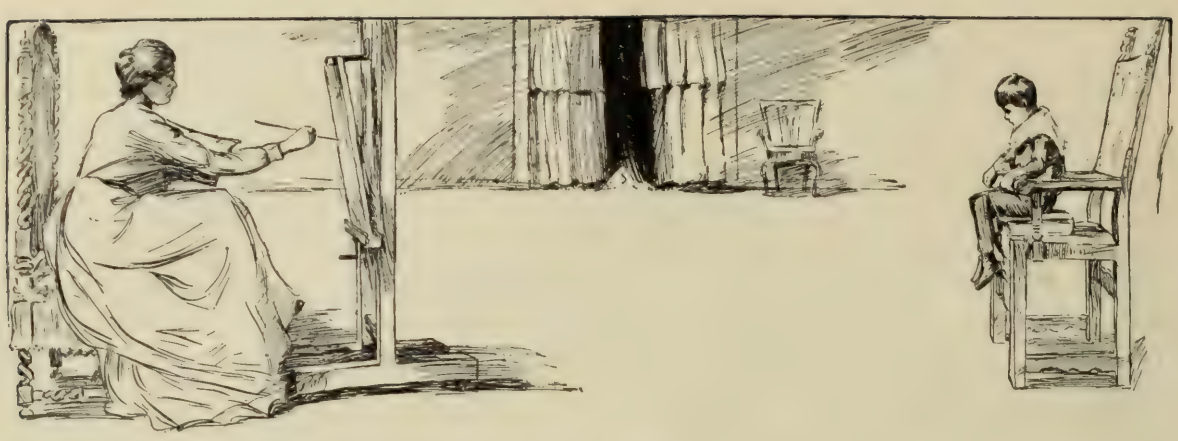
Legislative Library

When I set free my Golden-wing,
  Straight to the open fields he flew,
But never once I heard him sing
  The songs which in his cage he knew.

I followed him and left behind
  The narrow room where came to me
The dreams which I was wont to bind
  In sheaves of song and melody.

Alas! the happy dreams no more
  Would turn to music on my lute:
Gone was the joy I knew before,
  And liberty had made me mute.

So now my Golden-wing and I
  Come gladly back to cage and den
To hear the dreams go singing by
  And find life full of song again.



A REFORMED TRAVELLER

By Sydney Preston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

I SHALL never get married—never! I don't mind telling anyone else why, but I wouldn't like Uncle Jim to know, for it's because he's been what people call improved by marriage. I don't know that it was exactly a mistake for him to want to marry Aunt Millie in the first place, but there's been a mistake somewhere, and it seems to me it was in Aunt Millie's trying to make him different. I don't think he's really changed inside, and I don't believe he's improved, for that wouldn't be possible, but he's been cultivated just a little, by Aunt Millie, and I think she might have left him as Nature made him. It's like father and Billy's ears. Father said it would look absurd to have a fox-terrier with long ears, and after he clipped them I couldn't deny that Billy looked spruced up and more like other dogs, but he lost his puppy ways and got an anxious look, as if he must be sure not to do it again, and I wished he had been left alone. Then it was an experience, and experiences leave a mark on your soul, and if dogs haven't souls, Uncle Jim has.

Perhaps if it hadn't been for Aunt Millie's artistic tastes she wouldn't have tried to improve Uncle Jim, for, as mother says, she is a worshipper of the beautiful, and she likes to have everything about her as lovely as possible. When she paints anything her picture is always prettier than the real thing, and she can make even a turnip look good enough to eat. She has a wonderful knack of making you picturesque when she does what she calls a study of you, and when she did me in a velveteen coat and a lace collar everyone said it was exquisite and a perfect likeness—that is, everyone but me—I didn't like to. Of course, I didn't mind being dressed up to look like that, but it would have been a different thing if she had tried to make me over into that kind of a boy. Yet it was something quite as serious that happened to Uncle Jim, when Aunt Millie gave up painting pictures and devoted herself to him.

The married Uncle Jim seemed as happy as before, but in a different way. He laughed as often, I think, when he and Aunt Millie came to visit us at the end of their wedding-trip, but not so loudly, except once in a while when he would burst into a real loud laugh and then break off short with a sort of cough, as much as to say that he begged to apologize for being so boisterous, but really it was quite accidental, and he would see that it didn't happen again. Then he didn't tell so many funny stories, and when he did tell one, he looked frequently at Aunt Millie in a kind of anxious way and avoided the use of language that wasn't elegant, and I missed all the odd expressions that made his conversation so entertaining when he came back from his travels.

I didn't like him any the less, of course, than when he appeared so suddenly at Orchard Farm the year before, but he was certainly more interesting then. There



It was the first time I had been allowed to go away from home alone.—Page 370.

were no creases in his trousers, his beard straggled, his boots were patched and dusty, and he was smudged like an engine-driver—no wonder, after travelling all the way from New Mexico on freight trains!—but it didn't matter a bit how he looked, he was so jolly. He had been away for years, it seemed—that's why I didn't know I had an Uncle Jim—collecting evidence to support his bill compelling railway companies to provide cushions and screens on their buffers for poor people who couldn't afford to travel in the ordinary way. I was delighted to hear he had collected all the evidence he wanted and that he was going to settle down in

the next county as a farmer, which he would have done years before, mother said, if Grandfather Hayter hadn't been so determined to make a lawyer of him. It was during that visit we got to be such friends, and I felt in a short time as if I had been his nephew all his life; it was then, too, we had the long talks together, when I told him about Miss Darlington painting my picture, and how lovely she was, and he remembered they went to school together when he was a boy and just what she looked like then, and asked ever so many questions about her. That was the very beginning of their getting to know each other again, and Uncle Jim said afterward that if it hadn't been for me perhaps they mightn't have met for ever so long, and that I had something to do with Miss Darlington becoming Aunt Millie.



I shouted "Great—Scot!" and flung the hammer on the ground and stamped on it.—Page 373.

That must be why they wanted me to visit them almost as soon as they got into their house. I wanted awfully to go, but at first mother said it was out of the question; that Uncle Jim couldn't really want a small boy around when he was busy getting settled and fixing up the place, but I knew better; when he wrote that he needed my help and advice, he meant it, for he always means what he says. Besides, as it turned out, they needed me more than they knew, and if I hadn't gone poor Uncle Jim might have lost more happiness by being improved than he gained by being married, and Aunt Millie mightn't have realized what a mistake she was making in trying to cultivate him.

It isn't any use to ask your father when your mother stands firm, for he always says she knows best, but when she gives in and says she'll speak to your father, it's all settled. That's what happened when Uncle Jim's and Aunt Millie's second letter came. Mother smiled when she read it and said she supposed she'd have to let me go if they were so bent upon having me, so she went right to work to get my clothes ready. When father came in she spoke to him: she said Jim and Millie had written again to ask us to let Paul go for a little visit, and what did he think about it? Father said surely they didn't want to be bothered with him when their honeymoon was scarcely over, and mother replied, very well, it would be just as he said, and looked unusually meek; then father added hastily, no, no—she knew best; but she said she always deferred to his judgment, and perhaps, after all, Paul would be in the way. Then father said they ought to know best about that themselves, and if they didn't want him they wouldn't have written twice, and presently mother permitted herself to be overruled.

It was the first time I had been allowed to go away from home alone, and mother said with tears in her eyes that she couldn't have let me go anywhere else than to Uncle Jim's, but it was only for a week, and she hoped I would be a credit to her, and be sure not to ask too many questions or get in the way, and remember that I was a child, and children were expected



I remembered how Uncle Jim said she looked like a doll when she was a little girl.—Page 373.

to go off and play by themselves instead of hanging around grown people all the time.

Well, I made up my mind to follow her directions pretty closely, but Uncle Jim and Aunt Millie didn't seem to want me to go off and play by myself. They were both on the station platform to meet me, and I took off my cap and held out my hand and said, "How do you do, Aunt Millie?"

Always before that, when Miss Darlington visited us at Orchard Farm, she had been very nice to me, but not too affectionate; this time, though, instead of shaking hands and asking me how I did, she

swooped down on me with wide-open arms, and hugged me ever so hard, and kissed me over and over again. Positively, I was ashamed, especially with Uncle Jim standing there, and as soon as I recovered my presence of mind, I wriggled a little and said, in a deep voice, "That's —all—right!" —the way Uncle Jim did when he came home from his travels and mother hugged him. She let me go then, and I got a chance to pull down my coat and straighten my collar, while she and Uncle Jim looked at each other in such an odd way; they were smiling about their mouths, but their eyes were shiny. I don't know why, for they were certainly glad to see me, but afterward when I got a chance to ask Uncle Jim, he said it was a way grown people had of trying to save time—you could save ever so much by doing all your crying at odd moments when you laughed. That's one of the awfully nice things about Uncle Jim; he invites your confidence, and you want to ask him things; then he never says, "Tut!" or "Never mind!" or "Run away and play!" and you can ask him ever so many questions about the same thing and find out why every time.



"Leave go that door," he shouted.—Page 374.

I know it isn't polite to ask too many personal questions, unless the person wants you to, but Uncle Jim always did; and then I am careful to avoid putting anyone in an embarrassing position, for mother has taught me that true delicacy consists in changing the subject when you see it is distasteful to the other person, though sometimes she forgets that herself when I am the other person. But then it isn't fair to criticise your elders, for you can't understand all the worries and responsibilities they have; all the same, you can't help noticing things.

But there isn't really any need of asking a great many questions about one thing, for you can change the subject and then put this and that and two and two together all by yourself. I noticed, for instance, that Aunt Millie didn't enjoy Uncle Jim's travels as a subject of conversation, for at tea the day I arrived I happened to ask if he was going to write a book about them like other great travellers, and he laughed very hard, but stopped short when he glanced at Aunt Millie, and looked as if he had swallowed a plumstone by mistake and hoped the consequences would not be fatal. After that I didn't talk to him about his travels except when we were alone.

It seems that after you're married you

must, above everything, think before you speak. It isn't that you're exactly afraid of doing wrong, but you truly wish to please your wife. That's why Uncle Jim has almost given up using expressions, and I found it out without his knowing, of course. I was with him nearly all the time of my visit, except when I was asleep, and he forgot only twice. There were other times, though, when he nearly forgot; for example, the day I helped him to make chicken coops, when the hammer slipped off a nail and struck his thumb. He grabbed the thumb with his other hand and squeezed hard and shut his eyes and said between his teeth, "G-r-r-r—"

I knew what he wanted to say, and there wasn't a moment to lose if it was going to do him any good, so I shouted, "Great—Scot!" and flung the hammer on the ground and stamped on it. Uncle Jim's thumb felt better right away, for he began to laugh and said it was a sell on him, but he had to sit for ever so long with his thumb in a dipper of hot water, and we didn't get any more coops made that day. I sat beside him and we talked. He was quite solemn for a while, and he said he was very much obliged to me, but—then he cleared his throat and swallowed—he had heard that—that was a vulgar phrase and it would be well for me not to get into the habit of using it. Then he drew a very long breath with a groan at the end of it, as if his axe had got stuck in a tough knot of wood, and he looked so embarrassed that I hastened to change the subject. I said it was a fine day.

The next day was Sunday. Aunt Millie seemed sorrowful about not being able to go to church, especially on my account, as it was to be a children's service, but Uncle Jim's hand was too sore to drive the horses, so he said we'd make up by taking a quiet walk down to the river to commune with nature. I tried not to look too pleased, for I didn't want to tell Aunt Millie that I hate children's services and love to go for walks and think quiet thoughts on Sundays. Grown people's services are not so objectionable, for although the minister's voice is loud and long, he seems in earnest and quite sensible, and everyone isn't looking at you to see if you're attentive and pleased. But when he keeps on smiling and rubbing his hands together and leaning forward so far as he asks silly questions, like "What kind of a fish swallowed Jonah?" and telling you not to be afraid to speak up, he makes you think of the way the school-teacher speaks to you when the superintendent comes in to see him teach: and you don't like church or the minister or yourself, though the grown people say, how delightful, and what a gift he has for interesting children!

Well, that's why I was glad we couldn't go to church, and though Aunt Millie didn't look enthusiastic about the walk, she said I might go if I had a little Bible lesson first. I didn't mind that if it was going to please her, for she is so kind and so much in earnest, and while she read about John the Baptist so beautifully, I looked at her and thought what pretty waves she had in her hair, and what lovely soft gray eyes and curvy red lips, and I remembered how Uncle Jim said she looked like a doll when she was a little girl and wore a fluffy white dress and a big big blue sash and two long yellow braids of hair down her back, but all the time I knew that Uncle Jim was waiting to take me for a walk, and I began to wonder if we would see any fish, and at last when Aunt Millie finished the chapter and closed the Bible I was ready to run off.

I don't think I ever had such a nice Sunday walk. Uncle Jim was in such good spirits and told me lots of interesting things about the Indian village, which has neither Indians nor villages. It is only a great flat on the bank of the river where hundreds of years ago the Indians used to camp when they came down from the north, and Uncle Jim said that people still picked up flint arrow-heads and other relics when they were ploughing. I wanted awfully to find a flint arrow-head, and we looked very hard without seeing one, but when we were sitting beside the river I began to dig my heel into the ground and it struck something hard, which turned out to be a three-pronged spear. I thought it was an Indian relic, and danced for joy, but Uncle Jim said he was afraid it was only a modern fish-spear. He cleaned the rust off with a flat stone and sharp-

ened the prongs with the file on his pocket-knife, and I was almost as much pleased as if it had belonged to an Indian. He described how fish were speared, and when I wished it had a handle he looked very thoughtful; then he said he guessed he might as well trim off that piece of hickory while we were resting. So he made a beautiful handle about ten feet long, and though it struck me that he wasn't getting much chance to commune with nature, he seemed so interested in fixing the spear that I didn't say anything to distract his attention.

Among all the true sayings that I've heard, I don't think anything is truer than that one thing leads to another. The spear was lying on the ground and we were peering over the bank into the water, when a big sucker sailed slowly toward us and began poking his snout among the pebbles in the shallows. At the same instant Uncle Jim and I both reached backward for the spear, then our eyes met and we both remembered the same thing at the same time, and we got a little red and dived into our pockets for handkerchiefs. Uncle Jim always trumpets loudly; and when the fish heard him it darted away.

I think we were both relieved when it was out of reach. Uncle Jim said in a very subdued tone that it was quite time to go home, and we started at once without looking into the river again. Afterward it seemed providential that we hadn't delayed a moment. We were both very thoughtful at first, for we felt how dreadful it would have been to go back and tell Aunt Millie that we had tried to spear a fish on Sunday, but after a while it seemed to me we had behaved nobly, and I asked Uncle Jim whether he thought you should resist temptation or flee from it. He laughed and said perhaps it was a good plan to resist it first and flee afterward.

When we got within sight of the house I was so eager to show Aunt Millie my spear that I raced ahead and got there before Uncle Jim had reached the gate. I ran around to the kitchen, for I knew Aunt Millie would be getting dinner, and just as I got to the corner of the house I saw a sight that made me jump. A great hulking tramp with a red bundle in one hand was standing at the door with his back to me; in the other hand he had a big stick that was poked in between the door and the frame to keep it from being quite closed, and I heard Aunt Millie call out from inside in a faint, frightened tone, "Go away—go—away!"

"Leave go that door," he shouted, prying on the stick, "or I'll——"

He didn't finish, for at that moment the prongs of the spear went through his trousers.

I think if I hadn't known that Uncle Jim was coming, I would have dropped the spear and run, so many things led to one another all at once. The stick and bundle fell to the flags, the door banged shut, and the tramp uttered the most blood-curdling roar while he clutched himself with both hands and tried to turn around, but I pushed a little harder and he flattened himself against the door and looked as if he was going to climb up the side of the house, then at last he got his head around far enough to see me and broke into the most awful language.

It is alarming to be given the choice of dropping that or being basted alive, and I couldn't help trembling a good deal, but I managed to jab harder and say he was a darn coward and let him try it, for I knew Uncle Jim was close at hand. The next moment there was a rush, and I saw Uncle Jim reach out and jerk the tramp backward and stand over him with his hands clenched; then the kitchen-door opened, and there stood Aunt Millie, her face pale and her hand pressed to her side. Uncle Jim's eyes seemed to flash fire when he saw her, then he raised his fist and said something between his teeth, and the tramp, who had grabbed his bundle and stick, would have gone over again if Aunt Millie hadn't called out, "Jim—*don't!*" The tramp half raised his stick with a sort of snarl, but he caught sight of me lowering my spear behind Uncle Jim, then he turned and ran for the gate.

Now in books I have been led to understand that the heroine, when rescued by the hero from the villain, falls into his arms and faints or utters sobs of gratitude as she snuggles closer, and I certainly expected something of the kind to happen; indeed, I was prepared to go up to the

barn for a while, so that Uncle Jim would not feel more mortified by my presence. But Aunt Millie sank into a kitchen-chair, and when Uncle Jim tried to put his arms around her she shuddered and pushed him away with one hand, and then covered her face and burst into tears. Uncle Jim stood still for a moment, then he put out his hand and said, in a most pleading tone, "Millie?"

"Don't touch me," cried Aunt Millie, shrinking back, "go away!"

"*Millie?*" repeated Uncle Jim, in a strange, choking voice.

"You looked wicked," cried Aunt Millie, looking up at him with her face all wet and twisted, "you—you *swore!*—go away."

Perhaps if Uncle Jim and I had had more experience we would have known that Aunt Millie spoke that way because her nerves were unstrung, and what she really wanted was to be taken into his arms and comforted and told he was sorry and wouldn't do it again; and if Aunt Millie had known what a fright she was making of herself she wouldn't have carried on that way and said what she didn't mean. But by the time we all knew what we didn't know then, it was too late.

Uncle Jim turned without another word and walked out of the kitchen. I followed, but he motioned me back, with his brows all knotted up, and went on to the barn. Then I went into the kitchen, for it suddenly struck me that it would be a good chance to let Aunt Millie know what a mistake she was making in trying to improve Uncle Jim. I was indignant about that; besides, I thought she might have thanked me for spearing the tramp. But the thought of poor Uncle Jim's despairing look and the sight of Aunt Millie weeping as if her heart was broken almost made me cry too. Presently Aunt Millie sopped her eyes and looked up; her nose was dreadfully red.

"Paul," said she, with a sob, reaching out to take me in her arms.

I backed out of reach. I had no wish to be hugged and cried over in place of Uncle Jim. "Don't touch me," I said, as politely as I could—"keep away."

Aunt Millie forgot to cry; she stared at me, and then exclaimed, "*Paul!*"

"I'm wicked—*I* swore," I said, dodging her again. "I called him a darn coward—I'm as bad as Uncle Jim."

Aunt Millie had got out of the chair to catch me, but she sat down again suddenly, looking bewildered; then she began to laugh and stared at me harder, and wiped away more tears, and presently she let her arms hang down on each side of the chair, and I heard her say—it's one of the real things that sounds untrue, especially about Aunt Millie, though she said it under her breath—I heard her say, "I'll—be—*jiggered!*"

Well, when I heard her say that I knew she must have learned it from Uncle Jim, and when I began to tell her what I thought of the way she had been treating him she seemed to understand how necessary it was to express your feelings when anything unusual happened, and that it was better to have Uncle Jim like himself than to have him spruced up in his language and manners and get an anxious look like Billy. And I wound up by reminding her that she had once said that Nature was the one true artist.

She listened with great interest, then she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Paul!—where is your Uncle Jim?"

"Gone," I said, solemnly.

"*Gone!*" she exclaimed wildly, starting up.

"To the barn," I explained.

Then she told me to run up quickly and tell him that she wanted him right away, and I ran as fast as my legs could go. When I opened the little door, there was Uncle Jim sitting on a bushel measure with his face all drawn and a straw between his teeth, looking like a picture of a jailed pirate.

"Uncle Jim!" I shouted, popping my head inside. "Aunt Millie wants——"

At that moment Uncle Jim stood up and something dashed past me like a runaway horse, and into his arms; then I saw it was Aunt Millie, and that she was hugging and kissing him ever so hard. I turned and ran back to the house as fast as I could, though Uncle Jim was bearing up like a man.

After a while they both came back looking happy but foolish, and Uncle Jim was laughing while he helped Aunt Millie to corner me. She caught me in her arms

and kissed me and asked if I knew what I was, and I said, "What?"

Then Uncle Jim and Aunt Millie both replied together, as if they had practised it: "Our—mascot."



"What's a mascot?" I asked.

"It's different things," said Aunt Millie, giving me another hug. "It's a—a *darling!*" Then she cried a little more, and laughed through her tears, while Uncle Jim trumpeted.

They didn't like to tell me what it was, and at first when I found out I was very much surprised, but I know Aunt Millie meant well, for she wrote to mother that I had taught her to see certain things in a true perspective, and I hope that means that Uncle Jim isn't going to be cultivated any more.

There's one thing certain—it's better than being called a lammie, or a little angel. I found out what it was when I got home. The Sixty-fifth Regiment has one. It's a *goat!*



THE NEW VINE

By Mildred Howells

BENEATH the trees, within a wood,
Once sprouted an abnormal thing:
A vine of independent mood
That quite refused to cling.

It rioted along the ground,
With green plumes flaunting in the air,
And when rebuked by all around
It did not seem to care.

"You should select," each sheltering tree
Advised in vain that shameless vine,
"Some worthy trunk your prop to be;
For vines were made to twine.

"In summer it might do to trail,
But when comes winter with its snow
This independence won't avail.
Your end, alas, we know."

But still the vine pursued its way
In spite of warnings, wind, and weather,
And still the critics day by day
Bewailed its wickedness together.

Years passed: full low the trees were laid
By winter storms. In green array
The vine still journeys undismayed,
For ground-pine grows that way.

THE POINT OF VIEW

"I AM going to ask you," writes a stranger to a deaf man, "to help me learn how to go on living notwithstanding I am deaf. How do you do it? Is it that somehow you have learned to take the thing merely as an inconvenience and not as a curse? Surely if there is any secret about it, you won't mind telling me!"

Surely not, surely not; but there is no secret. Deafness incontestably is a bad job and has its trials, especially for beginners. There is no denying or getting around the inconveniences of it, but still it ought not to be rated as a curse. It is only a curse to persons who knock under to it. To be deaf is to be partly dead, and to be even partly dead is a very grave inconvenience to folks whose errand is still to be run in this world and among the living. But one should by all means make inconveniences keep bounds and order. Govern them, restrict them, constrain them to docility and reasonable dimensions. Get service out of them even if that is possible. Don't let them sit in the saddle and hold the reins. A man may not go creditably through life asking odds of creation. The attitude of one who does that is the attitude for a deaf man to avoid. It should be his lookout that the inevitable inconveniences of his infirmity should fall as much as possible on himself and as little as possible on others. That is not heroism, nor even pride; it is sound policy. His affair if he is to go about in the world is to be as little of a kill-joy and as much of an acquisition as possible, to keep himself so balanced and so restricted, to show such aplomb and such consideration that his presence will cause no fairly well-mannered person discomfort or embarrassment. His part in the play may prove somewhat deficient in spoken lines and somewhat over-supplied with silent waiting, but there are fair possibilities of satisfaction in it provided it is acted out for all it is worth.

Deafness.

After all, the saddest thing that can happen to a man is to carry no burden. To be bent under too great a load is bad, to be crushed by it is lamentable, but even in that there are possibilities that are glorious. But to carry no load at all—there is nothing in that. No one seems to arrive at any goal really worth reaching in this world who does come to it heavy laden. The trouble with deafness is not so much that it is burdensome as that it seems such an unprofitable load. The weight that is strapped to the jockey's saddle is there for no more useful purpose than to make the race harder for the horse. That is pretty much how it is with deafness. It makes the race that much harder for the man. But sport is still sport. The race is still a race. Our handicaps are not of our own choosing. It is for us to go on with them and to see that they don't slacken our speed or shorten our distance any whit more than they must.

It is not wholly a deaf person's disadvantage that many forms of amusement have slight attractions for him. Provided he can get the amount of recreation that is necessary for his health, it does not greatly matter where he finds it. Any kind of game or sport that takes him into society and keeps him in sight of his fellows and even to a limited degree in touch with them is better than amusements that are solitary. If he plays solitaire let him play it in company, in sight at least of other human creatures. There is a constant force that drives him to seclusion, but to be a recluse is unwholesome. Seclusion tends to warp the spirit. A deaf man's policy is to keep his spirit as straight and supple as he can, and not to let bodily infirmity twist it out of shape. With one sense impaired he has four left, and there is a lot left in life to a man who has four senses in good order and perhaps partial use of the fifth. There is the smell faculty. Besides being useful and protective it is at times considerably cheering. The smell of the country in the spring, the smell of the land after a summer shower, the smell of the woods in the fall, gratefully excite and inspire the spirit. The smell of flowers and of salt water are very good. All the good natural smells help the deaf man to keep himself in conceit with Earth, though they don't make up to him for the loss of the sounds of nature, the singing of birds, the wind in the trees, the wash of the waves on the seashore. Smell is least among the senses, but

it is an asset worth considering when one's proper total of assets is impaired.

Sight means almost the difference between helplessness and power. It means reading, work, the capacity to make one's living and to feed one's mind. One would say it meant everything were there not cases where life has been made profitable without either hearing or sight. It is the mind and not any sense or senses that is everything.

As for taste, it means that even a deaf man may take pleasure in his meals, and that is important, for meals are of such constant and frequent recurrence that it must be a serious misfortune not to find some pleasure in mere food. The sense of feeling is of course a good asset, though deaf people don't develop it in the degree that some blind people do. And there is sleep. Deaf people who are lucky enough not to have noises in their heads have an advantage as sleepers, and commonly profit by it, and a good sleeper has a third of all his time profitably disposed of.

Now the advantage of deafness, in so far as a detrimental thing can have an advantage, is that it favors concentration. The mind keeps going all the time, and provided it is directed by a strong will and supported by a sound body there may be a certain profit in that freedom from interruption which it gains by working in a silent world. They say that Mr. Thomas Edison, the inventor, is pretty deaf and minds it very little. If that is true it must be because his mind is constantly working to some definite purpose. Presumably it is never left to prey upon itself. It never rides. It is always driven and driven pretty hard. Of course it is an exceptional mind. But still the great problem for any deaf man is to govern what mind he has, and keep it as busy as possible in the most profitable employment it is fit for. If he can tire it out every day to fairly good purpose it won't tire him out by idle and harassing reflections. Work is the great palliation of his infirmity, and his work has got to be of a rather exceptional sort, for deafness shuts him off from very many of the ordinary occupations. Persons whose deafness comes to them so early in life as to determine their choice of work have a great advantage over those who follow a calling in which hearing is essential. That was one trouble with Beethoven. He had risked all he had in music. When his deafness came it brought inaction and despair.

But for most persons perpetual work in waking hours doesn't do, and the deaf man who tries it is apt to come to grief. His nerves wear out, he grows sad and irritable, his powers of mind sag, and he tends to become a grief to himself and bad company for even the kindest of his fellows. He must have some little fun every day and some human society if he is to get on as well as he ought. Lucky indeed for him if he has folks about him, folks who take trouble for him, supplement him, eat with him, talk with him, who share indeed the weight of his infirmity, from whom he does ask odds, but gives service back and gratitude, and trusts finally to love to make all odds even. Some human company is almost indispensable, but not too much, for a considerable measure of solitude is restful to a deaf man and good for him. Reading must be his greatest recreation; that takes him out of his environment and out of himself and gives him new thoughts, but he also needs, even more than hearing people, the solace of domestic life. Babies are good company for him, for they rarely say anything that is essential to hear. Games are good for him—golf, billiards, cards, any game that is distracting and recreative, and keeps him in touch, however imperfectly, with human beings. He will do well, *she* will do especially well, to take due interest in personal appearance. Hearing people take a vast interest in clothes. Deaf people may deck themselves out with even more propriety, for, inasmuch as their social performance is bound to be defective, it behooves them to make their social appearance as attractive as they may.

The ingenuity of man has contrived a variety of instruments by the use of which deaf people may hear better. There are hearing horns, great and small, fan-shaped things by which an attentive mind can gather sounds through the teeth; tubes through which persons not deaf to an egregious excess may get the conversation of a single person with certainty and ease. They are all unsightly, inconvenient, and objectionable, but any of them that really helps hearing is far better than unmitigated deafness. Hearing persons, as a rule, don't like to talk loud. Many of them can't talk loud—their voices don't carry. Moreover, loud talking is a nuisance in company, rasps throats and nerves, and curries most of the bloom off the conversational peach. It pays a deaf person

who is deaf enough, to use any hearing instrument that will help him. The fact that he has it and hangs it out is itself very useful, because it advertises his infirmity. If one is deaf it is far better to be known to be deaf, for a recognized defect in hearing excites much less prejudice than a suspected defect in sense. There is a sufficient number of people who can talk into tubes so as to be heard and without embarrassment, and can say good things. These persons are the salt of the deaf man's earth, so much so that he is in danger of cultivating their society with too much zeal. He runs to intimacies. That is a natural result of his condition. Affection makes an atmosphere that is restful and healing. Everyone profits by such an atmosphere, but deaf people especially, because they are more subject to irritation than the common run of people who hear better. A lot of things tend to make them cross. What we hear, provided we hear normally, constantly qualifies the conclusions that we base on the testimony of our eyes alone. To see disputes and not know the rights of them, and to have to sit passive without taking a hand, is irritating; to get angry and use bad words which are based on misapprehension and are not justified is mortifying; to see the pool troubled and not be able to get in is trying to the philosophy. But philosophy should be the deaf man's strong point. He should be absolutely good-humored—as no deaf man ever is—and absolutely patient and resolute in refusing to be irritated by anything he can't help. Finding himself defective in all these important requirements he must still aspire and endeavor daily toward a better command of them.

He ought to be pious-minded. There is nothing in deafness that can hinder him from knowing just as much about his Maker as anyone else does, or from profiting as fully as anyone else by his knowledge. There are people—a good many of them—from whose minds the thought of God, the sense of His presence, His power, His will, is seldom absent. There is solace, strength, and companionship in that condition. I would not have a deaf man sit down under the conclusion that it is God's will that he should be deaf, for I doubt if it is; but he may assure himself that his deafness accords somehow with God's justice, and that it is God's will that being deaf he should make the best of it and should still be sane and sweet and stout-hearted. There are lots of bunkers in the big links of life. Deafness is only one of them and is far from being the worst. It is for theologians to settle who put them there, and we may guess if we like that it was the Adversary. But we all agree—theologians and every one—that, being in a bunker, one's duty is to work out.

A deaf man who really wants to be good has it in his favor that there are a number of sinful or inexpedient things that he cannot do to advantage. Politics is full of dangerous solicitations, but he can hardly be a leader in politics, so he is quit of most of the risks of it. He cannot play poker to good advantage, though he can buy stocks; he cannot flirt, unless, indeed, he is a resolute adventurer and learns to read the lips; he is so badly handicapped in general society that there is little chance that his head will be turned by social success or his energies wasted in a chase after it. He has even a greater incentive to be temperate than most men have, for carousals are dull sport to a deaf man. To be sure peculation and avarice are open to him, and perhaps avarice is as good a sin as he can take up with if he must cultivate any, for a decent share of riches may help his case a good deal and it is interesting to hoard and make heirs respectful. But it is unwise of him to be much of a sinner, because he is so much exposed to his own society and will be so much inconvenienced by having to associate with an unworthy person whom he cannot respect. He had better be good. He may be virtuous and still not happy—whatever the copy-books declare—but certainly, being deaf, he has a great deal better chance to be happy by sticking close to virtue than by trying to be successfully wicked.

The Force of Metaphor.

I HEARD the question brought up, the other day: "Why is it that a description of a painting, couched in terms of music, or of a musical composition, couched in visual terms, is so much more vivid and forceful than a description expressed in terms of the particular art with which it has specially to do?" Why, for instance, do such expressions as "an orchestra of colors," or "a flower-bed of tones," appeal so awakeningly to the imagination?

As there was no discussion, and consequently no answer found, I have had to think the matter out for myself.

Of the truth of the statement there can hardly be a doubt. The only question is: Why is it true? Evidently the expressions quoted above come under the general head of metaphor; but why should a metaphor be so keenly expressive, so superior in pointedness to a bare statement of fact? A first answer might be that metaphors put things in a picturesque way, present quasi-sensible images to our mind's eye; and this, according to Schopenhauer, is the essence of poetry. The downright Schopenhauer, though considerably lacking the specialized sense for any particular fine art, possessed a general artistic sensitiveness that was singularly acute, and accompanied by a rare clarity of insight into the *modus operandi* of what may be called artistic ways and means. He saw clearly that the point of art's shaft was, where possible, a direct appeal to the physical senses, a nervous shock; and, where this was impossible, the "sensualizing" (*Versinnlichung*) of an idea or concert. In poetry, which is the art of verbal expression carried to its highest pitch of acuteness, this sensualizing of an idea is no more nor less than what we commonly call picturesqueness. Schopenhauer gives several examples of poetic picturesqueness, together with their prosaic antithesis. One is the phrase, "Truth dwells at the bottom of a well, and most people try to keep her there." Here is an expression which has a certain picturesqueness; but how much more vivid an image it presents to the mind's eye when put thus: "Truth dwells at the bottom of a well, and there is always someone ready to rap her over the knuckles when she tries to climb out."

The picturesqueness, the sensualizing power of metaphor is indubitable; yet I do not think this the whole explanation of its peculiar forcefulness. For note how metaphors gradually lose, not their picturesqueness, which is inalienable and indestructible, but their force, by becoming trite and worn-out. It seems as if a metaphor must have a certain freshness to be poetically effectual. See how Shakspere, when bewrayed into using a well-known simile, the common property of poetasters, takes pains to furbish it up and give it an element of novelty by carrying out the image farther than his predecessors had done before him. A fine example of this is Troilus's account of Cressida's hand, which begins with the tritest commonplace: "Her hand, in whose comparison all whites are ink." Save for the beauty of diction, this might have been said by anybody—from Homer to Tupper. But Shakspere could not let the trite thing stand so; that shabby old simile of "ink" suggested to him something to complete the image, not only carrying it to the most vivid point of picturesqueness, but, so to speak, renewing its youth. Accordingly he wrote: "Her hand, in whose comparison all whites are ink, *writing their own reproach!*" Now the triteness is gone, the metaphor has regained all its pungency.

To my mind, this property metaphors have of wearing out with hard usage is significant: it hints that mere picturesqueness is not enough, but that there must also be a certain freshness, to make the imagery tell. Looking into the matter carefully, we can hardly fail to see that, although the sensualization of an idea is in itself intrinsically poetic, it falls short of its aim where there is nothing to call attention to it. In other words, it is not enough to paint a picture—you must somehow get people to look at it. Your image must be not only apposite, but startling; it must compel the attention.

Something of this startling quality all fine metaphors distinctly have; the very essence of metaphor—the expression of one idea in terms of another—is itself attention-catching; it gives the mind a shock. And this shock is to be recognized as the exact counterpart of the purely sensual shock the visual and auditory arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, music—give to the nerves of sight or hearing; it is the correlative of that sensual appeal which is the point of art's arrow. The poetic image can give us no such nervous shock, for what we call its picturesqueness is only at second hand, merely recalling, but not actually renewing, some real appeal to the senses in our past experience, or else suggesting to our imagination some such possible appeal. So, as the mental picture can give us no sensual shock, our physical senses lying beyond its reach, it has to apply the stimulus where it can—that is, to our mind itself. And this stimulating, concussive quality of a metaphor, arousing the attention to the mental image it presents, endures until the time when long habituation has so blunted our perception as to render it immune to its attack. Then the metaphor, though it has lost no whit of its original picturesqueness, becomes stale and foisonless.

THE FIELD OF ART



Fig. 1.

AMERICAN POTTERY—SECOND PAPER

FOUR months ago in these columns* there was discussion of the American potteries made by Robertson, of Dedham; Miss McLaughlin, of Cincinnati; The Low Tile Company, of Chelsea; Artus van Briggle, of Colorado Springs; The Grueby Faïence Company, of Boston. Now in noticing first the Merrimac Pottery, of Newburyport, Mass., it must be noted that grave and subdued color is combined in them with very simple forms. The photograph cannot do justice to such wares, because there is an interest in the actual piece of potting apart from its form taken by itself. In Fig. 1 the large pot with six handles is ten and a half inches high, and is of a dull yellow, streaked and spotted, especially near the lips, with a rather bright red. The small piece with two handles is entirely rough, the heat of the furnace having been insufficient to vitrify the glaze. In the pitcher the glaze has parted, giving a very agreeable unexpectedness to what would otherwise be a smooth gray jug. Obviously such ware is more valuable for what it promises than for what it is; but even at its present stage of development there is room for very refined curvature in the form.

Fig. 2 is a row of plain jars by Charles Volkmar, of Corona, L. I., but soon to remove his plant to New Jersey. This pottery is attractive because of its thoroughness in a technical way: the pieces are thin and light, and seem hard; they are well glazed, and then, the forms are subtile and delicate, and have been considered with great care. The central piece in Fig. 2 is about twelve inches high, the bottle a little higher. Nearly all these pieces are of uniform color throughout, but many are streaked and speckled and there are very many different hues employed, ranging from dark slate gray through subdued blues and violets to vivid yellow and creamy white. A very few pieces have been shown which are elaborately decorated in color—or at least in painting in a sort of monochrome. Thus in Fig. 3, the large vase, fourteen inches high, has been painted with foreground landscape in iron-brown, and then glazed over with bluish-green in such a way as to modify very agreeably the somewhat harsh original color. The smaller vase, with a suggestion of tree form and rippled water, all in relief, is in darker green and has the disk of the moon and the moonlight on the waves in white or the palest yellowish white.

In considering this large vase with the landscape painting on its opposite faces one is led to recall the dicta of thirty years ago,

* See the Field of Art, November, 1902.



Fig. 2.

when those of us who were trying hard to re-create decorative art (which needed re-creating) found the conditions to be nearly these —Conventional scroll and spot designs, such as were easy to the Oriental artist, were not to be had from the Western workman; conventionalized leafage, either in the Persian or in the Sino-Japanese taste was outside of the scope alike of the Western artist and Western workman of training; the applying to the piece all similar decorative elements, even if copied accurately, was also out of the reach of the decorators employed upon (for instance) ceramic ware. The conclusion drawn by some very competent thinkers on the subject, artists of practised skill who had tried for months together what they and their immediate subordinates could do in the painting of vases and dishes was then, as follows: that the only chance for the Western man was to paint pictures on his ware. Pictures? Yes, but not necessarily such pictures as are given on oblongs of canvas or drawing-paper. The cast shadow may be excluded, even as indeed it is excluded from Illumination, from Mosaic, from very much of the best Mural Painting, and from the designing of ornamental windows: as an almost necessary consequence, the scene will be rendered with but little difference in planes, nearly flat, never more than fifty yards or so of depth; if a landscape with much less; with a positive screen behind the figures, if it is a figure composition. Within these limits anything is possible, and indeed paintings on Faïence were produced about 1872 in which much of domestic and patriotic sentiment was conveyed: and it was not thought a bad experience to have to work your sentiment into this comparatively flat and altogether decorative design.



Fig. 3.

Fig. 4 represents ware made by the pupils of the Sophie Newcomb Memorial College, of Tulane University, New Orleans. A serious attempt is made in the art department of this college to teach the adaptation of natural forms to decorative purpose. The herbage and flowers of the neighborhood are utilized; thus the tall jar, twelve and a half inches high, is adorned with the as yet unopened shoots of the horsetail, *Equisetum*. The characteristic look of the larger pieces is peculiar and not pleasing to all persons, as the surface is streaked and spotted with pale gray in a way that suggests inadequate technical treatment, the patterns being very dark blue, or in the light gray relieved on dark blue; the darker color itself being applied in the same streaky way seen partly in the middle vase—that very well formed "ginger-jar" seen in Fig. 4. The smaller pieces are sometimes in solid color and very effective; or, as in one of the pieces shown in Fig. 4, decorated with a second and partial glazing:

with "splash glaze," as the awkward nomenclature has it.

The Brush Guild, of New York, is understood to be a kind of development from the classes conducted by George DeForest Brush, an artist of power and celebrity. The pieces of ceramic art classed as belonging to this guild, which have come up for notice, are the work of Mrs. and Miss Perkins, of New York. They are all in black ware with a certain look of being suggested by the black Etruscan pottery which the museums show us, that of which a single vase or jar is called *bucchero nero*, even in English—even in French, the language which admits few foreign technical names. Two or three very skilfully modelled figurines in this ware, pieces of purely artistic purpose, have also been shown. The pieces shown in Fig. 5 are not large, the highest being nine and a half inches, measured vertically, but there are much larger ones offered for sale.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

The Rookwood Pottery Company, which has been in active operation for more than twenty years and has made decorative wares on a very large scale, exceeding in this respect all other establishments on the Western continent, has shown also this unusual spirit of continuity—that it has maintained almost unchanged its original system of decorative design. Other experiments have been tried. Pieces have been shown, and sold, in New York which were valuable for their graceful form and for the curious dark and brilliant glaze, which might be called lustrous but that the term "lustre" has a separate and special meaning in ceramics, and which was called "tiger-eye," with a not remote allusion to the semi-precious stone bearing that name. Again, there are a few pieces in which, while a flower or sprig of flowers is indicated, it is not drawn sharply or colored distinctly—made into a portrait-like rendering of the plant form. There was also at one time a tendency to paint human heads, and rather grotesque ones in certain cases, upon the rounded bodies of the Rookwood vases: but this might be looked upon as a natural development from the adopted motive of decoration. This motive was the free use of natural plant forms, closely studied from nature in form and in characteristics of growth: while the natural color was disregarded wholly and replaced by such hues as might seem best to adorn the piece. When first attention was called to the Rookwood ware, it had in every instance a very brilliant glaze: and collectors of ceramics said to one another that they did not care to extend their purchases in this direction because of that insufferable gloss and shine. This was, however, much more noticeable in the darker pieces; if one were wise, fifteen years ago, he would select the palest pieces that were then to be had, and would not have been much worried by the vitreous look of the surface. Table ware was made in these lighter colors: one remembers Rookwood dinner-sets in which the plates, of unusual outline, and the bowls and dishes of exquisite form, were of different grays, warm browns and buffs, passing into one another in an irregular fashion. The flowers painted on such



Fig. 6.

pieces were generally white, or nearly so. On the darker wares, however, various warm shades of brownish character with yellow and dull orange were freely used.



Fig. 7.

Figs. 6, 7 and 8 are Rookwood vases of a later period, dating from about 1899; and Fig. 9 shows three jars of a still more recent season. If one visits the emporium in New York one sees a much greater variety of hues and tints than was in use even five years ago; the colors passing from a very cool buff to a deep warm brown in general effect and, by way of exception, pieces that can only be called green or blue, though it is not implied that color-effects, in the strict sense of the word, are reached in any of these: the blue, if it be really a blue, is not a vigorous color appealing to the eye of one who loves chromatic effects in ceramic ware: it is merely another version of the same discourse in neutral tints, which is what the Rookwood designers have to say to us.



Fig. 8.

R. S.



Fig. 9.



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

STOOPING OVER THEIR SHOVELS AND TUGGING AT THEIR SLICES IN THE ATTITUDE OF MARBLE DISC-THROWERS.

—"Below the Water-Line," page 390.

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BELOW THE WATER-LINE

By Benjamin Brooks

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

"'AVE ye got no cap? Come and I'll lend yer mine. Need one? Indeed yer will. Aye, yer right; indoor work it is—with 'ot water and grease drippin' on yer young 'ead—the most indoorest work ye ever did in yer life, I reckon."

This from the gruff, perspiring "greaser" whom I had wisely taken into my confidence as chief adviser and protector before signing the "articles" which made me a member of that black and oily company that "make the ship to go." And he was right; it *was* the indoorest work I had ever done.

My experiences in steamship engine-rooms began in the inmost depths of the steamship Commonwealth, Dominion Line, 12,000 tons, plying between Boston and Liverpool and the Mediterranean; and, since she chanced to be neither the fastest nor the slowest, neither the largest nor the smallest ship afloat, but simply a very large and powerful representative of a comfortable, normal class of vessels, I could not do better than to at least begin with the impressions and experiences gained from this my first ship in order to acquaint the luxurious passenger with the toil and the striving that ordinarily go on far beneath him as he steams indolently across the seas.

The years which one must previously spend in machine-shops and marine-engine designing offices had passed; many steamship engines and their innumerable parts had lain before me on paper and grown up beside me in the shops; yet, now that I found myself actually standing in the engine-room of this great ship between two tall, galleried pyramids of machinery, no longer inanimate metal but tremulously alive with the hot breath roaring through them, the assurance which I ought to have had gave way to almost total bewilderment. Wriggling about on all sides and under the slippery steel floor on which I stood, and far up toward the square of daylight which sifted dimly down to us, squirmed a tangle of copper pipes with scores of valves which, it seemed to me, a man could never learn the ins and outs of in three lifetimes. Everywhere pumps were clacking, steam was hissing, electric machines were whirring, all contributing something to a general noise like the roar of a busy city. There were full thirty pumps and engines, all laboring, within thirty feet of me; for here was the beginning and the end of all the mysteries throughout the ship, from the search-light at her foremast head to the steering engines over her rudder. A series of narrow, steep ladders, all equally slippery, guarded by steel hand-rails, all equally hot, led to gallery after gallery; and wherever one stood or whichever way he faced, some machine immediately behind threatened him with ominous noises and unforseen motions.

The ship was about to depart. Nobody ever went "backing down on the Long Trail," with his friends upon the pier flut-

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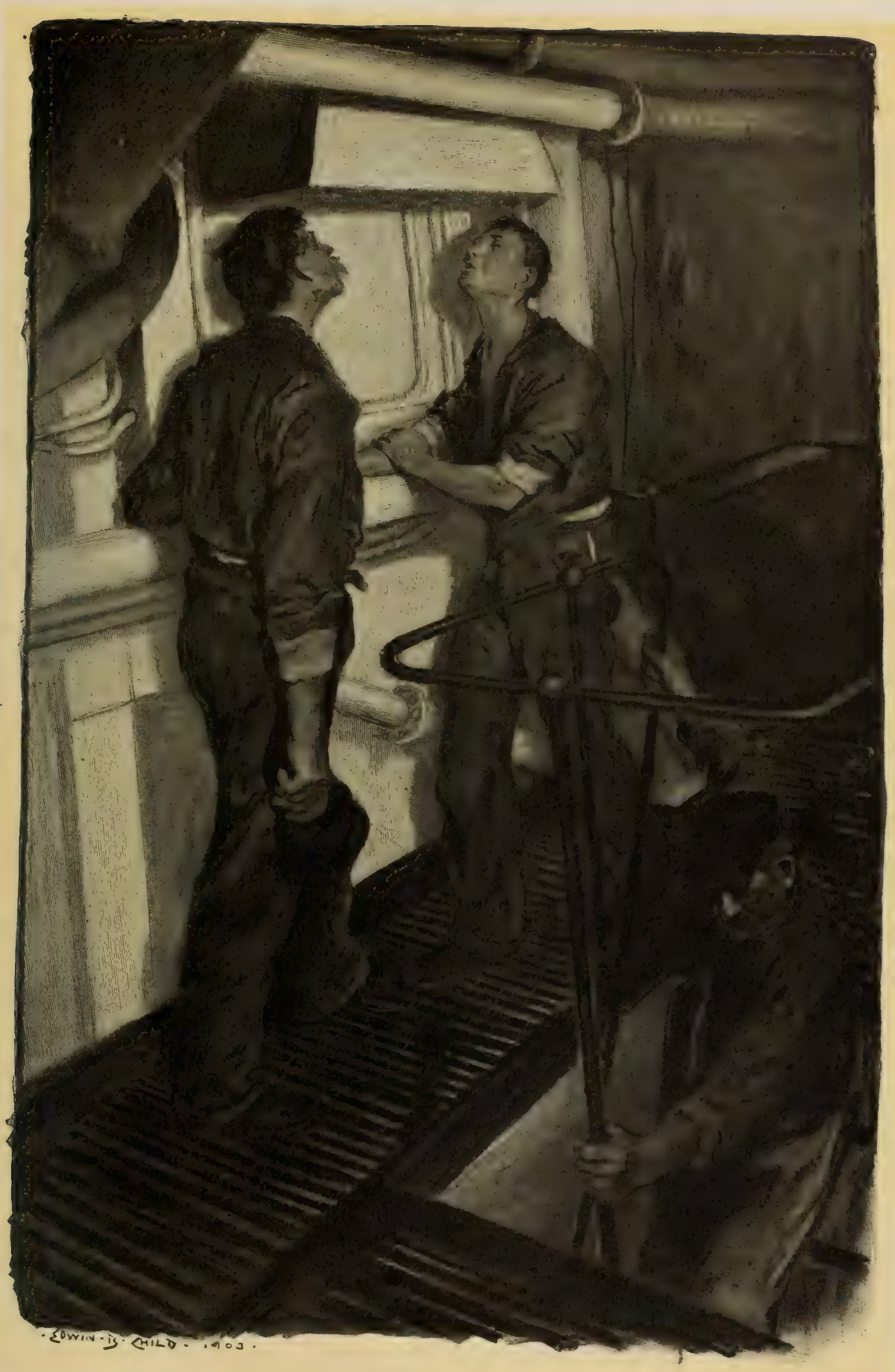
tering their white handkerchiefs after him, without a queer wistful feeling in his heart and a backward look as the hills faded away; but a far stranger, more cheerless thing is to go, as it were, blindfolded—to feel instinctively one's native land slipping away behind him with never a sign of farewell, and only know when it is gone down over the horizon by the first rolling of the ship. However, my first setting to sea below the water-line was far too eventful to be dismal. I have discovered, in fact, that the engine-room is always the most surprisingly eventful quarter of the ship, though what transpires there is, fortunately for the "timorous beasties," not always related in detail in the saloon.



A Chief Engineer.

While the trunks and passengers were still coming aboard, and everything was apparent confusion from one end of the ship to the other, the great propeller engines had already begun to move, swinging their tons of weight with ease and precision through their cycles, now slowly forward, now as solemnly back, limbering up their joints for the long run on which they were to start. The greasers, with their dripping cans of oil, were passing swiftly and cat-like along the narrow galleries, running their fingers deftly over every part and joint of the engines as a groom might go over each muscle of a horse before his race. The assistant engineers were standing expectantly at the starting-levers watching the two white dials whose revolving pointers should give the signals, or hurrying to and fro opening and closing valves in the inextricable system of pipes. The chief, covered to his ears in overalls, strode nervously about, and was everywhere at once with his pipe clinched hard in his teeth and a comet-tail of blue smoke behind him. Through the little door forward, in the stoke-hold, the dingy crew leaning on their shovels and the red fire-glints shining out into the sooty darkness from behind closed dampers, hinted at the blazing fury and the activity which would begin there any moment now.

At last the "telegraph" bell jangled, the dial hands pointed to "slow astern" first for one engine, then both; the engineers threw the levers, the little reversing engines hummed viciously a few seconds to throw the ponderous valve-gear into position, the steam entered with a suppressed cough and the rhythmic rise and fall of the great cranks began. Then followed orders by the dozen—a perfect confusion of bell clangings. Now we were backing into the stream; now we were stopped to let somebody by; now trying to turn, one engine laboring against the other. Occasionally the dull roar of the whistle, sounding miles above us, told of passing vessels. A few minutes more, now, and we would



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Proceeded to a ventilator . . . and took some long breaths.—Page 396.

be fairly started. But just about then, at the height of what seemed dire confusion to me, I became aware of a strong and choking odor of ammonia. It came from the refrigerator engines immediately aft of us. It grew worse—much worse ; and we coughed and swore. Then we looked apprehensively at each other, as if we began to realize the fix we were in. One cannot continue long to breathe concentrated ammonia gas as supplied in unlimited quantities from a " beef engine " ; neither can he open his eyes to look through it at a clanging telegraph dial, no matter how impatiently the same may be rung by the officer on the bridge, who, in this case, of course knew nothing of our predicament.

Somebody evidently must do something quick or the insignificant little gland or pipe, which had taken this choice moment to burst, would disable the whole ship. I saw the chief step under the ventilator (where we were all crowded by now) for a long breath, then dash for the ammonia pumps to stop them ; then I saw him stagger back again, foiled, blinded, and half choked. I began to think my first voyage would end prematurely, for none of us knew what might happen if those signals were left unheeded ; yet they kept coming, and the engineers with streaming eyes kept groping for their levers to answer them ; but they couldn't do it many minutes more. Yet, notwithstanding the apparent tightness of our fix, the final solution of the difficulty was amusingly simple. One of the greasers, whom I had seen sent off ten minutes before, returned with what looked like a diver's helmet, a pair of bellows, and a coil of garden-hose. These three things he coupled together, put on the helmet, gave the bellows to another to hold under the ventilator and keep going, and, so accoutred, he walked with impunity to the source of the disturbance, repaired the trifling defect, which no amount of care or watching could ever have foretold or prevented, and in five minutes more we sailed serenely out to sea, and nobody was the worse or the wiser for our little engine-room event.

Once at sea, everything fell automatically into a perfect routine which absorbed us all. A little army of us rose and worked and slept again, as though our existence was timed to the revolutions of the engine. Every man had his place and his function, as if he were a certain cog in a certain wheel of a clock. We were all, like Gaul, divided into three parts, or " watches." The first worked from midnight till four A.M., the second from four till eight, the third from eight till noon. Then came the first again from noon till four P.M., and so on till the twenty-four hours was complete —which gave each man eight hours of work and sixteen of leisure each day. At the end of each four-hour period a gong was sounded, and immediately the next crew, who had been waiting along the gloomy 'tween-decks gangways, knocked out their pipes, appeared on the gratings above us, grasped the slippery railings of the stairs and, with their feet stuck straight out before them, slid down to the very bottom of the ship like so many firemen down a pole. The engineer in charge of the watch went forward into the stoke-hold, looked at the steam-gauge, noted the height of water in the boilers, peered unflinchingly into the blinding furnaces, counted his stokers, and finally nodded to the engineer who had preceded him to signify that all was well. The engineer second in charge took his stand in the engine-room, looked at his gauges, noted the figure on the revolution counter, the temperatures of the engine-room, of the thrust bearing (which receives the thrust of the propellers to drive the ship ahead) and even of the sea-water itself through which the ship was moving. He noted the depth of water in the various compartments, listened for any unusual squeaks or knockings, asked for any special orders from the chief, and finally took charge. Each greaser, as soon as he had shed his coat and rolled up his sleeves, went rapidly about touching every one of the several bearings for which he was responsible to see that they were cool and in good order, looked into the oil-boxes to be sure they were properly filled ; then, by a nod of his head, assumed responsibility for the next four hours. No man, not even a stoker, left his post till his rightful successor had assumed his duties as formally as if they were civil service officers with comfortable salaries and a four-years term. About eighteen of us on the Commonwealth changed places with eighteen more each period, and on some of the fast liners out



Grasp the slippery railings of the stairs and . . . slide down to the very bottom of the ship.—Page 388.

of New York the number is nearer thirty. Yet the steam never rises nor falls three pounds, and the revolutions of the screws vary not a turn during the process.

The work of eternally pushing the old ship on past the meridians, the race against time and the sun and the interest on the money, begins in the gloomy stoke-hold. You have heard that the stoke-hold is hot, and when you have clambered into it over disorderly piles of still smoking ashes, steadying yourself by taking incautious hold of burning hand-rails, and stand for the first time face to face with the furnaces, you feel assured of the fact. But besides being hot, it is the most active, in-

teresting part of the ship. It is her whole life. You must spend years studying it before you can stand there in command of your watch with your hand on the feed check-valves, your eyes on everything in general, and keep the steam up where it belongs in spite of the ravenous engines sucking it away from you ; years before you can tell, in one swift glance, whether a fireman is burning the greatest possible amount of coal per hour in his fires with the least amount of waste. The problem is this : under a certain large quantity of water, which is continually changing, build thirty fires ; and by means of them, notwithstanding they must all be continually replenished with fresh coal and freed from ashes, keep it at a perfectly even temperature (within a very few degrees) day and night for an indefinite period. The game is the more interesting because a ship can never afford to spare more than just barely enough space for her propelling machinery ; consequently everything—engines, boilers, furnaces—must be worked to the very limit of their capacity. The game goes as regularly by turns and in cycles as progressive whist. Starting with a few fires first in order, the doors are opened to admit a few shovelfuls of coal thrown quickly into the front of the furnaces, then closed again as soon as possible lest too much cold air should enter. As soon as they are closed the fires next in order are served the same way, and then a third group. Next the "green" coal in the first fires is raked back through the furnaces to complete its combustion. After another short interval it is necessary to "slice" them—that is, probe them with long pointed bars to lift the clinkers from the grates and make air-passages. Finally it is time to stoke again. So it goes in perfect cycles—stoke, rake, and slice. Oh, but you should see them do it, moving in the sharp contrasts of glaring firelight and impenetrable gloom, hideously black, shining wet, naked to the waist, stooping over their shovels and tugging at their slices in the attitude of marble disc-throwers, and thrusting their faces and arms forward after the long rakes almost into fires that you could not get within six feet of, as the sculptured Greek tyrant-slayers rush forward with their daggers. They're a magnificent set of men physically, these stokers—always in good condition, or they would die ; and a fine harsh, strong picture it makes with the hiss of steam and the roar of flames to set it off, and the strong draught from the ventilators to whip up the dozen little fires volunteering among the loose coals upon the floor, and half conceal it in a pinwheel whir of red sparks.

Our four hours in the stoke-hold are never long ones ; they are too full. Nor do the stokers themselves seem to find them a great hardship. They're as jolly, happy-go-lucky a set of fellows as I ever worked with. Whenever they have a moment's leisure, it is always a good-natured sparring match, or a stealthy extraction of tobacco from someone else's hiding-place. They delight to stuff hot coals in one another's hip pockets and write obscure couplets across one another's bare shoulders with their finger-ends in the grime that settles there. Of course, the men who have been drunk in port feel the heat cruelly when it works into their inflamed blood and sometimes they run away from their fires stark mad and jump into the sea ; but aside from that, once their brawny hides become toughened, they seem to regard fire with absolute indifference. I believe, for a small wager or a pint of Bass, any one of them would cheerfully climb down into the crater of Vesuvius in its quieter phases and picnic there in perfect comfort.

So much for the process of turning the heat in the coal into mechanical energy. Next we come to where "the engines stamp and ring" as the "shouting seas drive by."

All good old chiefs love their engines and come to believe in them as McAndrew did. To all of us assistants and 'prentices they were not the mere machines that they appear to the outsider, but quite human. Every noise they made, every motion, every trick they had we knew and had the reason for it. Kipling speaks of the marine engine as the most sensitive thing man ever invented. There's a sort of cold, lifeless, though admirable, precision in a telescope, and a fine regard for details in a phonograph, but the marine engine is alive ; it strains and labors desperately, it groans with rheumatism in its joints, screams with the pain of tight bearings, staggers and plunges against the



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

The assistant engineers were standing expectantly . . . watching the two white dials.—Page 386.

oncoming seas, gets out of breath and runs away with itself, trembling like a frightened horse. I can remember even at first, when I was an inconsequent greaser, very seasick and dejected, with no stomach for my ill-smelling oil-cans, of yet being aware of a sort of tremendous romance in the 8,000 "horse-powers" that were being then and there delivered to our "brace of bucking screws," and thinking how the people would flock to Madison Square Garden or to the parade-grounds to see 8,000 artillery horses come dashing by at full gallop, with their guns after them in a cloud of dust, yet how the same folks might look in the engine-room door at the cylinders wherein the same energy was being put forth without any dust or shouting, and see nothing admirable about them.

In the stoke-hold the great game was to burn the coal fast enough and keep up the steam ; in the engine-room the equally absorbing pastime was to use it to the best advantage and turn it into the greatest number of revolutions per minute. The clock was our continual adversary. At the beginning of the watch the number of revolutions is taken down in a very important and official-looking book. For four hours you watch the gauges, "hook up" or "open out" the expansion, worry the vacuum pump, and in every way coax her along. At the end, you take down the number of revolutions again so that anyone can tell by simple subtraction just how well you have done as compared with the engineers that come before and after you. Added to this matter of rivalry is the interest in constant attention. No wayward daughter of Eve, no hopeless dyspeptic, no raving maniac ever required the watching that must be given to a marine engine.

There is a third stage in this translation of coal into miles per hour, rather negative and bare of human interest, but quite necessary to complete the cycle. When we have got all the available heat and energy out of the steam which the stokers put in for us, and it has expanded in pushing the pistons back and forth till it is no better than a sort of overheated fog, it is discharged into an air-tight compartment full of hundreds of little tubes containing cold water, which immediately chill it into rain. As for the cold water in the little tubes, that is drawn from the sea through the bottom of the vessel, forced through them by a pump, and discharged into the sea again—as you may observe for yourself by looking over the side any time while the ship is going. The rain which collects at the bottom of the air-tight compartment—"condenser," we call it—is next pumped into a little reservoir called the hot well (for it is still very tropical rain water), and from there the boiler feed pump takes hold of it and forces it back once more into the boilers ; so that, save for a hundred little wastes on the way which must be made up, we use the same water over and over again. Now, after all our hard firing and watching and coaxing and economizing, how much of the original energy in the coal have we made to serve us ? Surely not more than one-tenth. The remaining nine-tenths has furnished, from the time of James Watt, and still furnishes, food for thought on the part of the inventor. A part of them has disappeared up the funnel as heat, a part radiated through the boilers and out through the cylinders into the surrounding air, much to our own discomfort ; a sorry lot has gone overboard in the circulating water which you saw running out the side of the ship. Still another part was expended in only overcoming friction.

This cycle appears to be a very wasteful one indeed, and, added to that, it is most delicate and complicated as well. All the interdependent happenings between the pudding we eat on a certain Thursday in November and the headache we have on the following Friday can be matched in the vital organs of a ship. Once there was a craft, for instance —a very high-strung modern craft with a pulse like a scared cat's and a twentieth-century, quick-lunch digestion—who ran aground just a minute in the Suez Canal. But in that minute the circulating water (coming in, as we said, through a hole in the bottom) sucked up a lot of sand with it. As soon as the little condenser tubes became choked with the sand, the steam from the engine ceased to condense into rain. Ominous noises followed immediately from the low-pressure cylinder. Before the cause of them could be learned, the hot well—not receiving its customary portion of hot rain—went dry.



A Greaser filling an Oil-box.

Then the feed-pump, lacking supplies, got excited and stampeded at the rate of 200 strokes a minute. While all these things were occupying the engine-room force, the water in the boilers—not being replenished—fell below the safety level. Upon that, the soft metal plugs, provided for just such emergencies, melted out of the furnaces and the torrent of hot water and steam which followed them blew the fires out onto the floor. So "Mister Captain stopped the ship and the people got out and walked"—or at any rate had an hour or two to do so if they chose

while she recovered from her violent attack of indigestion, all occasioned by a little sand.

Apart from the main work and responsibility of keeping the ship moving, are a few side issues like keeping her right side up and well lighted, and comfortably warm, and thoroughly sanitated. That's for us engineers to do also, and the proper manipulation of the countless valves and numerous auxiliary machines throughout the vessel necessary to accomplish these things is not to be learned in a day. A ship, from the engineer's standpoint, is a bundle of weights and counterweights, interrelated forces, centres of gravity, problems in equilibrium. The balance of weights that is disturbed as coal is used out of her bunkers, water out of her tanks, ice and provisions from her store-rooms must be re-established by the introduction of salt water into her compartments; and the mistakes and combinations of mistakes possible in the management of these valves and pumps are without end. You can roll the ship over, or—if she be an old vessel—break her in two, or blow her piping all to pieces, or flood her dining saloon. How would you enjoy being routed out of your bunk by a man with brass buttons all down his front and the look of a madman on his face, to be told you had accidentally salted the fresh-water tanks and left 1,500 dark-skinned and excitable emigrants out in the middle of the Atlantic without a drop to drink?

The constant responsibility and watchfulness are a fine discipline, and there's not only the machinery to take care of, but one's self. It is a long time before you can cure yourself of jerking your hand back (at the risk of losing an elbow) when something hot touches it, or of jumping when a drop of scalding water lands on the back of your neck, or of stepping backward without thinking what you are stepping on, or of forgetting where the ends of your sleeves are or the corners of your jumper. You see, in working about a marine engine, the trouble is that if it once gets hold of any of your belongings —oil-can spouts, fingers, clothes, arms, or legs—you almost never get them back again.

The most interesting side of it, however, is the emergencies. Nobody who has not been to sea can imagine all the things that can happen to a ship's machinery nor properly estimate the cleverness and ingenuity used up in repairs. The youth who leaves his shop full of wonderful and costly machines has another complete education waiting for him at sea in the wonderful things that can be accomplished in time with a plain, ordinary hammer and chisel, a rather worn-out file, and a great deal of ingenuity. I should like to have been aboard that steamer disabled in the Red Sea, where they took a boat davit, straightened it out in a rivet forge, made a new boiler feed-pump piston-rod out of it, and went on again—or, better still, on the ship that lost a propeller and the end of her tail-shaft off the west coast of Africa—to replace which they were obliged to move her cargo, pump her forward compartments full to sink her bow and raise her stern out of water, drag the broken shaft, several tons in weight, out through the long alley (too low and cramped to stand up in), plug up the hole behind it, drag in the spare shaft and couple it up, and lower the new propeller down over the stern—all while she kicked and wallowed in a heavy sea—and finally had to lower the chief engineer over after the propeller, where he sat tied to a flimsy staging making all fast and secure while the vessel jounced him up and down in the sea till he bled at the nose and ears, and the crew kept the sharks at bay with pistols and boat-hooks to prevent them from eating him up before he finished the job. That was a seventy-two hours in which the young and aspiring engineer might learn a host of valuable and interesting things!

But of course there is the other darker side to all this. The "cussedness of inanimate objects" balks us in every direction, the heat is not to be taken lightly either, when all is admitted, and the dirt —that is a hardship too; for although a man can cheerfully be dirty at his work, provided he can return when his task is finished to cleanliness and respectability, it is different when, as at sea, one is always and inevitably dirty—when he finds it following him up out of the engine-room into the mess-room, and onto the table-cloths, and into his bed, and through

his overalls to his very skin, till he is black as a coal-heaver, and even after him in and out of his bath as a kind of tenacious greasiness which appears defiantly on his towels after he thinks he has left it fairly behind.

As for the heat and the "inanimate cussedness," I have had many encounters with them, but I remember one in particular because it occurred while I was still a bit of a land-lubber and unused to high temperatures. We were steaming down the Mediterranean. The air which came down the ventilators to cool us had previously crossed the Sahara Desert and was not exactly crisp. With that fact evidently in mind, an at other times obscure copper pipe no bigger than your arm, knowing that it was located in the remotest and hottest corner of the engine-room, chose that opportunity to leak at a joint. I received orders to assist the third engineer in repairing it. We lit our smoky little tin lamps, gathered up our tools and groped our way into the remote corner. The atmosphere was seven-eighths steam, issuing from the joints of a little congregation of pumps, with frequent drippings of very hot water from overhead. No thermometer with a spark of human sympathy would have disclosed the temperature. As I breathed, I could feel the heat of the air up and down my windpipe almost as one feels a hot mouthful of potato all the way down as he swallows it. There were one or two cold things to hold on by as we worked, but when the ship lurched we usually grabbed the hot ones by mistake. The pipe, as we began on it, looked like an ordinary pipe, but showed a rare ingenuity as we proceeded. The little bolts also did all that a bolt could do to aggravate us, and finally, becoming too hot to hold, dropped out of our hands into the bilge water where we couldn't find them again.



Making a Repair.

"Lift on it!" shouted the third engineer. "Why don't you lift on it?" But after we had been there a few minutes I had only about seven pounds of lift in my whole muscular system. I could not see what I was doing very well either on account of the perspiration that ran into my eyes. In a few minutes more I felt thoroughly limp. It seemed as if someone had his knee on my chest and was preventing me from breathing. My head kept drooping forward and getting in the way. "I shall probably faint," thought I to myself as I pulled weakly on the handle of the wrench, "but it doesn't matter, because, although I have so far always 'stayed with the baggage,' there can be no disgrace in being knocked out on a repair job, provided one stays faithfully by it till the thing occurs. Besides, I shall probably slump down gradually without splitting my head on anything, and then they will carry me up on deck, where I shall presently come to." But about that time the third engineer motioned me to follow him and walked away. He proceeded to a ventilator, leaned heavily against the bulkhead, dropped his head back as far as it would go, and took some long breaths. I did the same. He looked like a man who's been through a prize-fight. In a few minutes we came to life again and went back for another spell at the pipe.

Finally, after several spells and revivings at the ventilator, it was done; and I climbed thankfully out on deck to let the fresh wind blow on me and dry me off. Why we are not killed by such sudden exposure to the cool outside air I don't know. Perhaps the contrast is so sudden it acts like a cold shower; at any rate it never seems to kill us, and I stood there enjoying the air and the blue dancing sea, watching the tall barren mountains of southern Spain, purple with long morning shadows and sprinkled with white towns, and Gibraltar, which hung on the horizon like a great pale opal, and thinking that, with such things as these going by, to look at, being a junior engineer was not altogether bad after all. Then someone touched me on the shoulder. "Mr. Brooks," said the chief, "that joint on the fire pump line is gone again. Couldn't have made a very good job of it. Better go down and give the third a hand to fix it." So we went back into the remote corner and began again from the beginning.

Added to the little hardships like this, which were all in the day's run, was a fine disregard from the officers on deck. We had the responsibility of officers too, but without the proper accompaniment of respect. I was on an old ship once whose machinery had previously been very much neglected, so that we had been working twenty hours a day for some time coaxing the dynamos to run and persuading the engine not to bang itself all to pieces. A sorry tired lot we were. One dark night we stopped at the Azores to get a hundred or so barefooted but industrious Portuguese farmers and carry them to America. The weather was too thick to enter the harbor safely, so we lay outside waiting for daylight, which, of course, we in the engine-room knew nothing about, except that we had received orders to stand by, then to slow down and stop, then a long silence during which we and the engine dripped and waited. "Go up and ask the captain if he's anchored, or what's the matter," said the chief to me finally. I went up on the bridge and asked if this was the captain, for I'd never seen him before. "I am," admitted he. "The chief would like to know if you're anchored." "No, not in 200 fathoms of water. I'm hove to out here waiting for daylight, which I should think any fool could see without coming up here to ask questions about it," and he turned on his heel. I descended again to the engine-room and reported that we were hove to waiting for daylight, as the captain said any fool could see. "But," said the chief, "how about us? Does he want the engines any more?" "He walked off without telling me that," I explained. A look of rage came into the chief's face. "Damn that captain," said he, "I'll fix him!" and he disappeared up the stairs two at a time. "Good-evening, sir," he said to the captain, "I understand we are hove to." The captain a second time drew attention to the obviousness of the fact. "Then you will not need the engines till daylight?" The captain presumed not. "Then, *sir*, if you will kindly



You would at any rate be dining in distinguished company.—Page 398.

let us know as much by ringing the telegraph, there are seven men in the engine-room waiting for orders who should turn in and get a little much-needed sleep." The captain answered never a word, but he rang "all finished" on the telegraph dial as though he'd like to pull the entire inside out of it. And we went to bed.

Finally, in return for all these many little hardships there is no glory. You passenger folk are always so much obliged to the captain for your quick passage instead of us who brought him in ahead of time. You think of him as a great navigator because he allowed you in the chart-room, but of us who did a hundred things for

you to make you comfortable—gave you warm salt-water baths, and made you ice, kept the drinking-water fresh and your lights burning brightly, and expended all that persuasive profanity in the stoke-hold —you think nothing at all. At the end of a record-breaking passage the captain gets the box of cigars; but while the race is being run, and the rival steamer is close behind with foam at her bow and black smoke pouring out of her, the black man with the shovel is the all-important one. "Hi there!" comes the shout down the fidley hatch, "shake her up; she's gaining on us! No more grog down there for you fellows if I can read her name with the glass to-morrow morning."

Now the romantic reader is all prepared for a large measure of regular sailor fun when the port is reached to make up for the weary time "alone on a wide, wide sea;" but this is not to be. No matter where one goes on shore he finds that, wherever an engine or a machine is absolutely required to run twenty-four hours a day indefinitely, it has a twin brother ready to start up in case it breaks down or requires to be stopped for any one of a hundred little things; but the unfortunate marine engine has no twin brother and, no matter how weary or rheumatic it becomes, has to keep pounding along —sometimes for a whole month or even more with never a stop. Therefore, the very minute we get in port, we begin taking it to pieces to readjust it, make up the lost motion in its joints, smooth off its little irritations. From the day we arrive till almost the day we leave, the engine-room looks like a total wreck. So there is a single night at home, or possibly two if we live near by, an evening with Maggie Duffie in the gallery of some variety theatre or an excursion on Sunday with Nell to Seaforth Sands, and then good-by and away to sea again.

Finally, then, the romantic reader would like to know why stokers can be induced to be stokers, why greasers grease and engineers continue to be engineers. The pay is by no means large. I think a stoker is a stoker for the same reason that a soldier is a soldier or a sailor a sailor—because of a certain inborn irresponsibility, an all-powerful spirit of a vagabond; a desire to follow his own bent and work hard for a spell and idle for a spell as his mood prompts. One cannot do that sort of thing ashore. Says the renowned and much-travelled Thomas Atkins, Esq., on his return from the East,

> For to admire and for to see;
> For to be'old this world so wide—
> It never done no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried!

And if you will roll up Mr. Atkins's sleeve and look at his forearm, you will discover anchors and hearts tattooed on it showing he was once a sailor (or a stoker), and, conversely, you may notice now and again as you stand in a row of coaly fellows splashing water on one another getting "clean" at the end of the watch, dreadful red scars across their ribs—bullet-marks—and long streaks over their shoulders, where some "big black boundin'" Fuzzy Wuzzy tried to cut his archaic initials. I doubt if you would relish a meal with them even though they gave you the cleanest knife and allowed you first cut off the huge chunk of beef which comes up to them in a great battered tin dish-pan, and first dip into the gravy at the bottom of it and first excavations out of the hill of peas and potatoes to one side; but you would at any rate be dining in distinguished company. Someone would be saying, "See Naples and then die? It's the smell of it that kills a man, if you ask me!" and another would allow that Naples wasn't much after all, "But you oughter see Malta." And a third would declare that "There isn't nothin' all round the Mediterranean to compare with the coasts of New Zealand, or with Nagasaki for the matter of that." "Ah, but scenery ain't what you want," another would rejoin; "what you want is to see different kinds of interestin' people. When I was a kid and come beatin' up the Ganges in a lobster-pot of a brig—" etc. And you would learn a lot more about what goes on at Port Saïd after midnight than is to be found in Baedeker; and they'd tell you the excellent story of the pigs they drove into the coal-bunkers at Alexandria and killed and ate a month afterward (for a pig does very well and keeps fat on an unlimited soft-coal diet); and also that other less attractive one of the Greek coal-passer who fell into the



Waiting along the gloomy 'tween-decks gangways.—Page 388.

bunkers and was killed, and appeared after seventeen days among the coal, to the terror of the whole fire-room. And so the conversation would keep bounding like a rainbow-tinted boomerang all round the world and back, and the romance of all the seas and the old steel tank we crossed them in would lay hold of you till, be you ever so dull and stay-at-home a body, you'd have a longing to sign and sail with us.

And beside the mere adventure of it, a lot of fun can be got out of even an existence spent in a rolling steel tank. Sometimes it is a jolly evening among the dusky immigrants and their guitars, sometimes a game of cards, sometimes an old magazine with lots of pictures in it, or a gathering all together on the moonlit deck about an accordion with a lot of half-forgotten dance-hall ballads to go with it; and what fun a fellow can have with the pretty peasant girls bound out from Killarney!

Then, too, a stoker has prospects. He began, mind you, as a miserable dirty little urchin on the Liverpool docks, whose parents never trouble to support him. At first he got a few pence a day for going into ship boilers where full-grown men cannot get, and knocking the scale off their intricate insides with a little hammer. When he grew too big for that he was big enough to become a "trimmer," and push his wheelbarrow along the tilting deck to keep the stokers supplied with coal. Then when his chest fills out and his shoulders square up he can be a stoker himself, and sometimes after that he becomes a greaser. That is as high as he can go. But he might have done much worse to stay ashore and be a poor laborer in the mines and never have seen the world at all.

As to why an engineer remains an engineer, he doesn't—or at least all of us hope he doesn't. He is no adventurer like the stoker, but a young man already a machinist by trade who goes to sea for lack of great opportunity on shore, with the hope that the longest way 'round may be the shortest way home. None of us think of it as an object, but as a means to an end. "See that second mountain—the one with the most snow on it?" said one of my overalled associates one day as he looked wistfully back at the beautiful blue mountains of Wales fading away on the horizon. "Over behind that is a valley where you get the first wild flowers in all

Great Britain—because it slopes to the south. That's my home." "Indeed! and why did you leave it?" "Well, I didn't want to be thatching haystacks *all* my life. I know a girl that comes from there too. She isn't what you call pretty, but she's true, and she's good enough for me; and next trip I'm going home, if I can get off, and marry her." "Good boy! and then you'll get a shore job?" "Well, I couldn't expect that directly, but I will some day." And it is about the same for all of them. They marry the little girl from some dear green spot called home, and for years after see her once a month possibly, but think of her always, and hope some day for a "shore job." It is a very long wait. One must go to sea a long time before he gets charge of a watch, then a year more before he takes his Board of Trade examinations as second engineer; then he must answer a tough lot of questions to get his certificate. Another year follows before he can become a chief—even on paper—and a long period follows before he is one in reality. "And the worst of it is," said a patient old Scotch engineer who had worked faithfully all his life, but lacked the executive force to put him at the head of things, "the worst of it is, when you begin to show gray hairs they put you aside and say 'We want younger, livelier men than you. We can't get speed enough with old engineers,' whereas it's their ships that are growing old."

Still, though it be a long way 'round, the probabilities are that it will bring them home. The "shore job" usually comes. Two-thirds of the men in charge of the engines that light the cities, and pump our water, and run our trolley-cars are retired marine engineers. Marine engineers built the Oregon that made the famous run to Santiago and covered herself with glory before she even fired a shot. And it is this fond hope, I believe, more than anything else, with its more than possible fulfilment, that sends us backing out into the stream in the dreary rain to the tune of a jangling telegraph, past the white lighthouses with the first of the ebb, out to sea and "—down, hull-down on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new."

THE TREASURY

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

Formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

ASTONISHMENT at the extent and diversity of interests embraced in the Treasury Department must have been one of the first sensations of most Secretaries of the Treasury after taking up the duties of the office. Even if the Secretary had been active in public life, and possessed passing familiarity with the great Department, he would scarcely have clearly comprehended its scope, but if he were a man coming from an active business career, without opportunity for intimate acquaintance with the treasury, the first few weeks of his official life, it is likely, were marked by daily discoveries of new and entirely unanticipated functions.

The bureaus which are bound together in the Treasury Department are, by all odds, the most diverse, and at the first casual glance it would seem the most unrelated that are to be found under the jurisdiction of any of the cabinet officers. The public thinks of the Treasury Department as the fiscal division of the Government's executive system. It is a fact, however, that for a good many years probably not less than two-thirds of the time of the Finance Minister has been devoted to problems bearing little or no relation to the strictly fiscal business of the Government. The organization of a Department of Commerce, drawing, as it will, its principal bureaus from the Treasury Department, will bring needed relief to a cabinet

officer who has quite enough to occupy his attention in the administration of affairs closely related to the Government's financial business.

The responsibility for raising the revenues and for their disbursement, now that the totals have come to aggregate more than one thousand million dollars, would seem to be quite enough to lay upon the shoulders of any man, particularly if he must take up those duties without thorough familiarity with their details, as does each new Secretary. But in addition to that duty, there is the further responsibility for the solution of the problems of an intricate and diverse currency system. The Secretary, too, occupies indirectly, through the Comptroller of the Currency, a supervisory relation to the whole national banking organization of the country. He is the indirect custodian of $800,000,000 of gold and silver coin, stored in the Treasury vaults, against gold and silver certificates in circulation representing that coin, and, through his subordinate, the Treasurer of the United States, he shares the responsibility for the care of more than two hundred million dollars, representing the cash balance which the Government carries. All the Mints and Assay Officers are, through the Director of the Mint, under his control. He directs the operations of a great factory employing 3,000 operatives in the printing of money and Government securities, and he must there meet the same problems of organized labor that other great employers have to meet. He is responsible for the collection of commercial statistics, and is fortunate in finding a bureau for that purpose which has a record for the best statistical work done by any of the great Governments. He is at the head of the greatest auditing offices in the world, where every dollar of income and every item of expenditure is checked over with minute exactness, so that at the end of the year it is safe for him to say that the whole billion dollars, the total on both sides of the ledger, has been collected and disbursed with absolute fidelity and legality and without error.

All these functions are naturally related to the management of the fiscal affairs of the Government, but there are many other bureaus that do not apparently bear such close relation. The Secretary will discover that there are almost as many vessels which would fly his official flag should he come on board as there are ships of war to fire salutes to the Secretary of the Navy. He has large fleets engaged in light-house and coast-survey work, while the revenue cutter service, in which are many swift and modern vessels, does police duty at every port. He is the final authority in all official judgments relating to the more than five hundred thousand immigrants who land on our shores annually, and he is the responsible executive for carrying out the immigration laws and the Chinese Exclusion Act. He is the official head of the Bureau of Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, which guards our ports from contagious diseases, maintains quarantine service and stations, and a great system of hospitals for disabled seamen. The Government's Secret Service Bureau reports directly to him, and he watches day by day the unfolding of detective stories more interesting than the dime novels of his boyhood days, and there accumulate in his files packages of reports, tied with red tape, more thrilling than the choicest example of yellow-covered literature. Not only is the Secret Service Bureau devoted to the detection of counterfeiting, but its services are called into play in connection with any secret service work which the other Departments may wish to have done. The Bureau of Standards, to which all questions of weights and measures may be finally referred, is under his direction. No steamship may sail in American waters, nor leave an American port, the boiler of which does not bear the stamp of official inspection by one of his subordinates. He is the responsible head of a Life Saving Service, with 272 stations and a cordon of men patrolling 10,000 miles of coast; of a Light-house system, marking the course of mariners with a chain of lights from Maine away around to Alaska; of a Coast Survey, which has for its business not only the charting of navigable waters, but the scientific investigation of the earth's curvature; of the Architect's Office, which has already constructed and has the care of 400 public buildings, most of them architecturally bad, and which is at the moment engaged in plan-

ning and building 149 others, many of which, happily, are showing great architectural improvement.

All these duties are in addition to the fundamental one of collecting the public revenues, a work requiring the maintenance of a corps of 6,300 officials at 168 ports of entry, and of a body of internal revenue employees, whose eyes are literally upon every foot of the country's territory.

By no means the least of the manifold duties of this official are those which are connected with the administration of the Civil Service, for his complete corps numbers 26,000 subordinates. There must be endless appointments, promotions, and changes, and in regard to them all the Secretary of the Treasury is the final authority.

The mere enumeration of such a list of responsibilities carries with it the conviction that the Treasury of the United States must be a wonderfully well organized machine, else it would be impossible for any man to step into the responsibilities of its direction without the change being seriously felt by the entire Treasury organization and the whole country. The Treasury Department *is* a wonderfully well-organized commercial machine. Taking it all in all, I believe there is no organization in the commercial life of this country, look where you will, that is its superior ; in many respects one will not find its equal.

We are apt to have none too good an idea of our Government administration, and sometimes, with scant knowledge of facts and conditions, condemn the executive branches of the Government. Naturally the Treasury has come in for its full share of criticism, for it touches every citizen in the tender spot of his pocket-book. For my own part, however, every day of greater familiarity with the organization was a day of growing admiration for it and of increasing pride that the multitude of affairs entrusted to the head of this Department are administered so intelligently, so promptly, and above all with such absolute integrity and entire devotion to the Government's interests.

Not only does the Treasury Department handle, in the ordinary income and expenditures, cash transactions aggregating more than a billion dollars annually, but it is responsible for the custodianship and the renewal of currency, the printing of paper money, the coinage of specie and the handling of public securities, and the figures on both sides of the ledger representing the total of all these transactions reach the incomprehensible aggregate of three and a half billions.

Such great sums are handled year after year with absolute integrity, with books that balance to a penny, with cash drawers that are never short, with a trust not betrayed. Whatever opinion home-coming European travellers may have of Treasury methods, after more or less successful attempts to avoid custom regulations, they must, on the whole, give respect to an organization which accepts a responsibility for annual financial transactions aggregating $3,500,000,000, and has discharged that responsibility year after year, under one political administration after another, through the vicissitudes of cabinet changes, and presents a clean record having on it no important blot of a betrayal of a trust.

A new Secretary of the Treasury approaching the responsibilities and duties of the great position with an appreciation of their importance must, in years past, have been greatly surprised to find how little time apparently he could devote to the consideration of great national questions, and how much he must give to the small routine details of the administration of the civil service. The 26,000 employees under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury make the Treasury Department only second to the Post-Office in point of numbers. When the civil service blanket was only partly drawn over these places, the time which the head of the Department was forced to give to the discussion of appointments, matters in most part of minor consequence so far as the efficiency of administration was concerned, was something that must have discouraged more than one Secretary. While such appointments may have been of minor consequence in the actual administration of the Department, they were of great importance if regard was to be had for maintaining cordial relations with the legislative branch of the Government.

Washington wishes to see evidence of

democracy about the Departments. Neither Senator nor Congressman is satisfied to cool his heels in an ante-room for any length of time, nor are political leaders who come to the Capitol on a mission likely to be pleased if the Secretary's engagements are such that an appointment cannot be made without notice or delay. So it came about that a business day in the Secretary's office was, in times past, almost wholly given up, during the periods in which Congress was in session, to the reception of visitors, and most of these visitors came to discuss matters of small consequence to the administration of the Department. The Secretary of this great Department must give heed to innumerable trifles such as would never reach the head of even a comparatively small business organization. Requests come from people of importance, and they must be taken up with the care which the position of such persons demands rather than with any thought of their importance in relation to the administration of departmental affairs.

There is vast improvement in the Treasury Department in this respect compared with former conditions. The Secretary now has power to make but few appointments outside the classified service, and by recent executive order he may not consider outside recommendations in regard to promotions in the classified service.

Early in the administration of Secretary Gage it was recognized by the Secretary that, if he was to give consideration to the unusual number of important public questions which were pressing, he must be relieved of much of the detail of the administration of the civil service; so he delegated to a committee, consisting of an Assistant Secretary, the Chief Clerk and the Appointment Clerk, consideration of all questions of civil-service administration affecting the employees in Washington. This plan continues in force. Political considerations have always been absolutely excluded from the deliberations of this Committee. I can speak for that positively, and I mean to say that such a statement is literally true. The Committee has considered many thousands of promotions and changes in the classified service, and there has been no more discussion of politics than would be found in the consideration of promotions in a great banking or insurance institution. The recommendations of heads of bureaus, the length and character of service, the regularity of attendance, and the results of examinations which are made to cover both academic and practical qualifications, are the factors taken into consideration. So far is political influence eliminated, indeed so far as promotions governed strictly by merit may be considered the goal in an ideal civil-service administration, I believe the conduct of the civil service in the Treasury Department is to-day practically all that could be asked.

There are many difficult problems in the civil-service administration, and one of the hardest of solution is what to do with superannuated clerks. Congress is distinctly opposed to anything like a civil pension; but, on the other hand, Congressmen and Senators will individually take up the cudgels most vigorously in behalf of any clerk who after years of satisfactory service and regular promotions may be reduced because of declining efficiency. The result is that not infrequently young men on small salaries are doing much better work, and certainly far more in quantity, than are older clerks drawing higher pay. It is in that situation at the present time that there is found the most serious obstacle in the way of a strictly merit system.

An attempt was made a few years ago to organize in the Treasury Department what was euphoniously called an "Honor Roll," and to reduce to the nine-hundred-dollar-grade clerks who had passed seventy years of age. Such clerks were to be placed on this "Honor Roll," which was to be, in some respects, a pension roll, although all such clerks were expected to be at their desks regularly. Congress frowned upon the plan, and it has never been put into complete operation. Something of the sort will be absolutely necessary, however, when the full effect of the protection of the present civil-service rules becomes manifest in a constantly increasing ratio of old employees.

Anyone who has had experience in the administration of civil service must have come to appreciate in the highest degree the protection and relief which the civil-service rules give to those charged with the responsibility for appointments and

promotions; but there are plainly two sides to civil-service reform. The fetich which the civil-service reformer worships, in its practical application, comes very far from providing a system which will build up the best sort of a working staff. That will be more and more plainly evidenced as the result of the present complete classification of the service works out. I shall be surprised if there are not marked modifications which will give to the head of the Department, always after satisfactory academic tests have been applied, far greater freedom of selection and appointment than exists at present.

The practical operation of civil-service rules results in taking clerks into the service at only the lowest grades, usually the grades paying $660 or $720 a year. It is true the rules permit the appointment of persons to the higher positions; but, as a practical matter, certifications for new appointments are almost always asked for to fill only the lower grades, while vacancies in the higher grades are filled by the promotion of those employees who are personally known to the heads of the bureaus. The result is that the whole service is being fed from a class of people willing to accept these small salaries, whose only known qualifications are very moderate academic achievements. The people taking these examinations seem to be largely those who have been unsuccessful in satisfactorily locating themselves in the business world. They have some education to be sure, but in a great many cases they lack those qualities which make for commercial success. They have drifted into dissatisfaction with commercial conditions, and are glad to seek a harbor in a routine Government clerkship. Rarely is there found among the class successfully passing these examinations, the sort of material which will develop good executive ability. Executive ability is something that is difficult to demonstrate through the medium of a competitive academic examination. The Civil Service Commission has found no way to measure the personal equation, and the personal equation counts for much more than does the mere fact of certain moderate academic training.

In the last few years there have been in the Treasury Department two unusual opportunities to make comparison of the qualifications of clerks appointed outside of civil-service regulations with those appointed in the regular way. After the breaking out of the Spanish War work in the auditing bureaus of the Department increased so rapidly that a large number of emergency clerkships was created, and Congress specifically provided that these should be filled without reference to civil-service rules. In spite of this special exemption, not one of the places was filled without the candidate first passing a satisfactory academic examination under the direction of the Treasury Department officials. Those charged with the appointments, however, had perfect freedom to weigh the personal equation, in the language of the day "to size up the man," and, while academic qualifications were insisted upon, personal characteristics were given much weight. I believe there is no one intimately familiar with the Treasury Department who will deny that the clerks so appointed are, as a body, distinctly superior to those drawn through the regular channels of the civil-service commission.

The other incident was the execution of the vast detail connected with the popular issue of $200,000,000 of Spanish War Loan bonds. The bonds were subscribed for by 325,000 investors. The volume of the work compelled the Department to employ a special corps or 600 clerks, all of whom were engaged without reference to civil-service regulations. There is no question as to the general superiority of the clerks so appointed when compared with the average regular clerks working beside them. They may have lacked some of the experience of the older employees, but their youth and adaptability made them far quicker to grasp the conditions of a new problem, more dexterous in the execution of the work, and distinctly more satisfactory from almost every point of view.

Something less than ideally efficient administration may well be granted, however, in order that the head of the Department may have some relief from Congressional pressure in regard to minor appointments. That has been accomplished and the country is unquestionably the gainer to a great degree, because the Secretary had been given time for the consideration of

those questions which are of vastly more importance than are the routine details of the administration of the personnel.

In this connection a word in regard to political pressure may be of interest. A great deal is heard about the demands of the politicians for places—a great deal more is heard of such demands in the addresses of civil-service reformers than is heard in the office of the Secretary. It may be a surprising statement, but it is an actual fact, that, in the requests for appointments, the claim for political recognition is a comparatively rare one. It is not politics, but sympathy and charity, that moves the average Congressman to visit the Departments and plead for places. In nine cases out of ten, their requests may be debited to pure kind-heartedness rather than to political machinations.

Most of the men who have been cartooned into the public mind as typical party spoilsmen are, as a matter of fact, modest in their requests and alive to the need for good administration of the service. As a rule, the most imperious requests come from newly elected Congressmen representing unheard-of districts, who have not yet adjusted themselves to the situation and who believe that the rights and perquisites of a Member of Congress have little limit. The best known of the great political leaders are not likely to make requests that ought not to be granted, and are generally quick to appreciate good reasons, if they exist, why they cannot have what they ask for. It is an interesting fact that some of the most inconsiderate demands for promotions in classified places come from members of both the Senate and House who publicly pose as leaders of the civil-service reform movement, while the most prominent of the political leaders can almost always be counted upon to be reasonable in their demands and to accept cheerfully a situation which prevents their wishes being met.

A notable difference between the position of the Secretary of the Treasury and that of the head of a great business organization is the time which the Secretary must devote to the discussion of public questions with newspaper representatives. No small part of his success will depend upon his adaptability to that new condition, for the view which most of the people of the country will form of his administration will naturally be much colored by the attitude of the newspaper correspondents through whom the public is informed regarding official matters.

Newspaper conditions in Washington are unlike those in other cities. There are innumerable representatives of papers, covering the whole range of the country, each one of whom serves a constituency of great importance. As a body, the newspaper correspondents of Washington are incomparably superior to the average newspaper representatives in other cities. Many of them have been intelligent observers of public affairs for a generation, and have been the confidents and advisers of many Cabinet officers. There is hardly an important newspaper man in Washington who is not at times the trusted custodian of state secrets, and the relation of these men to public affairs is entirely different from the relation of the average reporter in other cities to the business questions of local interest. It is important that the Secretary of the Treasury recognize this, for the Treasury Department is one of the chief sources of news at the Capital, and that he should learn to meet fairly and frankly the newspaper correspondents. This requires much time, much tact, and a discrimination in determining those who can be fully trusted and kept confidentially informed of the progress of affairs, and those who must be talked to with guarded politeness.

The sacrifice of time is by no means without its recompense. Many a Cabinet officer has received quite as good counsel from conservative and experienced newspaper correspondents as he could get from members of Senate or House. This confidential relation with newspaper representatives is unique, and unless a Secretary of the Treasury has been trained in the official atmosphere of Washington, it is likely to take him some time to recognize it and adjust himself to the condition.

In a most important particular the Treasury Department differs from the Finance Ministries of other countries. Elsewhere the Finance Minister occupies an authoritative relation to legislation affecting income and expenditure. With us, the Gov-

ernment has always gone on with the most happy-go-lucky lack of co-ordination between legislation affecting income and legislation affecting expenditure. The Finance Ministers of other countries draw up a budget, which forms the basis of Parliamentary legislation in financial matters. They make careful estimate of probable Government income and of the demands for the executive administration, and Parliament, as an almost *pro forma* matter, passes legislation affecting taxation which will conform to the proposals in the budget and limits appropriations within lines which the budget may prescribe.

With us, however, the Secretary of the Treasury is little more than an agent who, without comment, transmits to Congress from the heads of the various Departments their estimates regarding appropriations. Congress, in turn, does not pay close heed to these estimates, frequently declining to make appropriations asked for and not infrequently making appropriations which the executive head of the Department has declared are not needed.

With us there is little flexibility on the income side of the great public ledger. The Secretary of the Treasury may make general recommendations regarding the necessities for greater income or the opportunity for decreasing taxation, but Congress does not look to the head of the Treasury Department with much solicitude for advice regarding tax legislation or suggestions concerning conservative limits of appropriations. The sources of our Government income are so intimately bound up with the economic theory of protection that we are likely to formulate our tax laws with little or no regard to the amount of income they will produce, and to make appropriations on as liberal a scale as the income will permit, and the Finance Minister has little if any responsibility either for a cash balance or a Treasury deficit.

Congress is not disposed, either, to give very much heed to Departmental recommendations regarding expenditures.

For many years, for example, every Secretary of the Treasury, in each of his annual messages to Congress, recommended that no appropriation be made for maintaining certain customs districts which have become commercially obsolete and which are maintained apparently for no other purpose than to give the Senator or Congressman most concerned an opportunity to recommend a Presidential appointment. There are 12 customs districts, which are officered at an expense of $15,578.14, where the total income from customs in a single year was only $275.26, and the cost of collection, therefore, reaches $56.59, for each dollar collected. In spite of repeated recommendations that we accept the changed conditions which have made these old-time customs districts quite deserted by commerce, Congress insists year after year that they shall be maintained, that officers shall be appointed, and the expenses of salaries and office administration appropriated.

One illustration is that of a port equipped with a Collector at a salary of $1,800 and separated from a large city and an active customs district by only a river bridged and easily crossed. The total collections in a recent year at this port were twenty cents, but the United States Senator who controlled the appointment insisted, when a vacancy occurred, that a new appointment of a collector be made, and Congress refused to act upon the many recommendations for the abolition of this and other useless ports. A saving of $200,000 a year could easily be made without any sacrifice of efficiency in the customs service, but Congress hesitates to give up the privilege of naming the appointees who are to receive in salaries this $200,000 of useless expenditure.

There are other illustrations of what seems to be almost a spirit of perverseness on the part of Congress in failures to accept recommendations for reductions in expenditures which Treasury officials have for years believed could well be made, while on the other hand it is equally difficult sometimes to secure trifling appropriations for greatly needed requisites. There is an assay office in a large city in the middle West, for example, where the Government pays out five dollars in salaries for every hundred dollars of gold which is received, but Congress insists on making unasked appropriations for its maintenance. It sometimes seems as if there were settled antagonism in appropriation committees toward the recom-

mendations coming from the heads of Departments. Serious recommendations made after thorough study of a subject are not always received in a spirit of confidence by the appropriation committees, and the difficulties of executive administration are, in consequence, greatly increased.

Sometimes this apparent spirit of perverseness goes farther and actively puts obstacles in the way of administration. An illustration of that is found in recent efforts to introduce improved methods into the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The Government printing of currency is done upon the same form of old-fashioned hand-press that was used when the first greenback and the first national bank-note were turned out. The process is slow and expensive. The growth of the country created a demand upon the Bureau which it was almost impossible to keep pace with, and so it was decided to put in power presses to print the backs of notes. An expenditure of $25,000 was made, with results so economical that a saving of the whole cost of the machines was effected in a few months. Tests were made by mixing hand-printed and machine-printed bills and submitting them, unmarked, to numbers of expert money counters; and invariably the machine-printed bills would be selected as the best examples of plate printing.

Labor organizations were opposed to this introduction of power presses, however, and when Congress convened brought active pressure to bear at the Capital, with the result that riders were tacked upon the appropriation bills prohibiting the expenditure of any appropriation for the maintenance of power presses; and this was done without any communication with the Secretary of the Treasury on the part of either Senate or House committee, without any opportunity for presenting the Treasury's side of the matter, and without any effort to secure information as a basis for intelligent legislation except such as was presented by labor leaders who were not even in the employ of the Government.

The Ways and Means Committee and the Appropriation Committees of Congress take upon themselves the responsibility for adjusting the relation between income and expenditure. A great tariff bill may be framed with little more than nominal reference to the Treasury Department, and legislation formulated which may enormously affect one side or the other of the Treasury accounts without the voice of the Secretary being heard or his advice asked for. Income is provided and expenditures are appropriated, without Congress being advised by the head of the Treasury as to the balance between the two sides of the budget.

A phase of Treasury affairs emphasized in the public mind is the relation of the Treasury to the money market. At certain seasons much is to be heard about the cries of Wall Street for Treasury help, and of the relief measures which the Secretary of the Treasury may bring to bear upon an unsatisfactory banking position. An ideal fiscal situation for the Government, President Harrison once said, would be one in which the income each day just equalled the expenditures. In such a situation there would be no problem regarding the relation of the Treasury to the money market. So long as we must work with our present Sub-treasury system, however, founded as it was in ignorance and suspicion of proper banking functions, we must periodically face a situation in which the operations of the Treasury are of great import in the general financial situation. Laws which have been allowed to stand unchanged since Jackson's hatred of the banks was crystallized into statute, prevent the deposits of the receipts from customs anywhere but in the actual vaults of the Treasury or Sub-treasury. The country is in such a position as a great business firm would be whose receipts at times enormously exceeded its expenditures, if it should decide to lock up its daily income in safety deposit vaults, turning all credits into cash and locking up the actual currency just at a time when there might be a most active demand in the ordinary channels of trade for the currency which would thus be abstracted.

Of course, it is impossible to have such an ideal situation as President Harrison suggested; so long as the laws relating to the Sub-treasury system stand unchanged it is useless to talk about taking the Government out of the banking business. The

operations of the Treasury inevitably draw it into the situation, and it becomes one of the great problems of the Secretary to keep, as nearly as may be, an unchanging total of currency in the Treasury vaults and neither withdraw from the circulating medium in active use great quantities of currency when income is excessive nor suddenly add to the currency in circulation when the Government has great payments to make in excess of its daily income. The problems of that character were unusually frequent and difficult during Secretary Gage's administration. The successful settlement of the Pacific Railroad indebtedness brought a payment of $58,000,000 to the Treasury in December, 1897, just at a period of most active commercial demand and when the withdrawal of so much currency would have been disastrous to reviving business. A few months later came the sudden expenditures resulting from the $50,000,000 appropriation made by Congress at the beginning of the Spanish War, and soon after that were poured into the Treasury the proceeds of $200,000,000 of Spanish War Bonds. Twice during the administration issues of Government bonds matured, and payment of many millions had to be made on that account. This period was the most remarkable since the Civil War for violent fluctuations in the Treasury's balance, and it is one of the best evidences of genius in the administration of the Department at that time that the stock of money actually in the Treasury vaults, in spite of this period of irregular income and expenditure, was always kept at comparatively the same level, and Treasury operations were not permitted seriously to affect the currency of the country.

It is such problems as that which a Secretary of the Treasury must always find recurring, so long as our present Subtreasury system is maintained and the best evidence of ability on the part of a Secretary is that these sudden influxes of funds or exceptional expenditures are handled so that the public has no reason to recognize the intimate relation which must exist under present conditions between the Treasury and the banking situation.

With a currency system which has largely been the growth of exigency rather than of forethought, there is always a desire for legislation which will bring the country's currency into line with the best economic ideas. Both the country and Congress have come to look to the head of the Treasury Department as a natural source for suggestions regarding needed currency and banking legislation, and one of his most important duties is the preparation of that portion of his annual report to Congress, which contains recommendations of such character. That has been true particularly during those recent years in which fundamental currency discussion has been so prominent in political affairs, and during which there has been formulated legislation which is an important part of the ground-work of our financial system. It requires a wide range of ability to pass easily from the innumerable practical problems of executive administration which the Treasury presents, to the writing of State papers given to theoretical and economic discussion of some of the subtleties of finance and currency. The annual reports of the heads of the Treasury Department for many years, however, show that we have been fortunate in having men of such breadth of ability that they could do this and do it well.

Not only must the Secretary successfully grasp theoretical problems in finance and be capable of building up in his message to Congress sound recommendations for financial legislation, but he has to face a much more trying ordeal when he is invited to appear before either the Senate Finance Committee or the House Committee on Banking and Currency—a thing which is usual whenever important financial legislation is under consideration. It is a comparatively easy matter, with ample time and good counsel, to evolve satisfactory recommendations for legislation, but it is far more difficult to advocate those recommendations in an inquiry by ingenious and hostile members of a Congressional Committee. Anyone who has studied the proceedings of Senate or House Committees when prominent business men have been brought before them to express their views upon financial legislation must have been struck by the lamentable showing which some of the most prominent financiers may make under a fire of questions from keen-witted and experienced mem-

bers of this Committee. Men who are rulers in practical finance are frequently unable to hold their own in anything like creditable shape in a discussion of fundamental financial measures which it may be proposed to enact into law.

English Cabinet Members must appear in Parliament to answer interpellations, but notice of the question is given the day before and a member of the Cabinet has ample time to confer and to study his answer, and he may even decline for state reasons to make any answer, if he sees fit. Our own Finance Minister is put in a much more difficult position, however, when he appears before a Congressional Committee. He knows only the general line that the inquiry will take. If he is called before the Banking and Currency Committee, he faces seventeen members, of whom a large minority are politically hostile and who are thoroughly trained in the art of asking difficult questions. His answers become a part of the published records, and he is placed in a position where, if he is to make a satisfactory showing, he must reply off-hand to any question that is propounded by any member of the Committee. To go through such an ordeal with satisfaction needs thorough understanding of the subject and readiness of comprehension and retort.

The most important bureau in the Treasury Department is the one charged with the duty of collecting the customs. Not only must this bureau, in order that there shall be no smuggling, keep a watchful eye upon 15,000 miles of coast, a Northern frontier more than three thousand miles long, and a Southern boundary stretching the full breadth of Mexico, but it is charged with the administration of the most intricate tariff schedule, requiring not only fidelity and integrity where vast sums are concerned, but great expert knowledge in regard to commodities and the keenest intelligence in the application of that knowledge. The great work of this bureau is, of course, in the collection of the customs levied on regularly imported merchandise, and that work goes on with little criticism and without much friction. Another phase, the collection of duties on articles brought home by returning travellers, is comparatively insignificant in point of income, but to a large number of citizens it is the one point of contact which they have with the Department, and it not infrequently leaves them ready to condemn and upbraid. One of the difficulties in this part of the administration lies in the palpable fact that it is not easy to obtain a corps of inspectors, when Congress limits their salaries to four dollars a day, who will serve long hours at trying duties, always maintain their equanimity, and be courteous in the face of much provocation to be otherwise, and always retain their integrity and repel efforts to corrupt them made by people occupying positions of high standing and respect in the community. Under President McKinley's administration it was determined to make the enforcement of the law, as it applied to returning travellers, much more rigid than had been the case, and the stricter enforcement which has since been in vogue has led to more criticism of the Treasury, probably, than has any other phase of its affairs.

In the minds of most people a customs law seems to be quite unlike other laws. It is a statute which it is more or less of a credit to evade, and methods of false witness and bribery may be brought to bear without troubling the traveller's conscience. It is this peculiarity of human nature that makes the task extremely difficult. There is much complaint about the Treasury treating returning travellers as if their word was not to be trusted, and submitting their baggage to search after sworn declaration has been made. Brief experience, from the inside, with this part of the Treasury administration will convince one how necessary such an attitude is. As an illustration of that statement, the case might be cited of fifteen prominent citizens of New York City who went abroad two or three years ago, and, on their return, all submitted sworn statements in regard to the contents of their trunks. Twelve declared they had no dutiable articles, and the remaining three paid an aggregate of $538. The next year the same fifteen citizens made their annual European pilgrimage and, on their return, were met by the stricter administration of the same law. In addition to their sworn declaration their baggage was carefully examined, with a result that they paid over $34,000 of duty. Is it small wonder that, after endless experiences, of which the foregoing is but an

average illustration, a strictness of inspection should be put in force which is galling to men who have both honor and good memories and make out correct schedules of their purchases when they give their sworn declaration to a customs inspector?

In the administration of the customs there have undoubtedly been men who were not true to their oath of office and have accepted bribes. A considerable number of inspectors have at one time or another been summarily dealt with for such offence. In the handling of the vast sums of money which are a part of the Treasury's operations, there have, in very rare cases, been instances of petty pilfering. Taken by and large, however, the Treasury Department is a splendid great commercial machine, administered with an integrity reaching all the way from the head of the Department through the whole army of its thousands of subordinates, an integrity of which the country may well be proud. Everywhere in the administration the interests of the Government are paramount to all else.

The good faith and integrity of administration may meet with assault from political pressure ; there may be men who seek by bribery to influence political action ; there may be brought to bear all the wiles and ingenious methods which great pecuniary interests can evolve, but the Treasury withstands such assaults and is a clean, upright, honestly administered organization, with the interests of the Government always foremost. No one can become intimately familiar with its operation without respect for its integrity. There are men in the organization whose names never reach the public, but whose careers have been models of efficiency, intelligence, and probity. Some of those names it is an honor to mention, for the men have, with small compensation, given to the Department years of service of a character which has made success comparatively easy to a long line of Secretaries, and always through one administration after another have given devoted service to the Department and its changing head. Such men are A. T. Huntington, the head of the Loans and Currency Division, a man whose sound judgment has been a support to every Secretary for a generation ; W. F. MacLennan, who, as the head of the Division of Bookkeeping and Warrants, has rendered services of such distinguished character that Congress has attached extra compensation to this position so long as he may hold it ; Major J. F. Meline, who, as Assistant Treasurer of the United States, has most largely carried the responsibility for the safe custody of the vast sums of currency in the Treasury vaults, and whose integrity is as undoubted as that of any vault the Government possesses ; C. N. McGroarty, who, under a succession of Registers of the Treasury, has been largely responsible for the conduct of that important office in a way to leave no doubt of the absolute accuracy of its work ; Thomas E. Rogers, who, almost since the organization of the national banking system, has been in charge of the Bureau of Bank-note redemption, and through whose hands have passed $2,000,000,000.

The list might be much extended. There are many men in the service whom it is an honor to know, men whose character, fidelity, and intelligence, massed together, make the great Treasury machine what it is—a Department of the Government of which the people of the United States should be unreservedly proud.

A PROCESSION OF UMBRELLAS

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

THIS all happened on the banks of the Seine, above St. Cloud—above Suresne, in fact, or rather its bridge—the new one that has pieced out the old one with the quaint stone arches that we love.

A silver-gray haze, a pure French gray, hung over the river, softening the sky-line of the near-by hills, and making ghosts of a row of gendarme poplars guarding the opposite bank.

On my side of the stream wandered a path close to the water's edge—so close that I could fill my water-cups without leaving my sketching-stool. Over this path, striped with shadows, big trees towered, their gnarled branches interlaced above my head. On my right, rising out of a green sward cleared of all underbrush, towered other trees, their black trunks sharp-cut against the haze. In the distance, side by side with the path, wound the river, still asleep, save where it flashed into waves of silver laughter at the touch of some frolicsome puff of wind. Elsewhere, although the sun was now hours high it dozed away, nestling under the overhanging branches that are making their morning toilet in its depths. But for these long straight flashes of silver light glinting between the tree-trunks, one could not tell where the haze ended and the river began.

As I worked on, my white umbrella tilted at the exact angle so that my palette, hand, and canvas would be hidden from the inquisitive sun, a group of figures emerged from a clump of low trees, and made their way across the green sward—the man in an ivory-black coat, evidently a priest, even at that distance; the woman in a burnt-umber dress with a dot of Chinese white for a head—probably a cap; and the third, a girl of six or eight in a brown madder dress and yellow-ochre hat.

An out-door painter, while at work, tumbles everything that crosses his path or comes within range of his vision into the crucible of his palette. The most majestic of mountains and the softest of summer clouds are to him but flat washes of cobalt, and the loveliest of dimples on the fairest of cheeks but a shadow-tone, and a high light made real by pats of indigo and vermilion.

So in the three figures went among my trees, the priest in the background against a mass of yellow light—black against yellow is always a safe contrast; the burnt umber woman breaking the straight line of a trunk, and the child—red on green—intensifying a slash of zinober that illumined my own grassy sward.

Then my interest in the group ceased. The priest, no doubt, was taking his sister, or his aunt, or his mother, with their own or somebody else's little girl, out for an airing, and they had come at the precise moment when I had begun to long for just such a collection of people; and now they could take themselves off and out of my perspective, particularly the reddish-brown girl who kept on dancing in the sunniest places, running ahead of the priest and the woman, lighting up and accentuating half a dozen other corners of the wood interior before me in as many minutes, and making me regret before the paint was half dry on her own little figure that I had not waited for a better composition.

Then she caught sight of my umbrella.

She came straight toward me with that slowing of pace as she approached the nearer, her curiosity getting the better of her timidity—quite as a fawn or a little calf would have done, attracted by some bit of color or movement which was new to it. The brown-madder dress I now saw was dotted with little spots of red, like sprays of berries; the yellow-ochre hat was wound with a blue ribbon, and tied

with a bow on one side. I could see, too, that she wore slippers, and that her hair was platted in two pig-tails, and hung down her back, the ends fastened with a ribbon that matched the one on her hat.

She stood quite still, her face perfectly impassive, her little hands clasped together, the brim of her hat shading her eyes, which looked straight at my canvas.

I gave no sign of her presence. It is dangerous to break down the reserve of silence, which is often the only barrier between an out-door painter and the crowds that surround him. Persisted in, it not only compels their respect, even to the lowering of their voices and the tip-toeing in and out of the circle about you, but shortens the time of their visits, a consummation devoutly to be wished. So I worked on in silence, never turning toward this embodiment of one of Boutet de Monvel's drawings, whose absorbed face I could see out of one corner of my eye.

Then a ripple of laughter broke the stillness, and a little finger was thrust out, stopping within a hair's breadth of the dot of Chinese white, still wet, which topped my burnt-umber figure.

"Trés drôle, Monsieur!"

The voice was sweeter than the laugh. One of those flute-like, bird-throated voices that children often have who live in the open all their lives, chasing butterflies or gathering wild flowers.

Then came a halloo from the greensward. The priest was coming toward us, calling out, as he walked:

"Susette! Susette!"

He, too, underwent a change. The long, ivory-black cassock, so plain in the atmospheric perspective, became an ordinary frock coat; the white band of a collar developed into the regulation secular pattern and the silk hat, although of last year's shape, conformed less closely in its lines to one belonging exclusively to the clergy. The face, though, as I could see in my hurried glance, and even at that distance, was the smooth, clean-shaven face of a priest—the face of a man of fifty, I should think, who had spent all his life in the service of others.

Again came the voice, this time quite near.

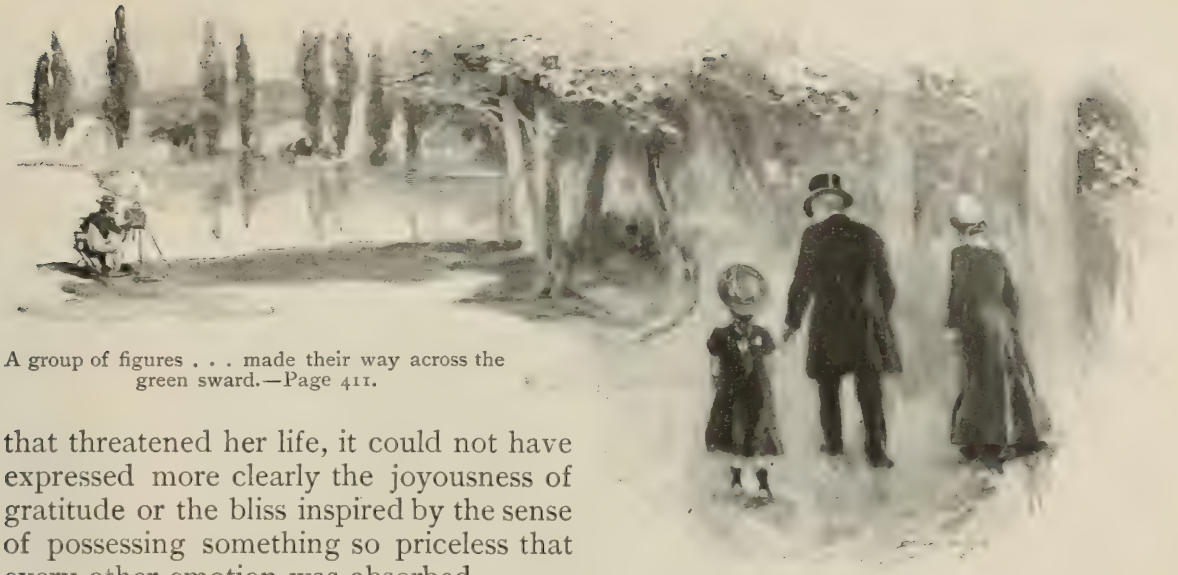
"Susette! Susette!"

The child, without turning her head, waved her hand in reply, looked earnestly into my face, and with a quick bending of one knee in courtesy, and a "Merci, M'sieu; merci," ran with all her speed toward the priest, who stretched wide his arms, half lifting her from the ground in the embrace. Then a smile broke over his face, so joyous, so full of love and tenderness, so much the unconscious index of the heart that prompted it, that I laid down my palette to watch them.

I have known many priests in my time, and I have never ceased to marvel at the beauty of the tie which binds them to the little ones of their flocks. I have never been in a land where priests and children were not companions. These long frocked guardians sit beside their play-grounds, with noses in their breviaries, or they head processions of boys and girls on the way to chapel, or they follow, two by two, behind a long string of blue-checked aprons and severe felt hats, the uniform of the motherless; or they teach the little vagrants by the hour—often it is the only schooling that these children get.

But I never remember one of them carrying such a waif about in his arms, nor one irradiated by such a flash of heavenly joy when some child, in a mad frolic, saw fit to scrape her muddy shoes down the front of a clean, black cassock.

The beatific smile itself was not altogether new to me. Anyone else can see it who wanders into the Gallery of the Prado. It irradiates the face of an old saint by Ribera—a study for one of his large canvases, and is hung above the line. I used to stand before it for hours, studying the technique. The high lights on the face are cracked in places, and the shadows are blackened by time, but the expression is that of one who looks straight up into heaven. And there is another—a Correggio, in the Hermitage, a St. Simon or St. Timothy, or some other old fellow—whose eyes run tears of joy, and whose upturned face reflects the light of the sun. Yet there was something in the face of the priest before me that neither of the others had—a peculiar human quality, which shone out of his eyes, as he stood bareheaded in the sunshine, the little girl in his arms. If the child had been his daughter—his very own and all he had, and if he had caught her safe from some danger



A group of figures . . . made their way across the green sward.—Page 411.

that threatened her life, it could not have expressed more clearly the joyousness of gratitude or the bliss inspired by the sense of possessing something so priceless that every other emotion was absorbed.

It was all over in a moment. He did not continue to beam irradiating beatitudes, as the old Ribera and the older Correggio have done for hundreds of years. He simply touched his hat to me, tucked the child's hand into his own, and led her off to her mother.

I kept at my work. For me the incident, delightful as it was, was closed. All I remembered, as I squeezed the contents of another tube on to my palette, was the smile on the face of the priest.

The weather now began to take part in the general agitation. The lazy haze, roused by the joyous sun, had gathered its skirts together and had slipped over the hills. The sun in its turn had been effaced by a big cloud with scalloped edges which had overspread the distant line of the river, blotting out the flashes of silver laughter, and so frightening the little waves that they scurried off to the banks, some even trying to climb up the stone coping out of the way of the rising wind. A cool gust of air, out on a lark, now swept down the path, and, with lance in rest, toppled over my white umbrella. Big drops of rain fell about me, spitting the dust like spent balls. Growls of thunder were heard overheard. One of those rollicking, two-faced thunder-squalls, with the sun on one side and the blackness of night on the other, was approaching.

The priest had seen it, for he had the child pickaback and was running across the sward. The woman had seen it, too, for she was already collecting her baskets, preparing to follow, and I was not far behind. Before she had reached the edge of the woods I had overtaken her, my traps under my arm, my white umbrella over my head.



He had the child pickaback.

"The Châlet Cycle is the nearest"—she volunteered, grasping the situation, and pointing to a path opening to the right as she spoke.

"Is that where he has taken the child?" I asked hurriedly.

"No, Monsieur—Susette has gone home. It is only a little way."

I plunged on through the wet grass, my eyes on the opening through the trees, the rain pouring from my umbrella. Before I had

reached the end of the path the rain ceased as suddenly as it began, and the sun broke through, flooding the wet leaves with dazzling light.



These two, the clouds and the sun, were evidently bent on mischief, frightening little waves and painters and bright-eyed children and good priests who loved them.

II

Do you happen to know the Châlet Cycle ?

If you are a staid old painter who takes life as he finds it, and who loves to watch the procession from the sidewalk without any desire to carry one of the banners or to blow any one of the horns —one of your three-meals-a-day, no heel-taps, and go-to-bed-at-ten-o'clock kind of a man, then make a note of the Cycle. The melons are excellent; the omelettes are wonders, and the salads something to be remembered. But, if you are two and twenty, with the world in a sling and both ends of the sling in your hand, and if this is your first real outing since your college days, it would be just as well for you to pass it by and take your coffee and rolls at the little restaurant over the bridge, or the one farther down the street.

B e l i e v e me, a most s e d u c t i v e place is this Châlet C y c l e, with its tables set out under the trees!

A place, at night, all hanging lanterns and shaded candles.

A place, at night, all hanging lanterns and shaded candles on *tête-a-tête* tables, and close-drawn curtains about the kiosks. A place, by day, where you lunch under giant red and white umbrellas, with seats for two, and these half hidden by Japanese screens, so high that even the waiters cannot look over. A place with a great music-stand smothered



Waiters ran hither and thither.—Page 416.

in palms and shady walks and cosey seats, out of sight of anybody, and with deaf, dumb, and blind waiters. A place with a big open gateway where everybody can enter and—ah! there is where the danger lies—a little by-path all hedged about with lilac bushes, where anybody can escape to the woods by the river—an ever-present refuge in time of trouble and in constant use—more's the pity—for it is the *unexpected* that happens at the Châlet Cycle.

The prettiest girls in Paris, in bewitching bicycle costumes, linger about the music-stand, losing themselves in the arbors and shrubberies. The kiosks are almost all occupied. Charming little Chinese pagodas these—eight-sided, with lattice screens on all sides—screens so tightly woven that no curious idler can see in, and yet so loosely put together that each hidden inmate can see out. Even the trees overhead have a hand in the villany, spreading their leaves thickly, so that the sun itself has a hard time to find out what is going on beneath their branches. All this you become aware of as you enter the big, wide gate.

Of course, being quite alone, with only my battered, old umbrella for company, I did not want a whole kiosk to myself, or even half of a giant umbrella. Any quiet corner would do for me, I told the Maître d'Hôtel, who relieved me of my sketch-trap—anywhere out of the rain when it should again break loose, which it was evidently about to do, judging from the appearance of the clouds—anywhere, in fact, where I could eat a filet smothered in mushrooms, and drink a pint of *vin ordinaire* in peace.

"No, I expected no one." This in answer to a peculiar lifting of the eyebrows and slight wave of his hand as he drew out a chair in an unoccupied kiosk commanding a view of the grounds. Then, in rather a positive tone, I added:

"Send me a waiter to take my order—orders for one, remember." I wanted to put a stop to his insinuations at once. Nothing is so annoying when one's hair is growing gray as being misunderstood—especially by a waiter.

Affairs overhead now took a serious turn. The clouds, evidently disapproving of the hilarious goings-on of the sun—poking its head out just as the cloud was raining its prettiest—had, in retaliation, stopped up all the holes the sun could peer through, and had started in to rain harder than ever. The waiters caught the angry frown on the cloud's face, and took

it at its spoken word—it had begun to thunder again—and began piling up the chairs to protect their seats, covering up the serving-tables, and getting every perishable article under shelter. The huge mushroom-umbrellas were collapsed and rushed into the kiosks—some of them into the one where I sat, it being the largest; small tables were turned upside down, and tilted against the tree-trunks, and the storm-curtains of all the little kiosks let down and buttoned tight to the frames. Waiters ran hither and thither, with napkins and aprons over their heads, carrying fresh courses for the several tables or escaping with their empty dishes.

In the midst of this mêlée a cab dashed up to the next kiosk to mine, the wheels cutting into the soft gravel; the curtains were quickly drawn wide by a half-drowned waiter, and a young man with jet-black hair and an Oriental type of face slipped in between them.

Another carriage now dashed up, following the grooves of the first wheels—not a cab this time, but a perfectly appointed coupé, with two men in livery on the box, and the front windows banked with white chrysanthemums. I could not see her face from where I sat—she was too quick for that—but I saw the point of a tiny shoe as it rested for an instant on the carriage-step, and a whirl of lace about a silk stocking. I caught also the movement of four hands — two stretched out from the curtains of the kiosk and two from the door of the coupé.



A young man . . . slipped in between them.

Of course, if I had been a very inquisitive and very censorious old painter, with a tendency to poke my nose into and criticise other people's business, I would at once have put two and two together and asked myself innumerable questions. Why, for instance, the charming couple did not arrive at the same moment, and in the same cab? or why they came all the way out to Suresne in the rain, when there were so many cosey little tables at Laurents's or at the Voisin, on the Rue Cambon, or in the Café Anglais on the Boulevard. Whether, too, either one were married, and if so which one, and if so again, what the other fellow and the other woman would do if he or she found it all out; and whether, after all, it was worth the candle when it did all come out, which it was bound to do some day sooner or later. Or I could have indulged in the customary homilies, and decried the tendency of the times, and said to myself how the world was going to the dogs because of such goings-on; quite forgetting the days when I, too, had the world in a sling, and was whirling it around my head with all the impetuosity and abandon of youth.

But I did none of these things—that is, nothing Paul Pryish or presuming. I merely beckoned to the Maître d'Hôtel, as he stood poised on the edge of the couple's kiosk, the order for their breakfast in his hands, and, when he had reached my halfway station on his way across the garden to the kitchen, stopped him with a question. Not with my lips — that is quite unnecessary with an old-time Maître d'Hôtel—but with my two eyebrows, one thumb and a part of one shoulder.

"The nephew of the Sultan, monsieur—" he answered instantly.

"And the lady?"

"Ah, that is Mademoiselle Ernestine

Béraud of the Variété. She comes quite often. For Monsieur, it is his first time this season."

He evidently took me for an old *habitué*. There are some compensations, after all, in the life of a staid old painter.

With these solid facts in my possession I breathed a little easier. Mademoiselle Ernestine Béraud, from the little I had seen of her, was quite capable of managing her own affairs without my own or anybody else's advice, even if I had been disposed to give it. She no doubt loved the lambent-eyed gentleman to distraction; the kiosk was their only refuge, and the whole affair was being so discreetly managed that neither the lambent-eyed gentleman nor his houri would be obliged to escape by means of the lilac-bordered path in the rear on this or any other morning.



I saw the point of a tiny shoe.—Page 416.

And if they should, what did it matter to me? The little row in the clouds overhead would soon end in further torrents of tears, as all such rows did; the sun would have its way after all and dry every one of them up; the hungry part of me would have its filet and pint of St. Julien, and the painter part of me would go back to the little path by the river and finish its sketch.

Again I tried to signal the Maître d'Hôtel as he dashed past on his way to the kiosk. This time he was under one of the huge umbrellas which an "omnibus" was holding over him, Rajah-fashion. He had a plump melon, half-smothered in ice, in his hands, to protect it from the down-pour, the rain making gargoyles of the points of the ribs of the umbrella. Evidently the breakfast was too important and the expected fee too large to intrust it to an underling. He must serve it himself.

Up to this moment no portion of my order had materialized. No cover for one, nor filet, nor *vin ordinaire*, nor waiter had appeared. The painter was growing impatient. The man inside was becoming hungry.

I waited until he emerged with an empty dish, watched him teeter on the edge of the kiosk for a moment, grasp the giant umbrella and plunge through the gravel, now rivers of water, toward my kiosk, the "omnibus" following as best he could.

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur—" he cried from beneath his shelter as he read my face. "It will not be long now. It is coming—here, you can see for yourself—" and he pointed across the garden, and tramped on, the water spattering his ankles.

I looked and saw a solemn procession of huge umbrellas, the ones used over the *tête-a-tête* tables beneath the trees, slowly wending its way toward where I sat, with all the measured movement and dignity of a file of Eastern potentates out for an airing.

Under each umbrella were two waiters, one carrying the umbrella and the other a portion of my breakfast. The potentate under the first umbrella, who carried the wine, proved to be a waiter-in-chief; the others bearing the filet, plates, dishes, and glasses were ordinary "omnibuses," pressed into service as palanquin-bearers by reason of the storm.

The waiter-in-chief, with the bottle, dodged from under his bungalow, leaving it outside and still open, like a stranded circus-tent, stepped into my kiosk, mopped the rain from his coat-sleeves and hands with a napkin, and, bowing solemnly,

pointed to the label on the bottle. This meeting my approval, he relieved the rear-guard of the dishes, arranged the table, drew the cork of the St. Julien, filled my glass, dismissed the assistants and took his place behind my chair.

The closeness of the quarters, the protection it afforded from the raging elements, the perils my companion had gone through to serve me, made possible a common level on which we could stand. We discussed the storm, the prospect of its clearing, the number of unfortunates in the adjacent Bois who were soaked to the skin, especially the poor little bicycle-girls in their cotton bloomers, now collapsed and bedraggled. We talked of the great six-day cross-country bicycle race, and how the winner, tired out, had wobbled over the Bridge that same morning, with the whole pack behind him, having won by less than five minutes. We talked of the people who came and went, and who they were, and how often they dined, and what they spent, and ate and drank, and of the rich American who had given the waiter a gold Louis for a silver franc, and who was too proud to take it back when his attention was called to the mistake (which my companion could not but admit was quite foolish of him) ; and, finally, of the dark-skinned Oriental with the lambent eyes, and the adorable Ernestine with the pointed shoes and open-work silk stockings and fluffy skirts, who occupied the kiosk within ten feet of where I sat and he stood.

During the conversation I was busy with my knife and fork, my eyes at intervals taking in the scene before me; the comings and goings of the huge umbrellas — one, two or three, as the serving of the dishes demanded, the rain streaming from their sides; now the fish, now the salad, now a second bottle of wine in a cooler, and now the last course of all on an empty plate, which my companion said was the bill, and which he characterized as the most important part of the procession, except the *pour boire*. Each time the procession came to a full stop outside the kiosk until the sentinel waiter relieved them of their burdens. My sympathies constantly went out to this man. There was no room for him inside, and certainly no wish for his company, and so he must, perforce, balance himself under his umbrella, first on one leg and then on the other, in his effort to escape the spatter which now reached his knees, quite as would a wet chicken seeking shelter under a cart-body.

I say my companion and I "talked"



I looked and saw a solemn procession of huge umbrellas.—Page 417.

of these several sights and incidents as I ate my luncheon. And yet really up to this time I had not once looked into his face, quite a necessary thing in conducting a conversation of any duration. But then one rarely does in talking to a waiter when he is serving you. My remarks had generally been addressed to the dish in front of me, or to the door opposite, through which I looked, and his rejoinders to the back of my shirt-collar. If he had sat opposite, or had moved into the perspective, I might once in a while have caught a glimpse, over my glass or spoon, of his smileless, mask-like face, a thing impossible, of course, with him constantly behind my chair.

When, however, in the course of his monotone, he mentioned the name of Mademoiselle Ernestine Béraud and that of the distinguished kinsman of His Serene Highness, the Grand Pan-Jam of the Orient, I turned my head in his direction.

"You know the Mademoiselle then?"

My waiter shrugged his shoulders, his face still impenetrable.

"Monsieur, I know everybody in Paris. Why not? Twenty-three years a waiter. Twenty years at the Café de la Paix in Paris, and three years here. Do you wonder?"

There are in my experience but four kinds of waiters the world over. First, the thin, nervous waiter, with a set smile, who is always brushing away imaginary crumbs, adjusting the glasses—an inch this way, an inch that way, and then back again to their first position, talking all the time, whether spoken to or not, and losing interest the moment you pay him his fee. Then the stolid, half-asleep waiter, fat and perpetually moist, who considers his duties over when he has placed your order on the cloth and moved the wine within reach of your hand. Next the apprentice waiter, promoted from cook or scullion-boy, who carries on a conversation in signs behind your back with the waiter opposite him, smothering his laughter at intervals in the same napkin with which he wipes your plate, and who, when he changes a course, slants the dishes up his sleeve, keeping the top one in place with his chin, replacing the plates again with a wavy motion, as if they were so many quoits, each one circling into its place



The sentinel waiter.—Page 418.

—a trick of which he is immensely proud.

And last—and this is by no means a large class, the grave, dignified, self-possessed, well-mannered waiter; smooth-shaven, spotlessly clean, noiseless, smug and attentive. He generally walks with a slight limp, an infirmity due to his sedentary habits and his long acquaintance with his several employers' decanters. He is never under fifty, is round of form, short in the legs, broad of shoulder, and wears his gray hair cut close. He has had a long and varied experience; he has been buttons, valet, second man, first man, lord high butler, and then down the scale again to plain waiter. This has not been his fault but his misfortune—the settling of an estate it may be or the death of a master. He has, with unerring judgment, summed you up in his mind before you have taken your seat, and has gauged your intelligence and breeding with the first dish you ordered. Intimate knowledge of the world and of men and of women—especially the last—has developed in him a distrust of all things human. He alone has seen the pressure of the jewelled hands as they lay on the cloth or under it, the lawful partner opposite. He alone has caught the last whispered word as the opera-cloak fell about her shoulders, and knows just where they dined the next day, and who

paid for it and why. Being looked upon as part of the appointments of the place, like the chandeliers or the mirrors or the electric bell that answers when spoken to but never talks back, he has, unconsciously to those he serves, become the custodian of their closest secrets. These he keeps to himself. Were he to open his mouth he could not only break up a score or more of highly respectable families, but might possibly upset a ministry.

My waiter belonged to this last group.

I saw it in every deferential gesture of his body, and every modulated tone of his voice. Whether his moral nature had become warped and cracked and twisted out of all shape by constant daily and nightly contact—especially the last—with the sort of life he had led, or whether some of the old-time refinement of his better days still clung to him, was a question I could not decide from the exhibits before me—certainly not from the calm eyes which never wavered, nor the set mouth which never for a moment relaxed, the only important features in the face so far as character-reading is concerned.

I determined to draw him out; not that he interested me in any way, but simply because such studies are instructive. Then, again, his account of his experiences might be still more instructive. When should I have a better opportunity? Here was a man steeped in the life of Paris up to his very eyelids, one thoroughly conversant with the peccadilloes of innumerable *viveurs* — peccadilloes interesting even to staid old painters, simply as object-lessons, especially those committed by the other gay Lothario: the fellow, for instance, who did not know she was dangerous until his letter of credit collapsed; or the peccadilloes of the beautiful moth who believed the candle lighting her path to be an incandescent bulb of joy, until her scorched wings hung about her bare shoulders: That kind of peccadillo.



One, two or three, as the serving of the dishes demanded.—Page 418.

So I pushed back my chair, opened my cigar-case and proceeded to adjust the end of my mental probe. There was really nothing better to do, even if I had no such surgical operation in view. It was still raining, and neither I nor the waiter could leave our Chinese-junk of an island until the down-pour ceased, or we were rescued by a life-boat or an umbrella.

"And this nephew of the Sultan," I began again between puffs, addressing my remark to the match in my companion's hand, which was now burning itself out at the extreme end of my cigar. "Is he a new admirer?"

"Quite new—only ten days or so, I think."

"And the one before—the old one—what does he think?" I asked this question with one of those cold, hollow, heartless laughs, such as croupiers are supposed to indulge in when they toss a five-franc piece back to the poor devil who has just lost his last hundred Napoleons at baccarat—I have never seen this done and had never heard the laugh, but that is the way the story-books put it—particularly the blood-curdling laugh.

"You mean Pierre Channet, the painter, Monsieur?"

I had, of course, never heard of Pierre Channet, the painter, in my life, but I nodded as knowingly as if I had been on the most intimate relations with him for years. Then, again, this was my only way of getting down to his personal level, the only way I could draw him out and get at his real character. By taking his side of the question, he would unbosom himself the more freely, and, perhaps, incidentally, some of the peccadilloes—some of the most wicked.

"He will *not think*, Monsieur. They pulled him out of the river last month."

"Drowned?"

His answer gave me a little start, but I did not betray myself.

"So they said. The water trickled along his nose for two days as he lay on the slab, before they found out who he was."

"In the morgue?" I inquired in a tone of surprise. I spoke as if this part of the story had not reached me.



At last I had reached his tender spot.—Page 422.

"In the morgue, Monsieur?"

The repeated words came as cold and merciless as the drops of water that fell on poor Channet as he lay under the gas-jets.

"Drowned himself for love of Mademoiselle Béraud, you say?"

"Quite true, Monsieur. He is not the only one. I know four."

"And she began to love another in a week?" My indignation nearly got the better of me this time, but I do not think he noticed it.

"Why not, Monsieur? One must live."

As he spoke he moved an ash-tray deliberately within reach of my hand, and poured the balance of the St. Julien into my glass without a quiver.

I smoked on in silence. Every spark of human feeling had evidently been stifled in him. The Juggernaut of Paris, in rolling over him, had broken every generous impulse, flattening him into a pulp of brutal selfishness. That is why his face was so smooth and cold, his eyes so dull and his voice so monotonous. I understood it all now. I changed the subject. I did not know where it would lead if I kept on. Drowned lovers were not what I was looking for.

"You say you have only been two years in Suresne?" I resumed carelessly, flicking the ashes from my cigar.

"But two years, Monsieur."

"Why did you leave Paris?"

"Ah, when one is over fifty it is quite done. Is it not so, Monsieur?" This made with a little deferential wave of his hand. I noted the tribute to the staid painter, and nodded approvingly. He was evidently climbing up to my level. Perhaps this plank, slender as it was, might take him out of the slough and land him on higher and better ground.

"Yes, you are right. And so you came to Suresne to be quiet."

"Not altogether, Monsieur. I came to be near—Well! we are never too old for

that—Is it not so ?" He said it quite simply, quite as a matter of course, the tones of his voice as monotonous as any he had yet used—just as he had spoken of poor Channet in the morgue with the water trickling over his dead face. The fraud !

" Oh, then, even at fifty you have a sweetheart ! " I blurted out with a sudden twist of my probe. I felt now that I might as well follow the iniquity to the end.

" It is true, Monsieur."

" Is she pretty ? " As long as I was dissecting I might at least discover the root of the disease. This remark, however, was not addressed to him, but to a crumb of ashes on the cloth, which I was trying to remove with the point of a knife. He might not have answered, or liked it, had I fired the question at him point-blank.

" Very pretty—" still the same monotone.

" And you love her ! " It was up to the hilt now.

" She is the only thing I have left to love, Monsieur," he answered, calmly. Then, bending over me, he added :

" Monsieur, I do not think I am mistaken. Were you not painting along the river this morning ? "

" Yes."

" And a little child stood beside you while you worked ? " Something in his voice as he spoke made me raise my head. To my intense amazement the listless eyes were alight with a tenderness that seemed to permeate his whole being and a smile of infinite sweetness was playing about his mouth—the smile of the old saint—the Ribera of the Prado !

" Yes, of course ; the one playing with the priest," I answered quickly. " But——"

" No ; that was me, Monsieur. I have often been taken for a priest, especially when I am off duty. It is the smooth face that misled you—" and he passed his hand over his cheeks and chin.

" You the priest ! " This came as a distinct surprise. " Ah, yes, I do see some resemblance now. And so your sweetheart is the woman in the white cap." At last I had reached his tender spot.

" No, you are wrong again, Monsieur. The woman in the white cap is my sister. My sweetheart is the little girl—my granddaughter, Susette."

. . . . . .

I raised my own white umbrella over my head, picked up my sketch-trap, and took the path back to the river. The rain had ceased, the sun was shining—brilliant, radiant sunshine ; all the leaves studded with diamonds ; all the grasses strung with opals, every stone beneath my feet a gem.

I didn't know when I left what became of Mademoiselle Ernestine Béraud, with her last lover under the sod, and the new one shut up in the kiosk, and I didn't care. I saw only a little girl—a little girl in a brown-madder dress, and yellow-ochre hat ; with big, blue eyes, a tiny pug-nose, a wee, kissable mouth, and two long pig-tails down her back. Looking down into her bonny face from its place, high up on the walls of the Prado, was an old cracked saint, his human eyes aglow with a light that came straight from heaven.



THE NATURAL-BORN PREACHER

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD PYLE

JOSEPH TUMBELL was a natural-born preacher. That was his way of putting it, and he was positive that he was right. Being thus divinely gifted, it was hard that he had never been called to minister to the people, for as a candidate for this high honor he had stood three times before the congregation in the old Mennonite meeting-house on the ridge-side, where the road runs across hills to the river.

"The lot is cast into the lap," the Bishop had said, "but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

The young man believed that. But the firmer his conviction, the harder to bear was the sight of another, one of poor parts, of halting speech and a barren brain, taking from the table the book in which lay the white slip that lifted him from the ranks to leadership, that transformed him from a silent listener into an expounder of divine truths. That a gifted man like William Larker, or one so devout as Hermann Appel, should have been called to the ministry before him was just, but when Joseph thought of Adam Snauffer, and recalled his smug countenance—fat, rosy red, and framed in rolls of shiny hair and a beard most fastidiously trimmed—when he remembered the little, restless, bulging eyes that seemed to ferret out in an instant all the good points of a horse and the bad ones of a man, then deep down in his heart he was inclined to suspect that there had been some grave error in "the whole disposing thereof." Perhaps not. There might be in Adam latent powers for good that would be developed now that he sat above the people with their ministers, but it had always seemed that he had laid up too many goods in this world to be giving much thought to the doubtful possessions of that to come.

Snauffer was a fine farmer. He was an excellent horse-trader. Yet to discover in him the elements of a forceful speaker required, indeed, a higher wisdom than Joseph's, or even that of the venerable Bishop and his fellows. The lot had been cast, and it was not to be questioned, but man is weak and rebellious, and when he is a natural-born preacher, too, he must take it a bit hard to be compelled on six days of the week to work from dawn until dark in his fields on a by-road, four miles from the turnpike, and then when Sunday comes sit silent in the congregation.

It was a day in early June. Joseph was working in his corn-field on the ridge-side, and long had been standing, leaning against the cultivator. He was at the end of the row. It was a fashion of his always to be at the end of the row. Even the store had noticed it and commented on it unfavorably, for they said that it showed in the corn. But a man cannot meditate when he is driving a blind sorrel mare and a fractious mule, and trying at the same time to steer a clumsy machine between two rows of delicate corn-stalks. Below him the valley lay, and a bustling place it was. A white line showed here and there against a green slope, marking the turnpike up and down which the great world hurried. There was the village, with the store, a vast and venerable structure, a centre of trade and thought, lifting its roof above the maples, and close beside it the mill that groaned all day like a living thing. Beyond the sweep of rolling fields arose another ridge, fringed at its crest with a stretch of pine woods, and there, standing out sharply against the dark hill-side, was the Mennonite meeting-house, the hundred white grave-stones that clustered about it now glittering in the noon sun. It was here that the young man's eyes were resting, and here, too, were his thoughts fixed, for to-morrow Adam Snauffer was to preach for the first time.

Joseph pictured it all in his mind. But when the minister arose before the great congregation, it was never Adam Snauffer who stood at the table looking down at the people; it was Joseph Tumbell called at last to the work for which he was so peculiarly fitted. How solemn the preach-



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

"Humbility is the fountain of all wirtue."—Page 426.

er looked! How deep and strong rang his voice as he exhorted his hearers to heed his warnings, to follow his leading! He heard the groans of the old men. He saw the earnest faces of the sisters. The sisters? The multitude of them faded away, and one alone remained. The brethren were forgotten, and now he was preaching to her. She did not need his exhortation. Who could look into that serene face, framed in the white prayer-covering and a wealth of soft brown hair —who could look into those frank blue eyes and say she needed exhortation? He was preaching for her; that she might see him as more than the humble toiler of the ridges; that she might know him as one peculiarly gifted and called, therefore, to prophesy before the people. She would place his talents in the balance against the fat farm down there in the valley, against the brick house with the two front doors and the portico, against the full barn and smoke-house with which Snauffer was seeking to win her. Snauffer? The very thought of the man dispelled all his dreams and brought him back to realities. If she wasted a glance on Joseph to-morrow it would be to see in him one not only inferior to Adam as regarded worldly possessions, but judged by the lot poorer in spiritual treasures.

Even now the fat figure uppermost in his mind was right before him, not in the pulpit of his fancy, but on the topmost rail of his own fence, complacently chewing a long piece of timothy and grinning.

"I seen you was talkin' to yourself, Joseph, so I 'lowed I wouldn't disturb you," he said.

"You did kind o' give me a start," growled the young man. "I was stedyin' a leetle, an' didn't know they was anyone 'round."

"You have a repytation for stedyin' a heap," returned Adam, pleasantly. "That's my weak pint—stedyin' an' medytatin'. I'm a stavin' worker 'hen they is somethin' to git a holt on, but 'hen it comes to shettin' me eyes an' grabbin' round for idees then I'm short."

"How are you goin' to preach?" inquired Joseph, with a supercilious toss of his head. "To be a preacher you'll have to have somethin' to say. To git somethin' to say, a man must medytate."

"That's it exactly. You couldn't 'a' put it better," returned Snauffer, not in the least disturbed by the other's contemptuous tones. "You see I'm most pestered to death, fer to-morrow I starts in preachin', an' to save my head I don't know what I'm goin' to say. All this week I've ben so busy gittin' out shingles from my woods I ain't had time to think. Last night I went to bed intendin' to lay late this mornin' an' stedy out some pints as I was dozin'. It was nearly five o'clock agin I got up, an' not an idee could I git my hands on to preach about."

Joseph became sympathetic. "Mighty souls!" he said, leaning on a wheel, and adjusting himself to hear a long story of trouble from his visitor.

"A feller with your talents can be surprised," Adam went on, "but fer a plain man like me it comes hard to start. I spent the whole mornin' settin' on a chicken-coop in the orchard tryin' to medytate, an' not a thing would come outen my head but how many foot o' scantlin' an' shingles I could cut offen the chestnut flats. At last I tho't o' you, Joseph. You are gifted; you have a heap o' idees. Now, s'posin' you uns was in my place, what 'ud you say?"

Joseph glanced at the blind sorrel mare, and from her to the fat figure of her former owner on the fence. He was very suspicious, and made no reply, save to nod his head knowingly and smile. Adam looked at the sorrel mare, too. He had smiled a year before, when he traded her for a good Durham cow and $10 to boot. Now he was all solemnity, and a pious picture he made in his wide-brimmed hat, and his brown coat with its great tails spread over the rail at either side of him.

"Well, Joseph?" he said, after a long silence.

"I might want to use my sermon sometim', mebbe, myself," replied the young man, brusquely.

"I trust that in good time the lot will fall on you," cried Adam, with great earnestness. "It otter 'a' done it last week, but fer some reason beyant me or you I was called. An' fer some reason beyant me was I drawed up here this mornin'. You can teach me."

Joseph looked again at the blind sorrel mare, and from her to the form on the

fence, and then to the little meeting-house on the other ridge. He could not stand before the people to-morrow and preach. Years might pass or his life might pass without the lot falling on him. It was a poor substitute to have another utter his thoughts, but this was better than that they should never go beyond the confines of his fields and have no hearers but his dumb brutes.

"I have a sermon, Adam," he said at last, his tone becoming a little more genial. "I have a number of 'em, but I allus intended to begin with one about humbility."

"Humbility?" repeated Adam. "That is fine. Now, how'd you uns start if you was me?"

Joseph turned slowly, and removing his hat, dropped it on the cultivator. Then he laid one hand solemnly on the handle as though it were the pulpit, and raising the other and shaking it at his only auditor, he cried, "Humbility is the fountain of all wirtue. Be humbility——"

"Hol' on," Adam interrupted. "Wait tell I git that. Humbility is the fountain of all wirtue. That's good."

"Be humbility in this world we becomes bigitive in the next," continued the preacher. "The more bigitive we are in this world, the more humbiller will be our placet in that to come."

"Wait tell I catch that," pleaded Adam.

But Joseph went right on. "Oh, brethren, heed me warnin'! Mind how the prophet sayd pride goeth before the fall." He stopped suddenly, and smiled. "That's the way I'd open up," he added.

"Pride goeth before the fall," repeated Adam. "That is grand—pride goeth before the fall; but say now, wouldn't autumn sound fancier?"

"That ain't what the prophet sayd," replied Joseph, contemptuously. "It ain't what he meant, nuther. But I allus intended to run in a figger like this—before the fall—that is to say, brethren, how as in our summer-time, 'hen we are all covered with be-yutiful flowers, an' grass, an' wavin' fiel's, we are puffed up, but then comes the fall—that is jest a figger, mind ye, Adam—then comes fall. All the be-yutiful flowers dies an' the leaves begins flyin' round, leavin' our limbs all bare an' cold. Then, brethren, we can puff up, but it won't warm us, an' we'll be most a mighty glad for an humble hay-stack to crawl under. Do you catch the idee, Adam?"

"It's grand," cried Adam. "It's a splendid beginnin'. But that ain't all, is it? I have to fill in ten minutes, but I s'pose I can repeat."

"All?" exclaimed Joseph. "Mighty! Why, with a sub-ject like this here, it's hard to stop. There are some texts you'll preach on 'hen it'll be best jest to keep repeatin', but on humbility, never."

Adam was shaking his head dubiously.

"Well, now, mind me," said Joseph, reassuringly. "Havin' begin, I'd go on an' tell the brethren how wicked I'd ben oncet meself, an' how big-feelin', an' how I become humble agin—humble as a leetle child."

"Most a'mighty impressin'," said Adam, wagging his head approvingly. "I'll certainly do that."

Joseph had forgotten him. "I had a buddy oncet," he droned, grasping the wheel with both hands, throwing back his head and closing his eyes as though he were groping his way about the dreadful past. "He was a wicked young man, brethren, an' I was a follower o' the darkness. They was nothin' wrong to be done in this walley that me an' my buddy didn't do. Oh, but we was wild!"

He did not go much into details. While he gave a few specific instances wherein he and his boon companion on the broad way had erred, these were engulfed in dreadful generalities. The wonder was that the quiet valley could have nourished so much evil. But Joseph's story so transformed it that where Pleasantville lifted her three spires heavenward; where the white stones glistened in the Mennonite burying-ground; where below him the mill lay snoring in the slumbering village; where to the south hovered a cloud of smoke, marking the only place in the whole pious country into which that great iron serpent, the railroad, had driven its ugly body, one might well have looked to see the walls of Sodom and Gomorrah, of Nineveh and Tyre. Joseph Tumbell and his buddy escaped the gallows. Thither they were bound, and thus alone could their career have been checked had not a wild night adventure intervened to save them. Just what occurred to drag them back to the narrow way, the preacher did not explain;

but his free use of adjectives made it evident that it was one of those terrifying manifestations of physical power that come at times from the most unexpected quarters to cause mental upheaval.

"Oh, it was awful!" cried Joseph, closing his eyes again as though to shut out the recollection. "We was miles from home, an' the night was dark, an' the thunder an' lightnin' was a-rollin' an' a-flashin' around us. But it changed me an' me buddy then an' there. Wild as we was, we became humbiller than leetle children. We made a promise, providin' we ever got home. It was a promise that reginerated us, an' brought us back outen our dark ways. We never danced agin."

Having demonstrated his own humility and shown its cause, and having by the words he was uttering proven its fruits, Joseph opened his eyes and picked up his hat. Then he smiled.

Adam Snauffer said nothing, but got down from the fence and climbed into his buckboard. For several minutes he sat there wiggling his whip pensively.

"It's grand," he said at last. "You certainly have helped me a heap, an' it's done me good to hear you. If I can jest remember, it 'll be fine: first, humbility is the fountain of all wirtue; secondly, pride goeth before the fall; and thirdly, how wicked I was. I allow I can holt it tell to-morrow."

He did remember with remarkable facility.

It was a fair day, and from every quarter of the valley the people had come to hear the new minister. The little white-walled meeting-house was crowded. Joseph tucked himself away in a corner, and had to crane his neck covertly to look over a score of hoary-headed brethren and see a certain white cap on the sisters' side. There were half a hundred of them, but he located this particular one, and by careful watching he could sometimes discover a break in that solemn wall of bearded men and through it get the briefest glimpse of the serene face and the mild blue eyes fixed so earnestly on the preachers. She did not see him, the humble toiler of the ridges. But Adam Snauffer was in the row of ministers, and one of the six great black hats hanging so gravely on the wall behind the pulpit was his. The Bishop was on his left hand, and on his right was the venerable William Larker. He was with the leaders, placed there by the lot that expressed the divine will. As compared to him, how small must Joseph Tumbell seem! Poor Joseph! A long-drawn nasal tone from an old brother on the front bench started the congregation swinging away into a hymn, but instead of sending his voice sounding above the others, as was his custom, he now went mumbling and stumbling through the buckwheat notes. He got behind and sang a bar all alone at the close. When he recovered himself, it was to see Adam Snauffer standing at the table, awkwardly fumbling his Bible.

There was a silence in the room. The preacher shifted uneasily from one foot to the other several times. Then in a voice hardly audible three benches away he began: "As I set here to-day a few tho'ts are suggested to me." A long pause followed, broken by a loud "Amen" from a brother in the congregation. "These few tho'ts was suggested—humbility is the fountain of all wirtue."

Adam dropped the book and folded his hands as though he were waiting for his first shot to land before firing again.

"Be humbility—" He made another violent attack on the book, and looked at the ceiling. "Be humbility——"

He wavered. Joseph Tumbell, in his obscure corner, forgot self and leaned forward eagerly. Would Adam remember? Oh, if he could only he'p—if he could only shout it to him!

Adam did remember. His first fear was gone; his old assurance returned. As though by a sudden inspiration he cried, "Be humbility we become bigitive in the next world."

He stopped again, and again he folded his hands, but now it was with perfect composure. He showed it by smiling. To be able to stand on both feet before an audience and at the same time smile has always been a proof of oratorical equilibrium. So Adam's next thought was put forth in an impressive, a deep and unctuous tone. "Another idee has been suggested as I set here on this be-yutiful day—pride goeth before the fall—mind ye, brethren, before the fall—that's a figger."

Now the sermon moved splendidly, and the thoughts came as fast as they were suggested. At times the preacher was a trifle mixed, and again and again he disregarded his instructor's injunction and repeated, believing, perhaps, that by many repetitions the idea might once be correctly expressed. Recovering the use of his voice, he got entire control of his hands, and the eyes, that at first sought the table or the ceiling, now looked squarely into those of his hearers.

At length he paused. His arms were lowered, his hands grasped the table, his head was thrown back, his eyes closed, and in a solemn voice he said, "I had a buddy oncet."

Joseph Tumbell was astounded. This was the first time he had ever heard of Adam possessing an intimate friend of any kind, for his close ways and horse-trades had always made him rather unpopular in the valley. If he ever had a boon companion it had been kept very quiet, and the announcement now came as a surprise. But if this was unexpected, still more so was the bold declaration that Adam and his buddy were partners in wickedness. Joseph began to be angry, for he had expected that in following his suggestion Snauffer would supply a sketch of his own life, but it was quickly made evident that the sins he was fathering were not his at all. They belonged to Joseph Tumbell. There was a boastful ring in the preacher's voice, too, as he told how wicked he and his buddy had been. He even began to repeat. He was bemoaning the fact that in his young days he had been given to the vanity of fancy clothes, that he had played cards and even descended to dancing, yet he never referred to his recent bargain in trading off his blind sorrel. There were a hundred glaring omissions and commissions of a late date that he might well have mentioned, but instead he took Joseph's sins, multiplied them by three and claimed them as his own. Then followed the regeneration, for the Adam Snauffer the people saw before them was not the wild rake of years ago. He, too, had become "humbiller than a leetle child." The wayward, reckless youth and his buddy were miles from home on a stormy night, and the thunder was crashing around them when an awful thing happened. They saw the error of their ways and made a vow to live aright henceforth. They never danced again.

Whatever might have been the feelings of his instructor, the new minister that day established a high reputation in the minds of the valley. As he shouldered his way down the crowded aisle at the end of the service, Joseph heard on every hand: "Preacher Snauffer is a wonderful talker."

Even Mary said it. He was unhitching her horse, being too much wrought up to linger about the door and gossip. He wanted to see her alone, and to speak to her, if only to make a remark about the weather, that under the spell of Snauffer's eloquence she might not forget the simple farmer of the ridges.

"Adam is a wonderful talker," she said as she climbed into her buckboard and gathered up the reins.

"Wonderful—wonderful," replied Joseph, mechanically.

He stepped away from the fat horse's head, expecting that she would drive off. She did not.

"Mebbe I might give you a lift," she said, looking away up the ridge, thus hiding her face from his by her bonnet.

"Mebbe you might," said he.

When he saw her face again they were a half-mile down the road, and the meeting-house had disappeared behind the bend.

"Adam is a wonderful talker," she said, now looking frankly at the young man at her side.

Joseph was contemplating his left foot. It was swinging down beside the wheels. Wonderfully comforting it is when you are driving with a woman, to let one foot swing free of the wagon this way. It helps so in the long intervals between remarks to be occupied with something, for when one of your feet is likely at any moment to become tangled among revolving spokes you cannot be expected to keep up a continual gabble. So Joseph simply nodded.

They were at the covered bridge, where the road turns and goes straight across the valley, when she spoke again.

"I had no idee Adam was so wicked," she said.

Joseph forgot his foot. "Oh, that's nothin'," he cried. "He never done all them things. That was jest preachin'."

"If he'd only done half of 'em it 'ud 'a' ben too much," said she. "No man who has ben so wicked as that is safe."

"I never knowd nothin' agin him but smart horse-tradin'," returned Joseph, stoutly. "That ain't sin, exactly."

Mary looked right at him.

"Joseph," she said, "don't you tell me that a man as has ben as bad as Adam Snauffer can ever git entirely over it. There ain't a thunderstorm goin' that'll scare him complete—it might all come back most any time."

Poor Joseph! These were his own precious sins she was talking about. The first feeling of elation that she should have turned against the sleek Snauffer was lost in the knowledge that the faults that had won Adam this condemnation were, after all, not the preacher's, but his own. If she knew, would she now be riding at his side? If the lot had fallen on him and he had arisen before her and descanted on the evil of his past, would she now be giving him a lift? The girl was gazing at him so frankly and trustfully that he turned his head, that his great hat-brim might interpose between them. He fastened his eyes on the swinging foot, now perilously near the wheel.

It was an age until she spoke again. They had passed the mill and were slowly climbing the long ridge hill.

"What was the awful thing that happened the night he was reginerated?" she demanded, suddenly.

"He—he dished a wheel," answered Joseph, ruefully.

"He done what?" she exclaimed.

"If the night he was tellin' of is the one I think, he dished a wheel," said he.

Mary tossed her head disdainfully and cried: "Dished a wheel! An' he says he was reginerated be dishin' a wheel!"

Joseph was silent. How different the plain truth sounded, stripped bare of its wordy covering of thunder and lightning, of storm and terror!

"It does seem a leetle weak," he stammered.

"I should 'low it was most a'mighty weak," said she. "He need never come to me an' tell how awful wicked he was, an' that be dishin' a wheel he was saved."

The girl looked away, hiding her face from him with her bonnet. There was a very long pause. Several times the fat horse almost stopped moving and turned his head inquiringly to discover why his mistress neither chirruped nor slapped him on the back with the reins.

"I wouldn't mind him bein' wicked so awful much," she said at last, with a little sigh, "but I hate to see a man so soft."

Joseph gave no answer until the top of the hill was reached. There he braced himself suddenly, and looked at her and laughed.

"I 'low it was lucky I didn't draw the lot," he exclaimed.

"If you had I'd 'a' took Adam Snauffer," said she.

Oh, these maddening poke bonnets that turn upward and downward and outward when you would have them point right at you!

Joseph has planted his left foot squarely in the wagon now. For when you love a woman and she loves you, and you know it and she knows it, it is foolish to watch your boots.

BOOKS ABOUT NATURE

By Henry Childs Merwin

IT has become a commonplace of criticism that in the eighteenth century the reason was unduly exalted above imagination, and conventionality above nature. The reaction came almost with the beginning of the nineteenth century; it has lasted through it, nor does its strength seem to be impaired. Even the sceptical and critical spirit, which scientific studies have bred, does not count for so much in the history of the nineteenth century as the literary and religious spirit. The Catholic revival in the Church of England (which has been felt by every English-speaking Protestant in the world) is recognized as being only a part of that more general movement of which Scott and Coleridge were among the first exponents. It is remarkable how religious was the tone of literature in the nineteenth century. Much of the best prose and of the best poetry of our time has been written by men who were seekers after religion—seekers, but not finders. Such were Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and Clough. It was inevitable that in an age of this character an intense love of nature should arise—a feeling quite different from what had been known before. Pope in his grotto, and Addison pacing to and fro on the gravelled walk beneath the limes of Magdalen College, were typical figures in the eighteenth century ; but in the nineteenth century we have the poet ranging the hills, and haunting the woods and fields at all hours of the day and night. Scott's love of scenery amounted to hardly more than a taste, but in Wordsworth it became a passion, and in Richard Jefferies a religion. "Though I cannot name the ideal good," said Jefferies, "it seems to me that it will be in some way closely associated with the ideal beauty of nature."

Two other motives have also contributed to make men lovers of nature and observers of wild life. The first of these is that feeling of human brotherhood which has been stronger in the century just passed than it ever was before. This feeling has inspired such books as "Hodge and His Masters," and some of the best novels of George Sand ; though its highest artistic expression will be found, I presume, not in literature, but in Millet's pictures. The second motive is allied to it ; it is a sympathetic interest in the lower animals, especially in birds. From these several motives—from pure love of nature, from an interest in the farmer, the field-worker, the hunter and the backwoodsman, from a sort of affectionate curiosity as to those wild creatures which still exist close to the haunts of men (there are foxes within the bounds of London)—has arisen a whole crop of books, scarcely one of which is entirely devoid of interest.

Writers about nature have, however, one great difficulty to contend with, namely, that nature cannot bear to be looked at too directly, to be brought to book and interrogated in an up-and-down fashion. To learn the secrets of nature—the poetic as well as the practical secrets—a man must first put himself in sympathy with nature—he must become a part of the scene himself, and that he can do only by going about some labor ; then, in a moment of rest, in a chance look, a stolen glance, he may obtain a sight of nature's secrets. Even Emerson, who was an offender in this respect, being neither farmer, nor sportsman, nor surveyor, nor naturalist, felt the difficulty. "A susceptible person," he writes, "does not like to indulge his tastes in this kind without the apology of some trivial necessity ; he goes to see a wood-lot, or to look at the crops, or to fetch a plant or a mineral from a remote locality, or he carries a fowling-piece or a fishing-rod. I suppose this shame must have a good reason. A dilettanteism in nature is barren and unworthy. The fop of the fields is no better than his brother of Broadway."

Even the pleasure of a drive, as everybody knows, is enhanced by the fact of having some errand, real or pretended, to accomplish. I have known four able-bodied persons to conspire and travel fif-

teen miles, in a two-horse wagon (the weather being pleasant), for the ostensible object of bringing home a small loaf of rye bread. This comes, I suppose, from the curse laid upon us—the curse of labor. A man does not feel easy in his conscience unless he has some task on hand; and, not being easy, he is not in that receptive mood which is necessary to the apprehension of nature. The pretended errand, or the unused rod, or the gun that doesn't go off (but it must be loaded), is simply the device by which man deceives himself, and so circumvents the universe. Thoreau has thus expressed this truth:* "Fishermen, hunters, wood-choppers and others spending their lives in the fields and woods, in a peculiar sense a part of nature themselves, are often in a more favorable mood for observing her in the intervals of their pursuits than philosophers or poets even, who approach her with expectation." In another place, after speaking of the wood-chopper's familiarity with the swamp, where he works every day, Thoreau says:† "Not so the naturalist; enough of his unconscious life does not pass there. A man can hardly be said to be *there* if he *knows* that he is there, or to go there if he knows where he is going.‡ The man who is bent upon his work is frequently in the best attitude to observe what is irrelevant to his work."

Mr. John Burroughs, an idle fellow himself, I fear, has snatched the same truth from some casual moment of labor. "I find," he writes, "that a kind of preoccupation, as the farmer with his work, the angler with his rod, the sportsman with his gun . . . affords conditions that are not to be neglected, . . . the unpremeditated glance, when the mind is passive and receptive, often stirs the soul."§ Mr. Maurice Thompson, who, I believe, always took a gun along, or at least a bow and arrows, made the same discovery: "There must be some excuse," he wrote, "for going out alone with nature other than the avowed purpose of filching her secrets and accumulating her suggestions."|| Some gross attempts of the kind indicated by Mr. Thompson have been made upon nature. I remember one writer who climbed a mountain-top at night armed with a spy-glass, a thermometer, some matches, a pencil (with a knife to sharpen it), and a large note-book. His avowed object was to work up an essay from his observations with the thermometer, and otherwise; and in due course the essay was written and published. The bird-men are great offenders in this line. They ravage the fields and woods, ostensibly in search of birds, but really in search of "copy." What the birds do not supply in the way of literary material is eked out by reflections, comments, allusions, confessions, and pleasantries—all well enough in their way, and well expressed; but an essay thus produced, having no substantial *raison d'être*, is wofully thin and dry. "How good life is at its best!" "And, to be frank, I have never learned to look upon affectation and whim as synonymous with originality," are remarks which I quote from an essayist of reputation. "Plain fare is the secret of good health, as occupation is of a contented mind"—so another writer tells us, with equal triteness and untruth. Good health is not to be purchased so cheaply. "Flying about in this meadow and the higher woods adjoining it were two kinds of butterflies and a beautiful moth. I also found a partially developed locust. A pair of chickadees passed by and exchanged greetings with the nuthatch. Song-sparrows in all directions were singing. Now and then the wild note of a cow-bird, and the more distant and plaintive call of a meadow-starling, came to our ears. Robins were abundant and noisy." These discoveries I cite from a third writer. There are books full of just such observations as these; they have a certain value, no doubt, but they belong rather in some technical publication than in essays which purport to be literary.

On the other hand, in the technical papers, such as the *Auk*, one chances now and then upon a real bit of literature—upon a piece of unaffected eloquence or subtlety in description which has dropped from the writer as naturally—to quote Thoreau's expression—as a stone drops to

* Walden, 328. † Autumn, 293.

‡ The same idea occurs in a recent philosophical work; "Wherever we find people knowing they know this or that . . . they do not yet know it perfectly. . . . Knowledge dwells on the confines of uncertainty. When we are very certain we do not know that we know."—Butler's "Unconscious Memory," p. 30.

§ "Riverby," p. 218.

|| "Byways and Bird Notes," p. 106.

the ground. One such passage occurs in an interesting paper about robins. It may not be known to the reader ; in fact, no one, I believe, knew till lately that robins in their summer haunts select roosts, which are resorted to regularly night after night, and season after season, by robins in flocks. They choose for this purpose low-lying woods, which are usually swampy and composed of deciduous trees. "These trees," says the writer in the *Auk*, " may be tall and old, with spreading tops, or crowded saplings only twenty to thirty feet in height, but it is essential that they furnish a dense canopy of foliage of sufficient extent to accommodate the birds who assemble there. As a rule, the woods are remote from buildings, and surrounded by open fields or meadows, but the latter may be hemmed in closely by houses." This is the case with a roost which exists near the Cambridge Museum, within the precincts of Harvard University. Robins resort to these roosts in astonishing numbers. At the Little River roost, in the town of Arlington, in Massachusetts, there were estimated to be at one time not less than 25,000 birds. More than half the robins arrive before sunset—some over-punctual birds coming too early, and flying off again for more food—whereas others hurry in after dark, to the great annoyance of their neighbors.

" During the entire period covered by the bulk of the flight, indeed, for some time after the last belated straggler has stolen in, there is incessant and general agitation of the foliage, as if a strong wind were blowing through the trees. This is caused by the movements of innumerable birds who, in the attempt to secure positions near the centre of the roost, or in thicker foliage, are continually darting from place to place, often plunging headlong into the branches, or dropping through the leaves with much awkward and noisy fluttering. . . . As the darkness deepens " (and now we come to the fine passage), " the tumult gradually subsides. One by one the shrill voices are hushed, and the nervous flutterings cease, until, when the light has quite gone from the west and the stars are all out in the great dome overhead, a person might pause under the trees and listen intently for minutes without hearing anything, save the occasional drowsy chirp or faint rustle of some half-awakened bird—sole token of the feathered host bivouacking in the leafy canopy above."*

This is an example of that unpremeditated eloquence which seems to rise out of the scene, the hour, and all the circumstances themselves, as if the writer were but the medium through which nature herself spoke. The effect is certainly very different from that produced by an author, however brilliant and clever, who laces up his boots and, with note-book in hand, sets out with the grim determination of getting up an essay before he comes home.

Mr. Maurice Thompson, in the same passage from which I have quoted already, goes on to say : "The direct study of nature is dry, and the result, however useful and entertaining, far from satisfactory from a literary or artistic standpoint. . . . Thoreau is a striking example of a poet spoiled by this direct study." It seems to me that Mr. Thompson is right. Thoreau himself remarks in his diary : " The habit of looking at things microscopically, as the lichens on the trees and rocks, really prevents my seeing aught else in a walk." I have noticed that artists—I mean, of course, not the great men, but the rank and file who paint pictures for a living—have no real love of the landscape. They are looking for a single tree, or a group of flowers, or a tumble-down house, something small enough to paint, and they care little for the *tout ensemble*. Even their interest in pictures is rather technical than poetic. It is a further proof of Mr. Thompson's statement that the best writers about nature—I mean particularly Thoreau in this country, and Richard Jefferies in England—are at their best when they treat not of nature, but of men or of ideas, or, in the case of Jefferies, at least, of art. There is nothing finer in his works than his account of the *Venus accroupie*, which, having never heard of it before, he suddenly came upon in the gallery of the Louvre. †

It is interesting to observe the resemblances and differences between Thoreau and Jefferies. Someone has truly said that each was typical of his own nation. There is a certain dryness or hardness about Tho-

* William Brewster, in the *Auk*, vol. 7, No. 4.
† " Field and Hedgerow," p. 263.

reau, whereas Jefferies is more juicy and mellow. His sympathies are wider though not more deep than Thoreau's. Thoreau, again, is much the more intellectual, a more profound and consistent thinker. He delves deeper than Jefferies ever goes. Thoreau, it seems to me, is a great philosopher; fragmentary, as Emerson was, but a miner of intellectual nuggets. His diaries and essays, and especially, perhaps, his letters, are full of thought. He is known to the world chiefly as a writer about nature, but his real value is as a writer about man and his destiny. Jefferies, on the other hand, is more artistic. The perception of beauty was acute in each of them, but in Thoreau it was chiefly the perception of intellectual or moral beauty. Jefferies's perception of beauty was more sensuous. No one ever lived, I suppose, unless it was Keats, who took greater delight in the mere beauty of nature, apart from anything to be learned about nature or from its relation to mankind. "Never yet," he wrote, "have I been able to write what I felt about the sunlight only. Color and form and light are as magic to me. It is a trance." Here, on the other hand, is a typical passage from Thoreau: "The lover sees in the glance of his beloved the same beauty that in the sunset paints the western skies. It is the same daimon, here lurking under a human eyelid, and there under the closing eyelids of the day."

This is a beautiful idea, and in Thoreau's mind, at least, it was more than a fancy—it was an exact truth. Under all that he says is the solid fact. His honesty with himself and with the reader is perfect; and when that which he apprehends, either as philosopher or as naturalist, has a poetic aspect, he has the eye of a poet to see it. Thoreau and his brother were camping-out one windy night, after a heavy rain—a night during which summer changed to autumn abruptly, as sometimes happens. His description of it is in part as follows:

"There seemed to be a great haste and preparation throughout nature, as for a distinguished visitor. All her aisles had to be swept in the night by a thousand handmaidens, and a thousand pots to be boiled for the next day's feasting—such a whispering bustle, as if ten thousand fairies made their fingers fly, silently sewing at the new carpet with which the earth was to be clothed, and the new drapery which was to adorn the trees. And then the wind would lull and die away, and we, like it, fall asleep again." *

Mr. James Russell Lowell said that Thoreau had no sense of humor; but a grim, ironic something crops out now and then in his books which might, without violence, be classed as humor. Everyone has heard of the Bridgewater Treatises. Thoreau explains their origin as follows: "It is remarkable that almost all speakers and writers feel it to be incumbent on them, sooner or later, to prove or to acknowledge the personality of God. Some Earl of Bridgewater, thinking it better late than never, has provided for it in his will." † Thoreau's description of the ideal landlord, also, though too long to quote here, is full of humor, and his account of the generic fisherman is not devoid of it. "The fisherman is a natural story-teller. . . . He is ever waiting for the sky to fall. He has sent out a venture. He has a ticket in the lottery of fate, and who knows what it may draw?"

Jefferies's humor is ironic, like Thoreau's, but not so grim. From his account of the love-making at Brighton, I quote a sentence or two: "The only antidote known is to get married before you visit the place, and doubts have been expressed as to its efficacy. In the South Coast Seville there is nothing done but heart-breaking; it is so common, it is like hammering flints for road-mending; nobody cares if your heart is in pieces." ‡ In the same volume there is a humorous account of profanity on the Thames: "The Thames is swearing-free. . . . You may begin at the mouth, off the Nore, and curse your way up to Cricklade. A hundred miles for swearing is a fine preserve. It is one of the marvels of our civilization."

The common notion that Thoreau was a mere stoic, without much feeling for others, is a great mistake, as anyone who studies his writings will discover. He was reserved, and as shy as an Indian of expressing emotion. But he was fond of children, and children were fond of him; and there are passages in his letters, still

* "Concord and Merrimac Rivers," p. 439.
† Ibid., p. 98.
‡ "The Open Air," p. 60.

more in the diaries, which show that he had a deep vein of pity. The episode of little Johnny Riordan, who is spoken of now and then in the diary, sometimes by name and sometimes as a nameless urchin, is sufficient proof of this fact. "They showed me Johnny Riordan to-day, with one thickness of ragged cloth over his little shirt, for all this cold weather, with shoes having large holes in the toes, into which the snow got, as he said. . . . This little specimen of humanity, this tender gibbet of the fates, cast into a cold world with a torn lichen-leaf wrapped about him. Is man so cheap that he cannot be clothed but with a mat or rug? That we should bestow on him our cold victuals?"* In another place we find this description of Johnny's going to school: "I saw a little Irish boy come from the distant shanty in the woods over the bleak railroad to school this morning, take his last step from the last snow-drift on to the school-house door-step, floundering still—saw not his face, nor his profile, only his mien! I imagined, saw clearly in imagination, his old, worthy face behind the sober visor of his cap. . . . Here he condescends to his a, b, c without a smile, who has the lore of worlds uncounted in his brain. He speaks not of the adventures of the Causeway. What was the bravery of Leonidas and his three hundred boys at the Pass of Thermopylæ to this infant's? They but dared to die; he dares to live, and takes his 'reward of merit,' perchance (without relaxing his face into a smile), that overlooks his unseen and unregardable merits. Little Johnny Riordan, who faces cold, and routs it like a Persian army." Elsewhere in the diary there is mention of Thoreau's giving a cloak to Johnny, and finally a statement that Johnny had turned out one of the foremost boys and best scholars in the school; but of his after-career we find no trace in literature or in history.

Thoreau has been misconceived in other ways. By many people, who know him chiefly as the occupant of a hut near Walden pond, he is looked upon as a sort of latter-day "hermit." But that affair was only an episode in his life, an experiment, an adventure, which he, at any rate, did not take too seriously. "I have sworn no oath," he said, "I have no designs on Society, or Nature, or God." The truth is, Thoreau was a reasonable man, temperate in all things—no fanatic.

Thoreau's account of Johnny Riordan may be compared with Jefferies's account of "John Brown," which shows the same sympathetic appreciation:

"Now the way they made the boy John Brown hardy was to let him roll about on the ground with naked legs and bare head, from morn till night, from June till December, from January to June. The rain fell on his head, and he played in wet grass to his knees. Dry bread and a little lard was his chief food. He went to work while he was still a child. At half-past three in the morning he was on his way to the farm-stables, there to help feed the cart-horses, which used to be done with great care very early in the morning. . . . At fifteen he was no taller than the sons of well-to-do people at eleven; he scarcely seemed to grow at all till he was eighteen or twenty, and even then very slowly, but at last became a big man. That slouching walk, with knees always bent, diminished his height, to appearance; he really was the full size, and every inch of his frame had been slowly welded together by this ceaseless work, continual life in the open air, and coarse, hard food. This is what makes a man hardy. This is what makes a man able to stand almost anything, and gives a power of endurance that can never be obtained by any amount of gymnastic training." †

I will permit myself just one more quotation from Jefferies, one of many passages which tend to show that, as I have ventured to say, he is at his best when writing of men, rather than of "nature":

"To understand a nation, you must go to the cottager. The well-to-do are educated; they have travelled; they are more or less cosmopolitan. In the cottager, the character stands out in the coarsest relief; in the cottager, you get to 'bed-rock,' as the Americans say; there's the foundation. Character runs upward, not downward. It is not the nature of the aristocrat that permeates the cottager, but the nature of the cottager that permeates the aristocrat."

Next to Thoreau and Jefferies, it seems to me that our own John Burroughs is the best modern writer upon this subject. He

* "Winter," p. 273.

† "Field and Hedgerow," p. 312.

was brought up on a farm, he tells us, and he is a kind of farmer in literature. His books are put together in a careless, indolent fashion. In the middle of a chapter, Mr. Burroughs will take a day "off," apparently, and the reader is neglected. But every book that he has written contains at least a few ideas of much value, expressed with natural eloquence. John Burroughs smacks of the soil, and he has that soundness and sanity, that rightness of judgment, which is, I think, almost characteristic of men who lead solitary lives in the companionship of nature. There is an essay of his about building a house, from which I cannot forbear quoting a few lines: "We can miss almost anything else from a building rather than a look of repose. . . . Give it repose, and all else shall be added. This is the supreme virtue in architecture. . . . When you seriously build a house, you make public proclamation of your taste and manners, or your want of them. If the domestic instinct is strong in you, and if you have humility and simplicity, they will show very plainly in your dwelling; if you have the opposite of these, false pride or a petty ambition, or coldness and exclusiveness, they will show, also. A man seldom builds better than he knows, when he assumes to know anything about it. . . . Pride, when it is conscious of itself, is death to the nobly beautiful, whether in dress, manners, equipage, or house-building. . . . Unless, therefore, you have had the rare success of building without pride, your house will offend you by and by, and offend others." *

Among the minor writers about nature, there is apt to be a seeking after solitude which is not quite spontaneous, and an affected contempt for other people's society. I have read through the books of one voluminous author, and I find nothing in them quite so good as the remark which he records as having been made to him by an old hermit-fisherman: "Yes," said this worthy, "you live in the country, but the country doesn't live in you." And yet the author is at pains to tell us how soon he was weary of this man's society, and how quickly and unceremoniously he got rid of him. It might do for Thoreau to declare, as he does in his diary: "The man I meet with is not often so instructive as the silence he breaks." Thoreau, having the simplicity of a strong nature, was able to say this without affectation or bravado. He was proud with the pride that befits man as man, but humble so far as his own capacity and importance were concerned. There is a touching remark in one of his letters: "If I should turn myself inside out, my rags and meanness would, indeed, appear. I am something to him that made me, undoubtedly, but not much to any other that he has made."

Those writers who really know fishermen and country people have a much higher opinion of their acuteness and intelligence than the town-bred or churlish author. "How marvellously weather-wise some of the country folk are!" exclaims Mr. Maurice Thompson, "and what keen observers of nature." † Richard Jefferies often remarks upon the knowledge and rustic cleverness of the English peasant. "'Lamb is never good eating without sunshine,' said Hilary. . . . Hilary's saying was founded upon the experience of long years—such experience as is only to be found in farm-houses, where kindred succeed each other, and hand down practical observations from father to son." ‡ In another place he says: "Of old, the folk, having no books, watched every living thing, from the moss to the oak, from the mouse to the deer; and all that we now know of animals and plants is really founded upon their acute and patient observation. How many years it took even to find out a good salad may be seen from ancient writings, wherein half the plants about the hedges are recommended as salad herbs." §

In some writers about nature, especially in those who write about birds, one is conscious of a certain want of virility. Thus one author gives an account, not of his being lost, but of his being nearly lost, a few miles from home. "But what if I should lose my wits, also, as many a man had done in circumstances no worse, and with consequences most disastrous! Unpleasant stories came into my head, and I remember repeating to myself more than once (candor is better than felicity of phrase), 'Be careful, now; don't get rat-

* "Signs and Seasons," pp. 274, 288.

† "Byways and Bird Notes," p. 67.
‡ "Life of the Fields," p. 153.
§ "Field and Hedgerow," p. 296.

tled.'" Then he tells us how, having shortly found his way back, and having eaten his supper, he walked up and down the piazza "in all the luxury of slippers and a winter overcoat."

The winter overcoat might perhaps be overlooked—the season may have been inclement—but as to the slippers, it is hard to see how they can be excused. I never knew a man accustomed to shuffle about in slippers (outside of his bed-room), who had not some fatal weakness of character. Twenty years ago, or thereabout, it was my misfortune to visit, occasionally, the dormitory of the Harvard Divinity School, where, at that time, free board and lodging were provided for all and sundry who chose to present themselves as students. This inducement brought in a most astonishing collection of persons, and it was a common thing among them to go about all day in slippers and dressing-gowns. I have had a horror of those articles ever since. Possibly, I exaggerate the significance of slippers, but it is undeniable that many writers about nature lack the strength, the latent savagery, which are necessary to make fit interpreters of nature and of natural persons. As Mr. Burroughs has put it: "Before genius is manliness, and before beauty is power;" and the same truth was expressed with greater felicity by Hawthorne: "For beauty, like woman, its human representative, dallies with the gentle, but yields its consummate flavor only to the strong."

Even in the poorest books about nature, however, one is likely to come across something of value, usually some piece of observation original with the author, and perhaps new in itself. Here, for example, is a remark which I have culled from a book not otherwise interesting: "If we closely observe the sand left bare by the receding wave, we shall see occasional perforations, from which the escaping air drives a little jet of water—minute pattern of a geyser. Such perforations are probably caused by the sinking of fine gravel."

In another book, I find three or four good paragraphs, of which the following is a fair sample: "I have noticed that, when the wind makes a deep swath through the pines, a hard-wood growth follows, and there is a streak of warm, bright color across the darker belt of evergreen."

The earliest writer in this country about nature, somewhat earlier even than Thoreau, was Wilson Flagg, and it is interesting to note Thoreau's criticism of him—made off-hand in a letter to a friend: "Your Wilson Flagg seems a serious person, and it is encouraging to hear of a contemporary who recognizes nature so squarely, and selects such a theme as 'Barns.' But he is not alert enough. He wants stirring-up with a pole." Wilson Flagg's writings (notably, perhaps, his "Studies in Field and Forest") have a certain serenity and dreamy beauty—something like the pictures of his contemporary, Kensett. He has given the most reasonable explanation that I have seen of the New England Indian summer. He says that it "is probably caused by the sudden check given to vegetable perspiration by the fall of the leaves. . . . Anything that increases evaporation from the earth's surface must cool it in the same manner," as sprinkling a floor with water. "Hence the fact, often noticed, that a rainy spell in autumn is commonly succeeded by severe frosts." After the leaves fall, "not only does this great extent of surface, thus laid open to the sun, receive from his rays an increased amount of heat, but there is a vast and sudden diminution, at the same time, of that evaporation which is caused by the leaves of plants."

An excellent account of the old district school of New England, too long for quotation here, will be found in Mr. H. W. Sylvester's "Prose Pastorals." From the "Waste Land Wanderings" of Mr. C. C. Abbott, an indefatigable observer, I take the following:

"One of the most wonderful of all the common incidents of bird life is when two small flocks merge into one. Having met, they discuss the matter. Sometimes they unite, and when so, upon signal, every individual rises into the air at the same moment; there is a brief circling about, and their ranks are closed. It is a beautiful manœuvre. But it sometimes happens that the small flocks, or one of them, prefers to keep its autonomy, at least for the present. There may be much discussion, but no quarrelling, and the matter is soon dropped."

Mr. Bradford Torrey is a well-known writer who has a talent for combining bird-

lore and philosophy, weaving his materials with an easy grace of style. From his book entitled "A Rambler's Lease," I quote the following: "For who doubts that birds also have their more sacred intimate feelings, their esoteric doctrines and experiences, which are not proclaimed upon the tree-top, but spoken under breath, in all but inaudible twitters? . . . For my own part, I am through with thinking that I have mastered all the notes of any bird, even the commonest."

The late Frank Bolles was a manly, generous character, with a genius for observation, and a contagious love of outdoor life in all winds and weathers. "The Land of the Lingering Snow," is, perhaps, the best of his books.

In his essay on Thoreau, James Russell Lowell says: "I look upon a great deal of the modern sentimentalism about nature as a mark of disease. . . . To a man of wholesome constitution, the wilderness is well enough for a mood or a vacation, but not for a habit of life." An idle life in the wilderness would no doubt be depraving, as such a life would be anywhere. Moreover, it is agreed on all sides, as we have seen, that there is something forced and unnatural in the direct observation of the wilderness by an idle person. Man was intended to take a part himself in the struggle for existence—not to be a mere spectator of the struggle. But Mr. Lowell seems to go farther than this. It hurts one's feelings to have him speak so disrespectfully of nature—and he a poet, too! "Well enough for a mood or a vacation!" I think that a man might account himself fortunate if the "habit of his life" legitimately brought him into the wilderness. He would learn sincerity and simplicity there. "It is impossible," Thomas Hardy remarked, "for a person living on a heath to be vulgar;" and a heath is but a treeless wilderness. A man, no doubt, can be brutal in the wilderness, as elsewhere—even more so, perhaps. It was an acute observation by Coleridge, "When the country does not benefit, it depraves." But the tendency of life in the wilderness, "other things being equal," is toward refinement and thoughtfulness. At the least, it teaches a man to be quiet. There is a mystery in the beautiful, inanimate world, which has not yet been solved; men go to it for peace and rest, and return content. "A forest is in all mythologies a sacred place," said Thoreau. Let anybody wander alone upon some mountain-side or hill-top, and watch the wind blowing through the scanty, unmown grass, and it will be strange if the vague consciousness of some presence other than his own does not insinuate itself into his mind. He will begin to understand how it was that the ancients peopled every bush and stream with nymphs or deities. It is hard to depopulate the wilderness. When Christianity came in, great Pan died, we are told, and all the classic divinities fled away. But in the course of a few centuries they all came back again, with new names, to be sure, and under a more sinister aspect. De Quincey has beautifully described the trouble which the priests had to keep them within bounds in that forest of Domrémy where Joan of Arc dwelt. Then came the Protestant Reformation and a rationalizing spirit, and the wilderness finally got cleared again of witches and fairies; but Wordsworth has been accused of pantheism, and Richard Jefferies came near being a worshipper of nature, in the Pagan sense. Perhaps, after all, the instinct of the human race is not wholly wrong in this matter; perhaps there is something besides carbon in the wilderness.

There is a striking passage in one of Newman's sermons at Oxford which touches upon this subject. He has been speaking of that complacent feeling of superiority with which a modern student of natural science sets himself to analyze and dissect the material world. Then the preacher goes on to observe how intense would be the surprise, how deep the humiliation, of such a man if he were suddenly to discover that back of these manifestations there existed some being of an order higher than his own. What if he were to find that "every ray of light and heat, every breath of air, was but the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven!" This may be only a beautiful fancy; and yet, considering that we do not know what substance is, or what life is, whence we came, or whither we go, it may be a closer approximation to the truth than is the more prosaic view taken by the man of science.

AN EXPLORER-NATURALIST IN THE ARCTIC

By Andrew J. Stone

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

SUMMER-LAND OF ALASKA

THE Kenai Peninsula was the summer-land of the early Russian settlers in Alaska. A Russian settlement, or colony, was established there some years before the famous expedition of Lewis and Clark visited what is now the Northwest States of the Pacific coast, and on the south shores of the peninsula, some of the first ships ever constructed on the Pacific coast of America were built.

One who knows the country can readily understand its many attractions for the early Russian comers to the generally desolate shores of the north. For it is very unlike any other country in the north, and, at the time of their coming, was the best suited to the many needs of such a colony.

It is a land of magnificent, rugged mountains, and of beautiful, rolling meadow-lands; a land of eternal fields of glistening snow and ice, and of everlasting fires of burning lignite; of frozen moss and lichen-covered plains, and of vegetation that is tropical in its luxuriance; a land of extensive coal-fields, smoking volcanoes, and of earthquakes so frequent as to fail to excite comment among its native residents; of charming, quiet bays and harbors, and of tides and tide-rips, among the greatest in the world; of almost endless days of sunshine in summer, and of long, dismal winter-nights; of an abundant animal-life, both in the water and on the land, every feature of which is of great interest to zoölogists. Nowhere else in the world does Nature exert itself in so many ways as in the Kenai Peninsula. The very earth itself seems to be in constant motion, shifting and changing position. The waters, the mountains, the great rivers of ice, the vegetable and animal life, all vie with each other in the production of something unusual and wonderful; nor does this activity exist on the surface only; down deep in the soil numerous layers of coal are forming. Almost every stage of carbonization is taking place, from that of beds of peat, at the very moss-roots, to that of an exceedingly clean and excellent lignite coal, down deep in the earth. And yet, very much farther down in the depths, burn the fires that keep alive Chinabora, Iliamna, Redoubt, and other volcanoes.

When the first Russian colonies were established here, in 1793, they found a congenial climate, a romantically picturesque country, teeming with rich furs, wild meats and fruits, and tall grasses; whose shores were peopled with numerous and populous tribes of hardy, happy natives, that lived in villages, or communities, and whose kungas (houses) everywhere dotted its rich, green shores.

The waters abounded in the sea-otter, whose royal fur has been a valuable thing of commerce for many years. But they possessed no unusual value to these simple people, who parted with them for the merest trifles. Delareff, a Russian trader, obtained in one year more than three thousand of these beautiful skins. The sea provided the natives with the greater portion of their food, and with many of their other requirements. The waters abounded in the finest salmon, halibut, and other varieties of food-fishes. Porpoise, seal, sea-lion, white and black whale were plentiful, and were not only a source of food in abundance, but furnished skins for clothing, lashings, bidarkas (canoes), and for the covering of their kungas. Although the natives of the Kenai were never made slaves to the Russian-American Company, they were obliged to pay an annual tribute of furs. When Russian America was transferred to the United States and Fort

Kenai, the old Redoubt St. Nicholas, near the mouth of the Kenai River, was garrisoned by United States troops, natives and sea-otter were still plentiful, but the white hunter soon exterminated them both. He was better equipped for the capture of the otter, and he could drink more bad whiskey, and live, than could the native. To-day the sea-otter is a stranger in these waters, the kunga is but a mass of mould, mingled with decaying vegetation, the bones of this once happy race are buried among the sands of the beautiful, pine-clad shores, and the baraboras (houses) of the early Russians are things of the past. Hardly a trace of old Redoubt St. Nicholas remains as it was. The one thing least alive on all the peninsula, to-day, is the small remnant of natives—they are a stolid, wretched, miserable, heart-broken people—utterly degraded, and entirely worthless, even in the one capacity to which they were best adapted—that of the hunter.

The eastern shores of the peninsula are washed by the waters of the beautiful Prince William Sound, and its southern shores by the broad Pacific, where it receives the full benefit of the warming influence of the Japan current. The Cook Inlet, with its mighty, rushing tides, sweeps its west and north coasts.

The most prominent features of geographical interest on the west coast of the inlet are Cape Douglass and the mountains of Chinabora, Iliamna, and Redoubt, all of which are active volcanoes. Redoubt volcano is an almost perfect symmetrical cone, rising to the height of 11,270 feet; Iliamna is the highest of a group of very high mountains, its own height, of 12,066 feet, towering but slightly above its neighbors. Although these giant-smokestacks pour forth volumes of black smoke, often visible for a hundred miles, yet, to all appearances, their covering of snow remains perfectly white to the top. Earthquakes are evidently caused by eruptions or explosions that take place deep down in the earth. I can find no more reasonable theory for those earthquakes, so frequent in western Alaska, than that the high-reaching tides of Cook Inlet, or the damming from some other source, must cause water to pour over into, and down through, great caverns, that lead to the mighty furnaces below, creating steam of such awful pressure as to shake the earth for hundreds of miles in every direction, in its mad effort to escape. At such times Nature's great smokestacks are utilized by it, and the usual volume of smoke gives way to steam, that carries with it every sort of thing that its powerful force dislodges from the interior of these great furnaces.

I shall long remember my first experience with an earthquake. Early in October of 1900, I was at Homer Spit, that lies between Chugachik and Kachemak bays. I was very anxious to get some men to go with me into the mountains, and, hearing there were four living in a cabin at Anchor Point, twenty-five miles north of Homer Spit, whose services I might secure, I started out a-foot to find the place. I did not leave Homer until one P.M., and night then came very early in these latitudes. I felt sure, however, that I should reach the place before it became very dark, and I might have done so, but the only route was along the beach, and in many places it was extremely rocky, affording very uncertain footing; then, at short intervals, small streams poured over the high sea-walls, and spread out over the sands of the beach, where I was compelled to wade them, and my footwear was soon full of water. I had not gone far when a cold rain commenced to pour down upon me in torrents, and I was soon thoroughly soaked, and my clothing, much increased in weight, clung to me, and greatly retarded my progress. After many trying adventures, I arrived at the cabin late at night, so tired that I lost no time in stretching myself in a pair of blankets, on the floor, and was soon asleep. I had slept several hours, when I was awakened by a very peculiar and unusual sensation. The cabin was rocking and creaking and performing all sorts of strange evolutions, and everything loose on the floor and walls was playing hide-and-seek, in and out of its dark corners. My first impression was that our hillside was sliding into Kachemak Bay. I hurriedly staggered to the door, very much after the style of walking in a rapidly moving express-train while running over a rough road-bed. When I opened the door, I could see by the coming light of day that our

hillside was yet intact, and then I realized what was taking place. I was really delighted, for I had often wished for the experience, and, unlike almost all other experiences in the north, it came to me without any effort on my part. From that time, during my stay of several months on the peninsula, the shocks were frequent. The most violent ones were nearly always preceded by a rumbling sound, very much like that of heavy truck-wheels, rolling over cobble-stones in the distance. So really distinct were these sounds, that I soon learned to recognize them as unmistakable evidence of a coming shake. Slight tremblings and shakings of the earth were of such frequent occurrence as to fail to arouse any special comment.

The greatest feature of the Kenai Peninsula is the mountain-range, running the full length of the peninsula, a distance of more than one hundred and seventy-five miles. Next in importance are the enormous rivers of glacial ice that plough their way down through the scores of rugged cañons and break off into the great, salt seas. The most enthusiastic admirer of nature, in its wildest forms, could not picture a lovelier sight. From every point of the compass they present the same high and rugged outlines, always clothed in perfect white.

The climate is equable but humid. The humidity results in very heavy snow-falls in the higher mountains, that slide down the steep mountain-sides by the millions of tons, packing into solid masses that form into glacial ice. Where the pressure of this yearly creation is sufficiently great to keep the whole field of ice ahead of it moving—the term "live glacier" is applied.

The glaciers are extensive in both numbers and size. The beautiful college glaciers, Wellesley, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Smith, Radcliffe, Harvard, and Yale, discovered and named by the Harriman expedition, are among the most easterly in the mountains. The one farthest west extends from Port Dick, on the south, completely across the mountains to Tutka Bay, on the north, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Throughout the entire length of the eastern and southern coast of the peninsula are many others as yet unexplored, several of which are very large. On the north are the beautiful twin glaciers, Doroshon, and Wossnessenski, and yet a little farther east the Gremingk and the Sud, all descending to Chugachik Bay.

The rolling meadow-lands to the north of Kachemak and Chugachik bays are beautifully dotted with spruce, cottonwood, and alder, and studded with numerous lakes, some of which are of considerable size.

Numerous coal-veins crop out all along the high sea-walls to the east of Kachemak and north of Chugachik bays, and many fires of burning lignite are found along the coast and among the high hills inland. Everywhere on the peninsula the wonderful beauty of the country is apparent. No park-lake ever grew pond-lilies to greater perfection than I have seen them in the shallow lakes, high up in the meadows. From the summit of the mountains I have overlooked the Pacific Ocean, Cook Inlet, and the mountains beyond the latter—from one position.

Both the water and land are abundant in animal life. Clams and crabs are of good quality and plentiful—the largest kelp I ever saw floating was in Kachemak Bay; and near Anchor Point grow large quantities of sponges, though of inferior quality; birds of many varieties are numerous in the summer months and some of the land-animals, especially the moose, seem to reach their greatest state of perfection in size and in the growth of their antlers.

To undertake to give people a correct conception of Arctic America, or of any part of it, is difficult. Although they know that the country is much larger than the United States, they look upon it as being all alike—a country of long, dark winters, fields of ice and snow, and barren wastes. In truth, within Arctic and sub-Arctic America there is much diversity of climate. And in this beautiful summer-land of Alaska, there are, in midsummer, endless fields of beautiful plant-life. Many times I have left my camp at the foot of the mountains, and, passing through a little meadow where a variety of wild grasses waved their tops above my head, I would commence to climb among the dense, tangled, and almost tropical jungle of alders, where grew several varieties of



Lupinus (Lupine). *

the most beautiful ferns. Reaching the upper limits of the alders, great, waving fields of the purple lupine and dainty red columbine covered acres and acres of the high, rolling hills. Among them, wild celery and wild parsnip grew many feet high, and other luxuriant foliage-plants gave my surroundings an almost tropical appearance. A little farther, many little ponds grew beautiful, yellow lilies, with their great leaves resting on the surface of the water, and the purple iris bordered the shores.

Still higher came the yellow sunflowers, white and purple daisies in endless fields, and, higher yet, violets, pinks, forget-me-nots, buttercups, and blue bells, and dozens and dozens of dainty, blossoming plants in many colors.

Purple is the predominating color, then white and yellow and blue and pink dividing honors. But few red flowers were seen. I have travelled many miles where every foot of my way was one grand profusion of beautiful flowers in many varieties.



Achillea (Northern Yarrow).

WHERE EAST AND WEST JOIN

"CAST off the lines there!" shouted the ruddy, robust, good-natured captain of the little Newport, and we steamed away from the long sand-spit that divided Chugachik and Kachimak bays. In a few hours the beautiful shores of the Kenai Peninsula in southwestern Alaska, with their dark fringe of spruce and the rugged, snow-clad mountains above them, faded behind us.

It was now the middle of October, and I had

* This and the following flower pictures were taken on the Kenai Peninsula in July.

been hunting on the Kenai since early summer.

I had often wanted to visit the land where join the East and West. *The land beyond the setting sun.* The land too far west and too young for trees to grow. The land of the Aleut and of smoking volcanoes. The land that had been made for us after the rest of the world was moulded into shape.

I would surely find there many new and interesting things; and in the thought of this my sombre feelings took on a more rosy hue.



Bringing Fuel to Camp at Chicago Bay.

The next day broke clear and bright, and a beautiful, rugged mountain-range, white to the sea, stood out in silhouette against the perfect blue of a northern sky; and I could actually breathe hope from the pure, cold, stimulating air.

During the day we left behind us the last of the tree-growth in western America, and all day the mountains of the Alaska Peninsula descended to the sea quite bare of everything but snow. The higher peaks, all dressed in the newest white, glared like huge diamonds in the brilliancy of a perfect sun. The day was wonderfully inviting, and the wind was not so strong as to prevent our being on deck. After this, however, followed typical western-coast winter weather. Storm, and cold, and fog, and cloud, and wild seas; and when we finally anchored in a little bay off the shore of Popoff Island, past the middle of a bleak, stormy night, the wind howled through the rigging of the ship in a manner that made the night ghostly hideous. After my baggage was lowered into one of the small boats, myself and the one man I had with me felt our way through the dark, down the ladder, and were rowed ashore at Sand Point, on Popoff Island, a little cod-fishing station. Popoff Island is one of the Shumagin group, far to the west. The Shumagins were named after a sailor from the St. Peter, Vitus Behring's ship—the first to ever touch these shores—who died while being carried ashore in August, 1741. The islands are barren of timber, but picturesquely diversified in topography; in places sloping gently down to the water, in others breaking abruptly into the sea from great heights, forming bold, rocky headlands. Gently rolling hills and rugged mountains complete the landscape. The climate is equable for such latitudes, but the winds blow almost constantly, and often with such terrific force as to compel even the traveller on land to seek shelter.

From Popoff Island I proposed to go in small boats across Unga Straits, about twelve miles to the mainland, and skirt the shores until I reached a favorable locality for hunting. I was a week occupied in securing two more men and two boats, and it was the very last of Kimadgin tugid (October—the hunting-month of the Aleuts) before I left Sand Point. All the time I was preparing for the trip to the hunting-grounds, the winds were terrific, and the seas running high. I began to have some fear as to whether I might find an opportunity to cross the straits; and I was delighted when Andrew Golovin, a Russian Aleut who was to travel with me, waked me early one morning, and reported that he thought it possible for us to cross.

I dressed and hurried through breakfast, and our boats were soon ready. There were four of us, and we were to travel in two codfisher's dories, a very light craft about eighteen feet in length.

The sea was high and breaking everywhere, but we hugged the lee-shore of Unga Island for about three miles, and then headed straight across the channel, under sail in a strong beam-wind. Our



Chicago Bay Point, Alaska Peninsula, opposite Shumagin Islands. Our Camp in Foreground.



Iris.

little boats were slow sailers, but as seaworthy as it is possible to make such small craft, and we shipped very little water. It did not seem possible that small craft could live in the sea that was running in Unga Straits that day, and I should indeed have been nervous, only for the reassurance that came from my native's countenance. He knew the straits perfectly, and was a splendid sailor, and very strong.



Delphinium (Larkspur).

Reaching the mainland, we found smooth water in the lee of a high, rugged shore-wall, along which we travelled until late in the afternoon, when we put ashore at the head of Santiago Bay. The night was perfect, clear, and beautiful, and we slept in an old, deserted barabara on a bed of dry grass, and cooked our supper on an open camp-fire made from drift-wood gathered from the beach.

The following day we were driven ashore by storm, and were compelled to remain for two days. The winds blew a perfect gale and threatened to sweep our tent from over us, but calmed sufficiently for us to travel on the third day.

Most of the mainland was very high, even to the water's edge, and the irregular coast was slashed with narrow fiords that extend inland to the very base of the mountains; and the winds poured over the mountains and came whirling down these narrow water-ways as though under



Nymphæa (Yellow Pond Lily).

force of some great pressure, producing what is known as woolies.

The last of these we had to cross before reaching the hunting-ground was Doinay Bay, a strip of water about four miles in width, and running inland a great distance between high and abrupt mountains. As we rounded a high point, before starting across, the water promised fair, with a light, favorable wind just tossing a few scattering white-caps; but we had not gone half-way across when we were caught in a squall that blew a living gale, driving before it blinding masses of snow, that beat in our faces with such fury as to almost blind us. The sea became very rough, and the wind carried immense sheets of water through the air, drenching us to the skin with the icy stuff, and every moment I thought our boat would either capsize or fill. But Andrew was equal to his task, and he handled the boat while I kept bailing out the water as fast as the waves boarded us.

My salt-water bath was cold, but I was so completely engaged in my work to save the boat that I felt no discomfort, and the excitement became so great that I began rather to enjoy than to fear our position.

We were almost surrounded by heavy breakers, any one of which might crush our boat to atoms, but in a few minutes, that seemed hours, our position was so changed as to show us a break in the



Veratrum (False Hellebore).

reef that was producing the heavy surf, and our boat glided through without accident, and we were inside a beautiful little bay about a mile in extent, nearly surrounded by low, rolling, grass-covered hills, with rugged snow-covered mountains in the back-ground.



Chicago Bay and the Mountains beyond Alaska Peninsula.

As we crossed the little sheet of water, the clouds gave way to sunshine, and the wind calmed. On landing, we pitched our tents just above a pretty, sloping beach at the foot of the sea-wall, and prepared a hurried lunch with hot coffee that we enjoyed very much after our cold soaking.

Then we cut a lot of coarse grass with our skinning-knives, and put it in the bottom of our tents to put our beds on and to sit on. Next, we lashed down our tents with heavy ropes, made fast to stakes, and dragged up our boats and filled them half full with rocks, to keep them from blowing away. Then we made a trip across a high point to another small bay, where we collected firewood along the beach, which we carried to camp on our backs; and our temporary home was in order.

A change to dry clothing made me comfortable, and I climbed to the top of a high hill, back of camp. The day was nearly spent and I wanted to be alone for a short while, that I might better study and more perfectly understand my wonderful surroundings.

Here I was in the newest and strangest of all the lands of America. Ages upon ages after the rest of our continent came into existence, this land lay buried beneath the sea—when some mighty power below heaved with awful force, and a few of the heads of what are now the lofty snow-capped mountain-peaks in the background, peered above the surface of the water, huge masses of sharp and jagged rocks. Centuries passed, and the same forces again exerted themselves with renewed energy, and these great, black rocks were lifted higher above the water, and many new ones came to the surface, and in many places continuous ridges were formed. Even then the very country where I was sitting was deep down beneath the sea. Throughout other ages this great internal force lived and developed power, shoving again and again, until all this vast, picturesque, mountainous country came from beneath the sea. The winds and waters carried seeds, and grasses and mosses grew, and finally people came. In fact, people came when this strip of land was not yet finished, for high up the mountain-sides, just above where the rocks are smooth from the wash



In Camp, Oisenoy Bay, Alaska Peninsula, where we were Storm-bound in October.

of the sea in ages past, are yet to be found reliable indications of the habitations of a people who once lived there, a people who obtained their living largely from the sea, and who always lived near the shore.

Back of me, and very near, rose the beautiful mountains upon whose sides once lived the first people to inhabit this country.

To the south of me stretched the broad Pacific and in the foreground the beautiful Shumagin Islands. It is but a century and a half since the first white man set foot on these islands ; but the Aleut, who, perhaps, fled with his family from persecution on the eastern coast of Siberia, is to-day sleeping beneath the moss, the result of the coming of a cruel and stronger people.

Few countries ever possessed such valuable and interesting animal-life as the one that lay before me—the very centre of the greatest wealth of furs the world has ever produced. In the sea once lived vast herds of the sea-cow (Rhytini Stelleri), the only species of the Sirenia ever found north of the equator. These magnificent animals lived along the shores, feeding on seaweed, kelp, and marsh-grasses, and would have continued to live for ages, only for the coming of the white man, who succeeded in exterminating them in less than thirty years after his first arrival. The valuable fur-seals are being persecuted beyond endurance. The still more valuable sea-otter has been driven from the shores everywhere, and the miserable, scattered fragments of the most valuable of all fur-producing animals can no longer find either peace or safety near land. How inhuman and heartless is the destruction of such beautiful and valuable life.

As I looked on the scene around me—a land so strange—so full of interest—*the land where joins the East and the West*—I felt as though I had been transplanted to a new world.

The low-lying sun shed a gleam of red on the gold of the hills and the white of the mountains, and glistened on the waters below me. The little, Aleutian sparrow flitted from rock to rock and sang. The water ouzel fluttered from cañon-wall to cañon-wall of the mountain-streams,

and bathed his dark, lead-colored plumage in the icy waters of its cataracts.

Falling shadows suggested camp; and as I turned toward the shore, I looked back once more over the hills, and there, on the crest of a little knoll, almost within gun-shot, sat a beautiful red fox, his magnificent bushy tail curled round his forefeet, eying me intently. Farther down the hill, on my way to camp, I flushed a small covey of snow-white ptarmigan, that flew but a short way, chattering and scolding at being disturbed.



Profile of the Nose of Rangifer Granti.

New species of caribou discovered by Mr. Stone in Autumn, 1901.

A camp, lighted with candles—clean, dry hay to sit upon, and a smoking-hot supper, were real luxury, and I enjoyed them all, and looked forward to another day, and the coming hunt.

We were nearly two weeks in camp, during which time we secured a magnificent series of caribou (the *Rangifer Granti*, named in honor of the Secretary of the New York Zoölogical Society), and a monster bear (the *Ursus Merriami*, one of the largest species of bears in the world), both of which proved new to science—a splendid addition to my year's work, and repaying me many times for the extra travel and effort they had cost.

I generally followed the course of small streams back into the hunting-ground. These would usually wind back and forth across a narrow cañon, from the base of the cañon-wall on one side, to that on the other, but they were rarely so deep that I could not wade them with my high boots. It was very cold one morning as I proceeded up one of these for several miles, and the ice was forming along the edges, and there was slush-ice everywhere and the stream was somewhat deeper than usual. Andrew was with me, and, after several miles of travel, we were successful in securing a magnificent bull-caribou, the measuring and skinning of which occupied considerable time; and I also noted the markings of its beautiful coat, and studied its anatomy.

I was not much surprised, on starting to camp, to find the stream damming with ice at short intervals, causing the water to back to a greater depth. The skin, and head, and bones were a heavy carry, but they must go to camp, and I wanted Andrew to carry meat. I glanced at the swollen stream, and then at the hills, that were everywhere cut into deep gulches, and I decided to try the course of the stream. Picking up my load, and pulling up my boots as far as I could stretch them,

I started for camp. I was very careful in making the first two or three crossings, and succeeded in landing dry; but with every crossing the stream evidently grew deeper. In a very short time my high boots were full of ice and water, and every succeeding crossing poured in a fresh supply. At first, the warmth of my flesh succeeded in warding off any serious results from my repeated, ice-cold baths; but gradually my feet and legs began to suffer severely from the cold, and a little later to grow numb. I had intended to brave it out, but I soon began to suffer extremely, and my legs so rapidly became benumbed, that, at last, in trying to climb out of the stream, up one of the little, low banks, I fell, and my legs were so lifeless that I could not regain my feet. Andrew was taller and stronger, and had suffered less, and he hurried to my assistance. He removed my boots and emptied the water from them. Then he set to work pounding my feet and legs with his hands until I could feel the circulation in them once more. I did not suffer so seriously afterward, but when I finally left the stream, to climb the one high hill between us and camp, benumbed, cold, and fatigued, I thought I should surely never reach the top; and I was never more thankful than when I did finally reach the last rise on that long, steep climb. But the prize I carried with me was fully worth the effort, as such prizes always are to the naturalist. The species of caribou found here range high up in the mountains in summer, descending to the lower levels, even to the very sea-shore, in winter. They are a large variety of the barren-ground type, and are very uniformly marked, and grow magnificent heads of delicate antlers. The country ranged by them is generally quite accessible, and they are secured by the experienced hunter with but little difficulty.

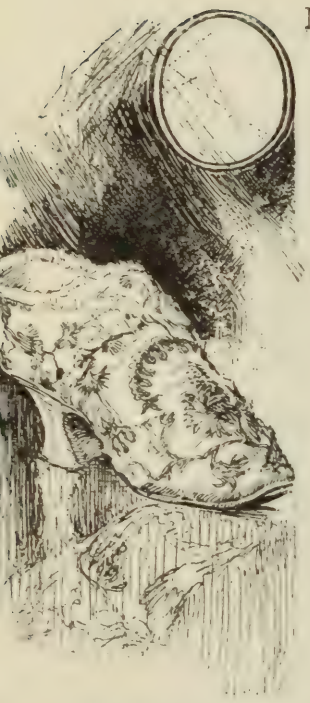
Aleut tradition says that when their people first came to the country it was much warmer, and was blessed with more sunshine than it is now; that storms were not so frequent, and that the seas were calmer and easier of navigation by small craft. The most beautiful basket-work produced by any native people in the world is made by these Aleuts, from grasses that grow along the borders of the salt marshes.

The whole of the country is more or less mountainous, though the mountains of the peninsula do not form a continuous chain, but are separated, in many places, by low passes, that extend from the shores of the Pacific to those of Bering Sea. These were at one time channels connecting the two great bodies of water, and what is now the peninsula was then but a continuous chain of islands. The summits of the higher mountains are clothed in perpetual snow, below which, in summer, wild flowers and berries grow in magnificent variety.

Many of the volcanoes have become extinct, but Davlof, Shishaldin, Pogrumnof, Makushin, Tulik, and a few others, are still active.

TEN CO-EDUCATED GIRLS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By Mrs. H. M. Plunkett



rticles designed and made by Miss Mary Edwards.

Now in the Wadsworth Museum, Hartford, Conn.

ON November 6, 1694, Rev. Timothy Edwards, who had been chosen to become the pastor of a newly formed church in East Windsor, Conn.—sometimes known as Windsor Farms—was married in Northampton, Mass., to Miss Esther Stoddard, daughter of the minister of that town. There is no record of how the lady looked, nor of what she wore on the occasion, the chronicles of that time only noting the fact that Miss Stoddard had enjoyed superior advantages for education, having been sent to Boston for that purpose. The husband was twenty-four, the bride twenty-two. All New England looked to Harvard College, at that time, to stamp the hall-mark on ability, and no doubt Miss Esther was duly proud of the fact that the man of her choice had been endowed with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the morning, and that of Master of Arts in the afternoon of the same day, an unprecedented act on the part of the college, and a tribute to the unsurpassed scholarship of Mr. Edwards—a scholarship that we shall see was always kept bright, and never allowed to lapse into desuetude, during a long life. The wedding journey of the couple, including some family visits, lasted eight days, when they arrived in the town where he was to be pastor for sixty-three years, and where she was to live a beautiful and influential life as his helper, and where, even after her husband's death, it is recorded that she was beloved for her Christian helpfulness in doing all that she could to increase the influence of his successor. Very few parishes could, in that primitive time, pay a salary adequate to support a minister, without some extraneous assistance—this assistance often taking the form of a farm. In Mr. Edwards's case, his father, who was a successful merchant of Hartford, made him the free gift of a farm and built him a house on it, but as this was not yet completed, the newly married pair occupied at first temporary quarters otherwhere. At length it was done, and it was an uncommonly fine and really "advanced" house, for the period. It stood with its long front to the street, the bare architectural blankness of this front being broken at the centre by a projection which formed a porch about the front door on the first story, and in the second, made a room of closet-like proportions, but called the "study"—within the walls of which were produced for sixty-three years the sermons that formed the chief intellectual pabulum of that people, outside the Bible. Few and small were the windows, made of tiny diamond panes set in lead, eloquent of the costliness of glass. Our ancestors held the theory that an air-space under a house made it cold, so this house had no visible underpinning, but seemed planted in the soil. The second story projected beyond the first—tradition has it, so as to be able to shoot Indian marauders, of which, in this vicinity, there were too many for the comfort of the intruding pale-faces. The roof was steep—made of "rived" shingles, which were never changed, and still serviceable one hundred and eighteen years afterward, when the house was taken down. The stepping-stone was utilized again by the man who built upon its site, but in 1834 it was bought from him, and made the corner-stone of the Theological Institute of Connecticut. The house had some very superior wood-work on the

inside, one feature of which was a bench, running round three sides of one of the rooms, and which has an important relation to our theme. As New England parishes were rated, at that time, this of East Windsor was esteemed one of the best. Nearly every parishioner was a farmer; even the owner of the only grist-mill and the storekeeper had their farms. An account-book belonging to a deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Edwards's "rate-book" (really the parish record) are still extant, and as the latter gentleman had a habit of making quaint and piquant memoranda in connection with some of the items of cash or produce paid to him, they throw a flood of light on the manners, customs, and ideas of the time. Payments were faithfully, but not always promptly, made, and the minister found it impossible to live on his salary without adding the labor of a tutor; hence he always had young men fitting for college in his family, and his rate-book shows that young men who could not spare time in the day, came to him in the evenings to be instructed in penmanship.

The meeting-house was not completed till three years after Mr. Edwards's marriage—the congregation meanwhile assembling in a barn—and although he exercised every function of the Congregational priesthood, he was not formally ordained until the two ceremonies of dedicating the church and the complete induction of the pastor, called *ordination*, could be combined in one joyful occasion. It occurred in 1698. Previous to this his house had been completed, and two of the young women, whose completed circle is ten, had appeared on this earthly scene. This double ceremonial was the happy goal toward which both pastor and people had been looking for many years, and, accustomed as we are to think of those early Puritans as leading austere and joyless lives, it is a surprise to learn that the religious ceremonies were followed by an Ordination Ball in the minister's house—one of the invitations in the young pastor's handwriting, bearing his autograph, being still in existence. A careful list of "provisions laide in at the house of Mr. Edwards for his ordination," is still extant in the account-book of his accurate deacon. Of actual viands sent, there were 88 pounds of "beefe," 14 of mutton, 18 of veal; souger, 10 pounds; wheat, meal, cheese, butter, eggs, salt, pepper, sidar, rum, malt, hops, wine, and money distinctly called "wine-money" and also spice-money, while many gave actual cash. We feel justified in believing that "everybody who was anybody" was invited to partake of this generous feast, and we are certain that that parish had at least one "jolly good time" in its life.

Mrs. Edwards had a high ideal of the loftiness of the pastor's vocation, and, that her husband might be free to fulfil its duties, took upon herself the burden of their temporalities—so that her gifted and honored spouse could educate his young men, and care for the souls of his parishioners, unhampered by petty cares. When there was a question of how many and what hides the tanner ought to return to him, he says, "My wife knows;" and other references to her show that she "looked to the ways of her household," notwithstanding the superior Boston education she had received. Of her eleven children the fifth was a son—the celebrated and much-maligned Jonathan Edwards; the rest were daughters, the youngest born when the oldest was twenty-two. It was a busy and no doubt a lively household, and it is pleasant to read that "From the house the land sloped toward the east to a brook that flowed at the foot of a steeper hill, which was then crowned with a beautiful forest of primeval trees. . . . To this spot Mr. Edwards was accustomed to go for seclusion, and there his son Jonathan built the booth wherein he held soul-inspiring converse with God." We can imagine him escaping in desperation from such a girls'-nest as the house must have been to this precursor of the modern "den."

As the minds of the ten daughters began to unfold, and as there were no schools to send them to, the father undertook to train them himself. He did not stop to inquire whether co-educating his girls right along with the fitting-for-college students would lead to atrophy of the muscles, or of the affections, but just *did it.* He had a school, with a high standard, beneath his own roof. Harvard and Yale colleges accepted "Mr. Edwards's students" without examination; and that he held his girls to the same standard is proved by the fact

that when called away from home, as he often was in his capacity of eminent divine, he left the instruction in Latin and Greek to his daughters, and particularly directs that they shall not fail to hear the recitations of the young men, in the letters that he sends back. In his account-book he records every day's instruction to these young men, which was paid for at the rate of three shillings a week, and makes note of the time given to them by his daughters, for we may be sure that the money value of these services by the co-educated ten was not ignored by them. Among the credits in his account-book is a memorandum of a shilling paid by one North to my daughter Mary for covering a fan, and there are other similar entries. That a knowledge of Latin and Greek had not eradicated the fondness for distinctively feminine work is shown by the fact that specimens of Miss Mary's embroidery — a scarf, an apron, and a pair of slippers—now owned by the Connecticut Historical Society, can to-day be seen in the Hartford Athenæum.

For this work the lady first spun and wove the linen cloth of the foundation and created the wools, discovering the dyes with which to color them, in the flowers and leaves and barks and nuts of trees. The picture shows that she could conventionalize the flowers of the field; and, as Mr. Edwards credits Deacon Rockwell, who was a worker in wood, with two pairs of "heals," we can be almost sure they were to be attached to Miss Mary's embroidered slippers: only lately a pair of needle-pointed slippers, with heels two and a quarter inches high, contemporaneous with these, have been found in the vicinity. So even these co-educated women had their little weaknesses and did not wear hygienic shoes; and while we are taught to believe that the simple dietetics of that day gave people sounder teeth than ours, there are frequent credits to Deacon Skinner for drawing a tooth for Esther—or Abigail—or Lucy.

An effort has been made to discover the specific effect of the education above described, or the subsequent character, conduct, and lives of the women whose scholarly father had boldly reared his daughters in scholarly ways. He knew the advantage of travel and contact with other circles than one's own, and one after another they were sent to Boston for some of the superior advantages afforded by that city. As Mr. Edwards had come to be a very influential man in all religious matters—in fact was *the* man to whom other parishes looked for counsel when in difficulties (which was not seldom)—his house was much frequented by ministers, old and young; and not a few were attracted thither by the charms of this galaxy of "Edwards's girls," seven of whom married. Two died—one at nineteen and one at twenty-one—we are led to infer from some swiftly fatal sickness, as Mr. Edwards's memoranda contain no allusions to any chronic illnesses, while he carefully notes all moneys paid for medicines and doctors' bills, which certainly were very small and infrequent. Of the seven who married, five lived to ages ranging from sixty to ninety-one, the one whose life was shortest living to sixty; so we must infer that the superior education did not tend to shortness of life; but we look again, and note that none of them married younger than twenty-four, and on studying the reason of this, we find that some of them had "long engagements," the fashion then being for a man to build a house before he literally brought a bride "home;" and of the three who married ministers, two had to wait till their lovers had been "called" by some parish, and proved worthy of that "settlement for life" that was then the fashion in ecclesiastical circles. It would be pleasant to know which of the daughters was affianced to a young Dr. Rockwell, who built a house in Windsor Farms, and had her initials moulded into one of the bricks of the chimney. Unfortunately, the course of love was interrupted, for the engagement was broken.

The one daughter who remained single was the support and helper of her father, living to the age of seventy-four, and outliving her sire by five years. Her epitaph reads thus:

> Genius, Knowledge, Prudence,
> Joyn'd with Social Words,
> By Grace refined, Adorned her life,
> Deserved a name
> Which few of either sex can claim.

These girls showed uncommonly good judgment in the selection of husbands, for we find them united to men of character

and high moral worth, who filled influential positions in their respective towns, even when not ministers, and at that time the minister was the dominant figure in every community. Mr. Edwards's oldest granddaughter—Elizabeth Huntington—was married to Abraham Davenport, of Stamford, of whom we find the following in the pages of Dr. Dwight: "The 19th of May, 1780, was a remarkably dark day. Candles were lighted in many houses; the birds were silent and disappeared, and the fowls retired to roost. The Legislature of Connecticut was then in session at Hartford. A very general opinion prevailed that the Day of Judgment was at hand. The House of Representatives, being unable to transact their business, adjourned. A proposal to adjourn the Council, also, was under consideration, when the opinion of Colonel Davenport was asked; he answered: 'I am against an adjournment. The Day of Judgment is either approaching or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought.'"



The House of Rev. Timothy Edwards, East Windsor, Conn.

Birthplace of Rev. Jonathan Edwards and the ten co-educated girls.

Whittier's poetical transfiguration of this incident, familiar as it is, will bear reading again:

All eyes were turned on Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and the Lord's command
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles.

We fairly envy the daughter of the co-educated woman who had had the wisdom to choose such a husband. Among ten girls, born of parents with very positive traits, it is reasonable to expect to find some "peculiarities" and "idiosyncrasies;" and the youngest of these ten is said to have been a woman of very peculiar disposition, and led her husband an unquiet life. Mr. Edwards ought to have been an expert in girls, and when the Rev. Mr. Tuthill, whom this "peculiar" girl married—after the custom of the time—asked of her father the privilege of soliciting Miss Martha's hand, her father expressed a fear that she might not be a suitable companion for the would-be son-in-law. The matrimonial candidate supposed that the caution related to the spiritual condition of the lady's mind, and anxiously asked if "Miss Martha had not experienced the great change"—for it was thought a great hazard for a clergyman to be united to an unconverted woman. Mr. Edwards replied: "Oh, yes, yes, Martha is a good girl; yes, she *is* a good girl, but, Brother Tuthill, *the grace of God will go where man can't.*" When we recall how people in those days were judged by their neighbors, according to whether, in the language of the time, "they had experienced the great change," or "had passed from death unto life," we are pleased at the mention of the fact that Mrs. Edwards herself did not unite with the church till twenty years after her marriage, at a time of great religious interest, when also two of her daughters joined the visible church; and we feel sure that her husband did not nag or worry her, but waited "patiently for God" to complete His own spiritual work.

Of all this group of daughters who are

said to have grown up "to fill positions of eminence and usefulness," but one has left any personal memorial. This gives us a true picture of her mind and heart, for at that day it was a common practice to record and communicate spiritual impressions and states with a frankness which our more reticent time finds it difficult to understand.

This memorial consists of a diary, in her own handwriting, on small bits of paper clipped from the tops and bottoms of letters, sometimes on the back of an entire letter—for paper was a scarce and precious commodity—running through nearly fifty years. The whole is wrapped in a large sheet of actual animal parchment, folded carefully, and endorsed in her own hand, "Esther Edwards's Diary." There is a tradition that, previous to 1723, when she was twenty-five, she had passed through a season of deep spiritual darkness and doubt, but that upon taking a journey to Boston, she immediately passed into a peaceful and happy state. Some would argue that her trouble was a physical one that "a change of scene" would set right, and, some would say, possibly a Boston preacher had the happiness to present the old truth at a fresh angle. On February 20, 1723, she says: "I am much indisposed in body, and in a very dead frame of mind. Will the second Adam become a quickening spirit to my dead soul? I experienced something I want words to express. It was superior to what I have found these many years, and hope it was that peace of God that passeth understanding."

"*Feb. 23d.*—I have this morning been refreshed with divine consolations." Somebody has wittily said that the consciousness of being well dressed has a more sustaining power than religion itself for a woman; and the next entry shows a genuine human touch that makes us love her.

"*March 7th.*—I was this day, upon my looking more comely than ordinary, stirred up in thankfulness to God, whom I saw to be the Fountain of all Perfection, and that I might of His fulness receive every good thing. He appeared to me a God able and ready to help me."

There is much of introspection and a minute record of the states of religious feeling experienced at different times. She made her petitions that "our negro fellow may be a blessing and comfort to us." This was a slave—and in making a comparison of the prices of the necessities, Mr. Edwards mentions that formerly he bought a servant for £90, but now must pay £200. Though bought like chattels, their souls were not neglected.

The second daughter had been betrothed and married in 1724. One of the invitations to her wedding is still extant and runs:

Sr. "This comes from myself and wife as an Invitation to y'self and Sister, to my Daughter Betty's Wedding, ye day intended for which is the next Tuesday. I therefore do hereby request you both to be at my house on that occasion that day, at about three of the Clock in the afternoon, whereby you will oblige

"Sr yrs to serve you,

"Timo: Edwards."

Whether this precedence over Miss Esther had anything to do with some of her "low," "dull," and "dead" frames of mind is not known, but previous to 1726 there appear frequent allusions to a person who is not indicated even by initials, but certain cabalistic marks are made to do duty for the name of one who had evidently taken the first place in Miss Esther's heart. She still continues to pray for the "negro fellow," but every entry contains a petition for the cabalistic gentleman. A clergyman in those times looked for a parish before he allowed himself to think of marrying; and how long before the present date the Rev. Samuel Hopkins had been engaged to her we do not know, but on October 2, 1726, we find this entry: "I was inlarged in my thanksgivings because God had wrought the affair of my settling in the world to such a pass as it is. Also encouraged thereby to trust in Him still, yt He would appear and do great things, even as my case should require, in particular in respect to ——" (here the cabalistic mark). She occasionally chides herself for discontent, or pride, but the leading object in all is the cabalistic unknown,——. She says, "My eyes were to God all day long for ——" and even in reading a treatise on the eternity of God she was pleased to discover "my happiness in ——." In

June of 1727 she was united in marriage to Mr. Hopkins, who had been settled as the pastor of West Springfield, Mass. She now records in her diary, especially on a communion Sabbath, that she "was inlarged in my petitions for my dear spouse that he may have all spiritual blessings, and all those ministerial accomplishments that may render him a man of God, thoroughly furnished." She passes forward in life through the experience of motherhood, and, as we should expect, is very earnest in prayers for the conversion of her children, but does not forget to pray for the "negro girl Filis" and "the younger one —Dido." In 1729 she was much reduced by fever and ague, and was advised to take a journey to New Haven. She started when so weak that she could hardly mount her horse, and reached Waterbury, where her husband's relatives lived, so exhausted that she stayed there two weeks, and, no sooner had she reached New Haven than she was met by a messenger bearing the news of the death of her daughter Esther. The entries in the journal show the tender mother, as well as the truly resigned Christian, and all along are notes of her earnest, anxious prayers for her sisters and children and husband.

In 1741 there occurred a great religious movement, known as the Great Awakening, which had spread from Northampton, where it began under the preaching of her brother, the eminent Jonathan Edwards. Whitefield's preaching had been instrumental in a great religious quickening and had inaugurated a new style of preaching. Barber—the historian of Connecticut—says: "The religious people were divided into the 'New Lights' and 'Old Lights.' The former were active and zealous in the discharge of everything which they conceived to be their religious duty, and were in favor of Mr. Whitefield and others itinerating through the country, stirring up the people to reform," etc. Whereupon the Grand Council at Guilford said: "That for a minister to enter into another man's parish, and preach, or administer the seals of the covenant, without the consent of or in opposition to the settled minister, is disorderly." Most of the council were "Old Lights," and expelled the "enthusiasts"—as they called them. Rev. Eleazar Wheelock—afterward President of Dartmouth College—when it was established to educate Indians for missionaries among their own people—and Jonathan Edwards were among the "New Lights" who approved of and took part in evangelistic services, supplementary to the regular services in many churches. "Dead" was the word applied to many churches that had fallen into routine. It is easily supposable that the irruption of an evangelistic "son of thunder" is not at all times the most welcome sort of a visit to a peaceful, steady-going pastor. Mrs. Hopkins records, on March 15, 1742, that she "has heard of Mr. Wheelock's arrival in Longmeadow," and the next day says she has "heard of some going round to get subscriptions for preaching in this place," and the next day says, "John Ely came to talk to Mr. H. about Mr. Wheelock's preaching among us; apprehends great danger to this people and much detriment to the interests of religion." One cannot repress a smile at the thought of that affectionate sister's requests at this time being chiefly for her distinguished brother, the great Jonathan Edwards—"that it would please God to enlighten him, and show him the way of truth, and that if he had embraced any error, that he might be recovered." On August 3, 1743, she says: "What is the matter? I was last night in company with one of the 'New Lights.' I could hardly bear the room." On March 12, 1744, she writes: "Some things occurred this morning which made it appear very doubtful whether my dear brother would ever come off of some principles which appeared to me were detrimental to religion."

The genuine New Englander *does* feel that he *is* the keeper of his neighbor's conscience, and the loving sister often poured out her soul in prayer for him, but he had a progressive mind, and in spite of Dr. Holmes's abhorrence of the extreme views at which he sneers, he calls him a "sweet-souled man," and evidently believes that he modified his views of "sinners in the hands of an angry God" before his untimely death, but intimates that they were suppressed by persons who thought it more important that Jonathan Edwards should be made to appear "consistent" than simply "true." Mrs. Hopkins survived eleven years after the death of the

husband, who had remained the pastor of his first and only parish for thirty-six years. The record on her tombstone is: "Mrs. Esther Hopkins, Relict of ye late Revd. Mr. Sam.ll Hopkins (in whom a superior understanding, uncommon Improvements in Knowledge, Exemplary Piety, and exalted Virtue combined to form a distinguished female character), deceased June 7. 1766 in ye 72 year of her age." The whole is surmounted by a cherubic face, surrounded by stars—indicative of a beatified spirit.

Wherever we trace the history and posterity of those vigorous Co-Educated Girls we find distinguished intellectual achievement and high moral worth. They stand at the head of one line of what Holmes calls the "Brahmin caste of New England." In describing those whom he thus classifies, he says: "Their names are always on some college catalogue or other, they break out every generation or two in some learned labor which calls them up after they seem to have died out. A newer name seems to take their place—but you inquire a little, and you find it is the blood of the Edwardses, or the Ellerys, or the Chaunceys, or some of the old historic scholars, disguised under the altered name of a female descendant." The second son of Esther—Rev. Samuel Hopkins—was the pastor for fifty-four years of Old Hadley, when that town constituted one of the most commanding parishes in Massachusetts, and at one time four of his daughters were the wives of men filling four prominent New England pulpits. His college-bred son died soon after graduation, but another, Mr. John Hopkins—a merchant in Northampton—amassed a fine fortune, much of which was dedicated to religious teaching. He generously aided Austin Worcester—Esther's grandson—in preparing himself for a missionary to the Cherokee Indians, then in Georgia. He spent two years in a Georgia penitentiary, after the law forbidding the teaching of others than whites was enacted, and when the tribe went into what was an exile to them, accompanied them beyond the Rocky Mountains. His daughter, Mrs. Robertson, while an invalid in bed, translated the new testament and several of the more important books of the old into the Creek language, and many of our choicest hymns, and has been chief translator for the Indian Commission.

Mr. John Hopkins's son, Rev. Samuel, was the author of the three-volume work, "The Puritans and Queen Elizabeth"—a book that exhibits a wonderful industry and patience—a quarry of facts for the future historian. Members of the next three generations are still living, and it would be indelicate to characterize them further. The members of the seventh generation are still young, but give promise of maintaining the family standard of superior intellectual achievement and high moral worth—worthy successors of the ten Edwards girls.



Corner in the Oldest Graveyard in East Windsor.

Here are buried Rev. Timothy Edwards, his wife Esther Stoddard Edwards, and their three unmarried daughters.



She found a photograph of a man.—Page 459.

THE BLUE DRESS

By Josephine Daskam

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

I SHOULD never have dreamed of putting this in our Posterity Collection except for Ben. She says that stories about lovers—especially unhappy ones—last longer than any other kind and interest people the most. And after we have been to all the trouble, to say nothing of the cost of the paper, of writing down the really great events that took place in the Elmbank School and burying them in a sealed box far in the depths of the earth for people to dig up and read many, many years after we are dead and gone, I suppose we ought to try to interest them. Ben says that Laura and Petrarch, Launcelot and Guinevere, Romeo and Juliet will never die. (This is the first sentence of a composition she wrote and The Pie was very angry and wouldn't hand it back to her, even. The subject was The Love of Nature, and Ben said that human nature was the most important kind of nature, and so she looked up those people I mentioned and wrote about them. But she didn't care, because Miss Naldreth said it was a remarkable composition, and she needn't do another in its place, as The Pie said she must.)

I think myself that Eleanor Northrop was a silly thing about her blue dress, and I can't see why so many of the girls should have admired her so much while she was keeping her old vow, although I must admit that she was really quite noble once or twice about not giving way. But Ben says that nothing is silly when you are in love, and as she had to look up a great deal about it for her composition, I suppose she knows.

The way we happened to know Eleanor so well, for of course she wouldn't naturally go with girls of thirteen, was because of the Society for the Pretender which her aunt believed in. You have probably heard that some people don't believe in Queen Victoria—as a queen, I mean—but in Prince Charlie. Well, that was the kind Eleanor's aunt was. And Ben got up that society in the school, and of course Eleanor belonged to it. So even after the society broke up—you may have read how it happened to—we still knew her, though she went with her own set, and was always trying to get in with the quite old girls. But I believe she really enjoyed going with us, after all, for just about half



All the girls saw it.—Page 459.

the time she wouldn't be speaking with her own crowd, and of course you couldn't expect that a girl like Pinky West, who goes out to parties in the town, and has evening dresses cut out low, and gets telegrams about the ball games, is going to be *really intimate* with a girl not quite sixteen.

It was from her that Eleanor heard about the O. L. L., and in an evil hour, as the song says, she came and bragged about it to us. Of course that got Ben interested and she went to work to get it out of her. If you knew Ben, you would know that she would succeed in this. I don't believe that there is a person living, young or old, that Ben couldn't get anything out of she wanted to know. And the funny thing about it is she doesn't ask them a thing! She just acts proud and as if she didn't care much, but all the time she knew all about it, and by and by they get so mad they tell.

She told me how she did it once, when I brought her up her hot lemonade the time she had a bad cold, and stayed in to read to her. She couldn't use her eyes and that nearly drove her wild. She said that if you acted as if you knew and just wanted to see if they did, they would get talking and finally they'd tell you all about it. She has found out a number of very interesting things in this way from older people.

So before long she found out that the O. L. L. was the One Love of a Life Club, and that it was six of the senior girls. You made a vow that you would love one and one only (the very words of the oath), and you wrote his full name on a paper and sealed it up, and the president of the society kept it. Then you put away all your other photographs—except your family, of course—and you only talked about that one, no matter how many the other girls talked about. That was all. Every bit of it. It seems to me about the silliest club that I ever heard of, myself. Ben could make up a better club than that with one hand behind her back. And one of the parts of it was too silly to speak about, even, for as I said as soon as I heard about it, if they kept his picture out, what was the good of sealing up his name so secretly? They hadn't thought of that, would you believe it?

Ben smiled that disgusting way she does sometimes, when I was making fun of the club, and said that the girls weren't really deadly earnest about it. She said they did it partly for fun. And maybe they did, but Eleanor didn't. As you will presently see, if you read on.

She thought it was perfectly grand, and



She and Eleanor would sit in the window-seat and talk.—Page 460.

she cleared all her photographs of boys away and began to make up her mind who the One would be, in hopes to be taken in. She probably never would have been, though, if it hadn't been for an accident. She and Ben and I were down in the town together with Mademoiselle, and Mademoiselle took us up to the photographer's to see about some pictures of hers. She has them done there and not by the New York man that comes once a year for the graduating class, because they're cheaper. Well, while we were waiting around Eleanor looked in a waste-basket to get a piece of paper to wipe some mud off her shoe, and there she found a photograph of a man. It was perfectly good enough except for a big blot of ink on the lowest right-hand corner, and that was prob'ly why it was thrown away. Eleanor thought she'd take it just for fun, and so she slipped it into a book she had and carried it home.

She stuck it on the bureau, and that evening Pinky West came in to borrow something and so she saw it.

"Who's your friend?" she said, and Eleanor wanted Pinky to respect her as much as possible, so she said she'd prefer not to say. Then Pinky teased her, but still she wouldn't tell. Which she couldn't very well, as she didn't know, and she wouldn't lie. Finally Pinky told her if she could keep a secret as well as that she was almost good enough for the O. L. L.

Then Eleanor framed the picture in her best birch-bark frame and all the girls saw it. They came in on purpose. He was much too old for Eleanor, with quite a large mustache, but nobody thought of that. We all thought he was quite handsome, but Ben said he looked like the pictures in the backs of magazines of men that had never known a well day till they took a bottle of Dr. Somebody's something or other. Still she admitted he was handsome in a way. He had big eyes and curly hair and a kind of split in his chin.

At first Eleanor just called him "him," but one day two girls of the O. L. L. told her she was on probation, and so she got very excited, and when they told her that she must be willing to write his name, she said:

"Why shouldn't I write his name? I will write it now!" and she wrote it on a paper and gave it to them. She wrote *Edward Delancey St. John.*

Well, then she had to go on, and in a little while she really almost believed in him. She would talk by the hour about



All of a sudden Ben pinched me.—Page 461.

him, and then Ben would ask her questions that if she answered they made long stories.

At first I thought it was fun, but by and by I got tired of it, and it wasn't true, anyway. But Ben never got tired of it. She and Eleanor would sit in the window-seat and talk and talk all the recesses. One day I really heard Ben ask her if Edward's sister was still as disagreeable, and she said :

" Heavens, yes ! She will break my heart if she keeps on. A few days ago she wrote me that Edward was very much interested in a girl next door ! " These were her very words !

" Well," said Ben, " you have his mother on your side."

" But you know she is only his half-mother," said Eleanor. I suppose she meant stepmother. But you can see how crazy they were. Ben just loves anything like that.

Well, finally all the girls knew about Edward, and they would write notes in class about him, and the O. L. L. talked to her and invited her into their rooms. As the history says, she was at the zenith of her fame. Once I went by her room and I looked in, and she was standing in front of the bureau with her elbows on it, just staring at Edward's picture. It really made me feel queer. I went in and said to her :

" Eleanor, you know there isn't any Edward. How can you look at him so? "

" There isn't? " she said to me, " isn't there? Who is this the photograph of, then? "

" But you don't know him," I said.

" I adore him ! " she said, " I simply adore him. He is the one man in the world for me." That, of course, she got out of a book. They often say it.

" But who is he? " I asked her.

" He is Edward Delancey St. John," she said, looking right straight at me, " and that is enough for me."

Those were her very words.

You really had to believe in him.

But now comes the climax of this story. The climax should come last, it says in the English book, but this climax didn't. I suppose what is true for compositions isn't always true in real life. Which is the way with a lot of the things you say in a composition, when you come to think of it.

One Sunday which ne'er forgot will be, like Annie Laurie, Mademoiselle told Eleanor and Ben and me to come up into the front pew with her instead of way in the back with old Weeksey. Ben was mad, because right in front of our usu-

al seat there is the funniest old lady that bows over and crosses herself just like a Catholic, and shouts out the hymns till we used to nearly die. And Ben didn't think we should be apt to find anyone so interesting up in the front. Little did we dream what we were to find, as the novels say.

So up we went and everything was all right till the choir came in. They came marching along, first the soprano boys and then the altos and then the men, and of course we looked at them all. Just after the altos came a man with a very loud voice, and the man next him looked like somebody I knew, only I couldn't think who. And all of a sudden Ben pinched me so I made a noise and whispered,

"It's Edward!"

Eleanor made a kind of choking noise and tumbled right down into the seat, so we knew she saw. And it really was. It was Edward Delancey St. John.

Mademoiselle glared at Eleanor and got over between us, and Eleanor got up finally, but she kept wiggling all the time, and of course all we did was to stare at him. He was beautiful, though Ben does not like a man with red cheeks.

Well, it mixed us all up, if you see what I mean. I had never believed much in Edward, and there he was. How did he get there?

First I thought how funny it was that Eleanor never told us he was in the choir, and then I remembered that of course she didn't know he was in the choir, because she didn't know him, and yet it seemed as if she *must* know him. I looked at Ben every once in a while, and her cheeks were as red as could be, and she was whispering to herself that way she does when she's planning out some really big thing. Eleanor just wiggled around, as I said.

At the offertory the whole choir stayed up, and we thought they'd all sing, but would you believe it, the only one that sang was Edward! He sang,

Ye people rend your hearts, rend your hearts and not your garments, and he looked right at us. Eleanor's heart beat so hard I could see her waist stick out. Of course she was dreadfully proud that Edward sang so finely, and who could blame her? It was the most exciting church I have ever been to.



Edward Delancey St. John.

I don't know whether he had always been in the choir—Eleanor says not, for she would have known his voice among a thousand. I said how could she, because she'd never heard it; but Ben sat on me dreadfully, and said I didn't know much about love. Perhaps I don't, but all the same, she never *had* heard his voice. You see the church is so dark and we sit so far back, usually, that we can't tell one face from another in the choir.

Well, after we got back we had a terribly exciting time.

"He has followed you," said Ben, before Eleanor got a chance, "and he will *compel* you to be his! That is the way of it."

Eleanor said she s'posed he had.

"Where has he followed you from?" I asked her, but they wouldn't pay any attention to me, but went right on.

"His sister has driven him to take this step," said Ben, "and prob'ly they have tried to force him to get engaged to the girl next door."

So Eleanor said yes, indeed, and I asked her if she was engaged to Edward, but they wouldn't pay any attention to anything I said.

"Well," said Ben, "if they don't take you into the O. L. L. now, I miss my guess!"

And then Eleanor made her vow.

"Girls," she said, "do you see this dress I have on?"

And we said yes, what of it? It was



I took her up a cake.—Page 464.

her blue henrietta cloth trimmed with black velvet baby-ribbon and a lace yoke. It was quite long for Eleanor; really about as long as a grown person's short skirt, and Eleanor used to pretend that she was wearing it for a short skirt.

"Well," she said, and she stared in front of her without looking at anything, that way you do when you're trying to add something up in your head, "I shall never wear this dress unless I am going to see him. Never. I had it on when I saw him first, and I shall never wear it again any place where he is not going to be. I will do that much at least for him." These were her very words.

"Oh," said I, "then you never *did* see him before!"

"You can get out right away, Miss," Ben said, "we've had enough of you."

"Thank you very much," I said, "I'm going. You can make up your lies by yourself after this—you and your old Edward."

Ben will turn round that way with her oldest friends. She doesn't seem to care for you at all, if you make her mad. You always feel the worst yourself.

But for once in her life Eleanor Northrop stopped a scrap.

"Oh, girls," she said, "don't quarrel the day I made my vow! I want everybody to be friends. Besides I want you for witnesses." She looked so solemn and of course I saw how she felt. So we made it up.

Only we didn't see how she could help wearing her dress except Sundays. There was Thursdays, when we go in to make a call on dear Miss Naldreth, and Saturday afternoon, when if there is a good matinée in the town the girls can go if their parents say so, and if it's rainy Sundays you put on your good dress just the same. But she made the vow, and wrote it down. It began, "I, Eleanor Fessenden Northrop, promise solemnly never to wear my blue henrietta cloth dress unless Edward Delancey St. John is to be there," etc.

The very next day she was put to the test, like *Edna* in "St. Elmo." It was dreadfully exciting.

Miss Demarest, that's the house-mother, came and told Eleanor that her aunt from Buffalo had come to see her, and for her to change her dress and go down.

"What are you going to do?" I said, because she just had her dancing-school dress and the blue one; her heavy street suit was having a braid put on.

"You'll see what I'll do," she said, and she went down just as she was. Miss Demarest didn't happen to see her till her aunt had gone, and then she went for her.

"Did you not hear me tell you to



I heard the bed creak when I went out.—Page 464

change your dress, Eleanor?" she said, that soft, pussy way she does when she's mad.

"Yes, Miss Demarest, but I was so anxious to see Aunt Mary," said Eleanor, and so Miss Demarest let up on her. Really Eleanor hardly knows her Aunt Mary: I asked her if she didn't mind lying, and she said not when it was for Edward. And Ben said that was all right—it was always just that way.

Well, all went well till Thursday, and then we went in to see Miss Naldreth. From four till five the first fifteen, and from five till six the second. Eleanor is under sixteen, so she goes in with the second set, though next year she will be with the junior girls.

"What are you going to wear?" I asked her.

And again she replied, "You'll see."

We went in first, but as we came out we saw Eleanor in her dancing-school dress. It is pale-blue China silk with elbow sleeves and it looked very funny. I never believed she'd do it.

"What will Miss Naldreth say?" I said to Ben.

"She won't say anything, you silly," she said, "because she never criticises anything Thursdays. We are just her guests, she says, like any other ladies, and you wouldn't be apt to ask a lady that was calling why she had on her dancing-school dress, would you?"

Which was true, of course, and Ben was right. Really I suppose Miss Naldreth ought to have put on her ball-dress, like the king that drank out of the finger-bowl, you know.

But Miss Demarest is another person, and she grabbed Eleanor before dinner and said, "Eleanor, why are you dressed in this manner? Explain immediately."

"Oh, I just thought I'd put it on, Miss Demarest," said Eleanor, as cool as a cucumber.

"Where is your blue dress?"

"I like this better," said Eleanor.

We girls were just hopping with excitement. "Go and change it immediately," said Demmy.

"Oh, Miss Demarest, there isn't time before dinner," said Eleanor, "please let me keep it on!"

"I don't understand this at all, Eleanor," says Demmy, "but for this once I will not insist. Don't let it happen again, however."

So all through dinner we all looked at her and the girls wondered how it happened, and Eleanor was as big as you please.

On Sunday we looked at Edward all the morning and he smiled at Eleanor and she blushed. It was the first time she



"Girls," she said, "do you see this dress I have on?"—Page 461.

ever blushed in church and she wrote it in her date-book, she told Ben. Ben said it would prob'ly not be the last.

In the afternoon Pinky West asked me if it was true that somebody had come to Elm City to see Eleanor and gone into the choir because it was her church. Pinky and the other O. L. L. girls are all Congregationalists. I didn't want to tell her a lie, because I admire her more than any girl in the school, but knowing Eleanor's oath and all, I thought I ought to stick up for her, and she certainly was in love with Edward. So I said,

"I don't feel at liberty to discuss it, Miss West. But she certainly has gone through a good deal for him."

"Heavens!" she said, "that mere child! Is it true that his parents are opposed on account of her youth?"

"I believe it's his sister principally," said I. I felt so excited to have Pinky talking to me, just as if I was as old as she is, that I forgot all about that Edward hadn't any sister. You see, you had to believe in him when you saw him every Sunday.

Well, so it went on. The next Thursday Eleanor said she had a headache and couldn't she be excused from Miss Naldreth's afternoon.

"Very well, Eleanor," says Demmy, "if you are not feeling well, you will not care to come down to dinner, of course. I will send you up some toast and hot milk."

"Yes, thank you," said Eleanor, and that's every bit the poor child got, and it was Thursday, mind you, when we have chicken and jelly with whipped cream for dessert! I must say I admired Eleanor for that.

I took her up a cake after the reading that evening, and she had Edward's picture stuck on the foot-board, and I think she had been crying. I told her if it was the jelly she minded not to care, for the cream was a little sour, anyway, but she only scowled at me and pushed the cake away, which broke the frosting. It fell on the floor and she pretended not to notice it, but I heard the bed creak when I went out, and I am quite sure she got it.

But the worst was to come. On Saturday there was a play at the Opera House and Mademoiselle was going to take us, and the Creepy-cat (that is Miss Katrina Kripsen) the older girls. Eleanor put on her street suit and went with us, as Mademoiselle wouldn't notice and the Cat would.

But at the door, who should pop up but Demmy.

"Eleanor," she said, "may I ask why you have put on your heaviest dress to sit in that hot opera-house?"

"I just thought I would," Eleanor said.

"Where is your blue dress?" says Demmy, looking at her hard.

"I—I can't wear it," said Eleanor.

"Why not?"

"It has a spot on it," said poor Eleanor, and everybody could see that she felt dreadfully.

"What kind of a spot," said Demmy.

Eleanor looked all around and bit her lip, and finally she said, very softly, so she wouldn't have to lie out loud, at least,

"An ink-spot!"

"Eleanor," Demmy began in that nasty, calm way, "it is plain to me that you have, for reasons best known to yourself, decided not to wear your blue dress. The first time you wear a dress not good enough to receive a guest, and especially a favorite aunt, in; the second time you wear one far too elaborate; the third time you make an excuse to avoid the occasion of putting it on. Now you appear in a thoroughly unsuitable costume for a matinée. Go up and bring me the dress. I wish to see it. This behavior of yours, added to your stupidity this morning, may deprive you of an afternoon of pleasure."

She meant the Church History Class. Eleanor was planning how she would get out of wearing the blue dress, and when Dr. Belcher asked her to define Unitarianism, she said it came from the Latin word *unus*, meaning one, and referred to the celibacy of the clergy, and he burst out laughing, and then all the girls laughed, and they couldn't stop, and Miss Naldreth had to send down. I don't think that is so dreadfully funny myself, but all the teachers seemed to.

Well, we waited in fear and trembling, as Dr. Belcher says, and in a few minutes Eleanor came back with the dress on her arm. She had two round red places just under her eyes, and she looked awfully queer. And, would you believe it, right near the back pleats was an ink-spot! Miss Demarest looked at it and felt of it.

"Eleanor Northrop," she said, "this spot is wet. You have just made it!"

And she had.

Ben said she didn't believe she had it in her. She had to decide all in a minute, and especially about the size of it, so that it wouldn't be too big for Edward, and yet big enough for a reason, you see. It was one big blot from a pen. She told us that her hand quivered like an aspen (from a book, again) but that Edward seemed to smile at her from the photograph and she knew she had done right.

"Eleanor," said Demmy, "I do not pretend to understand this, nor will I seek to now. The dress is a perfectly good one, thoroughly appropriate and sufficiently becoming. You have never found fault with it before. In fact, I remember that you particularly admired it when it was sent to you." Her very words. "Am I not right?"

"Yes, Miss Demarest," said Eleanor.

"You may go to your room, and I will see you there," says Demmy, and Eleanor just gave us one terrible look and marched upstairs. I really felt proud to know her. She looked like a queen. And she felt like one, too, for she told us so afterward. And yet she said that she would gladly sacrifice even more, if it was possible, for him! Ben said that it was the real thing, and no mistake. She said it was as good as a book, and that is very high praise from Ben.

But Miss Demarest never came near her, after all. Miss Naldreth came in and talked to her and Eleanor wouldn't eat any dinner, and Miss Naldreth asked her if she'd like to go and stay all night with Mrs. Newcomb—that's a friend of her mother's, and they always have rusk for breakfast. And Eleanor's head really ached and she said yes, and she said she cried, too. But Miss Naldreth never asked her a thing. And Eleanor is sure she noticed Edward's picture, too. But that's the way she is.

So Mademoiselle took her over there before we got back.

And the next morning all was over, as it says, when someone dies. Ben says she never shall get over being sorry she couldn't have been there and seen it. It was this way.

Mrs. Newcomb's bath-tub burst in the night, and right after breakfast they found the water dripping into the library, and

Mrs. Newcomb asked Eleanor to run quick for the plumber, and they would mop till he came. And Eleanor ran like a deer to where Mrs. Newcomb described the shop and burst into it and called out to a man in dirty overalls that was mixing a heap of putty in the corner,

"Are you a plumber?" she said, "then hurry up to Mrs. Newcomb's—the bathtub has burst. Can you go this minute?"

And he said, "Yes, ma'am," and turned around—*and it was Edward Delancey St. John!*

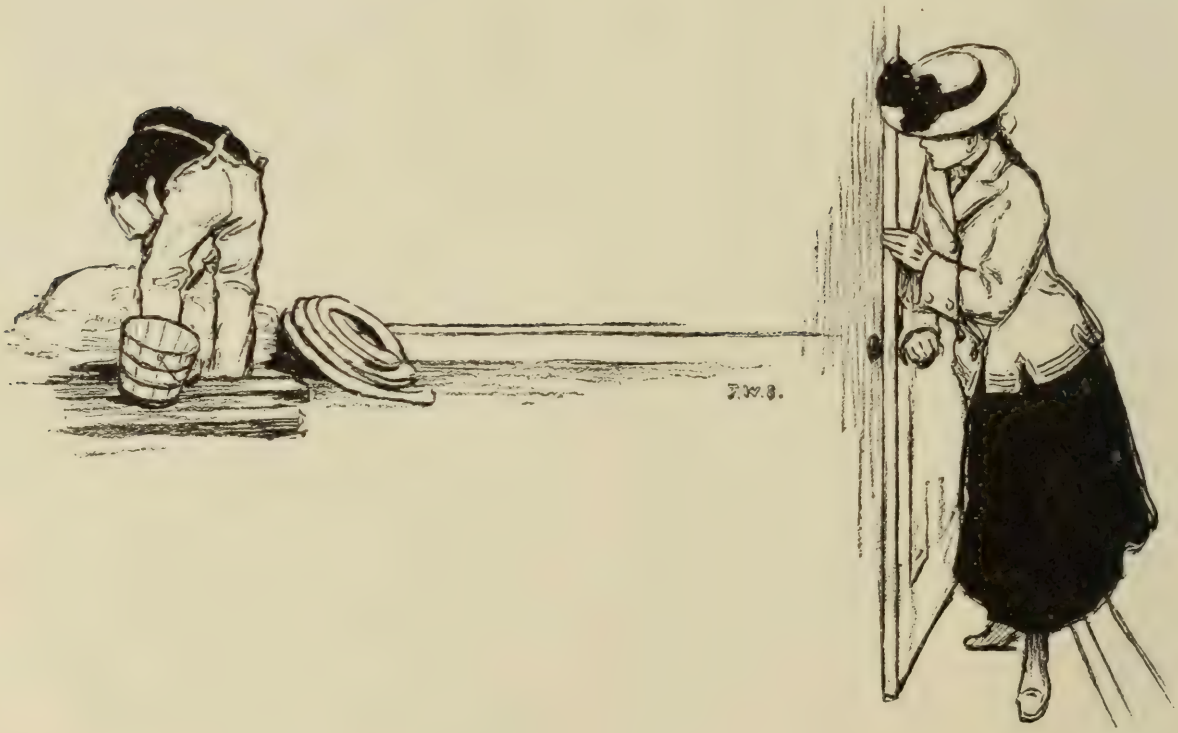
Eleanor says that she nearly fainted. She is sure she turned deathly pale, but of course there was no looking-glass. She says the stoves seemed to reel around her (of course you have read that before), but she kept up.

His nails were black as ink and he had a great big horse-shoe for a pin in his tie. Eleanor turned around and ran out. He didn't seem to know her. But he called out,

"I'll have to get my tools—I ain't got none here in the shop."

To think of Edward saying "ain't got none"! Of course all *was* over as I said, because though he wasn't dead, he might as well have been. You cannot love anyone that mends the bath-tub like that, very well. And think of the putty.

Eleanor was going to give up her church, and go with Mrs. Newcomb after that to the Presbyterian, for she said she could never enter St. Mark's again. But afterward she told us that she couldn't bear a black gown without any surplice, so she had to get used to going with us. But she asked if she couldn't sit in the back, and her mother let her give the blue dress away. So she couldn't belong to the O. L. L., and anyway they got tired of her, I know, for, after all, she was only sixteen!



THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XIII

BY degrees the whole story was told Chad that night. Now and then the Turners would ask him about his stay in the Bluegrass, but the boy would answer as briefly as possible and come back to Jack. Before going to bed Chad said he would bring Jack into the house :

"Somebody might pizen him," he explained, and when he came back he startled the circle about the fire :

"Whar's Whizzer?" he asked, sharply. "Who's seen Whizzer?"

Then it developed that no one had seen the Dillon dog—since the day the sheep was found dead near a ravine at the foot of the mountain in a back pasture. The morning after the killing, Melissa had found Whizzer in that very pasture when she was driving old Betsy, the brindle, home at milking-time. Since then no one of the Turners had seen the Dillon dog. That, however, did not prove that Whizzer was not at home. And yet,

"I'd like to know whar Whizzer is now!" said Chad, and, after, at old Joel's command, he had tied Jack to a bedpost —an outrage that puzzled the dog sorely— the boy threshed his bed for an hour— trying to think out a defence for Jack and wondering if Whizzer might not have been concerned in the death of the sheep.

It is hardly possible that what happened, next day, could happen anywhere except among simple people of the hills. Briefly, the old Squire and the circuit-rider had brought old Joel to the point of saying, the night before, that he would give Jack up to be killed, if he could be proven guilty. But the old hunter cried with an oath :

"You've got to prove him guilty." And thereupon the Squire said he would give Jack every chance that he would give a man—*he would try him ;* each side could bring in witnesses ; old Joel could have a lawyer if he wished and Jack's case would go before a jury. If pronounced innocent, Jack should go free : if guilty—then Jack should be handed over to the sheriff, to be shot at sundown. Joel agreed.

It was a strange procession that left the gate of the Turner cabin next morning. Old Joel led the way, mounted, with "ole Sal," his rifle, across the saddle-bow. Behind him came Mother Turner and Melissa on foot and Chad with his rifle over his left shoulder and leading Jack by a string with his right hand. Behind them slouched Tall Tom with his rifle and Dolph and Rube, each with a huge old-fashioned horse-pistol swinging from his right hip. Last strode the school-master. The cabin was left deserted — the hospitable door held closed by a deer-skin latch caught to a wooden pin outside.

It was a strange humiliation to Jack thus to be led along the highway, like a criminal going to the gallows. There was no power on earth that could have moved him from Chad's side, other than the boy's own command—but old Joel had sworn that he would keep the dog tied and the old hunter always kept his word. He had sworn, too, that Jack should have a fair trial. Therefore, the guns—and the school-master walked with his hands behind him and his eyes on the ground : he feared trouble.

Half a mile up the river and to one side of the road, a space of some thirty feet square had been cut into a patch of rhododendron and filled with rude benches of slabs—in front of which was a rough platform on which sat a home-made, cane-

bottomed chair. Except for the opening from the road, the space was walled with a circle of living green through which the sun dappled the benches with quivering disks of yellow light—and, high above, great poplars and oaks arched their mighty heads. It was an open-air "meeting-house" where the rider preached during his summer circuit and there the trial was to take place.

Already a crowd was idling, whittling, gossiping in the road, when the Turner cavalcade came in sight—and for ten miles up and down the river people were coming in for the trial.

"Mornin' gentlemen," said old Joel, gravely.

"Mornin'," answered several, among whom was the Squire, who eyed Joel's gun and the guns coming up the road.

"Squirrel-huntin'?" he asked and, as the old hunter did not answer, he added, sharply.

"Air you afeerd, Joel Turner, that you ain't a-goin' to git justice from *me?*"

"I don't keer whar it comes from," said Joel, grimly—"but I'm a-goin' to *have* it."

It was plain that the old man not only was making no plea for sympathy, but was alienating the little he had: and what he had was very little—for who but a lover of dogs can give full sympathy to his kind? And, then, Jack was believed to be guilty. It was curious to see how each Dillon shrank unconsciously as the Turners gathered—all but Jerry one of the giant twins. He always stood his ground—fearing not man, nor dog—nor devil.

Ten minutes later the Squire took his seat on the platform, while the circuit-rider squatted down beside him. The crowd, men and women and children, took the rough benches. To one side sat and stood the Dillons, old Tad and little Tad, Daws, Nance, and others of the tribe. Straight in front of the Squire gathered the Turners about Melissa and Chad and Jack as a centre—with Jack squatted on his haunches foremost of all, facing the Squire with grave dignity and looking at none else, save, occasionally, at the old hunter or his little master.

To the right stood the sheriff with his rifle and on the outskirts hung the school-master. Quickly the old Squire chose a jury—giving old Joel the opportunity to object as he called each man's name. Old Joel objected to none, for every man called, he knew, was more friendly to him than to the Dillons: and old Tad Dillon raised no word of protest, for he knew his case was clear. Then began the trial, and any soul that was there would have shuddered could he have known how that trial was to divide neighbor against neighbor, and mean death and bloodshed for half a century after the trial itself was long forgotten.

The first witness, old Tad—long, lean, stooping, crafty—had seen the sheep rushing wildly up the hill-side "'bout crack o' day," he said, and had sent Daws up to see what the matter was. Daws had shouted back:

"That damned Turner dog has killed one o' our sheep. Thar he comes now. Kill him!" And old Tad had rushed indoors for his rifle and had taken a shot at Jack as he leaped into the road and loped for home. Just then a stern, thick little voice rose from behind Jack:

"Hit's was a God's blessin' fer you that you didn't hit him."

The Squire glared down at the boy and old Joel said, kindly:

"Hush, Chad."

Old Dillon had then gone down to the Turners and asked them to kill the dog, but old Joel had refused.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Chad asked, sharply.

"You can't axe that question," said the Squire. "Hit's er-er-irrelevant."

Daws came next. When he reached the fence upon the hillside he could see the sheep lying still on the ground. As he was climbing over, the Turner dog jumped the fence and Daws saw blood on his muzzle.

"How close was you to him?" asked the Squire.

"'Bout twenty feet," said Daws.

"Humph!" said old Joel.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Again the old Squire glared down at Chad.

"Don't you axe that question again, boy. Didn't I tell you hit was irrelevant."

"What's irrelevant?" the boy asked, bluntly.

The Squire hesitated. "Why—why, hit ain't got nothin' to do with the case."

"Hit ain't?" shouted Chad.

"Joel," said the Squire, testily, "ef you don't keep that boy still, I'll fine him fer contempt o' court."

Joel laughed, but he put his heavy hand on the boy's shoulder. Little Tad Dillon and Nance and the Dillon mother had all seen Jack running down the road. There was no doubt but that it was the Turner dog. And with this clear case against poor Jack, the Dillons rested. And what else could the Turners do but establish Jack's character and put in a plea of mercy—a useless plea, old Joel knew—for a first offence? Jack was the best dog old Joel had ever known, and the old man told wonderful tales of the dog's intelligence and kindness and how one night Jack had guarded a stray lamb that had broken its leg—until daybreak—and he had been led to the dog and the sheep by Jack's barking for help. The Turner boys confirmed this story, though it was received with incredulity.

How could a dog that would guard one lone helpless lamb all night long take the life of another?

There was no witness that had aught but kind words to say of the dog or aught but wonder that he should have done this thing—even back to the cattle-dealer who had given him to Chad. For at that time the dealer said—so testified Chad, no objection being raised to hearsay evidence—that Jack was the best dog he ever knew. That was all the Turners or anybody could do or say, and the old Squire was about to turn the case over to the jury when Chad rose:

"Squire," he said and his voice trembled, "Jack's my dog. I lived with him night an' day for 'bout three years an' I want to axe some questions."

He turned to Daws:

"I want to axe you ef thar was any blood around that sheep."

"Thar was a great big pool o' blood," said Daws, indignantly. Chad looked at the Squire.

"Well, a sheep-killin' dog don't leave no great big pool o' blood, Squire, with the *fust* one he kills! *He sucks it!*" Several men nodded their heads.

"Squire! The fust time I come over these mountain, the fust people I seed was these Dillons—an' Whizzer. They sicked Whizzer on Jack hyeh and Jack whooped him. Then Tad thar jumped me and I whooped him." (The Turner boys were nodding confirmation.) "Sence that time they've hated Jack an' they've hated me and they hate the Turners partly fer takin' keer o' me. Now you said somethin' I axed just now was irrelevant, but I tell you, Squire, I know a sheep-killin' dawg, and jes' as I know Jack *ain't*, I know the Dillon dawg *is*, and I tell you, if the Dillons's dawg killed that sheep and they could put it on Jack—they'd do it. They'd do it—Squire, an' I tell you, you—ortern't—to let—that—sheriff—thar—shoot—my—dog—until the Dillons answers what I axed—" the boy's passionate cry rang against the green walls and out the opening and across the river—

"*Whar's Whizzer?*"

The boy startled the crowd and the old Squire himself, who turned quickly to the Dillons.

"Well, whar is Whizzer?"

Nobody answered.

"He ain't been seen, Squire, sence the mornin' atter the night o' the killin'!" Chad's statement seemed to be true. Not a voice contradicted.

"An' I want to know if Daws seed signs o' killin' on Jack's head when he jumped the fence, why them same signs didn't show when he got home."

Poor Chad! Here old Tad Dillon raised his hand.

"Axe the Turners, Squire," he said, and as the school-master on the outskirts shrank, as though he meant to leave the crowd, the old man's quick eye caught the movement and he added:

"Axe the school-teacher!"

Every eye turned with the Squire's to the master, whose face was strangely serious straightway.

"Did you see any signs on the dawg when he got home?" The gaunt man hesitated with one swift glance at the boy, who almost paled in answer.

"Why," said the school-master, and again he hesitated, but old Joel, in a voice that was without hope, encouraged him:

"Go on!"

"What wus they?"

"Jack had blood on his muzzle, and a little strand o' wool behind one ear."

There was no hope against that testimony. Melissa broke away from her mother and ran out to the road—weeping. Chad dropped with a sob to his bench and put his arms around the dog: then he rose up and walked out the opening while Jack leaped against his leash to follow. The school-master put out his hand to stop him, but the boy struck it aside without looking up and went on: he could not stay to see Jack condemned. He knew what the verdict would be, and in twenty minutes the jury gave it, without leaving their seats.

"Guilty!"

The Sheriff came forward. He knew Jack and Jack knew him, and wagged his tail and whimpered up at him when he took the leash.

"Well, by ——, this is a job I don't like, an' I'm damned ef I'm agoin' to shoot this dawg afore he knows what I'm shootin' him fer. I'm goin' to show him that sheep fust. Whar's that sheep, Daws?"

Daws led the way down the road, over the fence, across the meadow, and up the hill-side where lay the slain sheep. Chad and Melissa saw them coming—the whole crowd—before they themselves were seen. For a minute the boy watched them. They were going to kill Jack where the Dillons said he had killed the sheep, and the boy jumped to his feet and ran up the hill a little way and disappeared in the bushes, that he might not hear Jack's death-shot, while Melissa sat where she was, watching the crowd come on. Daws was at the foot of the hill, and she saw him make a gesture toward her, and then the Sheriff came on with Jack—over the fence, past her, the Sheriff saying, kindly, "Howdy, Melissa. I shorely am sorry to have to kill Jack," and on to the dead sheep, which lay twenty yards beyond. If the Sheriff expected Jack to drop head and tail and look mean he was greatly mistaken. Jack neither hung back nor sniffed at the carcass. Instead he put one fore foot on it and with the other bent in the air, looked without shame into the Sheriff's eyes—as much as to say:

"Yes, this is a wicked and shameful thing, but what have I got to do with it? Why are you bringing *me* here?"

The Sheriff came back greatly puzzled and shaking his head. Passing Melissa, he stopped to let the unhappy little girl give Jack a last pat, and it was there that Jack suddenly caught scent of Chad's tracks. With one mighty bound the dog snatched the rawhide string from the careless Sheriff's hand, and in a moment, with his nose to the ground, was speeding up toward the woods. With a startled yell and a frightful oath the Sheriff threw his rifle to his shoulder, but the little girl sprang up and caught the barrel with both hands, shaking it fiercely up and down and hieing Jack on with shriek after shriek. A minute later Jack had disappeared in the bushes, Melissa was running like the wind down the hill toward home, while the whole crowd in the meadow was rushing up toward the Sheriff, led by the Dillons, who were yelling and swearing like madmen. Above them, the crestfallen Sheriff waited. The Dillons crowded angrily about him, gesticulating and threatening, while he told his story. But nothing could be done—nothing. They did not know that Chad was up in the woods or they would have gone in search of him—knowing that when they found him they would find Jack—but to look for Jack now would be like searching for a needle in a haystack. There was nothing to do, then, but to wait for Jack to come home, which he would surely do—to get to Chad—and it was while old Joel was promising that the dog should be surrendered to the Sheriff that little Tad Dillon gave an excited shriek.

"Look up thar!"

And up there at the edge of the wood was Chad standing and Jack sitting on his haunches, with his tongue out and looking as though nothing had happened or could ever happen to Chad or to him.

"Come up hyeh," shouted Chad.

"You come down hyeh," shouted the Sheriff, angrily. So Chad came down, Jack trotting after him with cheerful confidence. Chad had cut off the rawhide string, but the Sheriff caught Jack by the nape of the neck.

"You won't git away from me agin, I reckon."

"Well, I reckon you ain't goin' to

shoot him," said Chad. "Leggo that dawg."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," said old Joel. "The dawg ain't goin' to leave the boy." The sheriff let go.

"Come on up hyeh," said Chad. "I got somethin' to show ye."

The boy turned with such certainty that without a word Squire, Sheriff, Turners, Dillons, and spectators followed. As they approached a deep ravine the boy pointed to the ground where were evidences of some fierce struggle—the dirt thrown up, and several small stones scattered about with faded stains of blood on them.

"Wait hyeh!" said the boy, and he slid down the ravine and appeared again dragging something after him. Tall Tom ran down to help him and the two threw before the astonished crowd the body of a black and white dog.

"Now I reckon you know whar Whizzer is," panted Chad vindictively to the Dillons.

"Well, what of it?" snapped Daws.

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy with fine sarcasm. "Only *Whizzer* killed that sheep and Jack killed Whizzer." From every Dillon throat came a scornful grunt.

"Oh, I reckon so," said Chad, easily. "Look thar!" He lifted the dead dog's head, and turned it over, showing the deadly grip in the throat, and close to the jaws that had choked the life from Whizzer—Jack's own grip.

"Ef you will jus' rickollect, Jack had that same grip the time afore—when I pulled him off o' Whizzer."

"By ——, that's so," said Tall Tom, and Dolph and Rube echoed him amid a dozen voices, for not only old Joel, but many of his neighbors knew Jack's method of fighting, which had made him a victor up and down the length of Kingdom Come.

There was little doubt that the boy was right—that Jack had come on Whizzer killing the sheep, and had caught him at the edge of the ravine, where the two had fought, rolling down and settling the old feud between them in the darkness at the bottom. And up there on the hill-side, the jury that pronounced Jack guilty pronounced him innocent, and, as the Turners started joyfully down the hill, the sun that was to have sunk on Jack stiff in death sank on Jack frisking before them —home.

And yet another wonder was in store for Chad. A strange horse with a strange saddle was hitched to the Turner fence; beside it was an old mare with a boy's saddle, and as Chad came through the gate a familiar voice called him cheerily by name. In the porch sat Major Buford.

XIV

THE quivering heat of August was giving way and the golden peace of autumn was spreading through the land. The breath of mountain woods by day was as cool as the breath of valleys at night. In the mountains, boy and girl were leaving school for work in the fields, and from the Cumberland foot-hills to the Ohio, boy and girl were leaving happy holidays for school. Along a rough, rocky road and down a shining river, now sunk to deep pools with trickling riffles between—for a drouth was on the land—rode a tall, gaunt man on an old brown mare that switched with her tail now and then at a long-legged, rough-haired colt stumbling awkwardly behind. Where the road turned from the river and up the mountain, the man did a peculiar thing, for there, in that lonely wilderness, he stopped, dismounted, tied the reins to an over-hanging branch and, leaving mare and colt behind, strode up the mountain, on and on, disappearing over the top. Half an hour later, a sturdy youth hove in sight, trudging along the same road with his cap in his hand, a long rifle over one shoulder and a dog trotting at his heels. Now and then the boy would look back and scold the dog and the dog would drop his muzzle with shame, until the boy stooped to pat him on the head, when he would leap frisking before him, until another affectionate scolding was due. The old mare turned her head when she heard them coming, and nickered. Without a moment's hesitation the lad untied her, mounted and rode up the mountain. For two days the man and the boy had been "riding and tying," as this way of travel for two men and one horse is still known in the hills, and over the mountain,

they were to come together for the night. At the foot of the spur on the other side boy and dog came upon the tall man sprawled at full length across a moss-covered bowlder. The dog dropped behind, but the man's quick eye caught him:

"Where'd that dog come from, Chad?" Jack put his belly to the earth and crawled slowly forward—penitent, but determined.

"He broke loose, I reckon. He come tearin' up behind me 'bout an hour ago, like a house afire. Let him go." Caleb Hazel frowned.

"I told you, Chad, that we'd have no place to keep him."

"Well, we can send him home as easy from up thar as we can from hyeh—let him go."

"All right!" Chad understood not a whit better than the dog; for Jack leaped to his feet and jumped around the school-master, trying to lick his hands, but the school-master was absorbed and would none of him. There, the mountain-path turned into a wagon road and the school-master pointed with one finger.

"Do you know what that is, Chad?"

"No, sir." Chad said "sir" to the schoolmaster now.

"Well, that's"—the school-master paused to give his words effect—"that's the Wilderness Road."

Ah, did he not know the old, old Wilderness Road! The boy gripped his rifle unconsciously, as though there might yet be a savage lying in ambush in some covert of rhododendron close by. And, as they trudged ahead, side by side now, for it was growing late, the school-master told him, as often before, the story of that road and the men who had trod it—the hunters, adventurers, emigrants, fine ladies and fine gentlemen who had stained it with their blood; and how that road had broadened into the mighty way for a great civilization from sea to sea. The lad could see it all, as he listened, wishing that he had lived in those stirring days, little dreaming in how little was he of different mould from the stout-hearted pioneers who beat out the path with their moccasined feet; how little less full of danger were his own days to be; how little different had been his own life, and was his purpose now—how little different after all was the bourn to which his own restless feet were bearing him.

Chad had changed a good deal since that night after Jack's trial, when the kind-hearted old Major had turned up at Joel's cabin to take him back to the Blue-grass. He was taller, broader at shoulder, deeper of chest; his mouth and eyes were prematurely grave from much brooding and looked a little defiant, as though the boy expected hostility from the world and was prepared to meet it, but there was no bitterness in them, and luminous about the lad was the old atmosphere of brave, sunny cheer and simple self-trust that won people to him.

The Major and old Joel had talked late that night after Jack's trial. The Major had come down to find out who Chad was, if possible, and to take him back home, no matter who he might be. The old hunter looked long into the fire.

"Co'se I know hit 'ud be better fer Chad, but, Lawd, how we'd hate to give him up. Still, I reckon I'll have to let him go, but I can stand hit better, if you can git him to leave Jack hyeh." The Major smiled. Did old Joel know where Nathan Cherry lived? The old hunter did. Nathan was a "damned old skinflint who lived across the mountain on Stone Creek—who stole other folks' farms and if he knew anything about Chad the old hunter would squeeze it out of his throat; and if old Nathan, learning where Chad now was, tried to pester him he would break every bone in the skinflint's body." So the Major and old Joel rode over next day to see Nathan, and Nathan with his shifting eyes told them Chad's story in a high, cracked voice that, recalling Chad's imitation of it, made the Major laugh. Chad was a foundling, Nathan said: his mother was dead and his father had gone off to the Mexican War and never come back: he had taken the mother in himself and Chad had been born in his own house, when he lived farther up the river, and the boy had begun to run away as soon as he was old enough to toddle. And with each sentence Nathan would call for confirmation on a silent, dark-faced daughter who sat inside: "Didn't he, Betsy?" or "Wasn't he, gal?" And the girl would nod sullenly, but say nothing. It seemed a hopeless mission except that, on the way

back, the Major learned that there were one or two Bufords living down the Cumberland, and old Joel shook his head over Nathan's pharisaical philanthropy and wondered what the motive under it was—but he went back with the old hunter and tried to get Chad to go home with him. The boy was rock-firm in his refusal.

"I'm obleeged to you, Major, but I reckon I better stay in the mountains." That was all Chad would say, and at last the Major gave up and rode back over the mountain and down the Cumberland alone, still on his quest. At a blacksmith's shop far down the river he found a man who had "hearn tell of a Chad Buford who had been killed in the Mexican War and whose daddy lived 'bout fifteen mile down the river." The Major found that Buford dead, but an old woman told him his name was Chad, that he had "fit in the War o' 1812 when he was nothin' but a chunk of a boy, and that his daddy, whose name, too, was Chad, had been killed by Injuns some'eres aroun' Cumberland Gap." By this time the Major was as keen as a hound on the scent, and, in a cabin at the foot of the sheer gray wall that crumbles into the Gap, he had the amazing luck to find an octogenarian with an unclouded memory who could recollect a queer-looking old man who had been killed by Indians—"a ole feller with the curiosest hair I ever did see," added the patriarch. His name was Colonel Buford, and the old man knew where he was buried, for he himself was old enough at the time to help bury him. Greatly excited, the Major hired mountaineers to dig into the little hill that the old man pointed out, on which there was, however, no sign of a grave, and, at last, they uncovered the skeleton of an old gentleman in a wig and peruke! There was little doubt now that the boy, no matter what the blot on his 'scutcheon, was of his own flesh and blood, and the Major was tempted to go back at once for him, but it was a long way, and he was ill and anxious to get back home. So he took the Wilderness Road for the Blue-grass, and wrote old Joel the facts and asked him to send Chad to him whenever he would come. But the boy would not go. There was no definite reason in his mind. It was a stubborn instinct merely—the instinct of pride, of stubborn independence—of shame that festered in his soul like a hornet's sting. Even Melissa urged him. She never tired of hearing Chad tell about the Blue-grass country, and when she knew that the Major wanted him to go back, she followed him out in the yard that night and found him on the fence whittling. A red star was sinking behind the mountains. "Why won't you go back no more, Chad?" she said.

"'Cause I hain't got no daddy er mammy." Then Melissa startled him.

"Well, I'd go—an' *I* hain't got no daddy er mammy." Chad stopped his whittling.

"Whut'd you say, Lissy?" he asked, gravely.

Melissa was frightened—the boy looked so serious.

"Cross yo' heart an' body that you won't *nuver* tell *no* body." Chad crossed.

"Well, mammy said I mustn't ever tell nobody—but I *hain't* got no daddy er mammy. I heerd her a-tellin' the schoolteacher." And the little girl shook her head over her frightful crime of disobedience.

"You *hain't!*"

"I *hain't!*"

Melissa, too, was a waif, and Chad looked at her with a wave of new affection and pity.

"Now, why won't you go back just because you hain't got no daddy an' mammy?"

Chad hesitated. There was no use making Melissa unhappy.

"Oh, I'd just ruther stay hyeh in the mountains," he said, carelessly—lying suddenly like the little gentleman that he was—lying as he knew, and as Melissa some day would come to know. Then Chad looked at the little girl a long while, and in such a queer way that Melissa turned her face shyly to the red star.

"I'm goin' to stay right hyeh, ain't you glad, Lissy?"

The little girl turned her eyes shyly back again. "Yes, Chad," she said.

He would stay in the mountains and work hard and when he grew up he would marry Melissa and they would go away where nobody knew him or her: or they would stay right there in the mountains where nobody blamed him for what he

was nor Melissa for what she was ; and he would study law like Caleb Hazel, and go to the legislature—but Melissa ! And with the thought of Melissa came always the thought of dainty Margaret in the Blue-grass and the chasm that lay between the two—between Margaret and him, for that matter ; and when Mother Turner called Melissa from him in the orchard next day, Chad lay on his back under an apple-tree, for a long while, thinking ; and then he whistled for Jack and climbed the spur above the river where he could look down on the shadowed water and out to the clouded heaps of rose and green and crimson, where the sun was going down under one faint white star. Melissa was the glow-worm that, when darkness came, would be a watch-fire at his feet—Margaret, the star to which his eyes were lifted night and day—and so runs the world. He lay long watching that star. It hung almost over the world of which he had dreamed so long and upon which he had turned his back forever. Forever? Perhaps, but he went back home that night with a trouble in his soul that was not to pass, and while he sat by the fire he awoke from the same dream to find Melissa's big eyes fixed on him, and in them was a vague trouble that was more than his own reflected back to him.

Still the boy went back sturdily to his old life, working in the fields, busy about the house and stable, going to school, reading and studying with the school-master at nights, and wandering in the woods with Jack and his rifle. And he hungered for spring to come again when he should go with the Turner boys to take another raft of logs down the river to the capital. Spring came, and going out to the back pasture one morning, Chad found a long-legged, ungainly creature stumbling awkwardly about his old mare—a colt ! That, too, he owed the Major, and he would have burst with pride had he known that the colt's sire was a famous stallion in the Blue-grass. That spring he did go down the river again. He did not let the Major know he was coming and, through a nameless shyness, he could not bring himself to go to see his old friend and kinsman, but in Lexington, while he and the school-master were standing on Cheapside, the Major whirled around a corner on them in his carriage, and as on the turnpike a year before, old Tom, the driver, called out:

"Look dar, Mars Cal!" And there stood Chad.

"Why, bless my soul ! Chad—why, boy! How you have grown!" For Chad had grown, and his face was curiously aged and thoughtful. The Major insisted on taking him home, and the school-master, too, who went reluctantly. Miss Lucy was there, looking whiter and more fragile than ever, and she greeted Chad with a sweet kindliness that took the sting from his unjust remembrance of her. And what that failure to understand her must have been Chad better knew when he saw the embarrassed awe, in her presence, of the school-master, for whom all in the mountains had so much reverence. At the table there was Thankee-Mam waiting. Around the quarters and the stable the pickaninnies and servants seemed to remember the boy in a kindly genuine way that touched him, and even Conners, the overseer, seemed glad to see him. The Major was drawn at once to the grave school-master, and he had a long talk with him that night. It was no use, Caleb Hazel said, trying to persuade the boy to live with the Major—not yet. And the Major was more content when he came to know in what good hands the boy was, and, down in his heart, he loved the lad the more for his sturdy independence, and for the pride that made him shrink from facing the world with the shame of his birth; knowing that Chad thought of him perhaps more than of himself. Such unwillingness to give others trouble seemed remarkable in so young a lad. Not once did the Major mention the Deans to the boy, and about them Chad asked no questions—not even when he saw their carriage passing the Major's gate. When they came to leave the Major said :

"Well, Chad, when that filly of yours is a year old, I'll buy 'em both from you, if you'll sell 'em, and I reckon you can come up and go to school then."

Chad shook his head. Sell that colt ? He would as soon have thought of selling Jack. But the temptation took root, just the same, then and there, and grew steadily until, after another year in the mountains, it grew too strong. For, in that year,

Chad grew to look the fact of his birth steadily in the face, and in his heart grew steadily a proud resolution to make his way in the world despite it. It was curious how Melissa came to know the struggle that was going on within him and how Chad came to know that she knew—though no word passed between them : more curious still, how it came with a shock to Chad one day to realize how little was the tragedy of his life in comparison with the tragedy in hers, and to learn that the little girl with swift vision had already reached that truth and with sweet unselfishness had reconciled herself. He was a boy—he could go out in the world and conquer it, while her life was as rigid and straight before her as though it ran between close walls of rock as steep and sheer as the cliff across the river. One thing he never guessed—what it cost the little girl to support him bravely in his purpose, and to stand with smiling face when the first breath of one sombre autumn stole through the hills, and Chad and the school-master left the Turner home for the Blue-grass, this time to stay.

She stood in the doorway after they had waved good-by from the bend of the river—the smile gone and her face in a sudden dark eclipse. The wise old mother went indoors. Once the girl started through the yard as though she would rush after them and stopped at the gate, clenching it hard with both hands. As suddenly she became quiet. She went indoors to her work and worked quietly and without a word. Thus she did all day while her mind and her heart ached. When she went after the cows before sunset she stopped at the barn where Beelzebub had been tied. She lifted her eyes to the hayloft where she and Chad had hunted for hen's eggs and played hide-and-seek. She passed through the orchard where they had worked and played so many happy hours, and on to the back pasture where the Dillon sheep had been killed and she had kept the Sheriff from shooting Jack. And she saw and noted everything with a piteous pain and dry eyes. But she gave no sign that night, and not until she was in bed did she with covered head give way. Then the bed shook with her smothered sobs. This is the sad way with women. After the way of men, Chad proudly marched the old Wilderness Road that led to a big, bright, beautiful world where one had but to do and dare to reach the stars. The men who had trod that road had made that big world beyond, and their life Chad himself had lived so far. Only, where they had lived he had been born—in a log-cabin. Their weapons—the axe and the rifle—had been his. He had had the same fight with nature as they. He knew as well as they what life in the woods in "a half-faced camp" was. Their rude sports and pastimes, their log-rollings, house-raisings, quilting parties, corn-huskings, feats of strength, had been his. He had the same lynx eyes, cool courage, swiftness of foot, readiness of resource that had been trained into them. His heart was as stout and his life as simple and pure. He was taking their path and, beyond the Blue-grass world where he was going, he could, if he pleased, take up the same life at the precise point where they had left off. At sunset Chad and the school-master stood on the summit of the Cumberland foot-hills and looked over the rolling land with little less of a thrill, doubtless, than the first hunters felt when the land before them was as much a wilderness as the wilds through which they had made their way. Below them a farm-house shrank half out of sight into a little hollow, and toward it they went down.

The outside world had moved swiftly during the two years that they had been buried in the hills as they learned at the farm-house that night. Already the national storm was threatening, the air was electrically charged with alarms, and already here and there the lightning had flashed. The underground railway was busy with black freight, and John Brown, fanatic, was boldly lifting his shaggy head. Old Brutus Dean was even publishing an abolitionist paper at Lexington, the aristocratic heart of the State. He was making abolition speeches throughout the Blue-grass with a dagger thrust in the table before him—shaking his black mane and roaring defiance like a lion. The news thrilled Chad unaccountably, as did the shadow of any danger, but it threw the school-master into gloom. There was more. A dark little man by the name of Douglas and a sinewy giant by the name

of Lincoln were thrilling the West. Phillips and Garrison were thundering in Massachusetts, and fiery tongues in the South were flashing back scornful challenges and threats that would imperil a nation. An invisible air-line shot suddenly between the North and the South, destined to drop some day and lie a dead-line on the earth, and on each side of it two hordes of brothers, who thought themselves two hostile peoples, were shrinking away from each other with the half-conscious purpose of making ready for a charge. In no other State in the Union was the fratricidal character of the coming war to be so marked, in no other State was the national drama to be so fully played to the bitter end.

That night even, Brutus Dean was going to speak near by and Chad and Caleb Hazel went to hear him. The fierce abolitionist first placed a Bible before him.

"This is for those who believe in religion," he said; then a copy of the Constitution: "this for those who believe in the laws and in freedom of speech. And this," he thundered, driving a dagger into the table and leaving it to quiver there, "is for the rest!" Then he went on and no man dared to interrupt.

And only next day came the rush of wind that heralds the storm. Just outside of Lexington Chad and the school-master left the mare and colt at a farm-house and with Jack went into town on foot. It was Saturday afternoon, the town was full of people, and an excited crowd was pressing along Main Street toward Cheapside. The man and the boy followed eagerly. Cheapside was thronged—thickest around a frame building that bore a newspaper sign on which was the name of Brutus Dean. A man dashed from a hardware store with an axe, followed by several others with heavy hammers in their hands. One swing of the axe, the door was crashed open and the crowd went in like wolves. Shattered windows, sashes and all, flew out into the street, followed by showers of type, chair-legs, table-tops, and then, piece by piece, the battered cogs, wheels, and forms of a printing-press. The crowd made little noise. In fifteen minutes the house was a shell with gaping window, surrounded with a pile of chaotic rubbish, and the men who had done the work quietly disappeared. Chad looked at the school-master for the first time—neither of them had uttered a word. The school-master's face was white with anger, his hands were clenched, and his eyes were so fierce and burning that the boy was frightened.

XV

AS the school-master had foretold, there was no room at college for Jack. Several times Major Buford took the dog home with him, but Jack would not stay. The next morning the dog would turn up at the door of the dormitory where Chad and the school-master slept, and as a last resort the boy had to send Jack home. So, one Sunday morning Chad led Jack out of the town for several miles, and at the top of a high hill pointed toward the mountains and sternly told him to go home. And Jack, understanding that the boy was in earnest, trotted sadly away with a placard around his neck:

> I own this dog. His name is Jack. He is on his way to Kingdom Come. Please feed him. Uncle Joel Turner will shoot any man who steels him.
>
> CHAD.

It was no little consolation to Chad to think that the faithful sheep-dog would in no small measure repay the Turners for all they had done for him. But Jack was the closest link that bound him to the mountains, and dropping out of sight behind the crest of the hill, Chad crept to the top again and watched Jack until he trotted out of sight, and the link was broken. Then Chad went slowly and sorrowfully back to his room.

It was the smallest room in the dormitory that the school-master had chosen for himself and Chad, and in it were one closet, one table, one lamp, two chairs and one bed—no more. There were two windows in the little room—one almost swept by the branches of a locust-tree and overlooking the brown-gray slop-

ing campus and the roofs and church-steeples of the town—the other opening to the east on a sweep of field and woodland over which the sun rose with a daily message from the unseen mountains far beyond and toward which Chad had sent Jack trotting home. It was a proud day for Chad when Caleb Hazel took him to "matriculate"—leading him from one to another of the professors, who awed the lad with their supernatural dignity, but it was a sad blow when he was told that in everything but mathematics he must go to the preparatory department until the second session of the term—the "kitchen," as it was called by the students. He bore it bravely, though, and the schoolmaster took him down the shady streets to the busy thoroughfare, where the official book-store was, and where Chad, with pure ecstasy, caught his first new books under one arm and trudged back, bending his head now and then to catch the delicious smell of the fresh leaves and print. It was while he was standing under the big elm at the turnstile, looking across the campus at the sundown, that two boys came down the gravel path. He knew them both at once as Dan and Harry Dean. Both looked at him curiously, as he thought, but he saw that neither knew him and no one spoke. The sound of wheels came up the street behind him just then, and a carriage halted at the turnstile to take them in. Turning, Chad saw a slender girl with dark hair and eyes and heard her call brightly to the boys. He almost caught his breath at the sound of her voice, but he kept sturdily on his way, and the girl's laugh rang in his ears as it rang the first time he heard it, was ringing when he reached his room, ringing when he went to bed that night, and lay sleepless, looking through his window at the quiet stars.

For some time, indeed, no one recognized him, and Chad was glad. Once he met Richard Hunt riding with Margaret, and the piercing dark eyes that the boy remembered so well turned again to look at him. Chad colored and bravely met them with his own, but there was no recognition. And he saw John Morgan—Captain John Morgan—at the head of the "Lexington Rifles," which he had just formed from the best blood of the town, as though in long preparation for that coming war—saw him and Richard Hunt, as lieutenant, drilling them in the campus, and the sight thrilled him as nothing else, except Margaret, had ever done. Many times he met the Dean brothers on the playground and in the streets, but there was no sign that he was known until he was called to the blackboard one day in geometry, the only course in which he had not been sent to the "kitchen." Then Chad saw Harry turn quickly when the professor called his name. Confused though he was for a moment, he gave his demonstration in his quaint speech with perfect clearness and without interruption from the professor, who gave the boy a keen look as he said, quietly:

"Very good, sir!" And Harry could see his fingers tracing in his class-book the figures that meant a perfect recitation.

"How are you, Chad?" he said in the hallway afterward.

"Howdye!" said Chad, shaking the proffered hand.

"I didn't know you—you've grown so tall. Didn't you know me?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you speak to me?"

"'Cause you didn't know *me*."

Harry laughed. "Well, that isn't fair. See you again."

"All right," said Chad.

That very afternoon Chad met Dan in a foot-ball game—an old-fashioned game, in which there were twenty or thirty howling lads on each side and nobody touched the ball except with his foot—met him so violently that, clasped in each other's arms, they tumbled to the ground.

"Leggo!" said Dan.

"S'pose you leggo!" said Chad.

As Dan started after the ball he turned to look at Chad and after the game he went up to him.

"Why, aren't you the boy who was out at Major Buford's once?"

"Yes." Dan thrust out his hand and began to laugh. So did Chad, and each knew that the other was thinking of the tournament.

"In college?"

"Math'matics," said Chad. "I'm in the kitchen fer the rest."

"Oh!" said Dan. "Where you liv-

ing?" Chad pointed to the dormitory, and again Dan said "Oh!" in a way that made Chad flush, but added, quickly:

"You better play on our side to-morrow."

Chad looked at his clothes—foot-ball seemed pretty hard on clothes—"I don't know," he said—"mebbe."

It was plain that neither of the boys was holding anything against Chad, but neither had asked the mountain lad to come to see him—an omission that was almost unforgivable according to Chad's social ethics. So Chad proudly went into his shell again, and while the three boys met often, no intimacy developed. Often he saw them with Margaret on the street, in a carriage or walking with a laughing crowd of boys and girls; on the porticos of old houses or in the yards; and, one night, Chad saw, through the wide-open door of a certain old house on the corner of Mill and Market Streets, a party going on; and Margaret, all in white, dancing, and he stood in the shade of the trees opposite with new pangs shooting through him and went back to his room in desolate loneliness, but with a new grip on his resolution that his own day should yet come.

Steadily the boy worked, forging his way slowly but surely toward the head of his class in the "kitchen," and the schoolmaster helped him unwearyingly. And it was a great help—mental and spiritual—to be near the stern Puritan, who loved the boy as a brother and was ever ready to guide him with counsel and aid him with his studies. In time the Major went to the president to ask him about Chad, and that august dignitary spoke of the lad in a way that made the Major, on his way through the campus, swish through the grass with his cane in great satisfaction. He always spoke of the boy now as his adopted son and, whenever it was possible, he came in to take Chad out home to spend Sunday with him; but, being a wise man and loving Chad's independence, he let the boy have his own way. He had bought the filly—and would hold her, he said, until Chad could buy her back, and he would keep the old nag as a brood-mare and would divide profits with Chad—to all of which the boy agreed. The question of the lad's birth was ignored between them, and the Major rarely spoke to Chad of the Deans, who were living in town during the winter, nor questioned him about Dan or Harry or Margaret. But Chad had found out where the little girl went to church, and every Sunday, despite Caleb Hazel's protest, he would slip into the Episcopal church, with a queer feeling—little Calvinist of the hills that he was—that it was not quite right for him even to enter that church; and he would watch the little girl come in with her family and, after the queer way of these "furriners," kneel first in prayer. And there, with soul uplifted by the dim rich light and the peal of the organ, he would sit watching her; rising when she rose, watching the light from the windows on her shining hair and sweet-spirited face, watching her reverent little head bend in obeisance to the name of the Master, though he kept his own held straight, for no Popery like that was for him. Always, however, he would slip out before the service was quite over and never wait even to see her come out of church. He was too proud for that and, anyhow, it made him lonely to see the people greeting one another and chatting and going off home together when there was not a soul to speak to him. It was just one such Sunday that they came face to face for the first time. Chad had gone down the street after leaving the church, had changed his mind and was going back to his room. People were pouring from the church, as he went by, but Chad did not even look across. A clatter rose behind him and he turned to see a horse and rockaway coming at a gallop up the street, which was narrow. The negro driver, frightened though he was, had sense enough to pull his running horse away from the line of vehicles in front of the church so that the beast stumbled against the curb-stone, crashed into a tree, and dropped struggling in the gutter below another line of vehicles waiting on the other side of the street. Like lightning, Chad leaped and landed full length on the horse's head and was tossed violently to and fro, but he held on until the animal lay still.

"Unhitch the hoss," he called, sharply.

"Well, that was pretty quick work for a boy," said a voice across the street that

sounded familiar, and Chad looked across to see General Dean and Margaret watching him. The boy blushed furiously when his eyes met Margaret's and he thought he saw her start slightly, but he lowered his eyes and hurried away.

It was only a few days later that, going up from town toward the campus, he turned a corner and there was Margaret alone and moving slowly ahead of him. Hearing his steps she turned her head to see who it was, but Chad kept his eyes on the ground and passed her without looking up. And thus he went on, although she was close behind him, across the street and to the turnstile. As he was passing through, a voice rose behind him:

"You aren't very polite, little boy." He turned quickly—Margaret had not gone around the corner: she, too, was coming through the campus and there she stood, grave and demure, though her eyes were dancing.

"My mamma says a *nice* little boy always lets a little *girl* go *first*."

"I didn't know you was comin' through."

"Was comin' through!" Margaret made a little face as though to say—"Oh, dear."

"I said I didn't know you *were* coming through this way."

Margaret shook her head. "No," she said; "no, you didn't."

"Well, that's what I meant to say." Chad was having a hard time with his English. He had snatched his cap from his head, had stepped back outside the stile and was waiting to turn it for her. Margaret passed through and waited where the paths forked.

"Are you going up to the college?" she asked.

"I was—but I ain't now—if you'll let me walk a piece with you." He was scarlet with confusion—a tribute that Chad rarely paid his kind. His way of talking was very funny, to be sure, but had she not heard her father say that "the poor little chap had had no chance in life;" and Harry, that some day he would be the best in his class?

"Aren't you—Chad?"

"Yes—ain't you Margaret—Miss Margaret?"

"Yes, I'm Margaret." She was pleased with the hesitant title and the boy's halting reverence.

"An' I called you a little gal." Margaret's laugh tinkled in merry remembrance. "An' you wouldn't take my fish."

"I can't bear to touch them."

"I know," said Chad, remembering Melissa.

They passed a boy who knew Chad, but not Margaret. The lad took off his hat, but Chad did not lift his; then a boy and a girl and, when only the two girls spoke, the other boy lifted his hat, though he did not speak to Margaret. Still Chad's hat was untouched and when Margaret looked up, Chad's face was red with confusion again. But it never took the boy long to learn and, thereafter, during the walk his hat came off unfailingly. Everyone looked at the two with some surprise and Chad noticed that the little girl's chin was being lifted higher and higher. His intuition told him what the matter was, and when they reached the stile across the campus and Chad saw a crowd of Margaret's friends coming down the street, he halted as if to turn back, but the little girl told him imperiously to come on. It was a strange escort for haughty Margaret—the country-looking boy, in coarse homespun—but Margaret spoke cheerily to her friends and went on, looking up at Chad and talking to him as though he were the dearest friend she had on earth.

At the edge of town she suggested that they walk across a pasture and go back by another street, and not until they were passing through the woodland did Chad come to himself.

"You know I didn't rickollect when you called me 'little boy.'"

"Indeed!"

"Not at fust, I mean," stammered Chad.

Margaret grew mock-haughty and Chad grew grave. He spoke very slowly and steadily. "I reckon I rickollect ever'thing that happened out thar a sight better'n you. I ain't forgot nothin'—anything."

The boy's sober and half-sullen tone made Margaret catch her breath with a sudden vague alarm. Unconsciously she quickened her pace, but, already, she was mistress of an art to which she was born and she said, lightly:

"Now, that's *much* better." A piece

of pasteboard dropped from Chad's jacket just then, and, taking the little girl's cue to swerve from the point at issue, he picked it up and held it out for Margaret to read. It was the placard which he meant to tie around Jack's neck next day when he sent him home, and it set Margaret to laughing and asking questions. Before he knew it Chad was telling her about Jack and the mountains; how he had run away; about the Turners and about Melissa and coming down the river on a raft—all he had done and all he meant to do. And from looking at Chad now and then, Margaret finally kept her eyes fixed on his—and thus they stood when they reached the gate, while crows flew cawing over them and the air grew chill.

"And did Jack go home?"

Chad laughed.

"No, he didn't. He come back, and I had to hide fer two days. Then, because he couldn't find me he did go, thinking I had gone back to the mountains, too. He went to look fer me."

"Well, if he comes back again I'll ask my papa to get them to let you keep Jack at college," said Margaret.

Chad shook his head.

"Then I'll keep him for you myself." The boy looked his gratitude, but shook his head again.

"He won't stay."

Margaret asked for the placard again as they moved down the street.

"You've got it spelled wrong," she said, pointing to "steel." Chad blushed. "I can't spell," he said. "I can't even talk—right."

"But you'll learn," she said.

"Will you help me?"

"Yes."

"Tell me when I say things wrong?"

"Yes."

"Where'm I goin' to see you?"

Margaret shook her head thoughtfully: then the reason for her speaking first to Chad came out.

"Papa and I saw you on Sunday, and papa said you must be very strong as well as brave, and that you knew something about horses. Harry told us who you were when papa described you, and then I remembered. Papa told Harry to bring you to see us. And you must come," she said, decisively.

They had reached the turnstile at the campus again.

"Have you had any more tournaments?" asked Margaret.

"No," said Chad, apprehensively.

"Do you remember the last thing I said to you?"

"I rickollect that better'n anything," said Chad.

"Well, I didn't hate you. I'm sorry I said that," she said, gently. Chad looked very serious.

"That's all right," he said. "I seed—I *saw* you on Sunday, too."

"Did you know me?"

"I reckon I did. And that wasn't the fust time." Margaret's eyes were opening with surprise.

"I been goin' to church ever' Sunday fer nothin' else but just to see you." Again his tone gave her vague alarm, but she asked:

"Why didn't you speak to me?"

They were nearing the turnstile across the campus now, and Chad did not answer.

"Why didn't you speak to me?"

Chad stopped suddenly, and Margaret looked quickly at him, and saw that his face was scarlet. The little girl started and her own face flamed. There was one thing she had forgotten, and even now she could not recall what it was—only that it was something terrible she must not know—old Mammy's words when Dan was carried in senseless after the tournament. Frightened and helpless, she shrank toward the turnstile, but Chad did not wait. With his cap in his hand, he turned abruptly, without a sound, and strode away.

(To be continued.)



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Squire," he said and his voice trembled, "Jack's my dog."—Page 469.



A Group of Administration Buildings.

DALNY, A FIAT-CITY

By Clarence Cary

IT is not yet a common thing in the line of human endeavor to evolve a seaport, railway terminal city, with all the essential modern appliances, including ample provision for future residence, trading, and manufacturing facilities, before the advent of an expected population. Dalny, the new and chief commercial terminus of the great Trans-Siberian Railway System on the North China Pacific Coast, is unique in this respect as well as otherwise important and interesting.*

The present article embodies the essential notes of a personal investigation made on the spot in August last, and in a presentment of them the accompanying illustrations may happily do much of the explanation, or so to say, speak for themselves.

Dalny, the name of which in the Russian tongue signifies "Far Away," was thus picturesquely entitled from its apparent remoteness to the geographical standpoint of St. Petersburg at the time of its inception. It owes its existence to the will of the Russian Emperor, who, in 1899, by an Imperial *Oukas* decreed, apropos of certain then recent arrangements with the Bogdo-Khan (or Emperor) of China concerning an outlet for the Trans-Siberian Railway connections on the Yellow Sea, that this new city should be established on the shores of Talienwan (Bay) as a port "to be opened to the fleets of all nations."

With what result, may be gathered from the photographs which are here reproduced; from the circumstance that sundry millions of roubles have since been effectively devoted to the work thus pictured, and from the further fact that in less than three years there is now already nearing completion a measurably adequate ocean terminal for the vast and magnificent creations of His Majesty's remoter Empire, known as the Trans-Siberian, the Chinese

* The principal features of this curious fiat-city have already been discussed in an excellent official report by Mr. Henry B. Miller, the United States Consul at Newchwang (under date of September 29, 1900; published as Number 1,291, of March 17, 1901, by the Bureau of Foreign Commerce of the Department of State at Washington); but a description is now possible with the aid of fresher details and recent photographs, as the evolution of the place has since materially advanced.



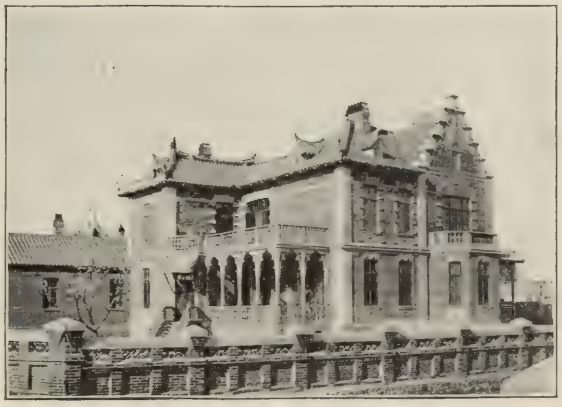
A Bit of the Residence Quarter; Bay in distance at top on left.



Typical House of Dalny Official.

Eastern, and the Trans-Manchurian railways.

But here, however, before proceeding further with the discussion of Dalny, it may be well to supply a few words of explanation concerning these railways, and the system that includes them; the new harbor-town being an outer gate-way, or sally-port, so to speak, of Russia's impregnable occupation, and of her advance in the Farther-Eastern world: a movement which might seem appropriately to bear the device "Russie-Réussie" upon its triumphant banners.



The Governor's House.

And yet the "Great Siberian Railway," as the Russians call it, can hardly need much description now that it has become a stupendous fact, and as such largely figures in every-day literature. Briefly, it was begun in 1891, when the then Tsarevich, who is now the Emperor, laid the first stone of its construction at Vladivostock on the Pacific coast; has since been finished sufficiently to admit of unbroken rail-connection—except as to the Lake Baikal crossing—from its China-coast terminals back to the older Russian systems at Moscow, and covers, with the Manchurian lines above referred to, more than twice the distance between New York and San Francisco.

One of the four Far-Eastern ends of this considerable line, and indeed what is prospectively the chief one of its system, may be noted, in the illustration on page 487, as it reaches and fringes Dalny's docks in readiness for the handy service of freight



Interior City Park; A "Breathing" space for later needs.

and passengers. The other Pacific-coast terminals lie respectively some forty-five miles to the southwest, at Russia's formidable naval and military stronghold, Port Arthur; at Vladivostock, about 600 miles up the Pacific coast to the northeastward, and at Inkou near Newchwang, some 150 miles to the north and west, where the Gulf of Petcheli is conveniently reached, on the inner-side of the Liau-Tong Peninsula.

These effective constructions, with what their presence implies, are sufficiently imposing in themselves, but their continuous rail and river connections back into the far spaces of Siberia and Europe stagger the imagination in reach and potentiality, and require as well a fairly comprehensive geographical knowledge to be accurately followed out even with the aid of a map.*

Small wonder then that the Russian railway accomplishments of such relatively remote regions, and the marvellous speed with which they have come about, should have startled the world, and in especial waked-up our British friends, as well as sorely depressed their spirits; since these latter, although here facing what is as reasonable as it is inevitable, have the care of their neighboring India frontier, as well as a prospectively waning North China trade-predominance, ever on their minds.

Among their own chief writers, Mr. Colquhoun is found to remark, touching the Trans-Siberian, that it is "no longer a purely internal enterprise . . . it has become the world's highway from West to East, a route which is to bring the vast map of China for the first time into intimate touch with Europe . . . it now promises to develop into one of the greatest arteries of traffic the world has ever seen. . . . Still more assured is the prosperity of the line as a great international undertaking."

And Mr. Norman: "Since the Great Wall of China, the world has seen no ma-

* For those who seek further information concerning the Trans-Siberian Railway, its connections, present condition, service, etc., the writer ventures to refer to the account of his recent journey over the line (published by the New York Evening Post Job Printing office). Mr. Henry Norman's recent valuable work "All the Russias," deals with the subject on a larger and more comprehensive scale, although from less recent contact with the railway and its rapid changes. As to Manchuria, its character, trade, resources, etc., including the preliminaries of railways therein, Mr. Alexander Hosie's interesting volume ("Manchuria," etc., London, 1901) is a complete authority.



A Busy Thoroughfare of the Future.

terial undertaking of equal magnitude. That Russia should have conceived it and carried it out makes imagination falter for her future influence upon the course of human events."

In the face of these competent opinions, the justice of which will be borne out by all careful observers, it is safe to say that Dalny, as the chief conduit of future commerce for the great railways here concerned, will soon acquire more consequence than it now enjoys in the consideration of the outside world; will cease, indeed, to be to most of us a mere geographical expression of doubtful whereabouts. Far away though Dalny may have originally seemed to its projectors both in respect of distance and completion, it now looms large on the horizon, and whether to the people of western Russia, or to us of the hither Pacific shore, the name must presently lose this former significance in our easy, come-and-go modern methods of intercommunication.

Even now, the possibilities of conveniently reaching the place by the railway in a ten day's journey from Moscow, or one of but a trifle more by steamer from San Francisco, are safely to the fore, and there is a rising tide of travel waiting to make it one of the familiar four corners of the world.

Under the existing arrangements, the great Manchurian sections of the Trans-Siberian System, aggregating some 1,800 miles of track, and including the Trans-Manchurian branch from Harbin on the main Port Arthur, or Dalny line, to Dalny's twin Pacific Terminal Vladivostock, are operated by the *Kitaiskaya Vostochnaya Jeleznaya Doroga*, or "Chinese Eastern Iron-road," a Chino-Russian company enjoying full leasehold rights for the necessary tracks and terminals in that province.

And it is this company that has been charged with the creation of Dalny, and as yet stands as the ultimate landlord in its affairs, the construction being still in the hands of its engineers and other officials, although the fee of the town lots is salable, and the future control and maintenance of the municipality to be presently delegated to a "Council of Rate-payers" to be formed in somewhat incomplete anal-



Shore-front, Talien Bay and Dock-work.

ogy to that of the Foreign Concessions of Shanghai.

The interesting work thus in hand is now deemed to have sufficiently progressed to admit of at least tentative sales or leasings to the desired and expected outsiders, and to justify a transfer of the railway and steamship offices, administration-staff and headquarters generally of the China ends of the Trans-Siberian System from Port Arthur and Harbin to the new city.

Mr. Miller's report sufficiently explains the general scope of the enterprise, the conditions of sales or leases of lots, etc., but there are more recent publications, in English and other languages, which may show sundry modifications of the regulations in the latter regard. And notices of the dates of the proposed sales and leasings are to appear from time to time in the newspapers of New York and other larger cities throughout the world. This article will rather seek to indicate the underlying plans of the new municipality, its larger functions and management questions, with perhaps the hazard of a prediction as to future results and influence.

On the first of these points, the Russians, it may be said, are generally pursuing a wise and liberal policy, and show not only great foresight, but also that sensible quality which is manifested in an ability to profit by the experience and mistakes of others.

Thus, while prudently discouraging mere speculators, or such persons as do not propose to reside as well as build in the town, they invite the presence and participation of all nationalities, even opening the local doors to the Jews who can here freely buy and own property, as they may not do in other territory under Russian control. That the natives are likewise welcomed, goes without saying, since everywhere in Asia these must necessarily supply the foundation of any successful trading community, and since the Russians generally admit the Chinese to a more kindly intimacy—and thus to a better understanding—than do any of the other foreigners who are settled along the Asian Pacific coast.

But in this instance, the multitudinous poorer classes of the indigenous folk are not to swarm among the foreign residents as they have elsewhere been imprudently suffered to do, being, instead, held conveniently aloof from the main city by an intervening park, a precaution the manifold advantages of which will be readily appreciated by those who know the unpleasant and detrimental *grouillement* of the British colony of Hong-Kong and of the Foreign Concessions of Shanghai.

Then, too, Dalny is, by its fundamental



From Ship to Shore. The Chief Eastern Terminal of the Trans-Siberian.

charter — the Imperial *Oukas* above referred to—to be and to remain a *free port* as to customs charges, and moreover will otherwise be relieved to the utmost practicable extent from those harassing dock and harbor dues which elsewhere commonly obtain ; an exemption of prime consequence in that scheme of paramount attractiveness which here is expected to allure both shipping and manufacturing commerce, and which is supported by the already suggested local conditions of thoroughly up-to-date and adequate facilities, plus a fine and wholesome climate, easy access, and ample supply of cheap fuel and labor.

The presence of the railway in the new port should alone sufficiently insure a large shipping trade, but the astute Dalny managers are looking for more than this, expecting, as they confidently do, and apparently with excellent reason, that the ample shores of Talien Bay will soon be dotted with manufacturies, drawn from the world over to avail of an exceptionally economical assemblage and manufacture of raw materials, for whatever market, there or elsewhere, the resultant product may be designed.

Such materials, it will be observed, may always enter and depart in freedom, with handy rail and ocean shipping facilities, as well as a local labor-supply which is unhampered by fantastic union complications, and as reasonably constant in quantity as it is in extreme moderation of cost. Should the manufactured products thus resulting be destined for Manchurian or other adjacent outlets beyond the limits of the Dalny district, the usual Chinese tariffs may be locally paid (possibly with complete safeguards against vexatious Likin, or inland-barrier taxes). So, too, if the shippers' aim should concern the great markets which are presently to follow the current developments in Siberia, or even those of nearly equal expansive possibilities farther on in Russia itself, an economical transfer may be made by rail, *in bond,* through any intervening Chinese territory with no greater burden than the usual Russian tariff, this likewise being subject to convenient local adjustment. And to this end, consular agencies appropriate for these as for other countries are to be duly established in Dalny. What the demands of the outside world may prove to be for such manufactures must remain to be seen, but in this respect the goods need encounter only the moderate handicap of ocean-transit rates; the trade concerning them generally being conducted under circumstances wherein a cheapness of first-cost should prove of dominant advantage in competition with rival products from less favored manufactories.



New Jetty Construction and Filling Work. Visiting War-ships in the Bay.

A glance at the panoramic photograph reproduction* on pages 486–87 will give a fair idea of the area of the splendid bay which supplies the facilities for thus grouping the expected industries, the loop-railways designed to augment these ample water-connections being readily imaginable. Here also may be discerned the outlines of an elaborate dock and jetty system, with ample break-water enclosures, and modern loading and discharging devices already well in hand and nearing readiness for safe and prompt accommodation of that extensive traffic which must inevitably seek an ocean terminus of over 7,000 miles of railway; especially where, as here, such railway affords the shortest and best highway of communication between the more highly developed of the greater sections of the world.

That Dalny, in addition to her facilities for the loading and discharging of vessels, will enjoy equally full convenience for their repair, and even for their construction, is a matter of course in a project so thorough-going as this; and there may likewise be seen in the picture on page 489 a completed dry-dock (of 375 feet in length and eighteen feet on the sill) with the beginnings of another which is designed to accommodate the largest ocean-going ships.

So far, the constructors of the new city, in addition to their preparations for the residence, manufacturing, and trading facilities above referred to, have thus addressed themselves chiefly to the construction of docks and shipping accommodation. It is believed that a large trade must speedily accrue to the port by reason of the presence there of the railway, and indeed that the principal Trans-Pacific steamer lines of all nations will ultimately make Dalny their most important Far Eastern port-of-call, whatever they may intermediately continue to do with Yokohama and Nagasaki, and whatever may be their existing affiliations with Shanghai or Hong-Kong. Mr. Miller's report suggests that the Canadian Pacific Company has already prudently reached out for Dalny's connection service. Where, then, in this new and

* The writer begs to express thus his acknowledgments to Mr. Saharoff, the Governor and Chief of Engineering Construction, and to Messrs. Trenuhen and Soper, of the Engineering staff, for many civilities shown him while at Dalny, and as well for the photographs and various details of information.



Dalny's Lesser Dry-Dock.

promising field, are the big American lines; the great steamers of the Hill railways; the Pacific Mail, and the Occidental and Oriental ships of San Francisco, or the minor freight-carriers of the Puget Sound Ports? That these will all soon be on the lookout hereaway is probable (however little one hears or sees of any of them as yet on Dalny's horizon), and would seem to be an inevitable necessity of the geographical and economic situation when Dalny gets a-going.

To return, however, to our more immediate subject, there are many features besides the docks and shipping facilities which deserve attention in the Dalny scheme.

Some of the more material of these are measurably indicated by the illustrations: enough to show, in a general way, how it has already been demonstrated that the manifold requirements of modern city construction may be created at demand, and in double-quick order, by the exercise of an alert and intelligent foresight, backed with a generous purse. The pictures, however, can scarcely express such details as the already created wide, well-paved, sewered and guttered streets or roads; public parks, stone and brick administration and other buildings, hospitals, hygienic water-supply, electric-lighting plant, tramways—the latter presently to include an extension to a bathing-beach of the future — or, in short, all that nowadays goes by the term of "public utilities." Nor can the pictures indicate the curious fact that these have been made or are nearing completion on a scale suitable for comfortable use and economical maintenance of a considerable population which is yet to appear.

In most of these respects the plan on page 492 may be of service, but even this will not suffice to indicate an important fact which those of us accustomed to job-ridden municipalities can scarcely appreciate, viz.: that all these good and useful things are presently to be turned over to the coming citizens free and clear of all aldermanic jobs or ineptitudes, on highly favorable terms, and under ample security for their safe and profitable future enjoyment. That such prospective citizens will presently materialize from everywhere about the world, is both expected and



Dalny's solid Jetty Construction.

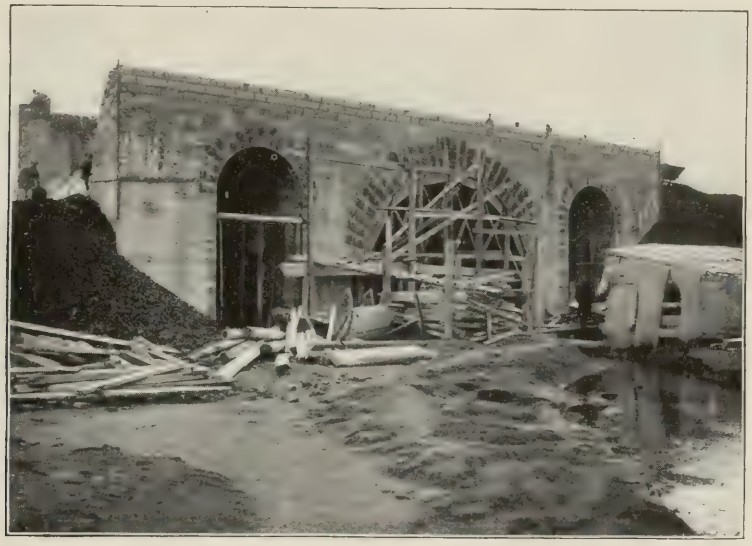
desired by the Russian authorities; for the theory of Dalny's future and thoroughly adequate protection has been wisely based upon a wide-spread international investment to be thus created therein.

And hence, although Port Arthur, which is only some forty miles away, like other adjacent points that command the railways outside the extensive district allotted to the new town and harbor, and as well those farther on in Manchuria, may fairly bristle with guns, or swarm with capable Cossacks, there is not to be the slightest suggestion of military safeguard present or contemplated at Dalny. Just here, the astute Russians are borrowing a leaf from the experience of Shanghai, which, under like conditions, has been able to summon the fleets and troops of the outside great powers to her aid in time of stress, and this too without thereby encountering an unpleasant expense-account. Per contra, the nearby German creation of Tsintau, on Kiao-chou Bay, lies open to inspection as an object-lesson, and is an example of what the Dalnians have prudently sought to avoid. Here a proposed commercial town, though admirably constructed and possessing the necessary deep-water access to docks (and even a railway back to good coal, with likewise a possible future freight connection), is found cheek-by-jowl with a military stronghold, where it must forever stand or fall, or be perturbed, according to the fate of its adjacent fortifications; its trade development meanwhile suffering the blight of *militarismus* in the usual tightly buttoned form.

Dalny thus on the one hand advantaged, and on the other free, would seem fairly equipped to enter on a career of safe and unimpeded development. What are her present or prospective rivals for the commercial supremacy of the future along the China coasts?

Of these, the great entrepôts of Hong-Kong and Shanghai, now, of course, stand far-and-away in the front, with the nearer neighbors Tientsin and Newchwang well up in present importance; but each and all of these are handicapped by a heavy charge of lightering transshipments, not to speak of crowded or insufficient "bunds"

or water-fronts; the three ports last-mentioned having to deal also with ever-vexing and costly problems of comparatively narrow rivers and their shifting bars. Hong-Kong enjoys no railway, while Tientsin and Newchwang, although somewhat better off in this respect, must encounter closed seasons of ice; the latter settlement having a trade too, which, following an inevitable economic law, must sooner or later largely forsake the river for a more certain railway outlet to and from the sea. Ch'in-wang-tao, a new, neighboring, enposed rate-payer's governing-council, and as to whether, if there must be a final appeal in purely local affairs, where this body is concerned, the same is to run, as it should do, to the civil rather than to the military arm of Russian supervision. Again, there is here of course no lack of Prophets of Evil—generally in the shape of jealous neighbors, such as some of those at Port Arthur and Vladivostock—who whether from malice or timidity fill the air with dismal vaticinations, like other obstructors elsewhere that seek to block



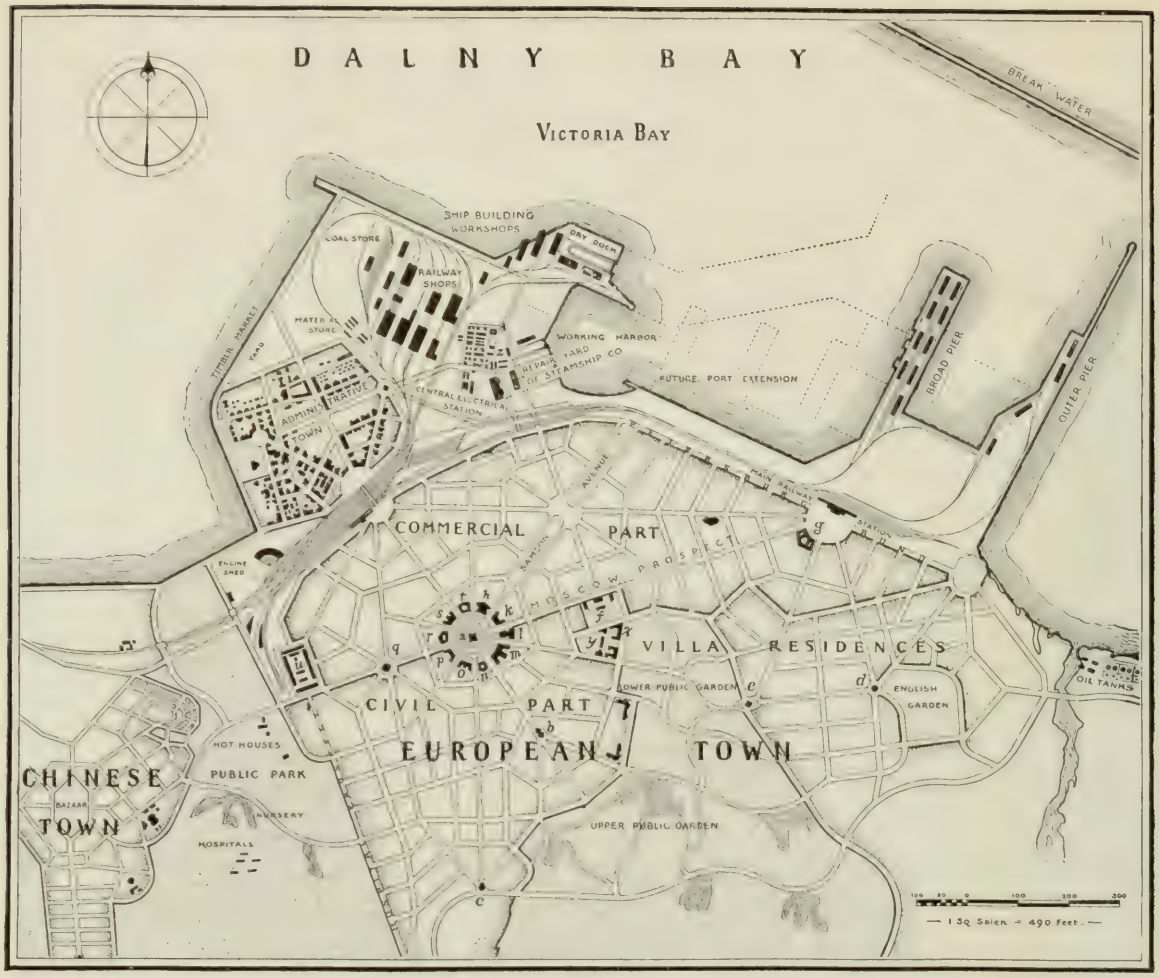
Front of Sunken Railway Tracks.

closed port, near Shan-hai-kuan, on the Gulf of Petcheli, will probably have both handy railway facilities and ice-free conditions, and therefore offers promise, although, as yet, rather a potentiality than a factor in the race.

To say that Dalny's development has been, or will continue, wholly free from mistakes, or that her future presents no difficulties, would be beyond the mark; tantamount perhaps to a contention that counsels of perfection are implicitly followed in human affairs. Thus, there are here and there features on which the severely practical criticism of the American point of view may fasten, such, for example, as an apparent confusion or division of authority in management, and as well unnecessary expenditure in premature improvements. On the side of policy, there would still appear to be some ambiguity as to the unrestricted functions of the pro-

the way of progress with inertia—often, fortunately for the rest of us, only to be finally worsted, as Stephenson's well-known "Coo" would have been. If we are to believe the fastastic notions of these *myopes*, it would appear that Dalny is already a failure; that it will be impossible to work ships past vaguely conjured rocks and ice-packs into the harbor; that no one anyhow will care to settle there, and, in short, that the sponge of a considerate oblivion and abandonment had best be wiped over the entire project, and a return made, while there is yet time, to some other place or places more favored by, or favoring to the particular objector of the moment.

But Dalny seems to have come to stay, nevertheless, and Mr. Witte, the famous Finance Minister of the Imperial Russian Government, who is generally credited with knowing his way about, has recently visited it and affixed thereto the seal of his



Plan of Dalny.

1. The length of streets in European Town is 25,960 sajen. 2. Area of Building spaces; The Villa Part, 136,500 squares; the Civil Part, 180,600 squares; in Administrative Town, 57,000 squares. 3. Garden Squares and Nursery, 375,860 squares. Principal Buildings: *a*, The Cathedral; *b*, The Catholic Church; *c*, Lutheran Church; *d*, English Church; *e*, Museum; *f*, Governor's Offices; *g*, Hotel; *h*, Russo-Chinese Bank; *k*, Post and Telegraph Offices; *l*, Theatre; *m*, Private Bank; *n*, Police and Fire Brigade Station; *o*, Town Offices; *p*, Town Club; *q*, Town Auction Hall and Exchange; *r*, Private Bank; *s*, Law Courts; *t*, Private Bank; *u*, Covered Market; *x*, High School for Boys; *y*, High School for Girls; *z*, Workingmen's Dwellings.
N. B.—1 square sajen = 490 feet.

potent approval.* That we of the United States should give the new city and all it stands for, cordial greeting, and wish it God-speed and success in its career, seems to be plain enough, whether we look at the subject on business or on sentimental grounds, supposing for the moment that the latter view may nowadays be suffered to figure in the dominating presence of trade considerations and in international affairs.

But even if we exclude all kindly sentiments, and incidentally assume that memories of various substantial past Russian attentions in our behalf (including their nominal-priced transfer of that fruitful *cadeau* Alaska) may be tossed aside, as in the way when an "enlightened self-interest" occupies the floor, it will be of value to consider where this latter motive would guide us in North Asian affairs.

Here, we find Russia busily opening up markets for us throughout Siberia—a region alone greater in extent than the United States, to say nothing of Manchuria, or Russia proper—contrasted with

* Late advices from there indicate that the recent visit of Mr. Witte has caused a renewed flow of appropriations for, and consequent greater activity in, the work of completion; that many obstructive questions have now been settled by him; that the land-sales and leasings which began November 14th with most favorable prices, will be continued as fast as may be practicable, although foreigners, apparently through misunderstanding of the conditions affecting the same, have thus far rather held aloof; that private house-building operations are now expected to make speedy progress; that the important thoroughfares are already lighted electrically, and the harbor buoys with gas; that ships of 18 feet draft are alongside the docks, and a further stretch of stone-wharf of 3,000 feet in length (with 28 feet low-water depth) nearly completed for them; that cargoes of tea from Hankow, which formerly went by sea to Russia via Odessa, have been received and forwarded by the railway, and finally that preferential rates by the latter in favor of the port, together with other substantial inducements to attract foreign trade, are now actively under consideration or arrangement.

which our existing trade outlets in these vast areas are but trifling beginnings ; markets, too, that may be as easily commanded and retained by us for many years to come through the exercise of ordinary neighborly consideration, as they might readily be prejudiced by our whimsical rudeness or neglect. For here, at least, the "party of the other part" in the trade is one to which sentiment does appeal, and the case peculiarly of a kind in which the sting of rejected advances may have ample scope for quick severe and concrete application.

Our British cousins, lacking our own independent position and our agreeable market prospects hereabouts, with ever before their eyes the certain bogy-scares above referred to, may fume over Russia's triumphant progress, or our erstwhile protégés, the Japanese, continue (for other reasons, but with equal futility), to "kick against the pricks;" but what have we of the United States of America to do in either of their *galères ?*

As for the Chinese, here again how are we concerned ? The arrangements with their Russian neighbors are clearly their own affair, and not ours, especially seeing that thus far no abridgment of any of our antecedent treaty-port rights, which might otherwise be sought to be asserted as against the Middle Kingdom, has arisen in consequence thereof. With this as the fact, the law, and the equity of the existing situation, would it not seem to be preeminently one in which Americans should prudently heed the pregnant maxim as to minding one's own business ? The more so, as we may thereby readily find such business growing with rapid strides and profitable results, thanks not only to the good-will and needs of our Russian friends, but to the new railways and outlets of which their port of Dalny is to be to us the front, and in this case, wide open door?

Returning now for a final word about Dalny, it should be admitted that when visited in August last there was difficulty in recognizing either its forwardness or that ultimate importance which is here suggested. The long empty roads, scaffolded buildings, and up-turned surfaces had rather an air of inchoate desolation ; and the scene generally, the somewhat melancholy expression which is a concomitant of dishevelled habitation-places wherever an appropriate sum of human life and endeavor is lacking, whether because this is yet to come, or has had its little day. In the matter of climate there was nothing further to demand, with the atmosphere and sunshine then prevailing, thanks to a somewhat belated rainy season ; for these were simply magnificent in tone and quality, and suggested the best periods of our Northern summers on the Maine or Nova Scotia coasts. That the climate, except for a steady but brief downpour during the rains of midsummer, is uniformly fine (with a quality of air too bracing perhaps to suit some wakeful persons), seems to be the universal testimony ; and even the sharp, clear cold of the winters is said to be of a highly agreeable nature. As to malaria and mosquitoes, these, although not wholly unknown, are inconsiderable factors, attributable by general report to the inevitable but temporary upturning of things during construction ; and indeed it would appear to be quite likely that Dalny, with its cool, equable summers, must become a much sought and desirable resort for the people of the southern coasts or of the tropical regions of Asia generally.

In any event, it is there that we shall presently transfer ourselves and our belongings, between ship and shore, in the 'round-the-world concerns of trade or travel; and whether it thus affords a first contact with triste and mysterious China, or precedes a like essay of the long rollers of the wide Pacific, some thrill of interest must ever thereafter be associated in our minds with the new port.

"*Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut bimarisve Corinthi mœnia.*" But Dalny and what it typifies are both as impressive and commanding.



The Crevice Tree

By Sydney Preston

Illustrations by G. A. Shipley

I

THE girl stood on the narrow plateau that lay between the brink of the steep sea-cliff on one side, and the sheer drop into the rocky bed of the stream that tumbled down the face of the mountain and gashed the valley on the other. On either side of the road that stretched like a strip of brown carpet from end to end of the ridge, the emerald turf lay so rich and sweet that every little while the grazing red-and-white calf lifted up her head and snorted with joy, playfully curvetting in circles, as if about to jerk the restraining rope from the hands of the girl.

"Aisy, now—aisy," she admonished the animal, as a sudden leap interrupted a prolonged gaze toward the end of the ridge where the road dipped out of sight in the direction of the market town; "if I let go, wouldn't you like as not just jump over into the sea or down to the rocks with your capers? Whisht now, darlin'—kape quiet for a minute."

Again she shaded her eyes and stood motionless, a wind-swept, hatless, erect little figure, with straggling locks of wavy hair tossing about her shapely head, and a scarlet skirt to her ankles that fluttered like a flag in the fresh breeze. There was no one in sight, and for the hundredth time Maggie Tierney, with a little sigh of relaxed expectancy, allowed her intent gaze to wander from the distant dip of the road to a pair of trim little shoes and stockings that showed beneath her fluttering skirt. The shoes were new and a trifle tight, but shapely; the stockings of a sober black that followed the graceful curves of her ankles with the demure effect of a pretty face in a Quaker

bonnet, and Maggie smiled with approval as she raised her skirt a trifle and advanced first one foot and then the other for inspection. Micky, if ever he looked, must have seen hundreds of prettier shoes and stockings in Dublin City, but these were neat enough for her, and well-filled at that, and she would have no cause this year to keep out of his way, as she had for the last two summers, on account of bare feet and shabby clothes. Let him come with his fine manners and college learning, and she'd soon find out the truth about his being a priest. If his mother's tale was true, then he might pass her by and welcome; if it wasn't? —if—it—wasn't!

Maggie tossed back her head like a mettlesome steed, and the unbidden tears sparkled in her eyes but for a moment, then vanished in the fiercer light of resolve; the elfish laugh of her childhood rang out with a fuller note of defiant glee as she turned her back to the sea and looked across the brawling stream below to the fertile fields on the lower slope of the mountain. On the left, almost hidden by trees, rose the chimneys of the big brick house where lived the rich old woman who now owned nearly all the surrounding land; on the right, the humble thatch-roofed cabin of the Tierneys, surrounded by splatches of red and white, where Maggie and her mother had hung out the washing on the bushes in the morning. The girl looked from one dwelling to the other, her lips unsmiling, her brows contracted. There had been no difference between her and Micky in the old days when they played together, when his mother lived in a thatch-roofed cabin like hers, before that brother in America died and she became the rich widow Ryan; but now it was the difference between the big house and the little one, the rich and the poor. Yet if Micky were poor and she were rich—her lips relaxed and her eyes softened—would there be any barrier betwixt them? If Uncle Shandy had died and left the Tierneys a fortune, would *her* mother have become purse-proud and ruled her family and servants with a rod of iron, like Micky's? The girl laughed at the fancy, then shook a resentful clenched hand in the direction of the chimneys, and for an instant afterward she envied the old woman the possession of the one object that made wealth desirable: the tall mirror in the big room, in which you could see yourself all at once, from the toe of your new shoes to the bow of ribbon on the top of your head; before which you could walk forward and sideways and backward, and smile at yourself to think how you would look to someone who remembered you as a wild, little, barefooted girl.

Again the calf made a strenuous break for liberty, and when Maggie, breathless with laughter and exertion, had quieted the animal, she had to stand on the rope while she used both hands to tuck away vagrant locks of hair, and once more make sure with light deft touches here and there that nothing about her had gone awry. Somewhere among the trees near the big house in the valley, Micky's old mother would be watching the ridge for the first glimpse of him coming along the road; would she see Maggie Tierney grazing the calf and guess, too late, why she was dressed in her best and waiting where Micky would see her as he passed by, a full half hour before he reached home? And if he should care to stop and loiter awhile by the way, what matter if an old woman beyond was looking on and thumping her stick—with anger? Maggie Tierney cared not a toss of her head for that; if Micky had the makings of a priest in him he'd run home like a dutiful son; if he hadn't—well, there was a girl by the road grazing her heifer calf, and never a word or sign would she give him to stop.

Once more her eyes turned to the dip of the road. Around the bend appeared the figure of a man, clutching the flapping brim of a soft hat as he pushed his way against the strong sea-breeze. She saw him halt and stand erect, shading his eyes as he gazed inland over the stream to his right in the direction of the big house among the trees; then he strode on toward her, his head bent against the wind and the hat-brim over his eyes. The rich color surged into her face, then ebbed again as she clutched at a sudden choking lump in her throat, for the young man coming so swiftly had not even glanced toward her, so absorbed was he in the thought of hurrying home to his mother. A mysterious panic seized

her, and she looked around wildly with the instinct of flight or concealment, though well she knew that nothing higher than a blade of grass grew on that wind-swept plateau, and that she would be ignominiously overtaken if she tried to drive her calf along the mile stretch to the bridge. She looked again at the oncoming figure, and a smile hovered about her mouth as she studied his vigorous elastic step and the free play of his arms. He was big and strong and well-built, and in spite of his black clothes and long fluttering coat-tails, he didn't look as if he were thinking about becoming a priest. The mischievous sparkle came back to Maggie's eyes with the returning flush to her cheeks, and though she turned her back to the road and stroked her calf, she waited.

II

The young man was garbed in a suit of semi-clerical cut; his long-tailed coat, which had clung to his muscular frame during the brisk four-mile walk from the market town where the Dublin stage had dropped him, suddenly flapped wildly as he rounded the spur of the mountain and faced the fresh gale that blew in from the sea. He clutched the soft brim of his hat, head bent against the steadily increasing pressure, until the curve of the road brought him broadside to the wind, then he turned his back to the sea and stood gazing over the cliff to his right. On the rising ground in the distance among the trees peered the chimneys of his home, but his eyes sought the little cabin near at hand, a long stone's-throw across the stream from where he stood, but a good two miles by the road he must follow. If only he could let himself down over the cliff, he would be right at her door where he could stop for a spell in passing, but since that couldn't be, he'd just hurry home and pay his respects to his mother, and then slip away through the lower field to the cabin afterward. Perhaps she wasn't there, though, for there was no one in sight; but no!—there were clothes hung out on the bushes, and she'd be over the tubs at the back, like enough; she was a good little girl to work, was Maggie, and always ready to give a hand to her mother. He'd lose no time, but catch her with her bare arms in the suds before she knew he was home, and she'd have to tell why she had dodged him like a sprite the summer before last, and why she had flitted away to her uncle Shandy's as soon as he got home last summer.

Michael Ryan's eyes snapped with determination, and he started forward at a headlong pace, without once looking in front of him. The booming of the waves against the rocky cliff a hundred feet below filled his ears with a continuous roar, like an engulfing silence, and in his abstraction he saw nothing but a vague glimpse of the brown road at his feet, for his mind was fixed upon the vision of a girl, who, since he was a man, must now be a woman. She had haunted his dreams for a long time, but since his mother answered his repeated questions with a letter that said she allowed Tim Egan to dance after her, he could think of nothing else. If it was true—then God help Tim Egan! —here was a lad able and willing to pick the scallawag up and jump into the sea with him rather than let him get her.

Suddenly he looked up; then stood stock still. There on the rich green sward not ten feet from the edge of the cliff on his right, a half-grown heifer was grazing; a girlish figure, her back to him, held the rope that kept it from straying too near the brink. Michael stared—moved a few steps nearer—then stopped again in doubt. Could *this* be Maggie? A skirt to her ankles, stockings and trim low shoes, a red waist with sleeves like the Dublin ladies', and a bow of scarlet ribbon half buried in her coiled-up hair? The outline of the wind-blown figure was rounded in graceful curves that Michael had never imagined in the little harum-scarum playmate of his boyhood, or in the hoydenish half-grown girl of two years before, but that shapely well-poised head that tilted backward when she drew on the rope, as he had seen it tilt a thousand times before in saucy defiance, was hers.

"Maggie!" he called, in a hoarse outburst of gladness.

She did not turn, but, when he moved closer, bent over the heifer and patted its neck as the animal lifted a pair of startled brown eyes and stared at him. "There,



Drawn by G. A. Shipley.

Maggie sat on the turf and laughed.—Page 499.

there, darlin'," he heard her say in a soft, caressing tone, "sure, 'tis nothin' at all, at all."

"*Maggie!*" he repeated in bewilderment.

There was no reply. She lifted her head and moved slowly away a few steps without turning, then stood looking in the opposite direction. Michael's breath came and went in a spasm of choking effort; he followed, walked around the heifer, and placed himself directly in front of her. His smooth-shaven face, pallid with emotion, his sternly-set jaw and lined forehead, made him look like a man of thirty instead of a youth not yet twenty. The girl stood in unwavering immobility; if Michael had gazed into the marble features of a statue he could not have seen a more unyielding, lifeless pose. There was color, brilliant color, in lips and cheeks and eyes, but it was not the pulsating ebb and flow of life; the eyes had the bright, unseeing look of the Virgin in the college chapel, not wavering a fraction in their steady stare as his met them.

"Maggie Tierney, I'll face you till the judgment-day, or you'll open your lips and tell me why you turn your back when I pass by."

Michael's voice no longer trembled; it was smooth and clear and measured. For an instant the girl's eyes flashed; her lips parted in a quick, indrawn breath, then closed again; she silently raised one hand, and pointed behind him in the direction of his home. On a knoll in the field in front of the house, small in the distance, but unmistakable, stood the bent figure of his mother, a shawl over her head; the stick she walked with was raised in an imperative beckoning motion.

Michael turned to the girl with dumb, questioning gaze. From the depths of her blue-gray eyes a flickering gleam appeared that lit up her face with sudden life, then her lips parted in a scornful laugh.

"Is this Michael Ryan?" she asked, in mock surprise, regarding him with a critical stare.

"It is," replied Michael unbendingly, but with a faint twinkle in his eyes.

"And is your mother the richest woman in the country, barrin' the quality?"

Michael flinched under the sting of her words. "If she is," he retorted with heat, "'tis through no fault of hers, nor of mine; but that's neither here nor there, Maggie. I'm waitin' to hear why you turn your back on me?"

"Och, is that all!" she laughed. "Then you need wait no longer, for 'tis partly because I'm Maggie Tierney and partly because you're Michael Ryan."

"I'm waiting," he persisted.

"Like your mother," she flashed. "Go home, Michael Ryan, and tell her I turned my back on you, as I told her I would—and I'll do it as often as I plase, so I will," she added, and with the sudden uptilt of her chin that from babyhood had marked the wilful decision of her nature she walked away a few paces and led the heifer to a fresh piece of turf.

"And every time you do it," he responded, gaining her side, "I'll turn your face," and with a light, deft movement of his hand on her shoulders, he did so. With the swiftness of a cat's paw the palm of one little hand smote his cheek.

"Kape your hands where they be welcome," she cried, with a fierce stamp of her foot. "Go home to your mother," her voice rose shrilly above the pounding of the surf—"go home and tell her I sent you," she taunted, flinging out one hand derisively toward the old woman in the distance; "sure, she's in the divil's own rage this blessed minute, and she'll be batin' you with her stick for stoppin' to talk with ould Dick Tierney's Maggie."

Michael stood, doggedly immovable, his steady gaze fixed upon her scornful face twisted up into an elfish grimace. The red mark of her hand burned in his pale cheek, but his voice was still calm and steady.

"Many's the time you've fooled me with your play-acting, Maggie," he said, quietly, "and it's always your pride that sets you off that way, but I'll not be taken in this time. I'll not leave till I know whether it's love or hate you bear in your heart to me. Which is it, Maggie?"

For an instant her eyelids lowered, her bosom heaved, then with a tantalizing laugh she placed a hand on each hip and regarded him curiously with her head on one side like a bird's. "And who be you," she asked, airily, "that dares to ask a girl embarrassin' questions? But perhaps"—

with sudden gravity—"perhaps 'tis a praist, no less?"

A faint smile relaxed the grimness of Michael's mouth. "'Tis Micky," he said simply, swaying toward her.

The girl stepped lightly backward, put one hand to her chin and frowned upon him reflectively. "The jowl of a praist," she said, as if to herself; "not a hair on his face; black cloth from the crown of his hat to his boots; and as solemn as if he was sayin' a mass for the dead. No, —he's not Micky!—he's Michael Ryan, with his gentleman ways and his fine clothes and his English spaich! Go home to your mother, sir, and don't be tryin' the worst temper in the county, lavin' out mine that's not full-grown. But when you're full-fledged," she added, demurely, her eyes brimming with laughter, "I'll answer your questions with, 'Yis, yer riverince,' and 'No, yer riverince,' as respectful as you plase."

A quick movement on Michael's part; a quicker one on hers, and he was too late —the grazing calf was between them. The girl was breathing hard, but she looked straight into his eyes with stubborn defiance.

"'Tis a plain question I ask, and a straight answer I'll have," said he, unflinching.

Her eyelids fluttered, then lowered; she toyed pensively with the end of the rope, her head on one side, the color of her cheeks mounting higher. "'Tis as plain as a pikestaff," she said in a low tone, with a fleeting glance upward.

Michael's heart gave a great leap, as if pricked by an invisible dart. "*What* is, —darlin'?" he asked tenderly, "the— the answer?"

He had been moving nearer in imperceptible degrees, he thought, but after completing the circuit of the calf, she was still on the farther side; there was a sudden impulsive movement of his arms and the animal leaped high in the air and bounded away with the tethering rope trailing behind.

"Wirra!—wirra!" screamed the girl, wringing her hands—"my calf is gone! Run, Michael—for the love of—of Heaven —*run!*"

Michael stood irresolute for a moment, brief joy changing to sudden dismay. Cruel fate had thrust the beast between them, and now that it was gone he was told to run after it just when—when—it was hardest to go. A glance at the girl's grief-stricken face, another at the vanishing calf, and he was off.

Maggie sat on the turf and laughed till her face was wet with tears, as she watched him run with his long coat-tails flying in the wind. The calf was fleet, but Michael was desperate and a good runner besides, and in the end he captured the animal and dragged her back to a girl who was sitting upon the grass an image of tearful anxiety.

"You run her too hard," she reproached him, as he got within earshot. "Is she hurted?"

Michael was breathless, and words failed him; he wiped the sweat from his brow and remained indignantly silent.

"There—there, acushla," she caressed the panting animal, "kape still, now, and get your wind. What frighted you, anyway? I mind now!" she exclaimed, turning on Michael with sudden resentment. "You flung out your arms. 'Twas *you* that sent her careerin', and why did you do it, I'd have you tell me?"

"I didn't mean to—I was—I—I—"

"Why did you fling out your arms?" she demanded, with an imperious stamp of her foot.

Michael's face was the color of her red waist; he studied his boots and twisted a button of his waistcoat. "I couldn't—just say," he stammered, "but I could show—you if—if—for God's sake answer my question, Maggie. Is it love or hate you have in your heart for me?"

Again she toyed with the rope, and then transfixed him with a swift, shy glance. "'Tis—'tis nayther," said she hesitatingly, "if 'tis a praist you're goin' to be."

"Who said I was going to be a priest?"

"Your mother."

"'Twill not be my *mother* that'll make me a priest," he said, tenderly. Then a sudden fear clutched at the hope in his breast, and the smile died on his lips. "Tell me it isn't true that you've been letting Tim Egan make up to you, Maggie," he pleaded.

"Tim—*Egan?*—that"—her indignant response ended in a blithesome laugh. "And what if I have?" she asked.

Michael's eyes blazed. "If 'tis true,"

he flashed, "Tim and I can settle it betwixt us up here, where there's a hundred-foot fall into the sea on one side and a forty-foot drop to the rocks on the other."

"Whisht!" she cried, a tremor in her voice. "Who said I was lettin' Tim make up to me?"

"'Twas my mother that wrote it."

Their eyes met and Michael drew closer; she did not retreat, and his gaze followed hers. Across the valley the bent figure in the red shawl was limping slowly up the slope toward the house: she turned and looked steadily at them standing side by side, then slowly raising her stick she extended her right arm and pointed up the mountain-side, and higher still, to the sky, as if calling down the wrath of Heaven upon them.

"Och, wirra!" the girl moaned, with a shudder—"the curse."

Michael's arm enfolded her protectingly, as if he would ward off the danger, then an exclamation burst from his lips. "Look!" he ejaculated, "'tis not the curse, but the mountain wind she means."

Over the frowning top of the mountain loomed a massive black cloud that mounted upward with awesome rapidity, shutting off the blue sky like a huge curtain; whirling, vapor-like, white spirals fringed the ragged edge in fantastic shapes, growing larger as the sky darkened. There could be no mistake; it was the forerunner of the dreaded wind that swept down from the mountain once or twice in a lifetime, and, tradition said, flung every living thing, that chanced to be on the plateau, into the sea. The only hope lay in reaching the valley in time, or in lying flat on the ground with fingers dug into the sod.

"The mountain wind!" he repeated, in an awestruck whisper, as the sky blackened; then a sudden frenzy of action seized him. "Come," he shouted, gripping her arm, "we'll run for the bridge!"

"Run from a bit of wind?" She shook him off with fierce vehemence.

"The mountain wind!" he repeated, wildly. "Don't you mind your daddy telling how, when he was a boy, it blew old Pat Monahan into the sea?"

Maggie was standing beside him, watching his face with a curious, incredulous smile. ". . . 'And he niver was heard of from that day to this,' she quoted in a sing-song tone. "'And anyone that disbelaves me can go to the church-yard and stand on his grave and rade his name on the stone.'"

Michael cast a panic-stricken glance at the whirling fringe of cloud overhead. "Come," he entreated, trying to grip her arm.

"And lave my own calf that Uncle Shandy gave me last year?" she objected, indignantly.

"Divil take the calf!" shouted Michael. With one hand he seized her wrist in an iron grasp, and snatched the rope with the other, then ran a short distance toward the bridge, but even his strong muscles could not stand the strain of the unwilling animal that pranced and pulled backward on the taut rope. With a groan of despair he stopped, then leaping toward the calf he passed the rope in a loose loop about its forelegs; a quick jerk and it lay prostrate; a turn of the wrist and the rope was knotted. The girl looked on with the same half-puzzled calm smile, until he stood up and faced her, his features contorted with frenzy.

"Quick!" he commanded with a glance of fear at the tossing branches in the distance, thrusting the rope into her hands—"lie down and hold on for your life when the wind comes, but if the beast is lifted first, let go and pray to the Virgin!"

Her smile gave place to sudden alarm, then with a spring like a cat's she clutched his shoulders and shook him with angry vehemence. "Michael Ryan!" she screamed, her voice shrill with wrath and terror, "hould on to your wits, for they're goin'!—hould on, I say," she repeated, with a vigorous shake, as he tried to speak—"and kape quiet! Now listen," she went on—"look me in the face and listen!—*Micky* could stand with me on the ridge-pole of Uncle Shandy's barn, or dangle his legs over the mountain-crag, without breathin' hard. Michael—why—do you—look frighted?"

Michael's shoulders heaved. "God help me, Maggie!" he burst forth in a choking voice—"'tis for love of you."

"Then 'tis not the love I want that takes the heart out of a man. Would *Micky* have run for the bridge, or stood



Drawn by G. A. Shipley.

"Look!" he ejaculated, "'tis not the curse, but the mountain wind she means."—Page 500.

there like an omadhaun with the crevice tree behind him ?"

The crevice tree ! No need to look behind, for it all came back to his numbed brain in a flash ; the tree that grew out of a crevice in the rock half way up the perpendicular wall, and reached to the higher level with its topmost branches. From the base of its trunk to the rocky edge of the stream was a drop of more than twenty feet, bridged by a rickety ladder that old Dick Tierney had placed there when he sought to make a short cut over the cliff to the market town, and used but once. Well he remembered how Maggie had one day dared him to climb up by way of the crevice tree ; how the ladder groaned and swayed under his cautious bare-footed tread, until at last he reached the base of the tree with a shout of triumph, only to find her close at his heels ; how they rested awhile and tried not to look down at the jagged rocks, then climbed upward from one swaying branch to another until they stood on the solid ground above.

Michael's drawn face lit up with hope ; he flung one arm around her just as the first blast of the storm reached them. She struggled against him, and gasped as she strove : "'Tis no place—for the arm—of—a *coward*.'"—then he caught her up and hurried over the short distance that lay between them and the waving top of the tree. Clasping her close with one arm, he reached forward to the tapering trunk and swung downward. There was a crashing and snapping of branches ; for one awful moment he could feel no foothold below, then his feet touched a heavy limb and he straightened himself slowly. The wind rushed with a mighty roar above them, and a gloom like twilight was falling, but there was light enough to see that the face on his shoulder wore the calm content of a happy child.

"*Micky*," she said, dreamily, "'tis—no place—for the arm of a—*praist*."

Michael pressed her closer. "Divil the priest I'll be !" said he fervently, and his lips met hers.

She freed herself with a struggle, and stood on the branch beside him, her cheeks dyed crimson. "How dare you," she cried, "without lave ?"

"'Twas the light in your eyes and the love in my heart made me bold."

"A quare kind of love, indeed—that both frights and makes bold !"

"'Tis the kind that's heaven or hell to a man, Maggie."

"Look, Micky, the clouds is breakin' and the wind's most gone."

"Yes, yes—will you—marry me, Maggie ?"

"Sure, there's no praist up here—and I'm not a bird that can live in a tree!"

"But, darlin', just answer, and"——

"I'll answer some time when my mind's not took up with thinkin' of how I'll get out of the crevice tree. Is it up or down we're to go, Michael Ryan?"

Michael looked upward; it was plain there was no getting back by the way they came, for the top of the tree was broken below the brink of the cliff ; looking downward, he could see that the old ladder was still in place, but deep lines of anxiety puckered his brow as he peered at it.

"Down it will have to be," he said at length, with a gulp, "but"——

"But what?" she asked, sharply, as he hesitated.

"It wouldn't carry the weight of us," he returned dolorously; "besides, some of the rungs are gone and the rest look rotted."

"What matter for rungs if the sides be there?"

"You could never step over the gaps," he said, turning pale at the thought.

"O—ho!" she laughed, scornfully. "I'll follow where you lead—you know that, Michael Ryan. Stoop over and see if the sides be sound."

Michael let himself down to the base of the tree and put out his hand to the ladder, which swayed and creaked at his touch, while the girl stood on a higher limb and watched him with a mischievous smile.

"'Tis no use," he called up to her. "I couldn't trust you to a ladder like that, Maggie."

"You're frighted again," the girl taunted him—"'tis your own bones that's too precious. I'll never marry a coward!"

"I'm a coward, am I?" He gripped the trunk of the tree to swing himself over ; there was an ominous crack as his feet touched the ladder.

"Stop!" she screamed, reaching down

and clutching the collar of his coat—"I'll never marry a *cripple!*"

Michael straightened himself slowly and looked upward; speech failed him.

"Come up here beside me," she commanded, with a tremor of tenderness in her tone.

He obeyed with alacrity; instantly she slid downward to the base and left him above her.

"For the love of Heaven!"—he ejaculated, "what do you mean?"

"That you haven't sinse enough to be left at the top of a ladder. How many stone do you weigh?"

"Nine and a half. For"——

"Kape still! And you'd set a nine-stone foot on the *rung* of a ladder like that? Troth, then, you knowed better when you were a lad and had more wit and less learnin'. Och, och!"—her voice rose in a despairing wail—"now, I'm undone!" She stooped forward, clutching her skirt tightly about her ankles.

"What's wrong?" he shouted, excitedly. "Hold on till I get there!"

"Back!" she screamed—"go back, or I'll drop myself over!"

Michael clambered back to his perch in haste. "What is it, darlin'?" he gasped, peering down at her.

"Och, wirra—you're an omadhaun!—to make me tell a thing like this. Lane over and turn your face the other way—me—shtockin's—*down!*" she whispered in his ear, then covered her face.

"Holy Moses!" ejaculated Michael, wiping his brow. "Is that all? Why don't you leave it down?"

"Lave it *down!*" She shuddered.

"Then why don't you pull it up?"

"How can I?" she shrieked, "with you gapin' at me like—like a man?"

Michael's being glowed with a sudden illumination, then he turned his back.

"Micky?"—the voice came in a new tone of persuasive entreaty—"you'll kape your back turned till I call you?"

"That I will. But, Maggie, would you mind saying 'Micky, dear,' in your sweet voice, so that I'll make no mistake?"

"Well, well—if you do as you're bid, and keep on lookin' up no matter what else you hear, even it's a sound of brakein'—or crackin', like?"

"But what is there to make a sound like that about—about——?"

"Nothin' at all, at all, but if I laned on a branch or stepped on a twig that went *crack*, you might turn without meanin', and I'd"——

"Never fear, Maggie!—but you'll hold on tight and not fall?"

"*Fall!*" her voice broke into a quavering laugh—"sure, I could no more fall and get hurted than a cat. And even if I let a little scream, you won't look down?"

"N-no,—but what would there be to make you scream, darlin'?"

"'Tis but the sudden fear that takes a woman when she's fixin' her shtockin'. You'll promise, Micky?"

"I'm all of a tremble with the danger of it, Maggie. Leave it down, acushla," he pleaded, "and don't be lettin' go your grip of the tree for such a trifle."

"I'll hould on with me two hands if you kape me waitin' no longer, and if you swear by the Blessed Virgin that you'll kape your back turned and your eyes tight shut and look up into the sky until I say the words, you may—you may open them again."

"I swear, Maggie—but for the love of God, go on!"

The wind had died down, and Michael, his eyes tightly closed, with the gallantry of some by-gone Spanish ancestor, heard a rustling of skirts; a mysterious silence followed, then a slight vibration as if a bird had suddenly taken flight from a bough, and an ominous creak like the swaying of a ladder. All this Michael heard with vague wonderment, never dreaming that Maggie, her skirt safely looped to her knees, had grasped the sides of the ladder and let herself over. Down she slid lightly, safe but for a splinter in the palm of one hand, in the manner she had long ago learned to descend from the top of her Uncle Shandy's big haymow.

"Micky, *dear*, come down."

The voice was tender and sweet, but strangely far away. Michael looked down, rubbed his eyes, and stared harder. At the foot of the ladder stood Maggie, her skirt down to her ankles, her face rippling with blushes and laughter.

"Come down," she repeated, "if you've

not forgot how to slide without touchin' the rungs."

. . . . . .

Over the field across the stream an old woman limped hurriedly toward them. Michael awaited her in defiant attitude, his arm around Maggie. When she got within hailing distance, she shook her stick at them, and cried: "Come along home wid ye—ye two—childher!" then smiled and wiped her eyes.

A TORCHBEARER

(J. B. M., NOVEMBER 29, 1902)

By Edith Wharton

GREAT cities rise and have their fall; the brass
That held their glories moulders in its turn,
Hard granite rots like an uprooted weed,
And ever on the palimpsest of earth
Impatient Time rubs out the word he writ.
But one thing makes the years its pedestal,
Springs from the ashes of its pyre, and claps
A skyward wing above its epitaph—
The will of man willing immortal things.

The ages are but baubles hung upon
The thread of some strong lives—and one slight wrist
May lift a century above the dust;
For Time,
The Sisyphean load of little lives,
Becomes the globe and sceptre of the great.
But who are these that, linking hand in hand,
Transmit across the twilight waste of years
The flying brightness of a kindled hour?
Not always, nor alone, the lives that search
How they may snatch a glory out of heaven
Or add a height to Babel; oftener they
That in the still fulfilment of each day's
Pacific order hold great deeds in leash,
That in the sober sheath of tranquil tasks
Hide the attempered blade of high emprise,
And leap like lightning to the clap of fate.

So greatly gave he, nurturing 'gainst the call
Of one rare moment all the daily store

Of joy distilled from the acquitted task,
And that deliberate rashness which bespeaks
The pondered action passed into the blood;
So swift to harden purpose into deed
That, with the wind of ruin in his hair,
Soul sprang full-statured from the broken flesh,
And at one stroke he lived the whole of life,
Poured all in one libation to the truth,
A brimming cup whose drops shall overflow
On deserts of the soul long beaten down
By the brute hoof of habit, till they spring
In manifold upheaval to the sun.

Call here no high artificer to raise
His wordy monument—such lives as these
Make death a dull misnomer and its pomp
An empty vesture. Let resounding lives
Re-echo splendidly through high-piled vaults
And make the grave their spokesman—such as he
Are as the hidden streams that, underground,
Sweeten the pastures for the grazing kine,
Or as spring airs that bring through prison bars
The scent of freedom; or a light that burns
Immutably across the shaken seas,
Forevermore by nameless hands renewed,
Where else were darkness and a glutted shore.

LIFE THE LOVER

By E. H. Sothern

COULD we know—ah, could we know
  Whether what we might have done
Ever will have chance to grow
  In the realms beyond the sun,
  Then the race were lost, and won—
Lost as winter yields to spring—
  Learned from limping how to run,
Learned from lisping how to sing.

Life the light and Flesh the lamp,
  Flame, or lantern, which is "I"—
Earth which doth the spirit cramp,
  Spirit which the Earth doth fly?
  Word of hate and lover's sigh
Pass they when their sound is spent?
  Shall *we* be mere memory,
Or for sorrow or content?

This may be the journey's end—
  Life and Death and passing man,
Life the lover, Death the friend,
  Call for pipes and foaming can.
  List awhile the song of Pan—
Life, my sweet, I love thee well!
  Laugh we while I live my span.
Listen! 'tis our marriage bell!

THE POINT OF VIEW

COMMENT was occasioned in Boston a little while back by the refusal of those in authority to appoint an Armenian to a position as teacher in a night-school which chanced to be attended by a score of his own countrymen. No question was raised apparently as to the personal qualifications of the candidate. The refusal was based entirely on the general assumption that it was a mistake to employ foreign instructors for foreign pupils. The point has an interest that is not limited by its specific application. Although the consensus of opinion seems to be that in the case of Italian, French, and German children, in the primary grades, better results are obtained by employing our own native teachers, the problem, as a whole, cannot be considered solved. It cannot be considered solved when, again in Boston, in a grammar school situated in a quarter of the town chiefly peopled by the most illiterate class of Italians and Polish Jews, the alternative as to whether the first rudiments should be imparted in English or in the dialect of the pupils is not seriously wrestled with at all, music and drawing being used almost exclusively as the means of opening up their minds.

The Foreign Element and the Schools.

Now it is true that the educational value of draughtsmanship and music, if both are properly taught, is enormous. But that either the one or the other can take the place of language-study is something that growing evidence from certain significant quarters may lead one very seriously to doubt. A good deal has been written of late on the decline of wages for clerical work. The fact does not seem unrelated to the complaint which also has gone forth, that the equipment of the younger generation of applicants for such work is increasingly far from meeting a legitimate standard of requirement. The complaint applies to both sexes. Taking into account the large number of business colleges throughout the country and the percentage of graduates which they may be assumed to send out. there is food for reflection in this cry of imperfect preparation.

Since the business college specializes,

since the boast of all our modern education is that it does the same thing, it is certainly curious to find that there is a deterioration in the quality of clerical services rendered. The business college assuredly turns out a certain number of high grade experts; but it has been affirmed by those who appear to know best that the average graduate is not unlikely to be found lacking just where the clerk who has had no training but experience will also be discovered at fault. The inference is that there are defects in the primary educational training. And these defects are entirely on the side of deficient accuracy, of a want of respect for the perfect treatment of small, familiar things; defects, in short, that it is more especially the province of language-study to do away with.

However this may be, whether the theory and practice of our primary instruction need to be revised, or whether we should gain, as a Harvard professor of psychology not long ago suggested, by employing women less exclusively as teachers of the large mass of our youth (the bent of men being confessedly toward greater technical thoroughness, other things being equal), the point raised by the case of the Armenian candidate in Boston represents a side of the subject worth considering. In view of the proportion of the foreign element that is always with us, it is no slight matter whether we have foreign teachers for some of these foreign children or not. The question must be determined by the larger one as to whether the best way to teach is to draw the mind of the pupil quite out of its accustomed groove, directing it forcibly toward the new object set before it for acquirement, or to take possession of his attention by a process of interpenetration, and to lead him, by way of thoughts and mental habits already familiar to him, to the fresh field of knowledge. That the latter method represents the ideal of teaching will probably be conceded in the majority of cases. The curriculum of more than one college concedes it inferentially when it gives over the instruction in this or that foreign language to an American for the freshman and sophomore classes, consigning the advanced classes meanwhile to foreigners to whom the languages are native. The American will probably interest more surely the more immature minds under his tuition, because being personally in touch with his students, as one is in touch when one belongs to the same race and has behind him the same inherited associations, he can induct them into the spirit and literature of a new language by an enthusiasm of his own, none of the terms or modes of which will seem to them strange or strained. To lay the hand on foreign teachers ideally fitted for the work of teaching our language to the children of our new citizens may not be easy. That will also mean giving them some faint initial intuitions of the better ideals of our civilization. But the native teacher qualified to do the same thing is obviously not found every day, either.

It seems likely, in any event, that the claim of better results obtained by employing this native teacher in all instances is at least premature.

"The Last Century."

THERE are three or four centuries that stand out from the rank and file for their signal services to general progress. They are the Periklesian Age; the first century A.D., with the Messianic revolution, and the growth of the Roman Empire; the sixteenth century with its complete renascence from the winter of the Middle Age, its art, science, and exploration. Surely the nineteenth is a worthy fourth, though the time has not yet come when "the last century" applied to it has lost its unfamiliar sound. We are hardly conscious yet that it is passing into history, fading out of the reach or desire of the satirists and pessimists into the rosy haze where the next century will see it as the "good old days," a period of strange dignity and an aristocratic lack of sordidness, a time when great inventors, philosophers, and statesmen wrought with no mean eye for gain.

We have not yet the right perspective for studying our contemporaries; we cannot be blind to the fantastic appearance of scientists whom we have believed to be hardly more than superficial and notoriety-loving squabblers, of philosophers we have thought unscrupulous sophists, of politicians we have condemned and questioned, when we think of them with the toga of classicism over their frockcoats and the laurel twined round their silk hats. But we may as well reconcile ourselves to this time-change that all things suffer or profit by. It will be curious to find the subjects of the tawdry newspaper stuff of our day rechronicled with all history's

pomp and circumstance—and most of the circumstance wrong. But we must not forget that the eighteenth century, which is to us so formal, so elegant even in its most superficial phases, was once held to be just such a bitter, earnest, dishonest, and informal struggle-for-life as that on which we have so recently put up the shutters. In the eyes of the eighteenth-centurians the gentle and refined Elia was a stuttering lapidary of *mots;* the angelic Mozart was a little virtuoso who was always in debt; the very fathers of our country were a pack of jealous picayunes, who bickered while the army starved; and yellow-journalism was present in spirit hounding Washington to a frenzy with its scandals. But distance has given these things a distinction they did not wear to their own times, any more than the unreverenced "demagogue" of to-day looks the patriot the future will paint him.

Already in the century itself the change began. Perhaps Lincoln is the most remarkable example of the tendency. Two score or so of years past he was sneered at as a backwoods politician, and almost as much distrusted by many of his own party as he was abhorred by the South. Time has cleared the air until now we see him as the few of his own early day saw him, one of the very noblest and most lovable of the world's great men, a figure of sweetness and strength, of mirth and solemnity, of infinite homeliness.

Out of the men we patronize or contemn or regard with a feeble, reluctant admiration, the future is going to choose its stars for the constellation of the nineteenth century. It is hard to imagine just now what ones are to be chosen. In politics it is all but impossible. The painter who is admired with such qualification of ridicule will be counted a genius of sobriety, tempered with occasional graceful eccentricity. The humorist we have laughed at uproariously and irreverently will be gathered to his peers, Aristophanes, Lucian, Horace, Rabelais, Sterne, Artemus & Co., Ltd. The actor who has occupied our press chiefly for his overweening conceit will stand out as one of the most brilliant of the sons of Roscius. The crotchety and cranky musician whom his best friends could hardly tolerate will be given over to posterity as a soul on the Pisgah-slopes of music.

And so it will be with many of our familiars. They have a quaint look seen through pink spectacles, and one feels an involuntary shrug of condescension toward the posterity that is going to take these queer people so seriously. But we must remember that the personages to whom we give our own homage were once only persons to their fellows. No man is a hero to his valet, but we should be more than the supercilious valets of our great men. It is easy to turn cynic and contemn all the big spirits of our time for their foibles. It is better to pay the major attention to their actual achievements and waive their inevitable shortcomings. It were best of all to try to take the point of view of posterity, and value to the full the rare and enviable privilege we have had in playing audience to the splendid actors on the contemporary stage. The drama is named "Evolution"; the curtain has fallen on one of its strongest acts. *Plaudite!*

THE FIELD OF ART

HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE CITY

THE city is a congregation of houses: it is necessary to say houses because the word buildings is needed for a wider significance. The house is the unit—house of worship, house of business, house of residence; those are its modifications and there are no others than those. If, then, it be our wish to make the city a beautiful thing in its general capacity—in a large sense, as of a great work of the combined ability of many men during many years—it would seem reasonable to consider more curiously the separate units, and to ask whether the most simple and most obvious way of ordering a city be not that each of its inhabitants set "his own house in order."

It does not appear that a combination of ugly masses will ever produce a beautiful whole. It has not yet been noted by those who have travelled the world over in search of beautiful things that there was ever a city charming in spite of the dulness or vulgarity of its component parts. Let us think for a moment how they impress the traveller, these cities of the world. There was occasion very recently to consider the eighteenth-century lay-out of King Stanislas's good town of Nancy, to note the deliberate forethought with which it was planned and the careful way in which the buildings, with their subordinate colonnades and their connecting archways, had been combined by wise if not inspired designers into a whole more beautiful by far than any one of the buildings can be thought to be, taken by itself. In that style of the latest aftergrowth of the Renaissance, and in this instance more especially, the whole is more than any of its parts; though that is not an axiomatic truth in matters of fine art. But then the parts also are very good. The memorial arches and gateways are extremely well designed; the palaces of the royal residence and of the administration are grave and dignified and without solecism; the minor buildings defer in a handsome way to those greater masses and help rather than hinder their separate splendor; the colonnades and porticoes and "vistas" are so combined that nothing suffers by the neighborhood of anything else. It is a remarkable piece of combined designing. Yes, but it is also a combination of remarkable separate designs. It is well to take first this one town, this famous piece of deliberately wrought-up architectural display in order that the utmost may be stated, in the first place, for that side of the question which is just now attracting so much notice. We are not likely to surpass, in modified Washington or opened-up London or revolutionized Florence, or in any new quarter of New York, the dignity of Nancy. We shall build on a larger scale and combine things more amply, by far, and our distances across square and park will be measured by yards instead of feet, but the bigger you make them the less will you find it easy to surpass the self-contained repose of the town that was built to order during the thirty years before the annexation of Lorraine to the kingdom of France. Moreover, it is on the cards that without a very shrewd bit of beautiful design given to two-story pavilions (*à un étage*) and buildings without any "étage" at all because they have only a ground floor—to these as well as the larger and to the far more sumptuous buildings, any such display of combined excellence would be possible. A ministry "of all the talents," or a theatrical company of the highest class in the way of mutual and interchanging merit must still be made up of admirable units—or else experience goes for nothing! The stream will not rise higher than its source: and its source is in the value of the individual artist, the individual thinker, the individual work of art.

II

AS to other cities of the world: what have they to say to one who enjoys their presence or their memory? The charm of Siena is in its cathedral, crowning the constantly rising hill, to which culmination you attain by the narrowest and crookedest streets; the charm is in the cathedral and in the little palazzi and the minor churches, with an open loggia here

or there, which carry the mind along and prepare it a little for the shock of the great crowning group, dimly seen above as the traveller makes his devious way upward. The charm of Troyes is not in any one building, for the cathedral is not first-rate or even second-rate in dignity or merit: it is in its many churches, too loosely scattered to form a group, too closely united to be considered each by itself; Saint Pantaléon, Saint Nicolas, Saint Jean, La Madeleine, and Saint Urbain most of all, and with these the one wooden mediæval church which remains alive —those and not the cathedral are what we go for when we go to Troyes, and we are not disappointed. The broad, crooked streets, not winding like those of Siena, but laid out as if they had been originated by men or cows picking their way through the mud, and so pursuing a somewhat devious track, are connected by very narrow alley-ways which remind one of the wynds of Edinburgh. There is nothing deliberate in the town at all and it has no one great monument of world-wide fame; but there is no more attractive city of its size in Europe. The charm of Rothenburg on the Tauber is in the unaltered air that it has, the sixteenth-century look which remains to-day, to the certainty which the most careless traveller by railway has that he has stepped back for at least two centuries and a half; but this beauty of antiquity is also the beauty of the unaltered work of art—it is so, or it would not be a charm. Frowsy and shabby antiquity may be amusing for a moment, but it has no very strong or permanent hold on the imagination, and one must be working the archæological grind very hard indeed to be enraptured with mere oldness. It is because there is here much design of an humble, tranquil, easy-going, early-German sort about the old dwellings and the old town-hall and church, that Rothenburg is a place for thought and delightful study, in spite of the complete absence from it of any one building which can ever be accepted as a monument of great design. What is the charm of Boston—of Boston, Massachusetts—the town which Europeans of taste always name first, or indeed name alone, as beautiful among American cities? Is it not almost absolutely in this—that the majority of its houses, its actual dwellings, its street-fronts, its commonplace structures of every day have been designed by artistically minded men, or, when the supply ran out of that never too numerous class, by scholarly minded men who are patient and thoughtful and have turned the thing over in their minds before they put it into stone and brick. What is the exceptional and pathetically infinite charm of Florence? The old market has gone, the old pavements of polygonal stone are going, the town of Dante or of Michelangelo is disguised out of all recognition, or is in the way of becoming unrecognizable; but it is not proposed to do away with the apse or flanks of the cathedral, the Baptistery in its black and white later garment of marble, "the startling bell-tower Giotto raised," the Palazzo Vecchio or the Loggia dei Lanzi. Even if these were to be ignored, even if they ceased to exist, Florence would remain the city beloved because of its still remaining monuments of architecture and out-of-door, grandiose, monumental sculpture.

III

THERE are, indeed, other things than houses. There are even in the modern American city a few, where there might so well be more, of those other things. We do not seem to have any wall-fountains, and yet somebody might study for us the Fontaine de Molière and the Fontaine St. Michel, if not the Fontana di Trevi. We hear of no great fountain basins, and yet we might have some, a good many, as interesting as the two in the Ludwigstrasse in Munich, or the two near the Paris obelisk, if not comparable to their prototypes those in St. Peter's Square in Rome. As for great rising jets like that at Herrenhausen, and grandiose *châteaux d'eau* with cascades like that one formerly of Saint-Cloud—like that existing on the Trocadéro hill, they must be left for the large parks, of course, until such time as an American city is built with a little extra space, and a little room in the town itself for vagaries of the sort. But monuments, either statuary, single statues, equestrian statues, or groups—it appears that our sculptors understand them and that our spenders of money, in private and in public offices, care for them, so that one considering the present outlook in the way of fine art must weigh the claims of American out-of-door sculpture to be compared with the best things existing in the world of contemporary fine art. We have lost sight, so far they are behind us—lost sight of the galloping and caracoling absurdities of a former generation,

and even accurate details of military buttons and epaulettes have ceased to charm most, or many, of those who have the disposition of public moneys. And therefore it is that, while one has to go to the ancient cities of Europe for instances of altogether delightful buildings, alone, or in the society of their equals, we are able to deal with the further decoration of a town by fountains and monuments as if it were an actual thing, a thing of to-day. And the conclusion seems to be that Washington city, for instance, when one ceases to think of the broad avenues and the possible future of the place as a great national capital, will prove to be attractive mainly on account of its separate pieces of purely monumental purpose. There is no likelihood of any Government building being so attractive, nor have we heard yet of the church or of the private house which would induce any student of architecture from foreign parts to seek out Washington and stay in it over night for another look at the building in question; but the Thomas monument, the Scott monument, the Garfield monument, and half a score more, are such monuments as a city ought to have. And other towns of the United States have proportionately as much as Washington herself. It is not in vain that the sculptors of the country have devoted themselves, with poor wages and little recognition, for a century, to the task which is now in great measure achieved, of gaining for their art a visible and, what is important, a well-deserved standing as a part of the national wealth.

IV

THE matter of the placing of statues and of fountains, as well as of houses, public and private, is important and, moreover, extremely interesting; but it is not quite the easy and obvious thing which some of the writers and speakers of the day seem to think. It does not always suffice to open a broad, straight avenue leading to a great building, nor yet to place a building, large or small, on the access of an existing avenue. It may not always be the best thing to see a work of art many hundred feet away; the noble buildings on the north side of the Place de la Concorde in Paris are not helped but seriously marred by the possibility of seeing them a third of a mile distant, and the quasi-necessity of seeing them day by day from a distance less than half as great, but still too great. Their aspect is not rightly effective, they are not properly to be judged as architecture, at a distance greater than six hundred feet, that is to say, from the obelisk in the middle of the great square. Notre Dame has been dwarfed by the enlargement of the Place du Parvis; approaching it from the west with the famous front opposite you, the building looks like a small model on a large table. It was never meant to be seen under such conditions. The cathedral of Bourges gains infinitely by the difficulty of approach, the western front crowded as it were by buildings which are the photographer's despair, the north side hardly accessible at all, the south flank visible indeed, but from an irregular avenue between the cathedral and the Bishop's palace, nowhere more than three hundred and fifty feet wide; and the south-east view alone, namely that of the magnificent apse with its elaborate perspective and its complicated shadows, visible from a peaceful and verdant little pleasure-ground. The story of nearly all the great Gothic cathedrals is the same; in France they are crowded by the little houses of the town, and although the *bicoques*, which once used the buttresses themselves as their side walls, are gone, modern ceremonialism has hardly gone farther than that, and they are in nearly every instance pressed close by the somewhat higher buildings of modern times. The cathedrals of England are apt to be out of the town and within their own close, accompanied therefore by trees, but as compared with the French churches they are low and give nowhere an impression of great size. It is not overpowering magnificence which they seek, or find; it is long sequence, a series of part succeeding to part, appearing and disappearing among the clumps and groups of green, which the great English church affects. You would hurt Salisbury Cathedral as much by cutting down the trees about the church as you would hurt Rheims Cathedral by clearing an open space around it 200 metres wide in every direction; but you would not hurt it any more; in either case the building is meant to be seen, not as was said above, "like a model on a table," but little by little, piece by piece, a look at one of its corners and then a hundred yards to walk, in order that another advantageous point of sight may be gained.

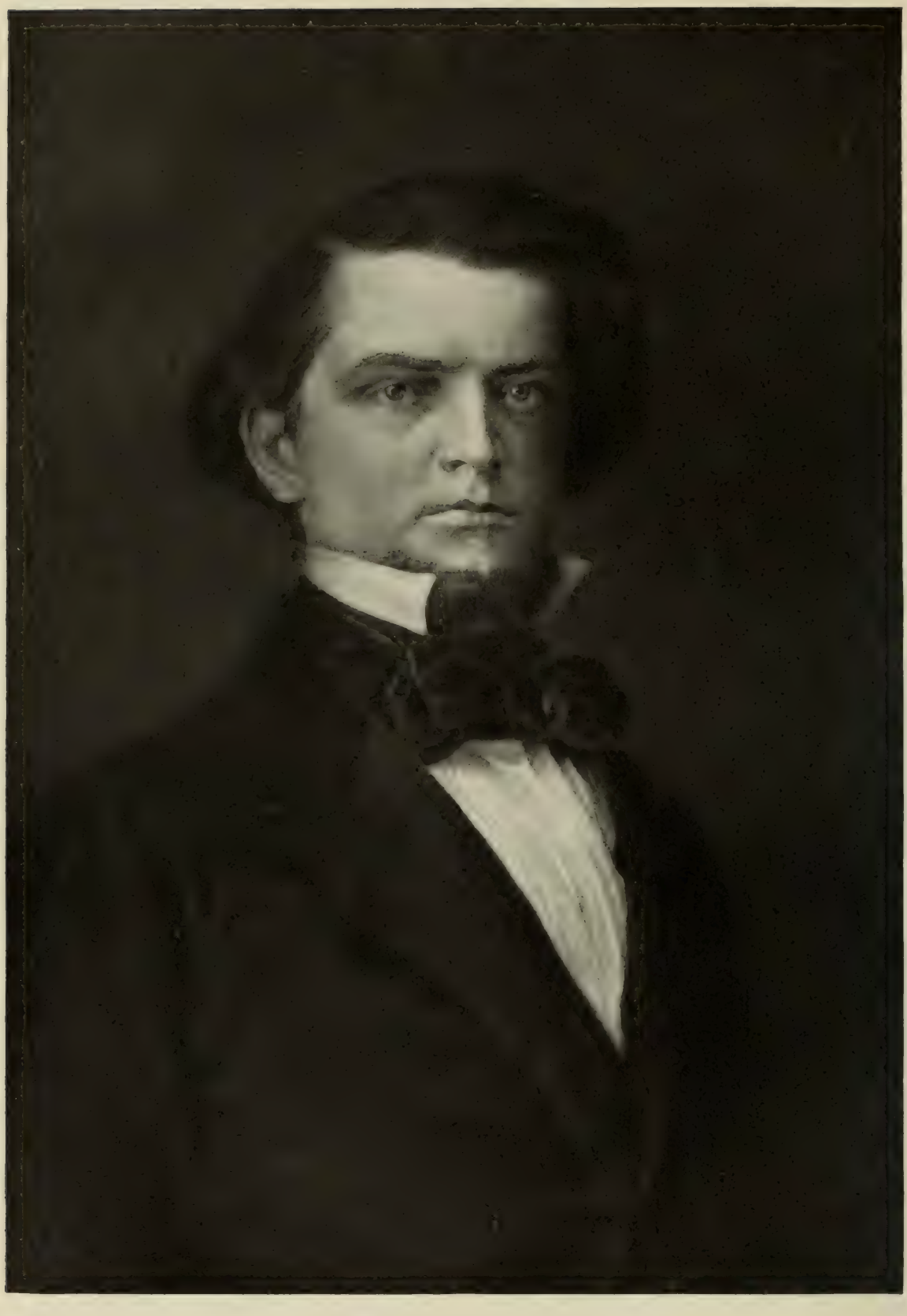
But these are Gothic churches and it may be urged that the conditions are different with

the classical and neo-classical buildings—that Europe, since the sixteenth century at least, has planned for buildings large in their proportions but not often rich in detail, impressive by their mass and their far-seen symmetry. Only in a certain limited sense can this be admitted. The most beautiful of them all, the exquisite Library of St. Mark's, can be seen across the Piazzetta, say two hundred feet and one corner—one end of it—from a greater distance yet as you walk along the Molo. The most elaborately adorned of all, the front of the Certosa church on the road to Pavia, you cannot see at all until you have passed the enclosure-gateway, and even then it is visible from an extreme distance of two hundred and fifty feet only, and that along the direct access of the building without the possibility of getting a less limited view at a distance greater than a hundred feet or thereabouts. The most simply elegant of all, the Cancellaria in Rome, faces upon a square, the irregular piazza which takes its name from the building itself, and that is three hundred feet wide in its widest part; and it needs to be as wide as that, for the palace front is eighty feet high and two hundred and fifty feet long, and has no sculptured detail of any consequence. There is no inducement to walk past it closely unless you are studying its mouldings. The most picturesque of them all, the Royal Château of Blois, is a congeries of unrelated parts, fronts and wings of many styles; towering over the low town in one place, or in others associated in a friendly way on the different sides of a not large court; the chief front perhaps the least impressive in size and mass of all the parts of the building. Except for the towering mass that rises above the town, and which we never hear cited as important, no part of the palace can be seen from a distance greater than across a wide avenue, and it is as well, for the beauty of the building would be lost if it were anywhere "set upon a hill." The hugest and in that way the most impressive of all, St. Peter's church, interesting to every architectural designer and student when seen from the west, north, or south (that is, from other than the principal entrance front—for this church is reversed in its orientation), can only be seen by those who will pass around the huge mass to the road leading to the Vatican Garden, and either look up at it from the crooked little street that runs under the heights of the Vatican Garden, or, by mounting those heights, see it nearly on a level. The so well known photograph, one of the most impressive which we have in our portfolios, is taken from the northwest, and probably from the Villa Pia itself, the Pope's casino of repose; but that is only as far away as the church is long and few visitors are able to see it from that point. The church crowds upon you, it overwhelms you in any place which you are likely to take up, and your choice is between that near-at-hand view and the far-away "prospect" of the great cupola rising over miles of the Campagna—a view which reduces it, or raises it, to the quality and aspect of a mountain rather than of a building of man's devising.

No, it cannot be maintained—there is no universality of testimony in favor of the long stretched vista and the broad open square; those are the devices of an age which has lost its hold on impressive and lovely architecture and tries to make up for its own shortcomings.

As for equestrian and other statues, and the monuments of which they form a part, one grows tired of hearing about the necessity of giving them vistas of approach and space all around them, as if it were impossible to dwarf a work of art! It is the statue itself that we want. Here's a breeze coming up about the desirability of moving the Washington statue now in Union Square. Let the reader think for himself what he wants of a statue. If he merely wishes to "point with pride" to it when he's leading a stranger 'round the town, he may enjoy having it at the end of a "vista;" but if he wants to enjoy the work of art he will desire ability to approach its base within twenty or thirty feet, equal freedom to stand away from it about one hundred feet—and that is all. If it may have a circle around it of 200 feet diameter, the pedestal being near the centre of such a circle, it will be well placed for our seeing.

RUSSELL STURGIS.



GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

Drawn by George T. Tobin from a daguerreotype taken at the age of twenty-two.

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MY FIRST COMMAND AND THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

By General John B. Gordon,
of the Confederate Army

THE outbreak of war found me in the mountains of Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama, engaged in the development of coal mines. This does not mean that I was a citizen of three States; but it does mean that I lived so near the lines, that my mines were in Georgia, my house in Alabama, and my post-office in Tennessee. The first company of soldiers, therefore, with which I entered the service was composed of stalwart mountaineers from the three States. I had been educated for the bar and for a time practised law in Atlanta. In September, 1854, I had married Miss Fanny Haralson, third daughter of Gen. Hugh A. Haralson, of LaGrange, Georgia. The wedding occurred on her seventeenth birthday and when I was but twenty-two. We had two children, both boys. The struggle between devotion to my family on the one hand and duty to my country on the other, was most trying to my sensibilities. My spirit had been caught up by the flaming enthusiasm that swept like a prairie-fire through the land, and I hastened to unite with the brave men of the mountains in organizing a company of volunteers. But what was I to do with the girl-wife and the two little boys? The wife and mother was no less taxed in her effort to settle this momentous question. But finally yielding to the promptings of her own heart and to her unerring sense of duty, she ended doubt as to what disposition was to be made of her by announcing that she intended to accompany me to the war, leaving her children with my mother and faithful "Mammy Mary." I rejoiced at her decision then, and had still greater reasons for rejoicing at it afterward.

The mountaineers did me the honor to elect me their captain. It was the first office I had ever held, and I verily believed it would be the last; for I expected to fight with these men till the war ended or until I should be killed. Our first decision was to mount and go as cavalry. We had not then learned, as we did later, the full meaning of that war-song: "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry"; but like most Southerners we were inured to horseback, and all preferred that great arm of the service.

This company of mounted men was organized as soon as a conflict seemed probable and prior to any call for volunteers. They were doomed to a disappointment. "No cavalry now needed" was the laconic and stunning reply to the offer of our services. What was to be done, was the perplexing question. The proposition to wait until mounted men were needed was promptly negatived by the suggestion that we were so far from any point where a battle was likely to occur, and so hidden from view by the surrounding mountains, that we might be forgotten and the war might end before we had a chance.

"Let us dismount and go at once as infantry." This proposition was carried with a shout and by an almost unanimous

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vote. My own vote and whatever influence I possessed were given in favor of the suggestion, although my desire for cavalry service had grown to a passion. Accustomed to horseback on my father's plantation from my early childhood, and with an untutored imagination picturing the wild sweep of my chargers upon belching batteries and broken lines of infantry, it was to me, as well as to my men, a sad descent from dashing cavalry to a commonplace company of slow, plodding foot-soldiers. Reluctantly, therefore, we abandoned our horses, and in order to certainly reach the point of action before the war was over, we resolved to go at once to the front as infantry, without waiting for orders, arms, or uniforms. Not a man in the company had the slightest military training, and the captain himself knew very little of military tactics.

The new government that was to be formed had no standing army as a nucleus around which the volunteers could be brought into compact order, with a centre of disciplined and thoroughly drilled soldiery; and the States which were to form it had but few arms, and no artisans or factories to supply them. The old-fashioned squirrel rifles and double-barrelled shot-guns were called into requisition. Governor Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, put shops in the State to work, making what were called "Joe Brown's pikes." They were a sort of rude bayonet, or steel lance, fastened, not to guns, but to long poles or handles, and were to be given to men who had no other arms. Of course, few if any of these pikemen ever had occasion to use these warlike implements, which were worthy of the Middle Ages, but those who bore them were as gallant knights as ever levelled a lance in close quarters. I may say that very few bayonets of any kind were actually used in battle, so far as my observation extended. The one line or the other usually gave way under the galling fire of small arms, grape, and canister, before the bayonet could be brought into requisition. The bristling points and the glitter of the bayonets were fearful to look upon as they were levelled in front of a charging line; but they were rarely reddened with blood. The day of the bayonet is passed except for use in hollow squares, or in resisting cavalry charges, or as an implement in constructing light and temporary fortifications. It may still serve a purpose in such emergencies or to impress the soldier's imagination, as the loud sounding and ludicrous gongs are supposed to stiffen the backs and steady the nerves of the grotesque soldiers of China. Of course, Georgia's able War Governor did not contemplate any very serious execution with these pikes; but the volunteers came in such numbers and were so eager for the fray that something had to be done; and this device served its purpose. It at least shows the desperate straits in securing arms to which the South was driven, even after seizing the United States arsenals within the Confederate territory.

The irrepressible humor and ready rustic wit which afterward relieved the tedium of the march and broke the monotony of the camp, and which, like a star in the darkness, seemed to grow more brilliant as the gloom of war grew denser, had already begun to sparkle in the intercourse of the volunteers. A woodsman who was noted as "a crack-shot" among his hunting companions, felt sure that he was going to win fame as a select rifleman in the army; for he said that in killing a squirrel he always put the bullet through the head, though the squirrel might be perched at the time on the topmost limb of the tallest tree. An Irishman who had seen service in the Mexican War, and was attentively listening to this young hunter's boast, fixed his twinkling eye upon the aspiring rifleman, and said to him: "Yes, but, Dan, me boy, ye must ricollict that the squirrel had no gon in his hand to shoot back at ye." The young huntsman had not thought about that; but he doubtless found later on, as the marksmen of both armies did, that it made a vast difference in the accuracy of aim when those in front not only had "gons" in their hands, but were firing them with distracting rapidity. This rude Irish philosopher had explained in a sentence one cause of the wild and aimless firing which wasted more tons of lead in a battle than all its dead victims would weigh.

There was at the outbreak of the war and just preceding it a class of men both North and South over whose inconsistencies the thoughtful, self-poised, and determined men who did the fighting made



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

The Arrival of the Raccoon Roughs in Atlanta, Georgia.



Wartime camp in Atlanta, Ga., in the old City Park.
At the extreme left is the old Trout House, the principal hotel at that time; tracks of three of the chief railroads here crossed Whitehall Street, on which the *Intelligencer* office fronted.

many jokes, as the situation grew more serious. It was that class of men in both sections who were most resolute in words and most prudent in acts; who urged on the sections to the conflict and then did little to help them out of it; who, like the impatient war-horse, snuffed the battle from afar—very far; but who, when real war began to roll its crimson tide nearer and nearer to them, came to the conclusion that it was better for the country, as well as for themselves, to labor in other spheres; and that it was their duty, as America's great humorist put it, to sacrifice not themselves, but their wives' relations on patriotism's altar. One of these furious leaders at the South declared that if we would secede from the Union there would be no war, and if there should be a war, we could "whip the Yankees with children's pop-guns." When, after the war, this same gentleman was addressing an audience, he was asked by an old, maimed soldier: "Say, Judge, ain't you the same man that told us before the war that we could whip the Yankees with pop-guns?"

"Yes," replied the witty speaker, "and we could, but, confound 'em, they wouldn't fight us that way."

My company, dismounted, and ready for infantry service, did not wait for orders to move, but hastily bidding adieu to home and kindred, were off for Milledgeville, then capital of Georgia. At Atlanta a telegram from the Governor met us, telling us to go back home, and stay there until our services were needed. Our discomfiture can be better imagined than described. In fact, there broke out at once in my ranks a new rebellion. These rugged mountaineers resolved that they would not go home; that they had a right to go to the war, had started to the war, and were not going to be trifled with by the Governor or anyone else. Finally, after much persuasion, and by the cautious exercise of the authority vested in me by



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

A Mountaineer.

[The coon skin cap was drawn from one made by a survivor of the Raccoon Roughs. Several styles were worn by the Company.]



General Gordon. Col. McCollum.

A group of survivors of the original Raccoon Roughs at a reunion in 1889 at the house of Col. J. L. McCollum, Atlanta, Ga.

my office of captain, I prevailed on them to get on board the home-bound train. As the engine-bell rang and the whistle blew for the train to start, the rebellion broke loose again with double fury. The men rushed to the front of the train, uncoupled the cars from the engine and gravely informed me that they had reconsidered and were not going back; that they intended to go to the war, and that if Governor Brown would not accept them, some other Governor would. Prophetic of future dash as this wild impetuosity might be, it did not give much promise of soldierly discipline; but I knew my men and did not despair. I was satisfied that the metal in them was the best of steel and only needed careful tempering.

They disembarked and left the empty cars on the track with the trainmen looking on in utter amazement. There was no course left me but to march them through the streets of Atlanta to a camp on the outskirts. The march, or rather straggle, through that city was a sight marvellous to behold and never to be forgotten. Totally undisciplined and undrilled, no two of these men marched abreast; no two kept the same step; no two wore the same colored coats or trousers. The only pretence at uniformity was the rough fur caps made of raccoon skins, with long, bushy, streaked raccoon tails hanging from behind them. The streets were packed with men, women, and children, eager to catch a glimpse of this grotesque company. Naturally, we were the observed of all observers. Curiosity was on tip-toe, and from the crowded sidewalks there came to me the inquiry, "Are you the captain of that company, sir?" With a pride which I trust was pardonable, I indicated that I was. In a moment there came to me the second inquiry, "What company is that, sir?" Up to this time no name had been chosen—at least, none had been announced to the men. I had myself, however, selected a name, which I considered both poetic and appropriate, and I replied to the question, "This company is the Mountain Rifles." Instantly a tall mountaineer said in a tone not intended for his captain, but easily overheard by his companions and the bystanders: "Mountain hell! we are no Mountain Rifles; we are the Raccoon Roughs." It is scarcely necessary to say that my selected name was never heard of again. This towering Ajax had killed it by a single blow. The name he gave us clung to the company during all of its long and faithful service.

Once in camp we kept the wires hot with telegrams to governors of other States, imploring them to give us a chance. Governor Moore, of Alabama, finally responded, graciously consenting to incorporate the captain of the "Raccoon Roughs" and his coon-capped company into one of the regiments soon to be organized. The reading of this telegram evoked from my men the first wild rebel yell it was my fortune to hear. Even then, it was weird and thrilling. Through all the stages of my subsequent promotions, in all the battles in which I was engaged, this same exhilarating shout from these same trumpet-like throats rang in my ears, growing fainter and fainter as these heroic men became fewer and fewer at the end of each bloody day's work; and when the last hour of the war came, in the last desperate charge at Appomattox, the few and broken remnants of the Raccoon Roughs were still near their first captain's side, cheering him with the dying echoes of that first yell in the Atlanta camp.

Alabama's Governor had given us the "chance," and with bounding hearts we joined the host of volunteers then rushing to Montgomery. The line of our travel was one unbroken scene of enthusiasm. Bonfires blazed from the hills at night and torch-light processions, with drums and fifes, paraded the streets of the towns. In the absence of real cannon, blacksmith's anvils were made to thunder our welcome. Vast throngs gathered at the depots, filling the air with their shoutings, and bearing banners with all conceivable devices, proclaiming Southern independence, and pledging the last dollar and man for the success of the cause. Staid matrons, and gaily bedecked maidens rushed upon the cars, pinned upon our lapels the blue cockades, and cheered us by chanting in thrilling chorus:

> In Dixie land I take my stand
> To live and die in Dixie.

At other points they sang "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and the Raccoon Roughs, as they were thenceforward known, joined in the transporting chorus:

> Hurrah, hurrah, for Southern rights hurrah,
> Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

The Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, who had been Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and United States Senator, and who afterward became the Confederate Secretary of State and one of the Hampton Roads Commissioners to meet President Lincoln and the Federal representatives, was travelling upon the same train that carried my company to Montgomery. This famous and venerable statesman on his way to Alabama's capital to aid in organizing the new Government, made, in answer to the popular demand, a number of speeches at the different stations. His remarks on these occasions were usually explanatory of the South's attitude in the threatened conflict. They were concise, clear, and forcible. The people did not need argument; but they applauded his every utterance, as he carefully described the South's position as one not of aggression, but purely of defence; discussed the doctrine promulgated in the Declaration of the Fathers, that all Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; asserted the sovereignty of the States, and their right to peaceably assume that sovereignty, as evidenced by the declaration of New York, Rhode Island, and Virginia when they entered the Union; explained the protection given the South's peculiar property by the plain provisions of the Constitution and the laws; urged the necessity of separation both for Southern security and the permanent peace of the sections, and closed with the declaration that, while there was no trace of authority in the Constitution for the invasion and coercion of a sovereign State, yet it was the part of prudence and of patriotism to prepare for defence in case of necessity.

Although I was a young man, yet, as the only captain on board, it fell to my lot also to respond to frequent calls. In the midst of this wild excitement and boundless enthusiasm, I was induced to make some promises which I afterward found inconvenient and even impossible to fulfill. A flag was presented bearing a most embarrassing motto. That motto consisted of two words: "No retreat." I was compelled to accept it. There was, indeed, no retreat for me then; and in my speech accepting the flag, I assured the fair donors that those coon-capped boys would make that motto ring with their cracking rifles on every battle-field; and in the ardor and inexperience of my young manhood, I related to these ladies and to the crowds at the depot, the story of the little drummer-boy of Switzerland, who, when captured and ordered to beat upon his drum a retreat, proudly replied, "Switzerland knows no such music." Gathering additional inspiration from the shouts and applause which the story evoked, I exclaimed, "And these brave mountaineers and the young Confederacy, like glorious little Switzerland, will never know a retreat!"—My men applauded and sanctioned this outburst of inconsiderate enthusiasm, but we learned better after a while. A little sober experience vastly modified and assuaged our youthful impetuosity. War is a wonderful developer, as well as destroyer, of men; and our four years of tuition in it, equalled in both these particulars at least forty years of ordinary schooling. The first battle carried us through the rudimentary course of a military education; and several months before the four years' course was ended, the thoughtful ones began to realize that though the expense account had been great, it had at least reasonably well prepared us for final graduation, and for receiving the brief little diploma handed to us at Appomattox.

If any apology be needed for my pledge to the patriotic women who presented the little flag with the BIG motto, "No Retreat," it must be found in the depth of the conviction that our cause was just. From great leaders and constitutional expounders, from schools and colleges, from debates in Congress, in the Convention that adopted the Constitution, and from discussions on the hustings, we had learned the lesson of the sovereignty of the States. We had imbibed these political principles from our childhood. We were, therefore, prepared to defend them; ready to die for them, and it was impossible at the beginning for us to believe that they would be seriously and forcibly assailed.

But I must return to our trip to Montgomery. We reached that city at night to find it in a hub-bub over the arrival of enthusiastic, shouting volunteers. The hotels and homes were crowded with visiting statesmen and private citizens, gathered

by a common impulse around the cradle of the new-born Confederacy. There was a determined look on every face, a fervid prayer on every lip, and a bounding hope in every heart. There was a rumbling of wagons distributing arms and ammunition at every camp, and a tramping of freshly enlisted men on every street. There was a roar of cannon on the hills and around the Capitol booming welcome to the incoming patriots, and all nature seemed palpitating in sympathy with the intensity of popular excitement. It fell to the lot of the Raccoon Roughs to be assigned to the Sixth Alabama Regiment, and, contrary to my wishes and most unexpectedly to me, I was unanimously elected Major.

When my company of mountaineers reached Montgomery, the Provisional Government of the "Confederate States of America" had been organized. At first it was composed only of six States: South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana. The States of Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina were admitted into the Southern Union in the order, I believe, in which I have named them. Thus was launched the New Republic, with only eleven stars on its banner; but it took as its chart the same old American Constitution, or one so nearly like it that it contained the same limitations upon Federal power, the same guarantees of the rights of the States—the same muniments of public and personal liberty.

The historian of the future, who attempts to chronicle the events of this period and analyze the thoughts and purposes of the people, will find far greater unanimity at the South than at the North. This division at the North did not last long; but it existed in a marked degree for some time after the secession movement began and after twenty or more United States forts, arsenals, and barracks had been seized by State authorities, and even after the steamer *Star of the West* had been fired upon by State troops and driven back from the entrance of Charleston Harbor.

At the South, the action of each State in withdrawing from the Union was the end, practically, of all division within the borders of such State; and the roar of the opening battle at Fort Sumter in South Carolina was the signal for practical unanimity at the North.

Prior to actual secession there was even at the South more or less division of sentiment—not as to principle, but as to policy. Scarcely a man could be found in all the Southern States who doubted the constitutional *right* of a State to withdraw from the Union; but many of its foremost men thought that such movement was ill-advised or should be delayed. Among these were Robert E. Lee, who became the commander-in-chief of all the Confederate armies; Alexander Hamilton Stephens, who became the Confederate Vice-President; Benjamin H. Hill, who was a Confederate Senator and one of the Confederate Administration's most ardent and perhaps its most eloquent supporter; and even Jefferson Davis himself is said to have shed tears when, at his seat in the United States Senate, he received the telegram announcing that Mississippi had actually passed the ordinance of secession. The speech of Mr. Davis on taking leave of the Senate shows his loyal devotion to the Republic's flag, for which he had shed his blood in Mexico. In profoundly sincere and pathetic words he thus alludes to his unfeigned sorrow at the thought of parting with the Stars and Stripes. He said, "I shall be pardoned if I here express the deep sorrow which always overwhelms me, when I think of taking a last leave of that object of early affection and proud association; feeling that henceforth it is not to be the banner which by day and by night I am ready to follow, to hail with the rising and bless with the setting sun."

He agreed, however, with an overwhelming majority of the Southern people, in the opinion that both honor and security, as well as permanent peace demanded separation. Referring to the denial of the right of Southerners to carry their property in slaves into the common territories, he said: "Your votes refuse to recognize our domestic institutions, which pre-existed the formation of the Union—our property, which was guarded by the Constitution. You refuse us that equality without which we should be degraded, if we remained in the Union. . . . Is there a Senator on the other side who, to-day, will agree that we shall have equal enjoyment of the territories of the United States? Is there one who will deny that we have equally paid in their purchases and equally bled in their

acquisition in war? . . . Whose is the fault, then, if the Union be dissolved? . . . If you desire, at this last moment, to avert civil war, so be it; it is better so. If you will but allow us to separate from you peaceably, since we cannot live peaceably together, to leave with the rights we had before we were united, since we cannot enjoy them in the Union, then there are many relations drawn from the associations of our (common) struggles from the Revolutionary period to the present day, which may be beneficial to you as well as to us."

Abraham Lincoln, on the other hand, the newly elected President, was deeply imbued with the conviction that the future welfare of the Republic demanded that slavery should be prohibited forever in all the Territories. Indeed, upon such platform he had been nominated and elected. He, therefore, urged his friends not to yield on this point. His language was: "On the territorial question—that is, the question of extending slavery under national auspices—I am inflexible. I am for no compromise which assists or permits the extension of the institution on soil owned by the Nation."*

Thus these two great leaders of antagonistic sectional thought were pitted against each other before they had actually taken in hand the reins of hostile governments. The South in her marvellous fecundity had given birth to both these illustrious Americans. Both were of Southern lineage and born under Southern skies. Indeed, they were born within a few months and miles of each other, and nurtured by Kentucky as their common Mother; but they were destined in God's mysterious providence to find homes in different sections, to grow up under different institutions, to imbibe in youth and early manhood opposing theories of constitutional construction, to become the most conspicuous representatives of conflicting civilizations, and the respective Presidents of contending Republics.

After long, arduous, and distinguished services to their country and to liberty, both of these great sons of the South were doomed to end their brilliant careers in a manner shocking to the sentiment of enlightened Christendom. The one was to die disfranchised by the Government he had long and faithfully served and for the triumph of whose flag he had repeatedly pledged his life. The other was to meet his death by an assassin's bullet, at a period when his life, more than that of any other man, seemed essential to the speedy pacification of his country.

As above stated, there was less division of sentiment in the South at this period than at the North. It is a great mistake to suppose, as was believed by Northern people, that Southern politicians were "dragooning the masses," or beguiling them into secession. The literal truth is that the people were leading the leaders. The rush of volunteers was so great when we reached Montgomery, that my company, "The Raccoon Roughs," felt that they were the favorites of fortune when they found the company enrolled among the "accepted." Hon. L. P. Walker, of Alabama, the first Secretary of War, was literally overwhelmed by the vast numbers wishing to enlist. The applicants in companies and regiments fatigued and bewildered him. The pressure was so great during his office hours, that comparatively few of those who sought places in the fighting line could reach him. With a military ardor and patriotic enthusiasm rarely equalled in any age, the volunteers actually waylaid the War Secretary on the streets to urge him to accept at once their services. He stated that he found it necessary, when leaving his office for his hotel, to go by some unfrequented way, to avoid the persistent appeals of those who had commands ready to take the field. Before the Confederate Government left Montgomery for Richmond, about 360,000 men and boys, representing the best of Southern manhood, had offered their services, and were ready to pledge their fortunes and their lives to the cause of Southern independence. What was the meaning of this unparalleled spontaneity that pervaded all classes of the Southern people? The only answer is, that it was the impulse of self-defence. One case will illustrate this unsolicited outburst of martial enthusiasm; this excess of patriotism above the supposed exigencies of the hour; this vast surplus of volunteers, beyond the power of the new Government to arm. Mr. W. C. Heyward, of South Carolina, was a gentleman of fortune and a West Pointer, graduating in the same class with President Davis. As soon as the Confederate Government was organized, Mr. Heyward went to

* Letter to Seward, February 1.

Montgomery in person to tender his services with an entire regiment. He was unable for some time to obtain even an interview on the subject, and utterly failed to secure an acceptance of himself or his regiment. Returning to his home disappointed, this wealthy, thoroughly educated, and trained military man joined the Home Guards, and died doing duty as a private in the ranks.

I know of nothing in all history that more brilliantly illustrates the lofty spirit, the high and holy impulse that sways a people aroused by the sentiment of self-defence than this spontaneous uprising of Southern youth and manhood; than their readiness to stand for their inherited convictions and constitutional rights, as they understood them; than the marvellous unanimity with which they rushed to the front with old flint and steel muskets, long-barrel squirrel rifles, and double-barrel shot-guns, in defence of their soil, their States, their homes, and, as they verily believed, in defence of imperilled liberty.

There is no book in existence, I believe, in which the ordinary reader can find an analysis of the issues between the two sections, which fairly represents both the North and the South. Although it would require volumes to contain the great arguments, I shall attempt here to give a brief summary of the causes of our sectional controversy, and it will be my purpose to state the cases of the two sections so impartially, that just-minded people on both sides will admit the statement to be judicially fair.

The causes of the war will be found at the foundation of our political fabric, in our complex organism, in the fundamental law, in the Constitution itself, in the conflicting constructions which it invited and in the institution of slavery which it recognized and was intended to protect. If asked what was the real issue involved in our unparalleled conflict, the average American citizen will reply, "The negro;" and it is fair to say that had there been no slavery there would have been no war. But there would have been no slavery if the South's protests could have availed when it was first introduced; and now that it is gone, although its sudden and violent abolition entailed upon the South directly and incidentally a series of woes which no pen can describe, yet it is true that in no section would its re-establishment be more strongly and universally resisted. The South steadfastly maintains that responsibility for the presence of this political Pandora's box in this Western world cannot be laid at her door. When the Constitution was adopted and the Union formed, slavery existed in practically all the States; and it is claimed by the Southern people that its disappearance from the Northern and its development in the Southern States is due to climatic conditions and industrial exigencies rather than to the existence or absence of great moral ideas.

Slavery was undoubtedly the immediate fomenting cause of the woeful American conflict. It was the great political factor around which the passions of the sections had long been gathered—the tallest pine in the political forest around whose top the fiercest lightnings were to blaze and whose trunk was destined to be shivered in the earthquake shocks of war. But slavery was far from being the sole cause of the prolonged conflict. Neither its destruction on the one hand, nor its defence on the other, was the energizing force that held the contending armies to four years of bloody work. I apprehend that if all living Union soldiers were summoned to the witness-stand, every one of them would testify that it was the preservation of the American Union and not the destruction of Southern slavery that induced him to volunteer at the call of his country. As for the South, it is enough to say that perhaps eighty per cent. of her armies were neither slave-holders, nor had the remotest interest in that institution. No other proof, however, is needed than the undeniable fact that at any period of the war from its beginning to near its close the South could have saved slavery by simply laying down its arms and returning to the Union.

We must, therefore, look beyond the institution of slavery for the fundamental issues which dominated and inspired all classes of the contending sections. It is not difficult to find them. The "Old Man Eloquent," William E. Gladstone, who was perhaps England's foremost statesman of the century, believed that the Government formed by our fathers was the noblest political fabric ever devised by the brain of man. This undoubtedly is true; and yet before these inspired builders were dead, controversy arose as to the nature and

powers of their free constitutional government. Indeed, in the very convention that framed the Constitution the clashing theories and bristling arguments of 1787 presaged the glistening bayonets of 1861. In the cabinet of the first President, the contests between Hamilton and Jefferson, representatives of conflicting constitutional constructions, were so persistent and fierce as to disturb the harmony of executive counsels and tax the patience of Washington. The disciples of each of these political prophets numbered in their respective ranks the greatest statesmen and purest patriots. The followers of each continuously battled for these conflicting theories with a power and earnestness worthy of the founders of the Republic. Generation after generation, in the Congress, on the hustings, and through the press these irreconcilable doctrines, were urged by constitutional expounders, until their arguments became ingrained into the very fibre of the brain and conscience of the sections. The long war of words between the leaders waxed at last into a war of guns between their followers.

During the entire life of the Republic the respective rights and powers of the States and general government had furnished a question for endless controversy. In process of time this controversy assumed a somewhat sectional phase. The dominating thought of the North and of the South may be summarized in a few sentences. The South maintained with the depth of religious conviction that the Union formed under the Constitution was a Union of consent and not of force; that the original States were not creatures, but the creators of the Union; that these States had gained their independence, their freedom, and their sovereignty from the Mother Country, and had not surrendered these on entering the Union; that by the express terms of the Constitution all rights and powers not delegated were reserved to the States; and the South challenged the North to find one trace of authority in that Constitution for invading and coercing a sovereign State.

The North, on the other hand, maintained with the utmost confidence in the correctness of her position that the Union formed under the Constitution was intended to be perpetual; that sovereignty was a unit and could not be divided; that whether there was any express power granted in the Constitution or not for invading a State, the right of self-preservation was inherent in all Governments; that the life of the Union was essential to the life of liberty; or, in the words of Webster, "liberty and union were one and inseparable."

To the charge of the North that secession was rebellion and treason, the South replied that the epithets of rebel and traitor did not deter her from the assertion of her independence, since these same epithets had been familiar to the ears of Washington and Hancock and Adams and Light Horse Harry Lee. In vindication of her right to secede, she appealed to the essential doctrine, "the right to govern rests on the consent of the governed," and to the right of independent action as among those reserved by the States. The South appealed to the acts and opinions of the Fathers and to the report of the Hartford Convention of New England States asserting the power of each State to decide as to the remedy for infraction of its rights; to the petitions presented and positions assumed by ex-President John Quincy Adams; to the contemporaneous declaration of the 8th of January assemblage in Ohio indicating that 200,000 Democrats in that State alone were ready to stand guard on the banks of the border river and resist invasion of Southern territory; and to the repeated declarations of Horace Greeley and the admission of President Lincoln himself that there was difficulty on the question of force, since ours ought to be a fraternal Government.

In answer to all these points, the North also cited the acts and opinions of the same Fathers and urged that the purpose of those Fathers was to make a more perfect Union and a stronger Government. The North offset the opinions of Greeley and others by the emphatic declaration of Stephen A. Douglas, the foremost of Western Democrats, and by the official opinion as to the power of the Government to collect revenues and enforce laws, given to President Buchanan by Jere Black, the able Democratic Attorney-General.

Thus the opposing arguments drawn from current opinions and from the actions and opinions of the Fathers were piled mountain high on both sides. Thus the mighty athletes of debate wrestled in the political arena, each profoundly convinced

of the righteousness of his position; hurling at each other their ponderous arguments, which reverberated like angry thunderbolts through legislative halls, until the whole political atmosphere resounded with the tumult. Long before a single gun was fired, public sentiment North and South had been lashed into a foaming sea of passion; and every timber in the framework of the Government was bending and ready to break from "the heaving ground swell of the tremendous agitation." Gradually and naturally in this furnace of sectional debate, sectional ballots were crystallized into sectional bullets; and both sides came at last to the position formerly held by the great Troupe of Georgia: "The argument is exhausted, we stand to our guns."

I submit that this brief and incomplete summary is sufficient to satisfy those who live after us that these great leaders of conflicting thought, and their followers who continued the debate in battle and blood, while in some sense partisans, were in a far juster sense patriots.

The opinions of Lee and Grant, from each of whom I briefly quote, will illustrate in a measure the convictions of their armies. Every Confederate appreciates the magnanimity exhibited by General Grant at Appomattox; and it has been my pleasure for nearly forty years to speak in public and private of his great qualities. In his personal memoirs, General Grant has left on record his estimate of the Southern cause. This estimate represents a strong phase of Northern sentiment, but it is a sentiment which it is extremely difficult for a Southern man to comprehend. In speaking of his feelings as "sad and depressed," as he rode to meet General Lee and receive the surrender of the Southern armies at Appomattox, General Grant says: "I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and who had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, *one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse.*" He adds: "I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us."

The words above quoted, showing General Grant's opinion of the Southern cause, are italicized by me and not by him. My object in emphasizing them is to invite special attention to their marked contrast with the opinions of General Robert E. Lee, as to that same Southern cause. This peerless Confederate soldier and representative American, than whom no age or country ever produced a loftier spirit or more clear-sighted, conscientious Christian gentleman, in referring, two days before the surrender, to the apparent hopelessness of our cause, used these immortal words: "*We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor.*"

There were those, a few years ago, who were especially devoted to the somewhat stereotyped phrase that in our Civil War one side (meaning the North) "was wholly and eternally right," while the other side (meaning the South) "was wholly and eternally wrong." I might cite those on the Southern side of the great controversy, equally sincere and fully as able, who would have been glad to persuade posterity that the North was "wholly and eternally wrong"; that her people waged war upon sister States who sought peacefully to set up a homogeneous government, and meditated no wrong or warfare upon the remaining sister States. These Southern leaders steadfastly maintained that the Soutnern people, in the exercise of the freedom and sovereign rights purchased by Revolutionary blood, were asserting a second independence according to the teachings and example of their fathers.

But what good is to come to the country from partisan utterances on either side? My own well-considered and long-entertained opinion, my settled and profound conviction, the correctness of which the future will vindicate, is this: that the one thing which is "wholly and eternally wrong" is the effort of so-called statesmen to inject one-sided and jaundiced sentiments into the youth of the country in either section. Such sentiments are neither consistent with the truth of history, nor conducive to the future welfare and unity of the Republic. The assumption on either side of all the righteousness and all the truth would produce a belittling arrogance and an offensive intolerance of the opposing section; or, if either section could be persuaded that it was "wholly and eternally wrong," it would inevitably destroy the self-respect and manhood of

its people. A far broader, more truthful, and statesmanlike view was presented by the Hon. A. E. Stevenson, of Illinois, then Vice-President of the United States, in his opening remarks, as presiding officer at the dedication of the National Park at Chickamauga. In perfect accord with the sentiment of the occasion and the spirit which led to the establishment of this park as a bond of national brotherhood, Mr. Stevenson said: "Here, in the dread tribunal of last resort, valor contended against valor. Here brave men struggled and died for the right as God gave them to see the right."

Mr. Stevenson was right—"wholly and eternally right." Truth, justice, and patriotism unite in proclaiming that both sides fought and suffered for liberty as bequeathed by the Fathers—the one for liberty in the Union of the States, the other for liberty in the Independence of the States.

While the object of these papers is to record my personal reminiscences and to perpetuate incidents illustrative of the character of the American soldier, whether he fought on the one side or the other, I am also moved to write by what I conceive to be a still higher aim; and that is to point out if I can, the common ground on which all may stand; where justification of one section does not require or imply condemnation of the other,—the broad, high, sunlit middle ground where fact meets fact, argument confronts argument, and truth is balanced against truth.

ON THE HILL

By James Herbert Morse

ELEVEN o'clock! The Sunday bells
  Have slowly tolled the parson in.
A lively tan-ta-ra-ra tells
  The house is hushed, the hymns begin.
Sweet old-time scene, when multitudes
  On multitudes thus sat apart,
And heaven in happy interludes
  Descended on the human heart!

Now I outside upon the hill
  Lie level with the dial-plate,
And memory turns the hands, until
  They point me to a golden date:—
The belfry and the bells the same;
  The day, the very hour,—eleven,
When through the open windows came
  Those harmonies that rang to heaven.

When Lyde's voice, of all the choir,
  Came rounded, rich, and full and sweet,
The sunbeams danced upon the spire
  With all their little silver feet.
Across the spicery of flowers
  The very birds leaned down to see,
And while she sang, withheld their powers,
  Which, other times, were heaven to me.

O Lyde, thou art singing still;
  Thine upward eye, and sunny hair,
That once made heaven of this hill—
  I doubt not they make heaven elsewhere.
But I, with thinking quite forlorn,
  With winter in my beard, abide,
And now, as then, on Sunday morn,
  A far-off listener, lie outside.



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

On the Hill.



THE OPEN DOOR

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

Illustrations by W. Sherman Potts

O LISTEN for her step when the fire burns hollow,
When the low flame whispers and the white ash sinks,
When all about the chamber shadows troop and follow
As drowsier yet the hearth's red watchlight blinks.

WHILE bare black night through empty casements staring
Waits to storm the wainscot till the fire lies dead,
Fast along the snow-bound waste little feet are faring—
Hush—and listen—listen—but never turn your head.

LEAVE the door upon the latch—she could never reach it—
You would hear her crying, crying there till break of day.
Out on the cold moor 'mid the snows that bleach it,
Weeping as once in the long years past away.

LEAN deeper in the settle-corner lest she find you—
Find and grow fearsome, too afraid to stay:
Do you hear the hinge of the oaken press behind you?
There all her toys were kept, there she used to play.

DO you hear the light, light foot, the faint sweet laughter?
Happy stir and murmur of a child that plays:
Slowly the darkness creeps up from floor to rafter,
Slowly the falling snow covers all the ways.

FALLS as it fell once on a tide past over.
Golden the hearth glowed then, bright the windows shone;
And still, still she comes through the sullen drifts above her
Home to the cold hearth though all the lights are gone.

FAR or near no one knew—none would now remember—
Where she wandered no one knew, none will ever know;
Somewhere, Spring must give her flowers, somewhere white December
Call her from the moorland to her playthings through the snow.





Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Little Suzanne . . . placed her cheek against the sister's shoulder.—Page 533.

SISTER ESPÉRANCE

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

THE Convent of the Good Sisters dominated its surroundings in the same sense as Rheinstein or Drachenfels, except that the broad, brown river at the foot of the shelving hillside was not the Rhine, but the Seine, sweeping off, in a long, visible curve toward the open towers of Mantes Cathedral, kilomètres distant. The convent had another name, one which did honor to one of the multitude of minor saints, but this was singularly ineloquent when contrasted with the significance of the simpler title by which, among the peasantry, it had come to be known.

The Good Sisters numbered fifty, and of these one was Mother Superior, the rest equal in standing and authority. It was age alone wherein they essentially differed. One might almost have detected among them a curious general resemblance, and that not only of manner and of speech, but of actual conformation of feature. A common creed, a common existence, and a common aim seemed to have run their originally dissimilar individualities into a single mould.

The spirit of silence wrapped the convent as in a gray and silver veil. The footfalls of the Good Sisters, sandal-softened, awoke no echo in the lofty, whitewashed galleries; their voices, as they bent in company over their work, commingled in the veriest murmur, like that of the fountain in the court, which fell, not as other fountains, plashing into a pool, but upon a bed of thick moss. It was only during the hours between nine and noon that this tranquillity was stirred by two elements which it is never possible wholly to subdue —motherhood and youth. For then it was that the peasant-women of the little, clustering hamlets of the vicinity came to the convent for advice, medicines, and spiritual counsel, bringing simple meats and vegetables for the Good Sisters, and receiving prompt payment in new silver. They gathered in the hall reserved for their reception, and, for an hour or more, infused the atmosphere with a suggestion of rugged health, good-nature, and the sane, free life of out-of-doors. To and fro among them, questioning, advising, comforting, or rebuking, as the need might be, went the sisters appointed weekly to this duty. Others, meanwhile, in the galleries or the gardens, gave simple instruction to the little girls who had accompanied their mothers and remained for mid-day prayer; leaving afterward in a procession which dotted the dust of the road with the patterns of hob-nailed shoes, and stirred the adjacent air with laughter and childish gossip.

The morning stillness of the convent garden was stirred by a faint murmur of voices from the secluded corners where a score of sisters, each with a little girl beside her, gave low-voiced instruction, or read from the simple books the children themselves had brought. The sunlight, filtering through the foliage above, splashed in a dappled mosaic on the close-cropped grass. The plash of the fountain, the wind in the leaves, the low fluting of the birds, the voices of the sisters and the children— all were keyed to the same subdued note. Tranquillity lay upon the scene like a caress.

On a bench, under a great acacia, Sister Espérance took a well-worn Bible from the hand of the girl beside her.

"Thou hast brought thy own," she said. "It is well."

Little Suzanne laid in her lap the hand which had been holding the book, and, with a suddenly confiding impulse, placed her cheek against the sister's shoulder.

"Not mine," she answered, "but father's."

"And this is thy first day?"

"Yes, my sister," said the child, in the slow, mature voice which so strangely suited the melancholy of her face. "For a long time—for six weeks—ever since we came—he has held me back. I know not why. We are new here, my sister, having come from Rouen, and, since the mother died, I am all he has, *le pauvre père!* Perhaps that is why he does not wish to lose

me, even for these few hours. But I have begged so hard—*j'commençais à le raser!* So, at last, this morning he gave the word that I should come with the other *gosses*," she added, unconscious of the incongruity of the word in these surroundings. "I am so glad. It is so beautiful here—and so still!"

"Thou must tell me something of thyself," said Sister Espérance. "I like to know my little friends, and since I have not seen thee before—— Thy mother is dead, thou sayest? *Pauvre petite! Alors*, tell me of thy father. Is he kind?"

"*C'est un type rudement bon!*" answered Suzanne, quaintly. "He keeps the lock at Les Mureaux, since six weeks. It is a government appointment, my sister. We were so lucky as to receive it. There is an assistant keeper, too, and his wife—*une grosse bonne femme.* We live all in the same house, yet not together. There is a division, different rooms, two kitchens—it is not easy to explain. My father does not care to be with others. The dear, good mother died three years ago. Now I am all he has. But I am twelve. What would you? I am worth another. And he loves me. I think he did not love the mother. *Hélas!* But he was always very kind."

There was something curiously old about Suzanne. Sister Espérance turned the child's sentences in her mind, as she opened the Bible and prepared to read. Somewhere back of that ungirlish gravity lay a common little tragedy—the tragedy of the child who is not supposed to notice or to understand, but whose heart is heavy with the weight of its parents' mute unhappiness.

"And this Bible?" asked the sister. "Thou sayest it is his? It is very worn. Has he read it much?"

"*Ah, ça!* I do not know. I found it in one of the old trunks when we came to move. Perhaps—long ago—when he was young. But I do not know. *Il n'aime plus ces sortes de choses!*"

The Bible had opened, as if of its own will, at a place where a narrow purple ribbon lay between the leaves, and here Sister Espérance began to read.

"'Hear, O Lord, my prayer, and let my cry come to thee.

"'Turn not away thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble: incline thy ear unto me.

"'In what day soever I shall call upon thee, hear me speedily.

"'For my days are vanished like smoke, and my bones are grown dry like fuel for the fire.

"'I am smitten as grass, and my heart is withered, because——'"

Sister Espérance paused, and a cloud crept across the serenity of her face. The familiar words of the Fifth Penitential Psalm stirred a faint trouble at her heart. . . .

It was always there, then, the sweet, sad past! Should she never forget? Fifteen years it was since, bowed down by intolerable mortification, she had taken the veil, and, in passing the threshold of the convent, resolved to leave, outside, the world which she had loved. She was a mere girl then, and at first it had been hard—sometimes so hard that she despaired. She was enjoined—nay, more, she wanted—to forget. On her knees, during long hours of wakefulness, she besought this forgetfulness, wrestling bitterly, often with no words to voice her petition; and, little by little, as the months and years lagged by, there came to her, if not oblivion, at least the calm of resignation. Now she was outwardly as were the others, and inwardly, even, for the most part, content. But what had been—the disappointment, and, worse, the humiliation—lay more insistently upon her innocent memory than had the shadow of a sin or of a shame. For she had loved—ah, God, how she had loved!—and so, all young and ingenuous as she was, had dared more than another of lesser faith, proud, even, of her unmaidenly confession, in her confidence that it would be understood. And then, as she waited, heart and eyes aglow, for the man to make the next move, had come like a blow from a mailed hand the news of his betrothal to another. He despised her, flung in her face the riches she offered him, and had but silence and this rebuke for the words which she had written, knowing him too poor, and believing him too proud to write them for himself. And yet, before the petty quarrel which she had thought so to solve, he had loved her—yes! yes! he had loved her! Nothing could ever alter her faith in that. Even if he had changed, *once* he had loved her! . . .

Fifteen years—fifteen years! Despite

penance and prayer, the shame of that repudiation was yet potent to set her cheeks blazing beneath the smooth brow-band of her cap, as they were blazing now. She resumed her reading, and went on for a moment, with her eyes half-blinded by tears unbidden and unshed.

"'For I did eat ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping——'"

A shadow falling across the book, and a movement of little Suzanne roused her, and, raising her eyes, Sister Espérance found herself looking into those of the Mother Superior, and, unreasonably, the dying flush on her cheeks deepened once more to crimson.

"You wish me, mother?"

"Nay—the child. I am sending Sister Félicité home with her. Thy father summons thee, my little one."

For an instant her hand, waxen in its transparency, rested on Suzanne's thick, straight hair.

"Go," she added, "go, my child. The sister awaits thee yonder."

With a sudden, startled widening of her eyes, Suzanne glanced at the speaker's face, and then, without a word, walked rapidly away to where Sister Félicité stood, with folded hands, at the end of the gravelled path.

"Mother!" whispered Sister Espérance, "there is trouble—illness? Could you not have sent me?"

"There is—death," said the other, slowly. "The wife of the assistant keeper brought the news, but now, from the lock at Les Mureaux. The child's father is keeper there, it seems. He has been crushed, I know not how, between the side of the lock and a barge passing through. There is said to be no hope."

Sister Espérance bowed her head.

"May God receive his soul!" she said. "I would I might have been of service, mother."

"It was my intention to have sent you both," answered the Mother Superior, "but when I came to you——There is that in your face, my daughter, which I have not seen there for many months—nay, for years! What sin is this? Is the old trouble to be revived which I thought you had conquered long since? Do you still dwell upon the past? Is the heart vowed to God yet busy with the pomps and vanities?"

Then, as Sister Espérance, bowing her head still lower, made no reply, she added, more sternly:

"This is a grievous fault. Mayhap, I have been too lenient in the past. To your cell! I will come to you later, when I have prayed for guidance."

In her tiny cell, Sister Espérance knelt long beside her pallet, without movement, her face buried in her hands. The sunlight, striking through the narrow window, fell upon the opposite wall in a golden rectangle, which, as the hours passed, crawled reluctantly eastward, until, reddening with the wane of afternoon, it lay full across the figure of an ivory Christ upon a cross of ebony. Then, with a long sigh, the nun lifted her head. There were deep circles under her heavy eyes, and her lips were set in a thin, blue line. Before her, upon the little bed, sprawled Suzanne's Bible, where she had put it down on entering the cell. Mechanically, she lifted it. It was open at the place where she had left off reading to the child, and now she resumed the thread of the Psalm, in a voice just above a whisper:

"'Because of thy anger and indignation, for having lifted me up, thou——'"

Her slender finger plucked at the corner of the leaf, in an attempt to turn it, but, finding that it clung to that which followed, she bent her eyes to the task, and with some difficulty drew the two apart. They came reluctantly, the type impression peeling in one place from the paper, and leaving a blank, ruffled space in its stead. A violet, dried and colorless with age, had glued the leaves together. . . .

A violet—a violet—and, on the margin of the right-hand page, seven words in pencil—"I love you! I love you! Marguerite."

Suddenly, Sister Espérance flung herself upright, and reeled dizzily backward, her arms, rigidly at right angles to her body, straining the book wide open before her eyes.

They were her own words!

As if at the touch of a necromancer's wand, the walls of her cell melted into those of Mère Delaunay's little house in Rouen, in the Rue Coignebert, fifteen years —*ah, mon Dieu!* fifteen long, leaden years before! She was no longer the Good Sister, but little Marguerite, orphan of the rich Monsieur Chapelle, come to visit the

mother of the man she loved. Still holding the book at arm's length, she fluttered the pages back toward the fly-leaf, seeking, yet dreading to see, what was written there. Two words only, and a date, formed in a small, cramped hand:

"Jacques Delaunay, 1885."

It was all there, vividly, surrounding her, bewildering her, crushing her—the little crumpled note, long since destroyed, burned again upon her bosom, hinting at what he dared not ask, because that she was rich, and he was poor. And she was in the small, neat room, smelling of lavender and clean, coarse linen, which his mother showed with pride. There was the tiny bunch of early violets in a glass of water—"*Il aime les fleurs, mon Jacques, et surtout celles-ci !*"—and on the table beside his bed lay a single book, a Bible, *this* Bible—"*Oh, je vous assure, mademoiselle, c'est un fameux religieux, que mon Jacques !*"

Until then, she had not known how to act. His words had been so indefinite, so few, and he was desperately proud, this pauper, as he called himself! But, suddenly, as Mère Delaunay was called away to meet a gossiping neighbor at the door, she knew! With her heart hammering, she had written those seven words with her little pencil, and snatching a violet from the glass, had crushed it at the place, between the leaves. The flower was wet—how distinctly she remembered every most trivial detail of the scene!—and clung to the thin paper, but what of that? He would find it, would read her message, would come to her! His mark, a narrow purple ribbon, was at the place where he had been reading last. And her page followed! He would turn it——

But he had never turned it—he had never known! The evidence lay there before her, convincing, indisputable. The leaves of his Bible, linked together by that first carelessness of hers, had kept their secret, even from him. He had waited for her answer, and she for his, and neither came. And, as at his silence her courage had failed, so at hers had perished his faith. He had never touched his Bible since: his mark yet lay where she had seen it last. And here, Suzanne's words crowded themselves into her understanding—"*Il n'aime plus ces sortes de choses !*"

So, for six weeks, there had been silence, and then—and then, he had married another, another who had given him Suzanne, another who had died. Ah——

As had come the past, suddenly and unbidden, so now the present leaped once more upon her. What was it the Mother Superior had said?

"There is death. . . . There is no hope."

Ah, Jacques, Jacques! Fifteen years sacrificed to a misunderstanding, to an estrangement which had never had a cause! Ah, Jacques! Ah, Jacques!

The cell door swung open and then shut, and the Mother Superior stood before her.

"My daughter!"

"Mother!" cried Sister Espérance, wheeling upon her, "What have you heard? The lock-keeper—Suzanne's father——"

"There is hope," said the Mother Superior. "It is not as bad as was supposed, at first. He lives, but he is dangerously injured. Sister Félicité remains. He needs careful nursing. Had he but a wife—but she is dead. My daughter, have you repented?"

"Aye!" exclaimed Sister Espérance, flinging up her hands, "aye!—repented bitterly. For this man who is dying, below there, perhaps, is the man of whom I told you, long ago, the man I loved—the man I love! Let me pass, mother. I go to him!"

The Mother Superior, her arms flung wide across the doorway, barred the road.

"My daughter—my daughter!" she implored. "Remember your vows! Remember your duty!"

"My vows?" repeated Sister Espérance, bitterly. "And which vows come first, then, mother—those or these? My duty? My duty is between myself and Him who made me. There are things in life you wot not of. I renounce my vows. I am leaving the convent forever. I go to him. Let be—let be! Count me as you will. Perchance, I am a soul lost to all eternity. Who knows?"

And so, very gently putting aside the hands that sought to restrain her, she passed from the cell and the convent, never to return.

The Mother Superior raised her eyes and her crucifix to Heaven, and something that was almost a smile hovered on her lips. For she, too, had lived, and loved, and lost.

"Who knows?" she said, softly, "who knows?"



The Ruined Pier, Staten Island, from a Lithograph by Ernest Haskell.

PAINTER-LITHOGRAPHY IN THE UNITED STATES*

By Frank Weitenkampf

TWENTY-THREE years after Senefelder made his first attempt at printing from stone, Bass Otis, a portrait-painter, introduced lithography to the American public in a pair of drawings published, 1819, in the *Analectic Magazine*, of Philadelphia. The two unpretentious landscapes gave not the slightest hint of the possibilities exploited even at that time by Senefelder, Winter, Girodet, Vernet, Guérin, Gros, and others in Germany and France. Yet only seven years later Rembrandt Peale was awarded the silver medal of the Franklin Institute for his copy, on

* Most of the lithographs here reproduced, from part of the Avery Collection, are in the possession of and reproduced by the courtesy of the Print Department of the New York Public Library.

stone, of his own portrait of Washington. And we need not cite local pride or a backward state of art in this country as an explanation of the award, for Peale really, in this work, showed an understanding of the possibilities of the stone which is worthy of note, and which, by the way, is wanting in other lithographs from his hand.



A Portrait by Ernest Haskell.

The commercial importance of the new reproductive process was evident from the beginning. As early as 1825, Pendleton was engaged in the business of lithographic printing in Boston, and Imbert in New York, and it was not long before firms sprang up in Philadelphia and other cities. Much of the work produced was poor.

Painter-lithography, as an autographic art practised by the artist similarly to etching, could not, from the nature of things, find much expression in a land in which the conditions of social and political development left little time for the cultivation of art for its own sake. Still, the artistic interest was not entirely wanting, even in commercial work, when men such as Henry Inman (who formed a partnership with C. G. Childs), Thomas Sully, Rembrandt Peale, and Thomas Doughty were taking an interest in the development of the new process. Inman executed a number of drawings on the stone, among them a little figure of a nude boy, which is, perhaps, his best, a graceful and delicate bit of crayon-drawing. As a matter of fact, artistic lithography and the commercial product cannot always be separated when considering the work of those early days. Much of it was signed, thus representing distinct personalities, instead of bearing only the trademark of a firm-name.

From the late thirties to the early fifties a little group of portrait-artists turned out very respectable work, with an occa-



A Study, by John S. Sargent.



George Washington, by Rembrandt Peale.
(Courtesy of S. P. Avery.)

sional infusion of decidedly artistic feeling. One of the earliest was M. E. D. Brown, who surpassed himself in his portrait of William P. Dewees, after Neagle (1833), a really stunning bit of effect, with its vague outlines and strong shadows. In the forties, Charles Fenderich's drawings, in their rather sombre black, stood above much of the mediocre production of the period. But among these exponents of art in commercialism, such as they were, the deaf-mute Albert Newsam (1809–64) is best known and on the whole most noteworthy. His work varied greatly; some was quite poor. Yet in his best portraits—spirited productions such as the larger one of Dr. Rawle and that of Fanny Kemble — his study of French methods bore such really good fruit as to associate his name indelibly with the rise of the art in this country. He was most successful when copying, for when he drew directly from the life he faithfully reproduced the tired look of sitters, whom he could not animate on account of his bodily misfortune. J. O. Pyatt, his teach-



Portrait of William P. Dewees, by M. E. D. Brown.

er, devoted a monograph to him (Philadelphia, 1868), and Mr. D. McN. Stauffer has compiled a catalogue of his portraits (1901). A more uniform degree of merit appears in the lithographs of F. D'Avignon, whose series of portraits of distinguished Americans, issued about 1850, frankly and evidently copied from daguerreotypes, is remarkable for the delicacy of the crayoning, especially in the faces. His work and the best of Newsam's form a refreshing contrast to the flat, colorless tones so familiar in more recent years. Still another man who brought an artistic strain into the business of lithography was Napoleon Sarony, a clever artist, who had a graceful and facile touch and smooth manner, and who was for years associated with Major & Knapp. Special mention must be made also of an interesting head of Stephen Douglas, published in 1860. It is signed by Jules Émile Saintin, a French painter, who spent some years in the United States, and is interestingly unconventional and unprofessional in style and execution.



"On the Seine," by H. W. Ranger.

Reproduced from the original lithograph in the possession of Forbes Heemans, Syracuse, N. Y.



"Oyster Market near Christopher Street," by Charles F. W. Mielatz.

With great improvement in commercial lithography came a corresponding decrease in artistic strength and individuality. Few signatures appeared under the portraits—theatrical posters, for the greater part—and these few, at the best, represented smooth and colorless workmanship. Only occasionally, as in the posters of Matt Morgan or the cartoons of Joseph Keppler, did an artistic personality of distinct individuality make itself felt.



Winfield Scott, by F. D'Avignon.

Thus far I have dealt almost altogether with portraits, the productions of draughtsmen who are mentioned here because of the measurable degree of artistic success which attended their efforts in the commercial field. Landscapes such as "Catterskill Falls" (1856), by Charles Parsons, and "Taghanic Fall" (1854), done on stone by David Glasgow (who died in 1858, at the age of twenty-four), have a smoothness, delicacy of tone, and vigor of contrasts which place them at the head of work done by professionals.

But for well-expressed individuality in landscape we must go to the prints, all too few, by two painters who found the grease-crayon a medium of artistic expression. Thomas Moran's "Solitude" (1869), a view on the south shore of Lake Superior, is a strong and picturesque performance, and his best lithograph, as the artist himself says. The stone was broken by an unfortunate fall when but



"Solitude," by Thomas Moran.

ten or twelve impressions had been taken. Entirely different in style, simple in subject and treatment, with a quiet charm of their own, are J. Foxcroft Cole's "Pastorals" (1870), eight in all.

To the few achievements of these two are to be added those of William Morris Hunt and Winslow Homer. From Hunt's hand we have a little hurdy-gurdy player and a flower-girl; the latter is especially delightful in its painter-like qualities. Winslow Homer's "Campaign Sketches," half-a-dozen Civil War pictures, are interesting chiefly as foreshadowing the future development of the artist. In the example here reproduced there is some clever work with the scraper.

The example of these four, however,



A "Pastoral," by J. Foxcroft Cole.



Original lithograph by William Morris Hunt.

was not soon followed by others on this side of the water. G. W. Nichols, of New York, about 1870, published a few lithographs—"Hagar and Ishmael," a good, vigorous drawing by Edwin White among them—but the long period of desuetude was not really broken until 1895, when Montague Marks, editor of the *Art Amateur,* tried to induce artists to turn their attention to lithography. J. Carroll Beckwith, J. Alden Weir, H. W. Ranger, F. Hopkinson Smith, Joseph Lauber and J. G. Brown were appealed to. Some good drawings resulted, notably H. W. Ranger's "On the Seine." But the "Society of Painter-Lithographers" of which Marks dreamed, did not materialize.

Meanwhile, Whistler, abroad, had in the



The two earliest known American lithographs by Bass Otis.

late seventies begun to turn his attention to lithography, and found in it, we are told in the preface to T. R. Way's catalogue, "a medium which is more sympathetic and personal even than the copperplate." Whistler moulded the medium to his manner with the same lightness of touch and succinctness as in his etchings. His quiet tones, and the summariness of his method, show a marked difference from the rich, deep notes, and completeness of effect, characteristic of a Decamps or an Isabey. He has more extensively, interestedly, and successfully, practised painter-lithography than any other American-born artist of to-day. The influence of Whistler may be traced in "The Shop" and similar prints by Joseph Pennell, forming part of the "Spanish Series," well characterized by Whistler himself as crisp and light. The sketchy outlines of these lithographs give place to fuller tones in his "Holland Series," while in the views of Rouen Cathedral he strikes deep notes of vigorous black which throw his delicate treatment of architectural detail into strong relief. Pennell's work is as interesting as it is varied in style.

There are examples of desultory experiments made, during the last dozen years, by other Americans in Europe. John S. Sargent has drawn some studies of models; his big, black strokes are in forceful con-



A sheet from Winslow Homer's "Campaign Sketches."

trast to the paler pencil-sketch-like effects of Whistler and others, emphasizing the range of potentialities of the art. E. A. Abbey's few essays have been described as not without merit. A sketch of a lady in an opera-box (1891), executed with crayon and scraper, is an "early and only attempt" by Mary Cassatt, according to a pencilled note by herself on Mr. S. P. Avery's copy. Only five impressions are known of this interesting experiment, in which the definite sureness of Miss Cassatt's work on the copper is not quite evident. The exhibition of Robert J. Wickenden's work in New York, in 1894, included fourteen lithographs, most of which had been exhibited in the *Salons* of 1893 and '94, and which had gained for him a *mention honorable* there. J. McLure Hamilton, of Philadelphia, now in London, has tried his hand at color-work; his clever sketch of Gladstone was published by Pennell, in his book on lithography.

Of Americans in America, Albert E. Sterner has produced some interesting figure-studies, Charles A. Vanderhoof is credited with a number of portraits, and Joseph Lauber has made some drawings on transfer-paper. C. F. W. Mielatz used the medium to good effect in the series of twelve views of New York, which

he executed for the "Society of Iconophiles," preserving some of the less familiar landmarks of the metropolis. Ernest Haskell has signed some clever posters, among them four portraits of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. B. J. Rosenmeyer rose above the average of commercial production in his portraits of William McKinley and Richard Mansfield.

The list is not very long, nor are there many efforts of surpassing merit. Yet, in the fact that, despite the "deadness" of painter-lithography, more artists have tried it in the last fifteen years than in former times, we may perhaps gather hope for the future.

Our country's record of achievement in this field is not a very remarkable one, but enough has been done to point the way clearly. The art never had the vogue which painter-etching enjoyed for a time, and seems less alive even than that, with us. And yet may we not hope that some day more will follow the example of Hunt, Moran, Cole, Whistler, Pennell, Sargent, and the others? It is a mystery, almost, that an art so supple in expression, so rich in resources, so absolute in its reproduction of the artist's touch without the intervention of any other agency, should not have called forth a fuller and readier response to its appeal. Even its facility is in its favor. It does not lay upon the artist the burden of a long apprenticeship. In these days of transfer-paper we have done away with whatever inconvenience the direct working on the stone may imply. With all these advantages, lithography as a painter's art has not made headway here. Why?

Some artists have cited the want of good printers as a reason why they did not take up lithography. In the case of the not inconsiderable number who are familiar with the methods of commercial lithography through apprenticeship at the business in the early years of their careers, we may assume that their very experience has served to estrange them from the artistic possibilities of the stone. Possibly, also, the extensive commercial use of lithography is to a great extent responsible for this state of affairs, by having served to keep the glamour of high art from this reproductive method, which has seemed entirely devoted to the spirit of utility.

To many of those who appreciate painter-lithography the works of men such as Raffet, Decamps, Isabey, Gavarni have appealed with special force. They seemed so completely to breathe the very spirit of the art, to emphasize so richly the gamut of tones which lies between the white of the paper and the deep, velvety blacks which these masters imbued with such brilliancy and vigor. Yet we are not tied down, necessarily, to this particular expression of the art, which had its distinct formality, powerful though it was.

In the works of contemporaries such as Lunois, Fantin-Latour, Chauvel or Dillon in France, Menzel and Greiner in Germany, Whistler, Parsons, Shannon, Sargent, Legros, and others in England and America, such a wide range of methods and effects is manifested that it is a wonder and a pity that we have not more to show here.



THE STRANGEST FEAT OF MODERN MAGIC

By Brander Matthews

IN the extremely interesting address of Dr. Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., as president of the Society for Psychical Research, which is printed in the proceedings of the Society for March, 1902, there is a careful scientific consideration of various alleged occurrences which seem to be contrary to the laws of nature as we now understand them. Professor Lodge discusses the proper attitude of a man of science toward these alleged phenomena; and he deplores the inveterate antagonism between orthodox science and the accumulating evidence that certain phenomena do occur now and again which seem to be contrary to natural custom. He explains this antagonism as due to the fact that "Science has a horror of the unintelligible; it can make nothing of a capricious and disorderly agent, and it prefers to ignore the existence of any such."

But the attempt to ignore is in itself unscientific. It is the duty of Science to know—to know all that is to be known—and continually to extend the boundaries of knowledge, even though it is unable always to explain the immediate cause of every fact that it records.

Then Professor Lodge dismisses as unproved a host of alleged wonders of one kind or another, and he declares that full allowance must be made for "the ingenious and able impositions of a conjurer." He asserts that some of the psychical phenomena proclaimed to have occurred "bear a perilous resemblance to conjuring tricks," which can be very deceptive. He warns us that extreme caution is necessary, and full control must be allowed to the observers. He insists, moreover, that in so far as those professing to perform wonders demand their own conditions they must be content to be treated as conjurers.

There is one marvel wrought by the greatest of modern conjurers of which we have a true record, left us by the performer himself, who has told us what it was that he seemed to do, but who has not explained how he was able to accomplish the extraordinary feat. Robert-Houdin was the creator of the latter-day methods of modern magic; he was the inventor of many of the most ingenious and novel illusions, including the intricate and puzzling exhibition known as "second-sight." He defined himself as "a comedian playing the character of a magician." Late in life he wrote an account of his many adventures; and these "Confidences of a Prestidigitator" are worthy of comparison with all but the very best autobiographies—if not with Cellini's and Franklin's, at least with Cibber's and Goldoni's. Robert-Houdin's life of himself, quite as well as any of the others, would justify Longfellow's assertion that "autobiography is what biography ought to be."

The special feat of Robert-Houdin's which has been mentioned was devised by him for exhibition in a palace and before a king—circumstances which exclude all suggestion of collusion or confederacy on the part of the audience. He tells us that in 1846 he was summoned to the Palace of Saint-Cloud to give a performance before Louis Philippe and the royal family. He had six days to make all his arrangements, and he invented one new trick for the occasion—a trick which could not possibly have been performed under any other circumstances. He tells us that early on the appointed morning a wagon from the royal stables came to fetch him (and his son, who assisted him) and to convey all his varied paraphernalia. A stage had been set up in one of the large saloons of the palace, the windows of which opened out on the broad and beautiful gardens, with their double rows of orange-trees, each growing in its square box on wheels. A sentry was placed at the door to see



Drawn by S. M. Arthurs.

The King . . . spread out before the spectators the six handkerchiefs.—Page 554.

that the conjurer was not disturbed in his preparations. The King himself dropped in once to ask the entertainer if he had everything necessary.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the king and the queen, the members of the royal family, and a certain number of invited guests had assembled. The curtains were parted; and Robert-Houdin began to amuse and to puzzle his distinguished audience. He reserved for the end of his programme the so-called second-sight in which the son, blindfolded on the stage, named one after another all the objects which came into the father's hands, and even described them at length, giving the dates on coins and the inscriptions on watches. It was almost at the end of the programme and just before the exhibition of second-sight that Robert-Houdin accomplished the equally astonishing trick which he had invented for the occasion. In setting forth this feat we can follow his own accurate but summary account in the autobiography.

He began by borrowing half a dozen handkerchiefs from his noble spectators. These he took back to the stage and made into a package which he left upon his table. Then he came down again among the audience with a pack of blank visiting-cards in his hand. He distributed these here and there among the spectators, requesting everyone who received a card to write the name of a place where he or she would like the handkerchiefs to be conveyed instantly and invisibly. When a sufficient number of these cards had been written to insure a large variety of choice, Robert-Houdin gathered them up and went over to Louis Philippe.

The conjurer asked the king to pick out three cards and then to decide to which of the three places designated thereon he desired to have the handkerchiefs transported.

"Let us see," said the monarch as he looked at the first card he had taken. Then he read, "I desire that the handkerchiefs should be found under one of the candelabra on the chimney." The king looked up and said, "That is too easy for a sorcerer." So he read the writing on the second card, "that the handkerchiefs should be carried to the dome of the Invalides." With his customary shrewdness the King commented on this, saying that it might suit if it was not a great deal too far away, "not for the handkerchiefs —but for us."

Finally, Louis Philippe glanced at the third card, which he did not read aloud at once as he had read the others.

"Ah, ha!" he said, "I'm rather afraid that this would puzzle you! Do you know what it proposes?"

"Will your majesty be kind enough to inform me?" answered Robert-Houdin.

"This card," answered the monarch, "expresses the wish that you should cause the handkerchiefs to pass inside the box in which an orange-tree is growing, the last one on the right."

Robert-Houdin answered, promptly, "Is that all, Sire? Give the order and I will obey."

"So be it," Louis Philippe responded; "I shall not be sorry to see a deed of magic. So I choose the box of the orange-tree."

Then the King whispered an order or two, and several persons ran out promptly into the garden and stationed themselves about the orange-tree—"guarding against any fraud," as Robert-Houdin himself puts it.

The magician went back on the stage and putting the package of handkerchiefs on the centre of his table, he covered it with a ground-glass bowl. Then taking his wand, he tapped on the bowl and bade the handkerchiefs begone to their appointed place. When he lifted the glass the little package had disappeared; and in its stead there was a white turtle-dove with a ribbon about its neck.

At this moment the King went swiftly to the glass door through which he could see out into the garden; he wanted to make sure that his messengers were keeping faithful guard over the orange-tree.

Turning to the conjurer with an ironic smile, he said: "Ah, *Monsieur le Sorcier*, I'm doubtful about the virtue of your magic wand!"

Then the King gave orders to call the master-gardener and to tell him to open the box of the orange-tree at the end of the row on the right.

The gardener came immediately; and although greatly astonished at the order, he began work at once on the front of the

box. Soon he had removed one of the upright panels of which it was composed.

Apparently he found the soil undisturbed, as he inserted his hand carefully in among the roots of the growing tree without discovering anything.

Suddenly a cry of surprise broke from him; and he withdrew his hand, holding a small iron casket eaten with rust.

This strange treasure-trove, scraped clean of the soil that incrusted it, was brought in and placed on a little table near the King.

"Well, monsieur," cried Louis Philippe with a movement of impatient curiosity; "here's a box. Are the handkerchiefs contained in that, by some strange chance?"

"Yes, Sire," the conjurer replied, with assurance. "They are there—and they have been there for a very long while!"

"A long while?" returned the monarch; "how can that be, as it is not a quarter of an hour since the handkerchiefs were given to you?"

"I cannot deny that, Sire," responded the magician; "but where would the magic be, if I could not accomplish things absolutely incomprehensible? No doubt, your majesty will be even more surprised when I prove beyond all question that this casket and what it contains were deposited in the box of the orange-tree sixty years ago!"

"I should like to be able to take your word for it," said the King, smiling; "but really I cannot do that. In a case like this I shall insist on proof."

"If your majesty will only open the iron casket," returned the conjurer, "you will find therein abundant proof of what I have asserted."

"Before I can open the casket, I must have the key," objected the monarch.

"You can have the key, Sire, whenever you please," explained the magician. "You have only to detach it from the neck of the turtle-dove."

Louis Philippe untied the ribbon which was around the neck of the bird, and which held a little rusty key. With this the King hastily opened the casket.

The first object that presented itself to the eyes of the monarch was a parchment. He took it up and opened it. This is what he read:

"*To-day, June 6, 1786.*

"*This iron box, containing six handkerchiefs, was placed within the roots of an orange-tree by me, Balsamo, Count Cagliostro, to be used in the accomplishing of an act of magic, which shall be performed sixty years from to-day, before Louis Philippe and his family.*"

"Decidedly," remarked the monarch, now even more astonished, "this smacks of witchcraft. Nothing is lacking, since both the signature and seal of the celebrated sorcerer are here at the bottom of this document, which, God forgive me, seems to smell of sulphur."

To this gracious pleasantry of the sovereign, the courtiers paid the proper tribute of laughter.

Then the King took from out the box a carefully sealed package of parchment.

"Is it possible," he asked, "that the handkerchiefs are wrapped in this?"

"Indeed, Sire, that is where they are," answered Robert-Houdin. "But before opening I beg that your majesty will note that the package is also sealed with the seal of Count Cagliostro."

"Certainly," said the monarch, looking twice at the red wax with its firm impression. "It is the same."

And immediately the King, impatient to discover the contents of the packet, tore it open, and spread out before the spectators the six handkerchiefs which the conjurer had borrowed only a few minutes earlier.

This is the account Robert-Houdin himself gives; and it may be well to record that he always bore the reputation of being a truthful man. Nothing more extraordinary was ever performed by any mere conjurer; indeed, this feat is quite as startling as any of those attributed to Cagliostro himself, and it has the advantage of being accurately and precisely narrated by the inventor. Not only is the thing done a seeming impossibility, but it stands forth the more impressively because of the spectacular circumstances of its performance—a stately palace, a lovely garden, the assembled courtiers and the royal family. The magician had to depend on his wits alone, for he was deprived of all the advantages of his own theatre and of all possibility of aid from

a confederate mingled amid the casual spectators.

Robert-Houdin was justified in the gentle pride with which he told how he had thus astonished the King of the French. He refrained from any explanation of the means whereby he wrought his mystery, believing that what is unknown is ever the more magnificent. He did no more than drop a hint or two, telling the reader that he had long possessed a cast of Cagliostro's seal, and suggesting slyly that when the King sent messengers out into the garden to stand guard over the orange-tree the trick was already done and all precautions were then futile.

Yet, although the inventor chose to keep his secret, anyone who has mastered the principles of the art of magic can venture an explanation. Robert-Houdin has set forth the facts honestly; and with the facts solidly established it is possible to reason out the method employed to accomplish a deed which, at first sight, seems not only impossible but incomprehensible.

The first point to be emphasized is that Robert-Houdin was as dexterous as he was ingenious. He was truly a prestidigitator, capable of any sleight-of-hand. Nothing was simpler for so accomplished a performer than the substitution of one package for another, right before the eyes of all the spectators. And it is to be remembered that although the palace was the King's, the apparatus on the extemporized stage was the magician's. Therefore, when he borrowed six handkerchiefs and went up on the stage and made them up into a package which remained on a table in sight of everybody, we can grant without difficulty that the package which remained in sight did not then contain the borrowed handkerchiefs.

In fact, we may be sure that the borrowed handkerchiefs had been conveyed somehow to Robert-Houdin's son who acted as his assistant. When the handkerchiefs were once in the possession of the son out of sight behind the scenery or hangings of the stage, the father would pick up his pack of blank visiting-cards and distribute a dozen of them or a score, moving to and fro in very leisurely fashion, perhaps going back to the stage to get pencils which he would also give out as slowly as possible, filling up the time with playful pleasantry, until he should again catch sight of his son. Then, and not until then, would he feel at liberty to collect the cards and take them over to the King.

When the son had got possession of the handkerchiefs, he would smooth them swiftly, possibly even ironing them into their folds. Then he would put them into the parchment packet which he would seal twice with Cagliostro's seal. Laying them in the bottom of the rusty iron casket, he would put on top the other parchment which had already been prepared, with its adroit imitation of Cagliostro's handwriting. Snapping down the lid of the casket, the lad would slip out into the corridor and steal into the garden, going straight to the box of the appointed orange-tree. He could do this unobserved because no one was then suspecting him and because all the spectators were then engaged in thinking up odd places to which the handkerchiefs might be transported. Already, in the long morning, probably while the royal household was at its midday breakfast, the father or the son had loosened one of the staples in the back of the box in which the designated orange-tree was growing. The lad now removed this staple and thrust the casket into the already prepared hole in the centre of the roots of the tree. Then he replaced the staple at the back of the box, feeling certain that whoever should open the box in front would find the soil undisturbed. This most difficult part of the task once accomplished, he returned to the stage, or at least in some way he signified to his father that he had accomplished his share of the wonder, in the performance of which he was not supposed to have any part.

On seeing his son, or on receiving the signal that his son had returned, Robert-Houdin would feel himself at liberty to collect the cards on which various spectators had written the destinations they proposed for the package of handkerchiefs, which was still in full sight. He gathered up the cards he had distributed; but as he went toward the King he substituted for those written by the spectators others previously prepared by himself—a feat of sleight-of-hand quite within the reach of any ordinary performer. Of these cards,

prepared by himself, he forced three on the sovereign;—and the forcing of cards upon a kindly monarch would present little difficulty to a prestidigitator of Robert-Houdin's consummate skill.

When the three cards were once in the King's hands, the trick was done, for Robert-Houdin knew Louis Philippe to be a shrewd man in small matters. Therefore, it was reasonably certain that when the King had to make a choice out of three places, one near and easy, a second remote and difficult, and a third both near and difficult, Louis Philippe would surely select the third which was conveniently at hand and which seemed to be at least as impossible as either of the others.

The event proved that the conjurer's analysis of the king's character was accurate: yet one may venture the opinion that the magician had taken every needed precaution to avoid failure even if the monarch had made another selection. Probably Robert-Houdin had one little parchment packet hidden in advance somewhere in the dome of the Invalides and another tucked up out of sight in the base of one of the candelabra on the chimney-piece; and if either of the other destinations had been chosen, the substitute packet would have been produced and the magician would then have offered to transport it also into the box of the orange-tree. And thus the startling climax of the marvel would have been only a little delayed.

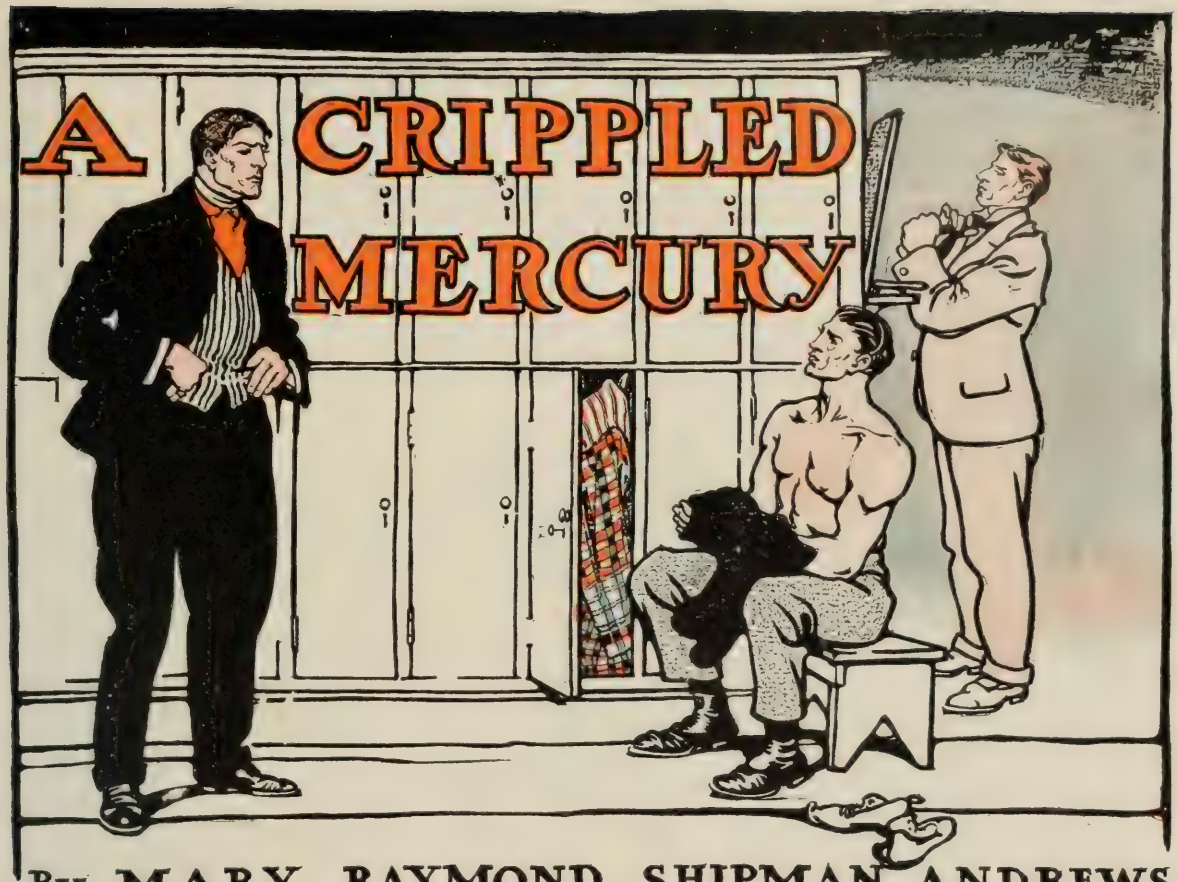
When so strange a wonder can be wrought under such circumstances by means so simple, we cannot but feel the force of Dr. Lodge's warning that an unwavering scepticism ought to be the attitude of all honest investigators toward every one who professes to be able to suspend the operation of a custom of nature. No one of the feats attributed to Home, the celebrated medium who plied his trade in Paris during the Second Empire, was more abnormal than this trick of Robert-Houdin's, and no one of them is so well authenticated. It may be that certain of the customs of nature are not inexorable and that we shall be able to discover exceptions now and again. But the proof of any alleged exception, the evidence in favor of any alleged violation of the custom of nature, ought to be overwhelming.

SWEET ADVENTURE, CALL NO MORE

By Joseph Russell Taylor

Sweet adventure, call no more,
O let us dream upon the shore!
Dream, and watch the boats come by
Up bluer water than the sky,
Dazzling as lilies on the blue,
Laden with love, a maiden crew,
That whistle and sing an old romance
Till the idle oars seem like a dance,
And we would follow and woo:
'Tis young love ferries heaven o'er,
But let us dream upon the shore,
Call no more!

Call no more, O sweet and wild,
Adventure, lest at length beguiled
We tempt the oars, we die away
Across the mirrored day,
Float and wander into the dark
Of the hill-reflection, whither—hark!
How faint and far the osprey shrills
Wheeling over the farther hills,
And over the wood-mere he can see,
Where the orchid blooms, and we would be!
Lure us not from the dreaming shore,
Dear adventure, call no more,
Call no more!



By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Illustrated by
Edward Penfield

ALECK CAMPBELL swung along Harbor Street on his way to the gymnasium and little thought that he was the most conspicuous object in a block. He was six feet one, with a lightness and development of muscle that seldom go with great height; with a claret-and-honey complexion mixed of life-long cosmetics—of sun and wind and rain and beefsteak and exercise; with clear brown eyes whose lashes were thick blackness; with—to crown the glory of so noble a body—a shining head of thick, straight, golden hair. He was a very beautiful youngster indeed, of the Greek beauty that is cropping out more and more often in America as more and more Americans set the foundations of the temple of learning on the rock of the hardy old Spartan simplicity, that taught a boy "to ride a horse, to draw a bow, and to speak the truth." Inheritance and environment had made him the flower of civilization, and the fine bone and sinew were set by the fine clothes he wore as a frame sets a picture. He thought little about it; he simply bought the best to be had, always, but a coat went on him with an air, and what other men might wear and be commonplace assumed, on the easy grace of the clean-limbed figure, the individuality of a poetic thought in dry-goods.

But Aleck, as he put yard after yard back of him in his effortless, buoyant swing, was far from thinking of his looks or his clothes. He was thinking indeed, pondering with all his might, as he did everything, a problem. It was this—whether, without danger of getting "stale," he might add a mile more a day to his running practice. That before he left college he should lower the world's record for a mile was the ambition nearest his heart. Weighing this and that, comparing the experiences and the records of athletes which he knew to their last detail, he passed, with his clear, dark gaze

fixed dreamily before him, like a wind of youth through the crowded street, all unconscious that few of the tired multitude failed to feel the shock of his bright presence, or to give him the tribute of a friendly and admiring glance.

The Greek youths of old thought the effort of years none too much to win a wreath of leaves, and Greece in her glory was glorious not only with athletes, but with statesmen, philosophers, soldiers, poets. So the deep-chested, broad-shouldered, powerful young fellows who are rushing into ranks from all America, eager to reach the ever-rising crest of athletic honor, strive for years, pushing aside with firm young hands self-indulgence of every sort, to gain a reward as intangible, as ideal, as the Greek laurel wreath. From the nursery itself to the training-table of the university, the quest of the sound body that should hold a sound mind, teaches self-denial and fair-play and generosity and single-mindedness. To fit a finely tempered spirit and intellect to these is to fit a bright sword to its perfect hilt. The judges and generals and men of affairs who, thirty years from now, shall have evolved from the youngsters who are leaping hurdles and throwing hammers and running races with all their souls to-day, will not be less alert, less hard-working, less capable of intense effort; no, nor less honorable and high-thinking, than their fathers. And then, or later, the double chins and the dull eyes and heavy, useless weight of body shall have disappeared; and with them headaches and dyspepsia—and bad temper, perhaps—and an ugly list of ailments and diseases more. For the gospel of out-of-doors is health and long life and a happy spirit—sunshine absorbed and digested and become part of one.



This was the only hat that had interested him.—Page 559.

Up the gymnasium stairs sprang Aleck, three steps at a time, into the big, bare locker-room, throwing a smiling word or so to other young chaps in various stages of undress, and sticking his fingers tentatively into first one and then another of his pockets, as he went. In front of his own locker he stopped and instituted a systematic research into the pockets, and then with an exclamation looked about him helplessly.

"What's the matter, Polly?" asked a bundle of muscles that was pulling over itself some article that looked like the clothing a doll wears in a shop. Aleck's classmates named him "Apollo" for his beauty, but being pressed for time called him "Polly." Aleck himself took slight interest in it, either way.

"Why don't you get a gait on you?" continued Billy Bell, in the forcible manner of speech that is observed at seats of learning. "We're off in five minutes." It was early in April. The athletic field was not yet open, and a dozen of the track-team were being taken out for running practice through the streets.

"I've left my locker-key," said Aleck, dismally. "Can't run in this," and he looked with disgust at the correct, rough, light-gray clothes. "Haven't any of you fellows some togs? Anything would do!"

A hand was laid on his shoulder. "Hurry, my boy," said an older voice. "We haven't too much time for work to-day. Get into your things."

Aleck faced about to the trainer. "Oh, Mr. McKenzie! I've come off without my locker-key! Isn't there anything I can put on? I hate to lose the run."

The keen, dark, kindly eyes looked at him with critical interest. "No, I can't have you lose it," he said. "I'll fix you. Come over here."

"Mac," as the boys called him, was six inches short of Aleck's towering height, but the deep, powerful shoulders and great elastic muscles of the hard body measured as much as the younger man's.

"I'm afraid the trousers are a bit short," he said as he looked at the effect when Aleck had shot from one costume to the other. "You're a sweet-looking object, but never mind. You'll be lost in the bunch, and you'll get your run."



He liked a girl who could ride a dangerous horse with a light hand and a firm seat.

"We're none of us pretty in this rig," said the boy, tying his low, white shoes; and gave his appearance not another thought.

It was striking, however, even in this horde of athletes. Mac's trousers had once been part of a dark-blue flannel suit, of a loud stripe, and had been chopped above the knee, for this sort of use. As he had said, on Aleck they were short. And from somewhere Mac had unearthed an unheard-of horror, a pink sweater. The sleeves of that, too, had been cut far out on the shoulders, but the high turtle collar was still there. Aleck wriggled his neck uncomfortably in its clutch.

"This thing chokes me," he said. "It's not so handsome—couldn't I clip it?"

"Certainly. Clip away. I'll do it for you." In a minute a pair of scissors in the forcible masculine fingers had cut out a semi-*décollcté* effect around the boy's brawny throat. The result was a high grade of hideousness.

"Well, you are a sight," was the greeting he got from Billy Bell as he sauntered back to the locker-room. "You look like a horse trying to be a Dresden china shepherdess."



Cut out a semi-*décolleté* effect.

But it was all one to the unconscious Aleck, and he jogged away contented with the squad of twelve or so down through the city streets. Suddenly, as they went a bit slowly at a turn, he caught sight of a hat he knew. In all the long twenty-one years of his life this was the only hat that had interested him, and he was aware of a distinct jump somewhere in his healthy chest, as the red satin bows and the bobbing red cherries flashed across his eyes. The face under it was almost as sunburned and ruddy as his own, and the gray eyes were looking far down the street—for a car, evidently—so she did not see him. The lad, quite undisturbed as to his costume a moment before, shifted his position to the farther side of the squad. He was glad she did not see him. A pink sweater cut *décolleté* might look ridiculous to her; he did not wish her to think him ridiculous. And what was that Billy said about a horse?

Into the steady "pad—pad" of the runners as they left the cherry hat behind them on the corner, had entered a new element of accompanying thought. The face under the bright bows smiled again as it had smiled the last time he saw it—the day of the ride a week ago—when her horse had plunged, and she, sitting him, had laughed at Aleck over her shoulder. He liked a girl with nerve; he liked a girl who could ride a dangerous horse with a light hand and a firm seat; he liked a girl who could talk intelligently about athletics, and didn't mix the record for the pole-vault with the running broad; he liked a girl who understood why a fellow liked it all—the ambition of it and good-fellowship and all that. Jove! He liked a lot of things about that girl. With the fastidious pleasure of a well-bred man in blood and breeding, he remembered

her pure accent and gentle ways and soft unhurried voice, and the satisfaction of certainty one felt that with all her eager, impetuous interest in all sorts of things, she would never be anything but gentle and soft-voiced. She could not be, for it was not in her. A line of Longfellow's that he had read a few days before—for the great fellow liked poetry — flashed into his mind :

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

The rhythm of the boys' running feet went on — "pad — pad — pad," light and strong and steady over the pavements, and to Aleck they seemed working out, over and over again, to regular time, that line from Evangeline :

"When she — had passed—it seemed like —the ceasing — of exquis—ite music," rang the boys' feet, all unknowingly beating a poem from the flagstones of the city streets.



Strong and steady over the pavements.

It may be that athletics and sentiment cannot live together, or it may have been simply bad luck, but suddenly, in a bit of rough going, with a trip and a wrench he fell. To spring up and be back in the squad before it passed was automatic, but behold ! when the light jump landed him on the turned ankle it gave way, and down he went again. The boys looked back, there was a second of hesitation, a jolt in the steady composite jog, a word of concern and a quick inquiry or two. But Aleck, sitting in the street and holding his foot in his hand, dismissed them peremptorily.

"Go along. It's all right. It's nothing. I can look after myself." And the movement only half arrested caught its swing again. Billy Bell suggested, over his shoulder :

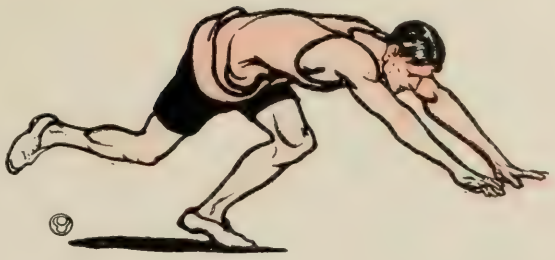
"Try walking on your hands—you might do that better," and then they were gone.

And there he was, limping to the sidewalk, stranded and dazed and at a loss. If he could get a cab—he looked about him. Nothing of that sort in sight. But there was a car coming half a block away with a great sign on it which said, "To Insanity Hospital," and he remembered, because he had an interest in that hospital, because, in fact, it was her father who was at the head of it, that these cars ran only to it, and then came back, passing into the city near his own home. The hospital could not be far; he would take the car and get home that way. A thought struck him and his hands fumbled hurriedly in the pockets of Mac's trousers. Thank Heaven ! One bit of luck at least—by a miracle there was a quarter in one of them. He stopped the car and pulled himself aboard.

In the procession of events since he dressed he had quite forgotten what he was wearing, and for a moment after he had dropped into the corner seat by the door the very evident stir of interest in his advent bewildered him. Then, as he remembered the low-necked pink sweater and abbreviated, startling trousers, he blushed a painful blush that spread up to the roots of his bright, uncovered hair. His eyes fell with embarrassment, but they fell on his bare knees, and at that he blushed more deeply. With a sudden decision that dignity was his best *rôle* he straightened himself rigidly and stared haughtily out of the window. A greasy conductor stood in front of him, and Aleck gave him his solitary quarter, not glancing at the man. Now this happened to be a sullen fellow, with a large idea of his power and enough whiskey about him to emphasize the points of his character. Poor Aleck's patrician face and disdainful manner, combined with the pink sweater, were a challenge to him. "You ain't no business on this car," he said, with a mixture of desire and fear to bully.

Then the lad turned his scornful dark eyes sternly on him. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Mean, eh? There's ladies on this car. Do you call them clothes fit to go before ladies?"



With a trip and a wrench he fell.— Page 560.

Aleck could not say that he did. Again the furious blush flooded his fresh face. He stammered, "I—but I've hurt my foot. I'm lame."

His hesitation gave the man courage. "I don't care nothin' about that. See here, you gotter get off o' this, and you better go quiet or there'll be trouble."

That roused the lion that had been lying down peaceably with the lamb in the boy's spirit. "I'll be hanged if I do," he said, doggedly. "I can pay my fare, and I'll stay on. My clothes are right enough. It's none of your business, but I'll tell you that I've been training for races, and these are running togs."

The man laughed a short disagreeable laugh. Bad temper had given a certain pluck to the sulky brute. "Training for jail! Running togs!" he sneered. "Won't git off, eh? We'll see." And he reached upward and pulled the strap.

Aleck's eyes, flashing indignantly down the line of passengers, saw that everyone was leaning forward, watching the scene, and suddenly his heart almost stopped beating as he met, from the farthest corner, an earnest, clear gray glance from under a cherry hat. Her face was flushed, and as he looked she tried to smile and nod to him, but at that second the conductor's rough hand gave his bare arm a jerk, and he turned in a fury. His blood was boiling to throw the man off his own platform, as he could have done with ease, but he was chained. He could not make a scene before her. His arms dropped.

"Take your hands off me," he growled. "I'll go."

At that the conductor was sure he had scored, and like a good general followed up his victory.

"Go, will you? Well, you'd orter said that before. You'll go to the lock-up now, I guess." He had glanced through the window before this valiant speech, and now with a step he stood on the platform and beckoned to a stately uniformed figure.

"Officer! Here, quick!" And a beefy arm of the law plunged over the curb and stood, a menacing mass, on the step.

Aleck, only too anxious now to be off the car before the plot thickened further, sprang forward, forgetting his aching ankle, and stumbling as his weight struck a sick pain through it, fell with all his long length against the policeman, and off they went, pell-mell, together in the mud. Less dramatic effect than the spectacle of a majestic police-officer and a tall and strangely clad young man rolling and snarling over each other will draw a crowd in a city street. The conductor leaned across the back platform of the now moving car, as if loath to lose them, gesticulating and shouting; Aleck and his quarry scrambled madly under and over what seemed to each a dozen legs and arms; and the crowd, with marvellous, silent swiftness, collected. Before the two were on their



"See here, you gotter get off o' this."

feet at least twenty small boys, men, and women surrounded them. Through these rushed puffing, and bursting with importance, two more mighty blue uniforms, and descending on the harassed lad, pinioned his arms firmly. At this Aleck, whose last thought was attack on the police force, laughed a wild laugh. The officers stared at each other, and one of the new-comers tapped his perspiring brow.

"Off here," he said, succinctly, and set his lips firmly and nodded.

But the gentleman who had been rolled in the mud was not so charitable.

"Off yer grandmother!" was his verdict. "Dhrunk's fwhat he is. Knocked me over like tenpins he did, before I'd the time to dhraw breath. Th' station's the fit place for the likes of him. Come on, me lad!" and he laid a heavy grasp on the boy's arm that drew another threatening glance from the dark eyes.

But the second policeman was a man of theories and of confidence in his own judgment.

"Lave him be, Flanagan," he said. "'Tis gentleness will fix him. Tell me yer thrubbles pleasant, me man," he adjured Aleck. "Whin did yez eshcape, thin? What's wrong wid yez, and what for did yez fall on me frind Flanagan suddent? 'Tis me will be a frind to yez, but ye'd better be afther tellin' me where 'tis ye've eshcaped from."

Aleck, at this semblance of help, even in such deep disguise, took heart.

"You're a good chap," he said, heartily, "but I'm not crazy, you know."

"None of 'em is," remarked in hollow tones the third policeman, who had so far not opened his mouth.

Aleck went on hurriedly: "I'm a student at the University, you know."

"Is *them* the cloes they dresses 'em in?" interjected policeman No. 3 again, more hollowly, and with deep disapprobation.

"And I was training for a race; running, you know," continued the badgered youngster, trying to keep his temper, and feeling lost in a maze of misapprehension. "And I fell and turned my ankle and the others went on, and I took a car, and that beast of a conductor"—he was out of breath, and he realized that he was incoherent and far from clear. It struck him that a jolly, off-hand manner was apt to be taking with the masses—a circle of thirty or forty were now hanging on his words. "May be you fellows don't think my clothes are pretty," he said, with rather tremulous gayety.

A low murmur of pity ran through the crowd, and he caught an expression or two.

"Clean off his base!"

"Crazy as a loon!"

And even the overturned policeman shook his head. Such moments do not inspire self-possession. In an unfortunate second he thought to impress them.

"See here, you don't understand," he said. "I'm all right. I'm not crazy. My father is president of the Merchants' National Bank."

That was considered a rare joke. It called forth first scattering laughter and then quite a cosmopolitan chorus of wit and repartee.

"Be jabers! 'Tis a Boxer I thot he was furrst, but I see now 'tis the wurrkin' suit of a bank pris'dint I mishtook."

"Du lieber Himmel! Iss his fader already not rich enough to buy him of clothes yet?"

"Sacre bleu! Is it that one has raccourced for him lately the pantaloons of his père?"

"Say, Pres'dent, where'd ye git them sumpshus pants?"

Which last thought provoked a storm of fluent Bowery American.

"Yes, who's yer tailor, bub? I'd like to patternize him!"

"Hooray for the tailor what cut them pants—but he done cut 'em too short. Oh, my! I'm shocked!"

"I'd be for the pink sweater only them sleeves ain't modest!"

"But ain't it pretty 'round the neck?"

Two or three minutes of this horseplay threw Aleck, his dignity and his modesty outraged, into a towering passion. In a moment's lull his young voice rang out suddenly deep and strong like a gun-butt on flag-stones.

"Stop! Stop it, I say!"

The boy's judgment was quite dissolved in his anger, for, though startled and silenced by his sudden fierceness, it impressed them only as an ebullition of a wandering brain. And then he growled,



"I could throw the lot of you into the river, and I'd like to do it," he said.

but his fresh tones carried to the limits of the ring:

"I could throw the lot of you into the river, and I'd like to do it," he said.

He looked so dangerous and powerful a young animal as he stood at bay that the policemen instinctively tightened their hold upon him, and at that he swung around with a swiftness that almost knocked one of them over.

"There's been enough of this idiocy. I'm not drunk and I'm not crazy. Now I'm going home," and he gave a great heave forward.

The crowd fell back squealing and the three blue uniforms threw themselves on him again.

"There now, me man! Ye've give me wan contagious to me lungs," said the friendly prophet of lunacy, "an' I'm not grudgin' yez that much, but 'twill do! Lave us take yez quiet an' frindly to th' hospital, and they'll fill yez up wid quineen and ipecac and sal-soda and what not, and yez'll be yersilf, or betther, the mornin'. Fit to go back to yer family cirrcle of pris'dints, me lad."

The rest of that scene was a blurred, bad dream to Aleck. Suddenly he resigned himself to the situation, and law and order surged over him in a blue and brass wave, and he found himself being led off, helpless and raging. He occupied his tempestuous mind by canvassing the best step to take when he should reach other hands than these thick-skulled Irishmen's, and paid meanwhile no attention to where they were taking him. At length he limped, between the large figures of his escort, sternly declining help, up the broad stone steps of a big building and into an impressive hallway.

"What place is this?" he asked, breaking his silence as a thought struck him. The answer was what he feared.

"'Tis the Lunatic Hospital sure, thin," and an immaculate white-capped nurse hurried forward to interview them. Aleck stood and listened with a sardonic smile that looked distinctly crazy, while the policeman volubly set forth his case, and the nurse glanced at him from time to time with the cold and business-like eye of one whom nothing could surprise. There was a moment's silence as the men's rich brogue stopped, and the boy, making an effort to be at once calm and emphatic, spoke:

"That statement," he said impressively, "is almost entirely false."

The nurse smiled, an exasperating smile to the over-wrought boy.

"Don't laugh like that," he snapped. "I'm as sane as you are—probably more so. I don't know what has gotten into everybody—I never knew there were such a lot of lunatics on earth."

The nurse turned, still smiling grimly,



"Those are dreadful clothes, I know," and her eyes laughed at Aleck.—Page 565.

to another white-capped figure hovering in the background.

"Miss Bates," she said, "will you ask Dr. Taylor to come here?"

Aleck closed his lips firmly. Nothing should induce him to say another word to that grinning woman. Perhaps Dr. Taylor might be an intelligent human being.

"Won't you sit down and wait?" pursued the nurse in soothing tones. "You must be tired, with so much excitement. It's so hard for your poor head." Aleck glared at her.

In a few moments down the stairs tripped Dr. Taylor, fat and fussy.

"Well, well! What have we here?" began he volubly and cheerily. "Such a fine young fellow, and not feeling quite himself. Dear, dear! Head hot, my lad? Been doing too much, I warrant. Carrying brick in the sunshine daytimes, and perhaps a touch too much beer nights, eh?" And the doctor poked Aleck's mighty shoulder mischievously and bubbled with laughter at the blank stare he got in reply. "I can tell by those great muscles what *you* are, my man," he went on knowingly. "You're a sailor, my lad, if you're not a hod-carrier. Or a coal-heaver, maybe. Ah, I'm a student of the human animal, you see!"

"Doctor," began Aleck, "I appeal to you as a man of education and intelligence to stop this absurd farce. I'm as sane as you are"—but he got no farther. Dr. Taylor laughed heartily.

"Yes, yes, my lad. We know all that. They all say that," and he chuckled vivaciously again. "Has he been violent?" he asked the policeman.

"Vilent is it? He shtarted th' ball be knockin' me frind Flanagan off a shtreet-car, an' he done the Highland fling wid him in the mud—look at the coat on him, sor—no, 'tis on Flanagan I mane. It tuk th' three 'f us to handle him right, an' 'tis he wud' a' whittled us to the wishbone if he'd not come off widout his knife."

It is perhaps human nature to make an accomplished exploit seem as difficult as possible.

The doctor compressed his mouth into a line that looked like a crease in a suet pudding. "Tut, tut!" he said, his manner becoming serious and weighty. "Very bad, very bad! Miss Bates, I think it is safer to place him, for the moment, in one of the cells. These good men will doubtless assist us—will you show them the way? I will be with you shortly."

At that a chill froze Aleck's very soul, followed by hot, frantic despair.

"I will not go!" he shouted. "I'm as sane as you are—saner. I insist that you shall telephone my father—Alexander Campbell, at the Merchants' National Bank. He's the president. Telephone my father—I have a right to ask that."

Dr. Taylor laughed softly and cheerily, watching the boy's desperate face.

"I know Mr. Campbell by reputation, of course," he said. "One of our merchant princes. So you're his son!" His pompous, fat body shook at the joke, and the nurses laughed too. "You look it, I must say! No, my lad, I'm not likely to trouble Mr. Campbell with messages from charity patients picked out of the street. Officers"—he nodded to the men and they laid each a hand on Aleck.

Then the torn young nerves gave way, and with all his great strength he began to lay about him, striking out with every inch of force, with every trick of training, that he owned; choking, struggling in the one blind effort to fight his way to the door. But three to one was too much, for even the doctor's fat hands counted a little, and as they held him quiet at last he groaned in futile rage and then lifted his eyes at the sound of quick, decided steps descending the broad hall stairs. As he looked, a thrill shot through his muscles that made the policemen tighten their grip. A tall man with a fine iron-gray head stood at the last turn gazing sternly at the group below, and behind him glowed, for the third time in the boy's perturbed day, a hat that was bright with bobbing cherries.

"Dr. Taylor! Miss Bates! What is this? I can't have a disturbance of this sort. What does it mean?" asked the tall doctor severely.

But Aleck—his golden locks rumpled and on end, his eyes gleaming wildly from beneath them with new hope, a hot bar of red burning diagonally through his clear tanned cheeks, his strong neck rising proudly from the pink sweater, beautiful as a young god in his queer clothes and his distress—gave neither Dr. Taylor nor Miss Bates time to answer.

"Oh, help me! help me!" he cried to the cherry hat, and in a moment the girl's hand was in her father's and she was talking low and fast with scarlet cheeks and shining eyes.

"It's all a horrid mistake," she gasped, eagerly. "It's Mr. Campbell — Aleck Campbell. He's as sane as you are, father. Those are dreadful clothes, I know," and her eyes laughed at Aleck one dancing second, "but he was running with the track team, and you know what things they wear. I saw him with the squad in the city, but I looked away because I knew he'd hate to speak to me. And I saw the conductor put him off the car. He must have hurt himself, for he was lame. And I saw the policeman he—he bowled over"—a laugh rippled out at that—"and I wanted to help, but the car went on and I thought he would just explain, and it would be all right. I never dreamed—Father, make them take their hands off him!"

Thirty minutes later, Aleck, decently clothed in a mackintosh of the contrite Dr. Taylor, was rolling along in her father's brougham, a subdued and chastened yet indignant young man. His foot ached, even with the care it had received at the hospital, and he was bitterly anxious for his record, even with the doctor's assurance that the injury was slight. And no one can be a hunted animal for two hours without feeling the strain. Yet before he reached the door of the great house that was his home, his sense of humor had struggled up to a level with other emotions. He smiled sheepishly as he thought how his tale of woe would be received in "the family cirrcle of pris'dints." How his mother would alternately laugh at the victim and storm at the persecutors, how his little sister would make fun of him for months, how the big dining-room would echo with his father's shouts of delight. It was very little sentimental sympathy he need expect, he knew well, now that he was safely out of it. He owed his rescue to her, the idea pleased him, yet he flushed a dark red as it came to him insistently, what a hopeless guy he must have been in the sight of that cherry hat. The thought gnawed at his peace of mind.

The next day he wrote a note, and this was the answer that came with soothing promptness:

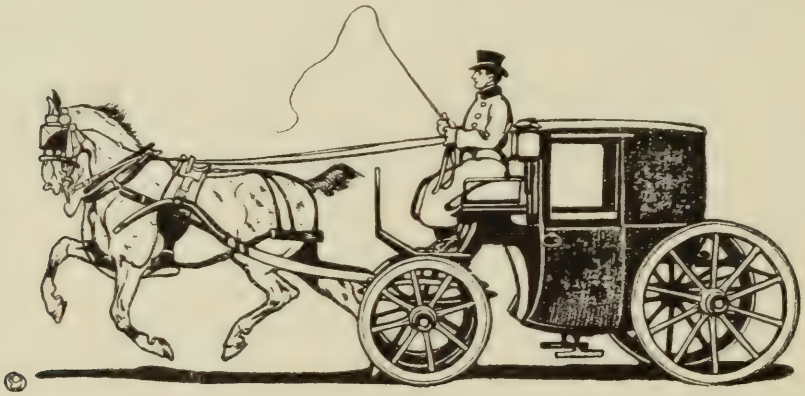
"Dear Mr. Campbell," the letter said. "It was good of you, but unnecessary, to write me that note. Probably you don't know it, but you are one of the few people who can never look ridiculous, whatever clothes you choose to wear. I did not think you so for a moment—please believe me. But where did you get the pink sweater? I never dreamed there were such things. As for not having the

courage to face me again—that is *really* ridiculous, and here is a test of its sincerity. My father wishes me to tell you that he liked you even in your fancy dress—I think he said, for the way you 'slugged' the police—but that he wishes to meet you on even terms. So, as he has no pink sweater, I am to ask if you will come out Saturday in tailor-made clothes for a ride with me and dinner with all of us after. And any hint of apology or thanks will at once hurt my feelings, so be careful about that. Hoping surely to see you on Saturday, I am, very cordially yours——"

And her signature.

Aleck found the note in his room when he came in at twilight. When he saw the blue monogrammed paper he rushed with it to the window, and, reckless of eyesight, read it lines at a time. Then he dropped on the window-seat, his big feet up and his back against the jamb, and sat staring at nothing, the bit of blue held carefully in his hand. While in the gloom behind him strange, antique faces gleamed and brooded, and Old World eyes peered from the shadows among the boxing-gloves and foils and tennis-rackets and polo-sticks and golf-clubs that hung about the walls. The simple old pagan gods who had watched over the cradle of this young Greek of another century gathered about him to see the subtle beginnings of a new and unknown force in his crystal soul. They smiled mistily, the kind old gods, and nodded to each other through the falling night. "We know what this is," they seemed to say. "It was the same two thousand years ago." And the young Greek forgot the Olympian games and the imperilled splendor of his fame; forgot the thrilling rush of feet upon the track; the inspiring thunder of a thousand throats; the glorious pain of conflict; forgot the supreme moment and the joy of victory. And Hermes the silver-heeled, the messenger, who had been his guardian deity, dropped his head sadly upon his breast. "He does not care," he whispered, "not even for the broken wing upon his flying foot." But to this a clear, cold voice seemed to answer, softly: "Oh, foolish god!" it said, and the voice was that of Pallas Athene, who is wisdom. "He will care more, for he can lay his laurels at her feet." But Hermes only shook his head doubtfully; he knew he was first no longer. And a little, innocent-faced child-god, as old as Zeus, as young and as old as youth, whose wings had as yet but brushed the boy's spirit, hovering nearer than the rest, chuckled with mischievous heathen laughter; and suddenly a hush fell on the unseen, august circle as Aleck's voice broke the silence with half-whispered words:

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.



THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

THE Navy Department is the constituted organ of the Government for administering the navy. Naval administration exists for the purpose of providing a nation with an effective navy. Incidentally it also administers — directs — the navy which it has created and maintains. Provision is the object, administration the method; the one is the end, the other the means. It is desirable to keep intelligently and continually in mind the distinction between the two; for an invariable experience teaches that the tendency of mankind, and especially of administrators, is to confound the two. Not only so, but even to raise the means into the seat of the end; usurpation by gradual revolution. Administration inclines to lose itself in itself, forgetful of the end for which it has been established. It is essential to guard against this error, by keeping the end always in the foreground of consciousness, as being the standard or test by which administrative methods are to be judged.

The method of naval administration now in force in the United States is the outcome of a gradual development, into the particulars of which it is unnecessary to enter. We are to deal with the present; with historical antecedents only so far as to throw light on existing conditions. The Navy Department began with the institution of the office of Secretary in 1798, when, also, the first incumbent was appointed; and after various experiences it reached its present constitution in 1842. Since then it has remained fixed in fundamental principles; but has been subject, necessarily, to occasional considerable changes of detail and adjustment, as the navy has grown with the nation's growth, and as naval science has become more complicated in its demands. The gradual advance of the world in the mechanical arts has brought with it a corresponding application of those arts to maritime development in general, and to naval warfare in particular.

The general system is as follows: The President being, by the Constitution, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, Congress has created by law the office of Secretary of the Navy, a single person, who relieves the President of the burden of details. These are of two principal kinds, namely, those that concern the operations of the fleet all over the world, in peace and in war, which is the military side of naval administration, and those that relate to the creation and preservation of material in its manifold phases—ships, guns, engines, etc. —which is the civil side. As the aggregation of duties under these two heads has been found in practice far too great for any one man to discharge, they have been again subdivided by law. For this purpose there exist side by side two systems, military and civil, the Secretary being at the head of both, as the representative of the President. For, the management of the fleet in active service, in peace as in war, the end for which the navy exists, the stream of control descends through admirals, captains, and their subordinate officers. Each of these, in the measure of his particular authority, which is regulated by law, represents the Secretary, as the Secretary does the President.

In practice, the extent of ocean in which the United States habitually maintains a force for the benefit of American interests is divided into districts, called stations, mutually independent; that is to say, in each such district there is one officer in supreme command of the whole, usually an admiral, responsible directly and solely to the Secretary. With him the officers in similar command of other districts have in general no authority to interfere. If, by particular circumstances, it becomes necessary for the squadron of one such admiral to go, in whole or in part, into the sphere of another, the rule is that the one senior in rank takes command of the joint forces. The independence of undivided command does not then cease; it is simply transferred. Such exceptional cases do not invalidate the general statement of the independence of each station. If the com-

mander of one, say the Asiatic Station, has incidentally to pass through the district commanded by a junior, as, for instance, going through the Mediterranean on his way to the East, he may indeed by his temporary presence exercise the authority inherent in his rank; but a serious interference with the arrangements of the regular commander would need justification, and might well entail censure, for the obvious reason that the measures of a permanent incumbent should not lightly be disturbed by an *ad interim* and purely casual intruder, whose power would lapse entirely as he passed beyond the imaginary lines bounding the station.

The military movement of the fleet, the military administration, being co-extensive with a geographical area, that is to say, with the seas of the world which require the presence of the navy, is thus conducted by the Secretary through means of independent geographical districts, each with its individual head. In like manner the field of civil administration, which is concentrated and localized at the Navy Department, for the creation and maintenance of material, the procurement and training of officers and seamen, the purchase and distribution of supplies of all kinds needed by the navy, is districted among a number of departments, mutually independent, called Bureaus, each having its particular head styled the Chief of Bureau. Within his particular range of duties, each of these, by specific provision of law, is invested with the authority of the Secretary. Orders from him are to be regarded as issued by the Secretary, just as are the orders of the admiral of a station; and no one of his colleague chiefs of bureaus can there interfere with him. In their totality the functions discharged by the bureau chiefs embrace all that is understood by the "establishment" of a navy; the establishment being the permanent constituted force—ships and men,—together with all the antecedent activities, such as those of the navy yards, by which ships are built and kept ready for service, and seamen gathered and organized into crews.

At this point, when fully prepared to act, the strict condition of establishment merges into that of military operation, and passes under the charge of the military officers—the admirals and their subordinates. It is true, certainly, that as material and supplies require frequent repair and renewal, and crews occasional reinforcement and relief, the functions of the establishment need in some degree to follow the ships in their career. For this purpose the several bureaus have their representatives among the official staff of each vessel, the captain being at the head of the whole, as is the Secretary over his bureau chiefs in Washington. In this manner each ship, for the purposes of naval administration, reflects in miniature the Navy Department, with which it is in continual correspondence by regulated channels. In strictness of method, as reflecting the ultimate responsibility and control of the Secretary in the Department, and the commander afloat,—admiral or captain,—all such correspondence is addressed through them, and by them distributed at either end of the line. Of course, much of this is purely routine and formal; but forms which represent facts, as in this case unity and concentration of authority are symbolized, are not to be discarded lightly. What is commonly called red tape, the circuition of documents, proceeds not from concentration, but from dispersion and subdivision of responsibility.

The term naval administration, though actually co-extensive with the whole range of the Secretary's authority, both in the establishment and in the movements of the squadrons, is commonly limited in application to the activities antecedent to military operations. Thus restricted, it becomes immediately apparent that naval administration is essentially civil in character, conditioned only by the fact that it subserves a military profession. In its methods it is strictly civil; it is military only in its end, which is to supply a military organization with the men and implements needed for operations of war. Carpenters use tools which they could not make; which are made for them. In this case the means and the end are both civil; but the distinction is the same as that which obtains between naval administration and naval operations. The tools of the naval seaman, from admiral to enlisted man, are ships, guns, engines. With these he does his naval work of every kind, and they are provided for him by the naval administration. The work is military, the provision civil.

For instance, one chief function of naval administration is to design and build ships of war. This is only a particular problem of marine architecture, which is a civil calling; in application to naval needs it becomes conditioned, specialized, but not generically distinct. To make a modern gun for a specific purpose involves ingenuity of conception, as well as delicate metallurgical and mechanical processes, conditioned by particular knowledge of ordnance questions; but there is nothing in this, from design to completion, that demands a military cast of mind, much less a military habit of life. The naval man, the combatant officer, can most adequately decide the kind of work he needs his ship, or his gun, to do; he ought to be, by acquirement and experience in handling, master of the reasons which make such and such qualities best for his use; but it by no means follows that this aptitude to know the thing wanted entails ability to make it. A man does not need to be a tailor or a shoemaker to know what clothes or shoes are best suited for his calling. Military capacity of a very high order may go no further than to say, What is needed in a ship, or a gun, is such and such qualities; but it no less has a right to demand that its opinions on this practical matter should be ascertained and duly heeded. Manufacturers of articles used by the public are compelled to furnish what the public requires; for if they do not they lose their customers. The man who uses the tools is the final judge, and rightly; for he best knows which of several is fittest for its purpose. This is as true of a public military service as of a private civil handicraft. In the latter, however, competition insures the survival of the fittest, because there is individual freedom of action on the part of the workman. In the other, on the contrary, action is corporate, and there is no competitor; except, indeed, the foreign navies, which may become enemies on occasions of great national urgency.

The eight bureaus of the Navy Department are by title as follows: Yards and Docks, Construction and Repair, Steam Engineering, Ordnance, Equipment, Supplies and Accounts, Navigation, Medicine and Surgery. They are here arranged in what may be considered the chronological order of their relation to the preparation of a ship of war for sea; the completion of her as a unit in the naval establishment, ready to pass into the military order as part of the fleet in active service. The several navy yards, with their docks, are the scene where goes on much of the work of ship-building and repair, of gun-making, of placing on board the engines. There supplies of all sorts for the various departments are stored, and there are bestowed the final touches of preparation to ships built elsewhere. At a yard the ship receives on board her crew and goes into commission; to it she returns for repairs or to be laid up after a cruise. It underlies and concentrates the local activities of the several bureaus. Construction is evidently the first stage in the evolution of the finished ship; the engines probably will be being built coincidently, but cannot be placed until the hull has made a very considerable advance toward completion. Ordnance is a word which speaks for itself; the shipping of the guns is a later stage in the vessel's progress. Equipment is a term of less precise signification, because of more varied and minute detail. It corresponds to furnishing a building as a place to live and work in. For instance, there is embraced under this comprehensive idea the extensive and intricate electric system of lighting and motors, with the needed dynamos. Hence, also, much that appertains to the movable house which a ship is; for example, anchors, charts, compasses, with navigation books and instruments. For this reason, the Naval Observatory and the Hydrographic and Compass Offices, whence most of these appliances proceed, or by which they are tested and corrected, are under the Bureau of Equipment. In the days of sail, Equipment supplied rigging and sails—the motive power; so, in strict derivation, it now provides coal, the motive power of to-day, distributing it both to vessels and to coaling depots on foreign stations.

The Bureau of Supplies and Accounts is the purchasing agency of the navy. It buys for other bureaus, subject to their requisition and inspection. The paymaster of each ship in commission is its representative in this matter, under the responsible control of her commander, as the bureau itself is under the Secretary. Specifically, it buys and supplies, on its own account, the stores falling under the two great heads of provisions

and clothing. It keeps, also, the pay accounts of officers and men, and pays them at stated times. The Bureau of Navigation has, by an historical devolution, of which its name gives no suggestion, inherited the charge of the personnel of the navy, as well officers as enlisted men. It regulates their admission, superintends their training, preserves continuous records of their service, and distributes them among the vessels of the fleet. As men are always of more account than their tools, the function of the Bureau of Navigation is the most eminent of all; but also, in the preparation of a ship for service, it is chronologically nearly last, as the crew do not go on board till the ship has been by the other bureaus prepared for their dwelling upon conditions consistent with health. This final requirement is the charge of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, the importance of which may be measured by considering how far a well man is more useful than an invalid.

The general nature of the duties of each bureau is sufficiently apparent; to particularize further in this connection would simply involve the reader in a mass of technical details. The essential fact to remark is that each bureau—except Yards and Docks—has a distinct and mutually independent function in each ship built and commissioned, as well as in the processes which precede completion. This is the essential characteristic of the United States Naval Administration, deliberately adopted in 1842 to insure efficiency and responsibility, after long trial of a different system. The Secretary's function, intrinsically one, was then, for administrative effect, divided into five, and subsequently into eight, parts; the organic unity of which was found only in their subordination to him, not in their relations one to another. Consistency of action, therefore, depends upon the Secretary's appreciation of the necessities of the service in all the several broad features which the bureaus represent—not only from the side of the bureaus, but also from that of the officers afloat—and upon his power to reconcile the divergences of opinion inevitable between so many parties. Both for the purposes of the establishment which the bureaus sustain, and for the direction of naval operations which admirals and captains execute, the Secretary is the only unifying force. He has further to recognize that the Navy Department, as represented by the bureaus, and the Department as represented by the sea officers, often look at important matters from divergent points of view.

The Secretary frequently comes to his office without previous experience, and is necessarily immensely occupied with numerous calls on the side where the Department touches the country rather than the navy. He is apt to find himself, therefore, not only called upon to decide between several persons advocating different views on matters largely new to him, but to do so under conditions of pre-occupation which impede adequate attention. The system provides him neither a formulated policy nor an adviser; for, while the bureau chief can properly give advice and argue his views, it needs little knowledge of human nature to see that he can seldom be free from prepossession. He is, in short, rather an advocate than an adviser.

Under this stress of work and of technical inexperience, a secretary will naturally seek advice by instituting boards; committees of qualified men to discuss subjects and report to him conclusions. Such a board may be constituted, like one whose differences were recently reported in the press, from the bureau chiefs themselves, with perhaps one or two outside men to hold a balance. In the case cited the matter under consideration was the qualities to be realized in a particular class of ships. Or, again, boards may be composed, like the General Board, at the head of which the admiral of the navy now is, mostly of officers external to the administrative system, to discuss questions of broad policy connected with offensive and defensive measures, requisite in case of war with this or that country. Such a board might very properly influence the general direction, though not the detailed execution, of administrative action; for the obvious reason that the policy of the Department, as regards number and qualities of ships, should rest upon a clear appreciation of the probable nature of the operations for which they will be wanted. These boards, precisely analogous to committees of Congress, and to commissions frequently instituted by civil authorities for special investigation, are, in the strictest sense, advisory only. They can relieve the Secretary of no

responsibility, but can assist him greatly by digestion of facts and summarizing expert opinion upon the arguments pro and con. During the Spanish war an *ex tempore* Board was constituted to give purely military advice upon the strategic movements of the fleet. It had no powers and, therefore, no responsibility, except for expert advice given; all orders were the Secretary's own. It is open to serious question whether in actual war such a recourse is desirable. Responsibility for advice, as well as for action, should then be single, undivided; but in peace a deliberative Board, continuous in existence, may be of the utmost service by the maturity and consecutiveness of the policy evolved. Had there been such in 1898 there would have been no need to create an instrumentality specially for that occasion. In the hands of a strong Secretary it would constitute a much needed balance to the necessary, but somewhat exaggerated, independence of action of the bureaus; for it would naturally regard matters from the purely service point of view.

The utility of convening bodies of competent men for the discussion of particular subjects is indisputable; all experience testifies to it. The difficulty with the navy is that the Secretary's official competency to combine the action of the several bureaus, in a steady, well digested, and unified progress, demands a policy, and not merely an administrative system tempered by boards summoned by him. The test of a system of naval administration, strictly so called, is its capacity,—inherent, not spasmodic,—to keep the establishment of the navy abreast of the best professional opinion concerning contemporary necessities, both in quality and quantity. It needs not only to know and to have what is best to-day, but to embody an organic provision for watching and forecasting to a reasonable future what will be demanded. This may not be trusted to voluntary action or to individual initiative. There is needed a constituted organ to receive, digest, and then officially to state, in virtue of its recognized office, what the highest instructed professional opinion, the opinion of the sea officers, holds concerning the needs of the navy at the moment; and for the future as far as present progress indicates. It is not enough that this or that chief of bureau, to use the nomenclature of the United States Administration, during his term of office takes such measures as appear to him sufficient to ascertain what is the opinion of the combatant sea officer, of the naval workman, concerning his tools. Granting entire sufficiency on the part of such bureau chief, it is not to his office, but to himself, that it is due. The system cannot claim the credit; nor can the system be sure, for it makes no pretence to assure, that such enterprise will be shown in other bureaus, or in subsequent incumbents of the same bureau. There is in the naval administration, as constituted by law, no organized provision to do the evolutionary work, the sifting process, by which in civil life the rough fighting test of supply and demand, of competition in open market and free usage, pronounces decisively upon the practical merits of various instruments or methods of manufacture. The body of sea officers, the workmen of the navy, receive for use instruments upon which the system provides them no means of expressing their professional opinion as to their adaptability, relatively to service conditions or to other existing instruments. Whatever harm may result from this falls not upon the workmen only, but upon those also for whom the work is done—that is, the nation.

Since the above was written, there have appeared in the London *Times* a series of three papers by the late Director of Naval Construction for the British Navy, Sir William White, who for eighteen years supervised the designing of all its war-ships. A quotation from these defines aptly the just relation between the designation of necessary qualities, by the combatant sea-officers of the navy, and the embodiment of these qualities in the finished design of a naval vessel. Italics are mine.

Sir William writes: "Ships have to be built for many different services, and each navy has its special requirements. It is inevitable, therefore, that the decision as to *the best combination of qualities* to be embodied in any type must be left to the responsible authorities. For the ships of the Royal Navy that decision rests with the First Lord of the Admiralty and his colleagues on the Board. The policy of naval construction, the types of ships to be built, and the qualities of offence, defence, speed, coal endurance, and other characteristics

to be embodied in each type, are considered in detail and determined by the Lords Commissioners, acting, with the assistance of their technical advisers, as a 'Committee on Designs.' In addition to the large experience of the distinguished officers serving on the Board, there are available reports and suggestions from officers afloat, dealing with the capabilities and performances of existing ships, possible improvements, and the introduction of new types. The chief responsibility for the preparation of designs, *embodying the decisions of the Board*, rests on the Director of Naval Construction," (called in the United States Navy the Chief Constructor) . . . "But for the conditions themselves, the First Lord and his colleagues are responsible. They decide the policy of our naval construction, and determine the armament, armor, speed, and coal endurance for each class of ship added to the fleet. . . . My duty and responsibilities have been to design and direct the construction of strong, safe, and seaworthy vessels, having the offensive and defensive powers, speeds, and coal supplies, determined by successive Boards of Admiralty."

In a succeeding paper Sir William writes: "In such a complex and difficult question as the selection of armaments, the responsible authority, fully informed and constituted as the Board of Admiralty is, must be more capable of balancing opposing claims, and selecting the most efficient combination, than any individual. *The questions involved affect fighting efficiency, and are not primarily questions of naval architecture.*"

In Great Britain the Navy Department is itself a Board—the Board of Admiralty; not, as with us, an individual. *In general principle*, and as an administrative system, I prefer our own; but in the particular relation established between military specification of desired qualities, and the narrower sphere of technical design, by which those qualities are to be realized, I find the *method* above described much superior, for the Board of Admiralty embraces an extremely strong element of matured expert professional knowledge, chosen from the commanding officers of the Navy. There is in our administrative system nothing answering to it; and the defect not only is grave, but lies at the very source of the provision for naval wants.

As has been said, the present system of independent bureaus has now been in operation for sixty years. This fact in itself affords strong presumption in its favor, and it has many merits. It has also shown very good results, regarded as a machine, which every system more or less is. A machine is an organization, an assemblage of parts, which has great powers of work in certain fixed directions, purely routine. It is the essence of a machine that it moves round and round in an appointed path; but it has within itself neither motive force nor directive impulse. Both these, which are the two factors of active life, come to it from without. As the steam slackens, the engine works feebly; as the hand at the helm is weak, it errs blindly. All the time it is the same machine. Consequently, put on steam in a national impulse, or supply a strong master in a particular Secretary or President, and after a few jars of rusty joints, the renewal possibly of some worn-out coupling, it takes up at once its intended work, doing it steadily, strongly and efficiently.

Such fluctuations of efficiency, dependent upon external conditions, are characteristic of all machines. They are not to be cured radically by the introduction of new parts, adding to the machinery, for that makes them none the less machines than before, even though as machines they may be improved. It may be possible, however, so to contrive the connection between machinery and power, which with us is, in the last analysis, the popular understanding and will, as to cause energy to be supplied and sustained in reasonable proportion to the work required; which work is the maintenance and development of the navy on the lines and scale demanded by the possibilities of war to-day, and of the evident to-morrow. The grave lapses of the past, in this respect, are facts not to be ignored, nor safely to be repeated. Provision against them, to be enduring, as proposed, must be more continuous in operation than a succession of individual administrators can be. At present the President and Secretary, the one by the Constitution, the other by law, are the administrative connecting links between the country and the navy. Broadly considered, in their official relation to the administrative system,

the President and Secretary are parts of the machine, liable with the rest to feel the slackening of energy when it relaxes in the nation. The desired steadfastness of purpose is not to be found in any succession of tenures of office; for with the expiry of each there is a solution of continuity. Only corporate life endures, and there is none such in our present system.

The experience of the great Civil War bears abundant evidence to the capacity for work of the bureau system, composed as it is of a number of chiefs mutually independent in their respective spheres, and, therefore, individually and solely responsible for the work intrusted to them. Seldom, if ever, in the history of the world, has a naval organization had thrown upon it the sudden and immense expansion of work that the Navy Department had then to meet. In 1865 there were employed in active operations of war 7,600 officers and 50,000 seaman, more than fivefold the numbers prior to the war; and the fleet had increased from 69 vessels to 671, 208 of which had been built or begun while hostilities were going on.* No radical administrative change was made by Congress. The number of bureaus was increased from five to eight, with a corresponding subdivision of labor; but each of the eight was as independent in his own office as the five had been in theirs. This was the essence of the system; there was no let or hindrance to any one of them, by the interposition of a recognized authority,—man or board,—between him and the Secretary, or between him and his work. Urgent decision was not fettered by the requirement of consultation; responsibility could not be escaped under cover of colleagues, consenting or opposing. The bonds of power and of accountability lay upon each man, spurring him to the height of his abilities, freeing him from every trammel of interference, and encouraging him by the sense that credit as well as blame would be his alone.

Individual power and individual responsibility are the fundamental merits of the bureau system. Its defect is lack of coordination. Happily, this lucky country, which at its first cast got Farragut for the most critical command of the Civil War, as in 1898 it found Dewey at Manila and Sampson off Santiago, in 1861 unwittingly introduced into the naval administration a singularly fit man; an official who filled, without particular definition, the precise place which was needed then, and is equally needed now, in peace as in war, to impart unity of direction and effort to the eight distinct impulses under which naval expansion was advancing. The labors of the chief overseer, the Secretary, under the mandate of the times and the people, plainly demanded personal assistance; and it happened—the word is exact—that there was selected for Assistant Secretary a man whose particular fitness only his subsequent performance could have demonstrated. Mr. Fox had been a naval officer until he reached maturity, and afterwards became an active business man. He therefore brought to his position a close knowledge of naval conditions, which had not advanced materially beyond those of his own career, and at the same time an administrative experience which enabled him to utilize, without impeding, the separate energies of the Department's chief subordinates. There was thus introduced into the heart of the administration, in close contact with and influence upon the bureau system, the special aptitudes of the naval officer for the guidance of the war in its military phase, and for adapting to the particular conditions the broad lines of the huge expansion which the then establishment had to undergo. The activities of the establishment, of the Navy Department on its civil side, were thus harmonized with the requirements of the military situation.

It would require more than a magazine article to express in detail the multifold character of the work thus done for and by the establishment; the vessels of various kinds and construction designed and built; the vessels bought and altered for specific purposes; the corresponding developments of armament. All these were governed in conception by the necessity to meet conditions, varying from expeditions up Southern creeks and bayous, including therein the whole vast river system of the Mississippi Valley, to deep-sea cruises extending to the waters of Asia and the Mediterranean. There was involved the creation of armored fleets to contend, some with fortifications in shallow, tortuous inland streams, others

*These numbers are taken from Soley's "The Blockade and the Cruisers."

with works protecting seacoast harbors. There was to be instituted and maintained the most extensive and grinding blockade ever yet made effective, actually as well as technically. Underlying the whole, however, was the military conception, the exact appreciation of the military necessities. Under the guidance of this were laid down the general lines upon which the bureau administrations were to advance in their activities. This was the cutting out of the work, as distinct from its executive superintendence. From this comprehension of the decisive lines, this military sense, proceeded the unity of effort and effect wherein consists the excellence of a work of art, which warfare in its highest sense is. The specific character of any particular war creates of itself certain central features upon which attention must fasten; and to which effort must correspond, if success is to be attained. It was peculiarly fortunate that the Civil War found, placed at the centre of the civil administration of the navy, a person especially qualified, by nature and training, to concentrate in his own person professional comprehension, broadened to meet the case by close intercourse with leading officers; and with this to combine influence, real if not formal, upon the general direction to be taken by the eight several branches of the civil administration.

The very great success of the navy in the Civil War is universally admitted and needs no insistence; but, though frequently narrated historically, it is doubtful whether it is yet philosophically appreciated, or even understood. For present purposes it is sufficient to note the fact that there was then found within the Navy Department—not existing there before, but introduced fortuitously for the occasion—a means by which the enthusiastic determination of the nation could take shape in intelligent comprehension of the issues and strongly coordinated effort; while to the satisfactory maintenance of the activity thus directed the bureau system was found adequate. Adequate, that is, to meet a great emergency under the spur of a great impulse, communicated through an instrumentality which for the purposes of the war focussed the several separate energies. It is to be borne in mind, however, that there was the emergency with its pressure; that it had its clear, distinctive features, susceptible of recognition; and that there was present somewhat accidentally the human instrument to recognize them, and to realize in the work of the Department the means necessary to meet them. All these constituted pressure, steam, directive force. Granted this, the machine showed its efficiency.

Emergency is not always with us, though the need of an up-to-date navy is. The preparations of peace have their distinctive features, equally recognizable with those of war, but less clearly visible to intelligence unstartled by alarm at the doors. The bureau system carries no instrumentality to study and formulate them; to maintain constant attention upon, and understanding of, not this or that branch of naval progress, but upon the field as a whole; to co-ordinate the various elements of advance in their relative importance; and by such sustained apprehension, communicated to the nation, to maintain a pressure which shall constantly insure a navy abreast of the contemporary situation in quantity and quality. It is possible for any Secretary to create such an instrumentality, and the tendency of recent Secretaries has been in that direction; but it depends upon the will of any particular incumbent; its influence is what he chooses to attribute to his own creature; and he may at any moment discontinue it. It is no part of the bureau system, and its life is always precarious. Of inferior influence to a bureau, in that it has no legal existence, its position is less that of a subordinate than of a dependent.

The Civil War showed the merits of the bureau system under favorable forcing conditions. Peace speedily demonstrated its defects; rather, perhaps, the defects of a system constituted wholly of independent departments—the exact opposite of a cabinet government. Independent departments—bureaus—through lack of concert together, lose in influence upon their head more than they gain in individual freedom of action; and the loss is national. In 1865 the nation reacted violently from the extreme tension of war, and the effect was inevitably manifest throughout the military branches of the government, as constituted. The principal work of the Departments of War and Navy became the reduction of the huge establishments, and the disposition of the quantities of accumulated material now

no longer needed. Though the then administration had nearly four years to run, Mr. Fox retired shortly, leaving no successor in name or in fact. With him disappeared what had been virtually an institution, rather than an individual or an office. His nominal position of Assistant Secretary was not revived till over twenty years later.

Retrenchment—a word never to be uttered with disrespect—now became the order of the day; but it was not graduated by any systematic provision for studying the needs of the navy as a whole, watching contemporary progress, and defining to the country the evident necessities of naval policy. There was no sentinel stationed on the watch-tower to take note of danger; and volunteers, who were not wanting, rarely have the authority or perseverance to arouse national attention. The bureaus went on doing their several works, and, doubtless, very respectably. Excellent boards, constituted by the Department, from time to time made wise reports. Secretary succeeded Secretary in a complacency that the country seemed fully to share. The military branch, of course, was dissatisfied. It realized the peril, concrete before its eyes in foreign ships and its own decadent, obsolete relics of former days; but the military branch was not—and is not—represented in the scheme of naval administration. There is in the Navy Department, besides the Secretary, no daysman that lays his hand on civil and military both; upon the establishment and upon the navy in commission. In the Navy Department, as constituted by law, there are sea-officers at the head of bureaus; but by their office they are bureau-chiefs, charged with details of the establishment, not representatives of the military necessities. They have no obligation, and may have no inclination, to meddle with concerns of the broad naval policy which does, or should, determine and co-ordinate the general march of the system as a whole.

It would be rash to affirm that there was, for nearly two decades following the war, any formulated determination that could be called a naval policy. In result, doubtless, there was realized a course of action, which might be styled a policy; that of apathetic drift. The system itself provided no instrument for studying the data, or evolving the policy, except the Secretary himself; and the successive Secretaries, coming often new to their work, were as chanced by choice of successive Presidents. The several bureau chiefs were personally no more responsible than any other individual officer for the general regress. Each had his bureau; but, if he managed it as well as the Secretary's measures demanded, the rest was not his concern. There was nowhere in the Department any person, or any body, whose business it was to represent to the Secretary the perilous decline which was rapidly verging upon annihilation. There was nobody at fault for not speaking, nor anybody whose office required the intrusion of a scheme of resuscitation. The future depended upon the personality of a Secretary, not upon a provident system.

Equally with the details of the Civil War, it is inexpedient to enter upon the instances which illustrate the decadence of the ensuing period. To patch and repatch into temporary efficiency vessels, excellent for their day, but which, if still in their prime, would be worthless under the changed conditions; to build a few, a very few, new ships of substantially the same type as the old, and therefore no more fitted for modern warfare; to mount contentedly on their ancient carriages the old, and in their time most useful, guns which had fought the Civil War; to "convert" a few of them, from the large stock left on hand, into makeshift imitations of modern weapons—such was the general course of administration, awaiting the coming of a Secretary who should realize that the first necessity of policy was to sweep away a sham, and bring the country face to face with the fact that it had no navy. The bureaus worked on perfectly respectably, meeting the demands of that day accordingly as they had met the strenuous period of the Civil War, and as under a new impulse they were again to meet, and fulfil, the more complicated, if not more onerous, requirements of re-creating the establishment. As a machine, in short, the system was good; it adapted itself readily and efficiently to the work before it, be it more or less, and showed conclusively that it required only the impulse from without, and the necessary supply of grist, to work at high speed and high power, with correspondent results.

In time, though much overdue, the awaited man came, and with him a new

impulse. By the accident of a Secretary determined to face the conditions, the just discontent of the active navy found voice and expression in a new and positive policy. It is, however, clearly a great evil that, throughout a prolonged period of popular reaction and lethargy, a principal department of the Government should have contained within itself no principle of continuous efficiency, and have remained dependent upon the chances of a series of individuals, bound to no sequence of interest or of action, and very possibly, as in instances experience has shown, incapable of realizing a policy or imparting an impulse. Most branches of the Executive Government find themselves naturally represented in the continuous interests of civil life, which constitute for them an abiding impulse, directive as well as motive, to keep abreast of the time. The navy and army lack this; the navy conspicuously so. It is therefore not sufficient that each has a Secretary, as have the Departments of the Treasury, the Interior, and others. They need within their administrative constitution something which shall answer to the continuous interest of the people in civil details; something which, while wholly subordinate to every Secretary, shall embody a conservative and progressive service idea, and in so doing shall touch both the public, from whose sense of national needs impulse comes, and the administration, ashore and afloat, upon whose response to impulse efficiency depends. That a Secretary can do this has been abundantly shown; the dangerous possibility, also amply demonstrated, is that several in sequence may lack either will, or power, or professional understanding. Though the office lives, the Secretary dies every four years, and who shall guarantee the succession? The value of the office will not be diminished by such a something as here advocated, without executive authority, consultative only and advisory; responsible not for action taken —for it should have no power to act—but for opinion expressed; above all, continuous in its activity, which implies corporate life, maintaining sound tradition by its consecutiveness, yet preserved from stagnation by changes of membership, periodical but not simultaneous.

Executive authority, like executive responsibility, must be undivided, single. No qualification is admissible upon the powers of the Secretary, as the President's representative. The bureaus, mutually independent, are wholly dependent on him when he sees fit directly to interpose. Where they clash, as at times they do, he holds the balance, and his say is final. These conditions no instructed man of affairs would wish to modify. Yet it remains that in these various matters Secretaries have often to act upon personal judgment, with limited personal konwledge. Under such conditions one man may easily vacillate in a line of policy; how much more a series of men differing in personal traits and acquired information. The utility of a steadying factor, of a body of digested professional knowledge, continuously applied to the problems of naval advance, is evident. It is demonstrated also by the increasing disposition of Secretaries to assemble standing boards of officers for the consideration of professional problems, the conclusions of whom constitute for him expert advice, without any infringement upon his official action. Useful though these may be, they have, nevertheless, no place in the administrative system. Creatures of the Secretary's will, there is no assurance of their permanency; yet, the essence of their utility will consist in their embodying a policy, which they can only do by permanence. Such policy, like the action of a bureau chief, will ever be subject to the Secretary's alteration; his personal characteristics will modify it; but there can be no more doubt of the utility of such an embodied policy than there can be of a settled national tradition like that about entangling alliances, or European interference in this hemisphere.

It is in the lack of permanent tenure by the Secretary himself that is to be seen the most cogent argument for such a continuous institution, interior to the legalized system of administration. A steady incumbent, personally competent, would in time become like the president of a great railroad, or other business corporation; himself an embodied policy, the consistency of which on certain general lines is a recognized advantage. With unlimited time a Secretary should acquire that personal knowledge of details, and acquaintance with the characteristics of his subordinates, which are essential to the successful

administrator. No such incumbency is to be expected under our general system of executive government. To supply the defect inherent in temporary tenure and periodical change, there is required for the Navy Department a tradition of policy; analogous in fact to the principles of a political party, which are continuous in tradition, though progressive in modification. These run side by side with the policy of particular administrations; not affecting their constituted powers, but guiding general lines of action by an influence, the benefit of which, through the assurance of continuity, is universally admitted.

KITCHEN SKETCHES

By Elizabeth Hale Gilman

Illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith

MY KITCHEN

WITH eyes still shut with sleep I grope downstairs to fix my kitchen fire. At the east window the glory of the sky opens my eyes, and I wait thralled by the still slow merging of hue into hue until suddenly a yellow-gold arc springs above the horizon and sends a dazzling gleam into my eyes.

I gather my wrapper close, for the cold suddenly strikes through me, and turn to tend the fire. To slide the draughts open and draw the kettle front, to assure myself by a glance round the kitchen that all is ready for my return, is the work of a moment; but whether I do it in the gray winter dawn, or in the level, hazy sun-rays of a June morning, it always impresses me as if it were in some way a sacred rite; it is the beginning of my daily kitchen service.

When I come back to the kitchen after I am dressed, it is full of light and alertness. The level sun-rays flash on pans and covers, and the fire glowing red through open draught and little mica windows, has warmed the room and set the kettle jogging. Everything is ready to help me get the breakfast, and make an acceptable start on the day's service.

In the beginning my kitchen service was accidental and unwilling. One morning, after forty busy years, my mother stayed in bed. My sister, the Zealot, came to announce the fact, waking me out of my sleep and my irresponsibility at the same moment. She left me with a great air of haste and importance, saying, "Go stay with mother, I am going to get breakfast." I went to my mother, and forgot about the Zealot, but remembered afterward that it was a very long time before she reappeared. When she came she was flushed and out of breath, and presented my mother with a tray, dainty, but looking rather bare, I thought. Then we went down to breakfast together. We talked of mother, and of the weather, and of the morning news, but I grew maudlin after tasting the coffee. At last, the Zealot covered her face with her hands and wept.

"Why don't you say it's vile?" she moaned. "I couldn't find anything, and I didn't know what to do with what I did find. Poor mother will starve."

I tried to comfort her, but her grief was so great that at last I rose to a supreme height of sympathy. "Never mind," I said, "I'll get dinner."

I did get it, and it was a presentable meal, but I think I used every resource of my intellect in the process. My mother's cook-book only puzzled and discouraged me; but little things that I had seen and forgotten, bits of knowledge that I had picked up no one knows where, and suggestions from all sorts of books came to aid me. I cooked meat and vegetables according to Exodus and the "Iliad," and served salad and dessert by the detailed descriptions of General Lew Wallace and Mr. Marion Crawford. But

in spite of so many cooks it was not a bad dinner.

Before supper-time my best neighbor came over and helped me a little. She watched me as I went back and forth doing now with certainty the things that I had puzzled out at dinner-time. "It comes kind o' natural to ye, don't it?" she said. I did not tell her about the learned authorities on whom I depended, nor yet what a shock her words gave me. They sounded unpleasantly like destiny.

My mother stayed in bed many mornings, and when she rose at last, the old ready-for-anything strength was gone. Day by day the ways of the kitchen became easier to me; I who had always been absorbed in school, who had grown up believing myself literary, found myself suddenly confronted with rude monotonous work which had to be done, and for which I proved to have a fatal facility. The Zealot viewed my ability with deep admiration and wrote thrilling descriptions of my skill to the rest of the family. They answered with an immense amount of teasing and kindliness, but I knew they were putting heads together and saying, "It is just what she needs."

I submitted to my destiny with a morbid, hurt feeling. I had always disliked such work cordially; I had felt a superior contempt for the simple domestic woman, and now, each day was helping to make me into one. The first months of my kitchen service are not a period that I care to think about. It was a morbid, despondent time. I prefer to remember that I came out of it contentedly reading "Sesame and Lilies," which I had tried to read once before, but had clapped to the book at the end of "Queen's Gardens" with great disgust. I remember also that about this time I learned King Lemuel's praise of the Virtuous Woman, and used to quote it to the Zealot at seasonable and unseasonable moments. I began to give the Zealot lectures over the dish-pan upon my theories concerning kitchen art and woman's destiny; she replied either with hootings of amusement, or with the vehement, furious kind of argument which gave her her nick-name. None the less she delighted in the shifts we invented to make work pleasant and lovely. She entertained our friends with a description of the way she found me scouring pots with a small whisk-broom, and singing to myself,

Εἴθε λυρα καλὴ γενοίμην ἐλεφαντίνη.

But I caught her peeling potatoes in the gloves which I had devoted to that purpose, smiling ironically, to be sure, but acknowledging that the disagreeableness was taken out of the task. It was she who gave me the idea for my summer kitchen gowns, which keep me neat and save me some of the scorching torment of my fire. They are simple lawn dresses with half-sleeves and low necks and a ribbon round the waist. When my brother came home for his summer holiday he objected to having me breakfast in evening dress, but after he had tried the heat of my kitchen with his collar on, he made no further protest beyond sometimes a kiss in the back of my neck when my hands were deep in bread-sponge. In winter, however, he could not ask anything more prim than I appear in a high-necked, long-sleeved apron, buttoned down the back, and reaching to the bottom of my skirt. I can drop it off when I leave the kitchen and become in an instant a neatly dressed young person with only hot cheeks to betray that I have had any association with the beefsteak or the biscuits.

My efforts to make my kitchen lovely have been greatly helped by the kitchen itself. It has an east window through which, beyond my neighbor's house, I can see the sunrise and the swaying, sweeping branches of a big weeping willow. Through the west window I can see the smooth stretch of the lawn and another neighbor's house, likewise his barn, but between them is room enough for a little picture of the sunset. My back door looks across the fields and the creek to the woods beyond, a simple, little, flat view, but it changes in light and color with every hour of the day. When things go all wrong, when I have burned my hand, or the bread, when the thousand things that must be done all at once overwhelm me, a glance out the door will sometimes give me a new start. The first bitter days of my kitchen service were in the winter, when the door was shut, but I spent many moments with my forehead pressed against the cold glass of the east window, heart-

sick for the life of books and college and ambitions which I had expected. Many times when the tears would suddenly brim over and fall, I would see the familiar swaying outline of the willow against the sky, and it gave me my first comfort.

There is loveliness inside my kitchen, though, as well as out. My woman-eyes delight in neat shelves and shining pans, in my table bleached with scrubbing, and the stretch of shining oil-cloth on the floor. The Zealot laughs over the bowls of Wandering Jew that I have in the windows, and my mother sighs over my hands when she catches me in the midst of the Saturday scouring, but they are both proud of the kitchen. They invite people out to see it sometimes, and I can't help liking to have them, for I am a little proud of it too. It has made me so happy to try to make everything in it lovely, however common or hidden. I think a knife-drawer should be as ordered and dainty as the pretty things in the sea-deeps that no one ever sees; and that a dish-cloth deserves a hem and a black pot a polished cover as much as ill-smelling toadstools deserve to have white lace-work on their under sides.

This is the sort of thing I tell the Zealot in my dish-pan lectures. She listens, and laughs, and then some day when I am out ties a green sash round my fat kettle. She has grown to have a great interest in kitchen affairs, though, and in spite of her laughing she likes to idealize them as much as I do. Once in church, she came across the aisle in the middle of the Psalms to hand me her Prayer-Book with her finger on the verse: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove."

EMBER STORIES

A PALE yellow streak gleams in the west, but the dark is coming fast. The cold creeps in at the windows and under the kitchen-door; I have taken its warning and moved my vines from the window-ledge to the shelf over the stove. Through the house I have lighted the lamps and piled the fires as high as I dare, for some tired, cold people will soon be coming home to tea. In the kitchen, the fire casts a circle of warmth round the stove, but the milk has frozen in the closet, and I have to keep the water running to prevent the pipes from freezing.

The kettle is still silent in spite of the glowing fire. I am waiting for its "faint, soft undersong" before I can cool off the stove a little for the toast. A peep into the oven delights me with a charming sight and odor, for secreted there is the supper-dish which the family likes best, and it is turning a beautiful brown. I am so pleased with its color that I can't resist poking the stolid kettle, which sputters over on the stove in protest. Suddenly it begins to sing, then to rock a little on the uneven lids, and at last breaks out into a bubbling and gurgling like laughter. I throw open the front of the stove and begin the toast.

The fire-light fills the dusky room with shadows. The red coals glow and wink, and the little flames snatch at the crisping toast. I always imagine Cinderella in a dusky glow like this, when she still sat in rags and cinders. Probably there was a big pumpkin under her kitchen-table just as there is under mine. I hope my fairy-godmother won't trouble to make this one into a coach, though, for I want to make it into pies to-morrow. I like to think of the morning after the ball, when the ugly sisters and the step-mother were sleeping late, and Cinderella was getting breakfast, dancing back and forth between the cupboard and the fire and whispering remarks about the Prince to the kettle. I know she peeped into her pocket at the little glass slipper, when she should have looked into the oven.—Excellent thought! In a moment more my precious supper-dish might have been black as King Alfred's cakes. Dear King Alfred, patron saint of absent-minded cooks! But how times change; only a day or two ago I set a mighty man to watch my cookery, and instead of letting it burn while he thought of his mighty affairs, he spent the time thinking out a dozen ways of doing it better. I have spared him the service since as tactfully as if he had burned my biscuits to cinders.

The little flames have sunk into the steady glow of the coals; the red heaps and hollows are full of pictures. Women have cooked and dreamed in this ember-

glow since the world began. In the old days when the shewbread was baking, or sometimes the "cakes for the Queen of Heaven," Hebrew women must have pictured marches and deliverances, seas divided and cities with miraculously fallen walls; and always the universal woman-visions of lovers and espousals, of home-comings and toddling children. . . . Fierce battles and triumphs must have glowed in the fires of the Viking wives as they watched the roasting feasts and chanted songs of their lords' exploits. . . . Often I see in the embers, Martha with her anxious, reproachful face, and sometimes the young knight Gareth when he came to King Arthur's court to earn his place at the Round Table with a year of service as a scullion-lad. It is hardly likely that the King realized what a trial of devotion that year of trencher-scouring and spit-turning was. The Zealot says that she is sure Merlin, or the Lady of the Lake, or some other "supernatural convenience," saved him from actually turning the roasts, but I like to think of him doing his rough work as at the King's command, dodging the cook's blows gayly, and in leisure minutes playing ball with the other scullion-lads.

. . . . . .

Banging doors and the sound of laughter and footsteps wake me from my fire-lighted dreams. They all come pouring out into the kitchen, talking and exclaiming in their out-door voices. The Zealot thrusts a cold nose into my neck with, "O Babes, what a pile of toast!"

"Um! All buttered!" says my brother. "I can manage one of those platefuls without assistance."

"What's that in the oven?" says another voice, drowned by "Let's begin," from several, while another asks close to my ear, "What was the Virgin of the Kettles doing out here in the ember-glow?"

I can only answer them by giving the word to "carry in," and in a moment they are all off to the dining-room, each with a plate or a dish or a pitcher, while I get my treasure out of the oven and bear it in as the crown of the feast, for it is not burned in spite of my dreaming.

THE ZEALOT

My salt-box is brown with age, for it stood in its place on the corner of the kitchen table years before I was born. I have been thinking that I should like to have a motto on its old mellow-colored cover, "Laughter the salt of life," for it doesn't take a sage to make the epigram, "A kitchen without laughter is like a kitchen without salt."

The Zealot is the salt of my kitchen. I had not realized it until one morning when she had been away a long while and big, black Caroline "stopped in" to see me. I talked to her, as I went about my work, of the weather and her washings, and answered her questions about the family just as usual, but after awhile my subjects ran out and perhaps I was rather silent. Finally Caroline gathered up her shawl and her basket, and I stopped rolling crumbs to go through the lengthy process of leave-taking. She looked me over slowly. "You're jest spilin' for Miss Susy, ain't ye?" she said.

The idea of the Zealot saving me from "spilin'" amused me so that I ran down to the cellar for a pie to put in Carrie's big basket, with which she went off beaming and nodding and blessing me with her usual formula, "The Good Man'll take care of ye, honey!"

Undoubtedly, the Zealot saves my temper from "spilin'." When my nerves get strained with my accounts, or with the over-fastidiousness which is my bane, she comes to the rescue every time.

When she finds me out in the April wind, scaling a huge shad and feeling a little disgusted at the odor and the hurts which the sharp fins have inflicted on my hands, she insists on holding what she calls "his big wet tail," and after a moment's protest the nonsense overcomes me, and we go at it together, the big fish giving the most unexpected starts and slides. She is really in the way, and makes me longer over the work, but when we come finally to the last act of cutting off "his big wet tail," we are both hilarious, and our gayety lasts until the dinner dishes are washed and put away.

The Zealot's intensity often gets us into trouble. I have two double boilers; one



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.

a utensil of quality reserved for special and delicate uses, the other a victim of fallen fortunes with a hole in its bottom which has to be calked with a bit of rag. Once when this one was on the stove full of soup, the Zealot came down to help in the last offices of the dinner. She stirred the soup. Feeling the small rag at the bottom and thinking it an ingredient, she determined that it should not stick to the pot. It yielded. Then something began to happen, but so quietly and slowly that the Zealot did not notice it until half the soup had disappeared.

I was kneeling before the oven when I heard her awed whisper, "Babes."

I knew she had done something, and a single glance told me what. "Go take the soup-spoons off the table," I said with a look of great eloquence, and went on basting the meat. I think she would hardly have been to blame if she had tipped the rest of the soup over upon me, but instead, she went meekly to rearrange the table. I knew she would laugh in a minute, though, and, sure enough, when I rose scorched and half smothered from before the oven, there she was leaning against the wall in a silent paroxysm.

I opened my mouth in the shape of an anathema, but the wretch took that moment to break out with, "Why not serve it as a ragoût?"

The Zealot's enthusiasm, though rather provoking when it stirs holes in one's pots, is wonderfully inspiring, it helps one to do the impossible. One August when she and I were at home alone, I asked her as we were doing the breakfast dishes a few mornings before her birthday what we should do to celebrate it. She thought a minute, then said, with her air of absolute conviction:

"I want to give a dinner."

"A dinner!" I said, rather alarmed. "How large a dinner?"

"I want—" she counted on her fingers—"ten."

"Ten!" I said. "Who's to wait on them? Every darky in town is in the cannery, and they wouldn't know how if they were out."

"Therefore they needn't be considered. Get Carrie to come in and cook the plain things, and we will do the waiting as we usually do."

"We can't both be jumping up and running to the kitchen; you will look after the conversation and I will work the courses," I said, inadvertently speaking as if I intended to carry out her impossible plan.

"Please have pineapple ice and salted almonds, and serve the salad on the Wedgwood plates."

"There aren't but nine," I said in weak opposition to the rush of her enthusiasm.

"Give you or me another kind," she said as she started upstairs.

When she was gone I began to imagine what such a dinner would be like, but it was still in an air-castle when the Zealot came running down again, beginning to talk before she came in sight.

"These are the people I want, and, Babes, I want dinner-cards. I will make them pretty, and you must make a verse for each one."

She assailed my weakest side. Even as she spoke a charming couplet at the expense of our chief guest came into my head. I would rather have given two dinners than have allowed it to go to waste. I said it to her, and we decided to give the dinner.

It took us every moment of two days to get ready for it. We had no overpowering difficulties, though, until the afternoon of the second day. I was standing in the back porch turning the ice-cream freezer when a little woolly head bobbed up over the gate.

"Aunt Carrie says she can't come."

"What?" I said, not believing my own ears.

"Aunt Carrie's got an awful bad misery and says she can't come this evenin'."

I went on turning mechanically with all the spirit dashed out of me. Every turn reminded me of muscles already aching with weariness, and the thought of the things that must be done before seven that night paralyzed me. I had not noticed that the Zealot had come to the door in time to hear the pickaninny's second announcement.

She stepped out on the porch. "We'll have to tell them not to come, Babes."

"Indeed we won't," I said.

"But you'll be killed, let me turn awhile."



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.

"Oh, go on, Suky," I said, but I stopped to lean against her shoulder a minute.

She was the best help a person could be all the afternoon, silent and careful as she knows I like her to be when things are trying. We set the table together, and it was so lovely, shining in white and silver and glowing with nasturtiums that it rested me to look at it. We arranged the salad on our precious ancestral plates, and left them on a shelf in the cellar until the time for them should come. Then the Zealot brought down the dainty yellow candle-shades that she had made, and the dinner-cards with my verses, while I made a toilet which was completed with a big apron instead of a dress, and began to cook the dinner.

We were late, disgracefully late. When it was twenty minutes after seven the Zealot came out, looking charming in her low-necked black gown. I was thickening the gravy. "Let me stir that," she said, "while you get your dress on."

I tied my apron round her by the sleeves and left her holding the pan gingerly with a dish-towel and stirring the bubbling gravy with a long spoon. Her long black skirts curled round her feet, and her bare neck and arms and shining hair were amusingly incongruous in the dusky, disordered kitchen.

The dinner was a success. I couldn't talk much, but I wasn't needed. One or two of the guests looked a little surprised when I slipped out of my chair after the first course and proceeded to change the plates, but after the first time they were used to it, and were very clever and kind about looking after each other. It went through without a hitch from beginning to end, and I think I never was so proud in my life as when we left the dining-room, and I had time to realize that we had done it, and done it well.

We were a congenial little company, and the guests were pleased enough with themselves and us to stay late. They said good-night at last, though, and the Zealot and I went out to the kitchen. The table was three feet high with dishes. We changed our dresses, then washed and wiped and put away for an hour, talking it all over as we worked, telling each other the funny things we had noticed, and rejoicing over the success of it all. Toward the end, though, we grew silent, and at last, as I fixed the fire, I heard the Zealot going upstairs one step at a time, and knew from my own just how her feet ached. I managed to get upstairs, though I could not see the steps for weariness, and dropped into bed in some fashion with a last dim thought that perhaps the God-Father would take the dinner for a prayer that night.

CHRISTMAS DAY

It was very cold, and the stars were still shining when I crept down to stir the fire. Everything seemed a little unusual; I felt expectant. Something had happened last night which was like a dream now, yet I knew that I had just crept out from beside the Zealot and dressed without a sound, and that every other bed in the house had two people in it sleeping a comfortable Christmas morning sleep. Down here, also, was the table which they had all helped to set for breakfast before we went to bed. They had wanted the dishes they had used when they were children, and managed to collect a strange company of cups without handles, and oatmeal bowls of several shapes and colors. My tall brother groped round on the top shelf of the closet and finally brought out a white china butter-dish with a bite out of the edge which he declared he wouldn't eat breakfast without. It was the first thing I saw this morning when I turned on the light, standing beside his place with a toppling pile of odd butter-plates beside it. I dropped a holly sprig on his napkin, and went back to the kitchen where there were also strange things. So many people had helped clear up after supper that a dish-towel was hung up over the clock, and I found the stove-lifter in the drawer with the spoons. I collected the pots and bowls and materials for the breakfast, for the Zealot was to begin it while I was at church. On a long strip of paper pinned to the table I wrote a list of what she was to do and when. Part of it read like this: "Put on the blue pot at eight o'clock, it has the milk for the oysters in it. Keep it stirred with the big agate spoon, I shall be back to put in the oysters. Please



HOLDING THE PAN GINGERLY AND STIRRING THE BUBBLING GRAVY

Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.

grind the coffee. I was afraid the noise would wake the family." I laid everything she would need in a line on the table, from the potato-balls and the lard-can to the piles of bread cut for the toast covered with a dampened napkin; then I got the whole breakfast in my head, to be sure I had forgotten nothing. The fire was bright already and the water under the double boiler beginning to steam, but after I had my things on I came out once more to assure myself that everything was ready. The kitchen was warm, and bright with lamp-light, and full of a sense of preparation. As I opened the door to go out into the gray morning, I thought of the little church at the end of the long walk, warm and candle-lighted, and also full of preparation and expectancy. I covered my eyes with my hands, not daring to think the depths of it.

. . . . . .

When I came back the sitting-room was a jumble of wrapping-paper and colored ribbons and gay people. They exclaimed and fell upon me in a way good to hear and feel. It was all such a confusion, I only knew my mother's cheek was wet when I kissed her, and that my brother prodded me with a long bundle, saying, "Hurry up and see what's in this, I think it's a poker."

"You'll have to wait, Big Boy," I answered; "think of the breakfast." For I saw the Zealot disappearing through the dining-room door with a long spoon over her shoulder and a pot dangling at its end like an emigrant's bundle. She had done everything as well as anyone could, but the kitchen looked as if she had done it dancing.

The breakfast was not a pretty meal on account of the dishes, but I think it was the gayest one I ever ate. The clearing up was hilarious, there was another bite out of the ancient butter-dish before we had finished. I tried to settle down to getting the dinner in a staid, orderly way, but, like everything else, it went off at the pitch of excitement. I was too anxious for comfort until after the pudding was safely out of its cloth; it came out beautifully though, round and firm and black. I thrust the traditional holly-sprig into its heart with a satisfaction which nothing can express except the superior, contented smile with which a woman looks out from behind her Christmas plum-pudding. As a special privilege the Zealot bore it in blazing, and managed to get it on the table without singeing her hair. We sat so long over nuts and coffee that visitors came in before we had finished, and others before they had gone. I enjoyed them especially, for I knew that big Caroline was slowly reducing the pile of dishes and pans on the kitchen-table, droning a camp-meeting hymn as she worked.

The visitors went away when the dusk came down, and most of the family went out with them; it left the house very quiet. I sat in the dusk enjoying the fire and Caroline's singing. Finally that stopped, and she came to the door to say good-night and give me her accustomed blessing. I could hear the sound of my mother's pen in the next room, where she sat writing to the only one of us who had not been able to come home. By and by, His Eminence came in and sat watching the fire for half an hour without saying a word.

At last he said, "I have a thought clear back in my head that keeps me from talking."

"I don't mind if you don't talk," I answered. "But may I know the thought?"

"It is a Prayer-Thought for your kitchen," he said, "which the day has given me. We poor clay cups which the Master has moulded for His common service He has filled to the brim with His life."



AS A SPECIAL PRIVILEGE THE ZEALOT BORE IT IN BLAZING.

Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The old man's lip shook and he turned abruptly within.—Page 602.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

Legislative Library Ontario Dept.

XVI

AND yet, the next time Chad saw Margaret, she spoke to him shyly but cordially, and when he did not come near her, she stopped him on the street one day and reminded him of his promise to come and see them. And Chad knew the truth at once—that she had never asked her father about him, but had not wanted to know what she had been told she must not know, and had properly taken it for granted that her father would not ask Chad to his house, if there were a good reason why he should not come. But Chad did not go even to the Christmas party that Margaret gave in town, though the Major urged him. He spent Christmas with the Major, and he did go to a country party, and the Major was delighted with the boy's grace and agility, dancing the quadrille; and the lad occasioned no little amusement with his improvisations in the way of cutting pigeon's wings and shuffling, which he had learned in the mountains. So the Major made him accept a loan and buy a suit for social purposes after Christmas, and had him go to Madam Blake's dancing school, and promise to go to the next party to which he was asked. And that Chad did—to the big gray house on the corner, through whose widespread doors his longing eyes had watched Margaret and her friends flitting like butterflies months before.

It intoxicated the boy—the lights, music, flowers, the little girls in white—and Margaret. For the first time he met her friends, Nellie Hunt, sister to Richard; Elizabeth Morgan, cousin to John Morgan; and Miss Jennie Overstreet, who, young as she was, wrote poems—but Chad had eyes only for Margaret. It was while he was dancing a quadrille with her, that he noticed a tall, pale youth with black hair, glaring at him, and he recognized Georgie Forbes, a champion of Margaret, and the old enemy who had caused his first trouble in his new home. Chad laughed with fearless gladness, and Margaret tossed her head. It was Georgie now who blackened and spread the blot on Chad's good name, and it was Georgie to whom Chad—fast learning the ways of gentlemen—promptly sent a pompous challenge, that the difficulty might be settled "in any way the gentleman saw fit." Georgie insultingly declined to fight with one who was not his equal, and Chad boxed his jaws in the presence of a crowd, floored him with one blow, and contemptuously twisted his nose. Thereafter open comment ceased. Chad was making himself known. He was the swiftest runner on the football field; he had the quickest brain in mathematics; he was elected to the Periclean Society, and astonished his fellow-members with a fiery denunciation of the men who banished Napoleon to St. Helena—so fiery was it, indeed, that his opponents themselves began to wonder how that crime had ever come to pass. He would fight at the drop of a hat, and he always won; and by-and-by the boy began to take a fierce joy in battling his way upward against a block that would have crushed a weaker soul. It was only with Margaret that that soul was in awe. He began to love her with a pure reverence that he could never know at another age. Every Saturday night, when dusk fell, he was mounting the steps of her house. Every Sunday morning he was waiting to take her home from church. Every afternoon he looked for her, hoping to catch sight of her on the streets, and it was only when Dan and Harry got indignant, and after Margaret had made a passionate defence of Chad in the presence of the family, that the General and Mrs. Dean took the matter in hand. It was a childish thing, of course; a girlish whim. It was right that they should be kind to the boy—for Major Buford's sake, if not for his own; but they could not have

even the pretence of more than a friendly intimacy between the two, and so Margaret was told the truth. Immediately, when Chad next saw her, her honest eyes sadly told him that she knew the truth, and Chad gave up then. Thereafter he disappeared from sports and from his kind in every way, except in the classroom and in the debating hall. Sullenly he stuck to his books. From five o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, he was at them steadily, in his room, or at recitation—except for an hour's walk with the schoolmaster and the three half-hours that his meals kept him away. He grew so pale and thin that the Major and Caleb Hazel were greatly worried, but protest from both was useless. Before the end of the term he had mounted into college in every study, and was holding his own. At the end he knew his power—knew what he *could* do, and his face was set, for his future, dauntless. At once, when vacation came, he went to the Major's farm, but not to be idle. In a week or two he was taking some of the reins into his own hands as a valuable assistant to the Major. He knew a good horse, could guess the weight of a steer with surprising accuracy, and was a past master in knowledge of sheep. By instinct he was canny at a trade—what mountaineer is not?—and he astonished the Major with the shrewd deals he made. Authority seemed to come naturally to him, and the Major swore that he could get more work out of the "hands" than the overseer himself, who sullenly resented Chad's interference, but dared not open his lips. Not once did he go to the Deans, and neither Harry or Dan came near him. There was little intercourse between the Major and the General, as well; for, while the Major could not, under the circumstances, blame the General, inconsistently, he could not quite forgive him, and the line of polite coolness between the neighbors was never overstepped. At the end of July, Chad went to the mountains to see the Turners and Jack and Melissa. He wore his roughest clothes, put on no airs, and, to all eyes, save Melissa's, he was the same old Chad. But feminine subtlety knows no social or geographical lines, and while Melissa knew what had happened as well as Chad, she never let him see that she knew. Apparently she was giving open encouragement to Dave Hilton, a tawny youth from down the river, who was hanging, dog-like, about the house, and foolish Chad began to let himself dream of Margaret with a light heart. On the third day before he was to go back to the Bluegrass, a boy came from over Black Mountain with a message from old Nathan Cherry. Old Nathan had joined the church, had fallen ill, and, fearing he was going to die, wanted to see Chad. Chad went over with curious premonitions that were not in vain, and he came back with a strange story that he told only to old Joel, under promise that he should never make it known to Melissa. And then he started for the Bluegrass, but over Black Mountain and down to Cumberland Gap. He would come back every year of his life, he told Melissa and the Turners, but Chad knew he was bidding a last farewell to the life he had known in the mountains. At Melissa's wish and old Joel's, he left Jack behind, though he sorely wanted to take the dog with him. It was little enough for him to do in return for their kindness, and he could see that Melissa's affection for Jack was even greater than his own: and how incomparably lonelier than his life was the life that she must lead! This time Melissa did not rush to the yard gate when he was gone. She sank slowly where she stood to the steps of the porch, and there she sat stone-still. Old Joel passed her on the way to the barn. Several times the old mother walked to the door behind her, and each time starting to speak, stopped and turned back, but the girl neither saw nor heard them. Jack trotted by, whimpering. He sat down in front of her, looking up at her unseeing eyes, and it was only when he crept to her and put his head in her lap, that she put her arms around him and bent her own head down; but no tears came.

XVII

AND so, returned to the Bluegrass, the midsummer of that year, Chadwick Buford, gentleman. A youth of eighteen, with the self-poise of a man, and a pair of level, clear eyes, that looked the world in the face as proudly as ever, but with no defiance and no secret sense of shame. It was a curious story that Chad brought back and told to

the Major, on the porch under the honeysuckle vines, but it seemed to surprise the Major very little: how old Nathan had sent for him to come to his death-bed and had told Chad that he was no foundling; that one of his farms belonged to the boy; that he had lied to the Major about Chad's mother, who was a lawful wife, in order to keep the land for himself; how old Nathan had offered to give back the farm, or pay him the price of it in stock, and how, at old Joel's advice, he had taken the stock and turned the stock into money. How, after he had found his mother's grave, his first act had been to take up the rough begum coffin that held her remains, and carry it down the river, and bury her where she had the right to lie, side by side with her grandfather and his—the old gentleman who slept in wig and peruke on the hillside—that her good name and memory should never again suffer insult from any living tongue. It was then that Major took Chad by the shoulders roughly, and, with tears in his eyes, swore that he would have no more nonsense from the boy; that Chad was flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone; that he would adopt him and make him live where he belonged, and break his damned pride. And it was then that Chad told him how gladly he would come, now that he could bring him an untarnished name. And the two walked together down to the old family graveyard, and the Major said that the two in the mountains should be brought there some day where the two brothers who had parted nearly fourscore years ago could, side by side, await Judgment Day.

When they went back into the house the Major went to the sideboard.

"Have a drink, Chad?"

Chad laughed: "Do you think it will stunt my growth?"

"Stand up here, and let's see," said the Major.

The two stood up, back to back, in front of a long mirror, and Chad's shaggy hair rose at least an inch above the Major's thin locks of gray. The Major turned and looked at him from head to foot with affectionate pride.

"Six feet in your socks, to the inch, without that hair. I reckon it won't stunt you—not now."

"All right," laughed Chad, "then I'll take that drink." And together they drank.

Thus, Chadwick Buford, gentleman, after the lapse of three-quarters of a century, came back to his own: and what that own, at that day and in that land, was!

It was the rose of Virginia, springing, in full bloom, from new and richer soil—a rose of a deeper scarlet and a stronger stem: and the big village where the old University reared its noble front was the very heart of that rose. There were the proudest families, the stateliest homes, the broadest culture, the most gracious hospitality, the gentlest courtesies, the finest chivalry, that the State has ever known. There lived the political idols; there, under the low sky, rose the memorial shaft to Clay. There had lived beaux and belles, memories of whom hang still about the town, people it with mistral shapes, and give an individual or a family here and there a subtle distinction to-day. There the grasp of Calvinism was most lax. There were the dance, the ready sideboard, the card table, the love of the horse and the dog, and but little passion for the gamecock. There were as manly virtues, as manly vices, as the world has ever known. And there love was as far from lust as heaven from hell.

It was on the threshold of this life that Chad stood. Kentucky had given birth to the man who was to uphold the Union—birth to the man who would seek to shatter it. Fate had given Chad the early life of one, and like blood with the other; and, curiously enough, in his own short life, he already epitomized the social development of the nation, from its birth in a log cabin to its swift maturity behind the columns of a Greek portico. Against the countless generations of gentlepeople that ran behind him to sunny England, how little could the short sleep of three in the hills count! It may take three generations to make a gentleman, but one is enough, if the blood be there, the heart be right, and brain and hand come early under discipline.

It was to General Dean that the Major told Chad's story first. The two old friends silently grasped hands, and the cloud between them passed like mist.

"Bring him over to dinner on Saturday, Cal—you and Miss Lucy, won't you? Some people are coming out from town."

In making amends, there was no half-way with General Dean.

"I will," said the Major, "gladly."

The cool of the coming autumn was already in the air that Saturday when Miss Lucy and the Major and Chad, in the old carriage, with old Tom as driver, and the pickaninny behind, started for General Dean's. The Major was beautiful to behold, in his flowered waistcoat, his ruffled shirt, white trousers strapped beneath his highly polished, high-heeled boots, high hat and frock coat, with only the lowest button fastened, in order to give a glimpse of that wonderful waistcoat, just as that, too, was unbuttoned at the top that the ruffles might peep out upon the world. Chad's raiment, too, was as Solomon's—for him. He had protested, but in vain; and he, too, wore white trousers with straps, high-heeled boots, and a wine-colored waistcoat and slouch hat, and a brave, though very conscious, figure he made, with his tall body, well-poised head, strong shoulders and thick hair. It was a rare thing for Miss Lucy to do, but the old gentlewoman could not resist the Major, and she, too, rode in state with them, smiling indulgently at the Major's quips, and now, kindly, on Chad. A drowsy peace lay over the magnificent woodlands, unravaged then except for firewood; the seared pastures, just beginning to show green again for the second spring; the flashing creek, the seas of still hemp and yellow corn. And Chad saw a wistful shadow cross Miss Lucy's pale face, and a darker one anxiously sweep over the Major's jesting lips. Guests were arriving, when they entered the yard gate, and guests were coming behind them. General and Mrs. Dean were receiving them on the porch, and Harry and Dan were helping the ladies out of their carriages, while, leaning against one of the columns, in pure white, was the graceful figure of Margaret. That there could ever have been any other feeling in any member of the family other than simple, gracious kindliness towards him, Chad could neither see nor feel. At once every trace of embarrassment in him was gone, and he could but wonder at the swift justice done him in a way that was so simple and effective. Even with Margaret there was no trace of consciousness. The past was wiped clean of all save courtesy and kindness. There were the Hunts—Nellie, and the Lieutenant of the Lexington Rifles, Richard Hunt, a dauntless looking dare-devil, with the ready tongue of a coffee-house wit and the grace of a cavalier. There was Elizabeth Morgan, to whom Harry's grave eyes were always wandering, and Miss Jennie Overstreet, who was romantic and openly now wrote poems for the *Observer*, and who looked at Chad with no attempt to conceal her admiration of his appearance and her wonder as to who he was. And there were the neighbors roundabout—the Talbotts, Quisenberrys, Clays, Prestons, Morgans—surely no less than forty strong, and all for dinner. It was no little trial for Chad in that crowd of fine ladies, judges, soldiers, lawyers, statesmen—but he stood it well. While his self-consciousness made him awkward, he had pronounced dignity of bearing; his diffidence emphasized his modesty, and he had the good sense to stand and keep still. Soon they were at table—and what a table and what a dinner that was! The dining-room was the biggest and sunniest room in the house; its walls covered with hunting prints, pictures of game and stag heads. The table ran the length of it. The snowy tablecloth hung almost to the floor. At the head sat Mrs. Dean, with a great tureen of calf's head soup in front of her. Before the General was the saddle of venison that was to follow, drenched in a bottle of ancient Madeira, and flanked by flakes of red-currant jelly. Before the Major rested broiled wild ducks, on which he could show his carving skill—on game as well as men. A great turkey supplanted the venison, and last to come, and before Richard Hunt, Lieutenant of the Rifles, was a Kentucky ham. That ham! Mellow, aged, boiled in champagne, baked brown, spiced deeply, rosy pink within, and of a flavor and fragrance to shatter the fast of a Pope; and without, a brown-edged white layer, so firm that the lieutenant's deft carving knife, passing through, gave no hint to the eye that it was delicious fat. There had been merry jest and laughter and banter and gallant compliment before, but it was Richard Hunt's turn now, and story after story he told, as the rose-flakes dropped under his knife in such thin slices that their edges coiled. It was full half an hour before the carver and story-teller were done. After that ham the tablecloth was lifted, and the

dessert spread on another lying ready beneath; then that, too, was raised, and the nuts and wines were placed on a third—red damask this time.

Then came the toasts: to the gracious hostess from Major Buford; to Miss Lucy from General Dean; from valiant Richard Hunt to blushing Margaret, and then the ladies were gone, and the talk was politics—the election of Lincoln, slavery, disunion.

"If Lincoln is elected, no power but God's can avert war," said Richard Hunt, gravely.

Dan's eyes flashed. "Will you take me?"

The lieutenant lifted his glass. "Gladly, my boy."

"Kentucky's convictions are with the Union; her kinship and sympathies with the South," said a deep-voiced lawyer. "She must remain neutral."

"Straddling the fence," said the Major, sarcastically.

"No; to act the peacemaker when the tragedy is over."

"Well, I can see Kentuckians keeping out of a fight," laughed the General, and he looked around. Three out of five of the men present had been in the Mexican war. The General had been wounded at Cerro Gordo, and the Major had brought his dead home in leaden coffins.

"The fanatics of Boston, the hot-heads of South Carolina—they are making the mischief."

"And New England began with slavery," said the lawyer again.

"And naturally, with that conscience that is a national calamity, was the first to give it up," said Richard Hunt, "when the market price of slaves fell to sixpence a pound in the open Boston markets." There was an incredulous murmur.

"Oh, yes," said Hunt, easily, "I can show you advertisements in Boston papers of slaves for sale at sixpence a pound."

Perhaps it never occurred to a soul present that the word "slave" was never heard in that region except in some such way. With Southerners, the negroes were "our servants" or "our people"—never slaves. Two lads at that table were growing white—Chad and Harry—and Chad's lips opened first.

"I don't think slavery has much to do with the question, really," he said, "not even with Mr. Lincoln." The silent surprise that followed the boy's embarrassed statement ended in a gasp of astonishment when Harry leaned across the table and said, hotly:

"Slavery has *everything* to do with the question."

The Major looked bewildered; the General frowned, and the keen-eyed lawyer spoke again:

"The struggle was written in the Constitution. The framers evaded it. Logic leads one way as well as another and no man can logically blame another for the way he goes."

"No more politics now, Gentlemen," said the General quickly. "We will join the ladies. Harry," he added, with some sternness, "lead the way!"

As the three boys rose, Chad lifted his glass. His face was pale and his lips trembled.

"May I propose a toast, General Dean?"

"Why, certainly," said the General, kindly.

"I want to drink to one man but for whom I might be in a log-cabin now, and might have died there for all I know—my friend and, thank God! my kinsman—Major Buford."

It was irregular and not in good taste, but the boy had waited till the ladies were gone, and it touched the Major that he should want to make such a public acknowledgment that there should be no false colors in the flag he meant henceforth to bear.

The startled guests drank blindly to the confused Major, though they knew not why, but as the lads disappeared the lawyer asked:

"Who is that boy, Major?"

Outside, the same question had been asked among the ladies and the same story told. The three girls remembered him vaguely, they said, and when Chad reappeared, in the eyes of the poetess at least, the halo of romance floated above his head.

She was waiting for Chad when he came out on the porch, and she shook her curls and flashed her eyes in a way that almost alarmed him. Old Mammy dropped him a curtsey, for she had had her orders, and, behind her, Snowball, now a tall, fine-looking coal-black youth, grinned a welcome. The three girls were walking under the trees, with their arms mysteriously twined

about one another's waists, and the poetess walked down toward them with the three lads, Richard Hunt following. Chad could not know how it happened, but, a moment later, Dan was walking away with Nellie Hunt one way; Harry with Elizabeth Morgan the other; the Lieutenant had Margaret alone, and Miss Overstreet was leading him away, raving meanwhile about the beauty of field and sky. As they went toward the gate he could not help flashing one look toward the pair under the fir tree. An amused smile was playing under the Lieutenant's beautiful mustache, his eyes were dancing with mischief, and Margaret was blushing with anything else than displeasure.

"Oho!" he said, as Chad and his companion passed on. "Sits the wind in that corner? Bless me, if looks could kill, I'd have a happy death here at your feet, Mistress Margaret. *See* the young man! It's the second time he has almost slain me."

Chad could scarcely hear Miss Jennie's happy chatter, scarcely saw the shaking curls, the eyes all but in a frenzy of rolling. His eyes were in the back of his head, and his backward-listening ears heard only Margaret's laugh behind him.

"Oh, I do love the autumn"—it was at the foot of those steps, thought Chad, that he first saw Margaret springing to the back of her pony and dashing off under the fir trees—"and it's coming. There's one scarlet leaf already"—Chad could see the rock fence where he had sat that spring day—"it's curious and mournful that you can see in any season a sign of the next to come." And there was the creek where he found Dan fishing, and there the road led to the ford where Margaret had spurned his offer of a slimy fish—ugh! "I do love the autumn. It makes me feel like the young woman who told Emerson that she had such mammoth thoughts she couldn't give them utterance—why, wake up, Mr. Buford, wake up!" Chad came to with a start.

"Do you know you aren't very polite, Mr. Buford?" Mr. Buford! That did sound funny.

"But I know what the matter is," she went on. "I saw you look"—she nodded her head backward. "Can you keep a secret?" Chad nodded; he had not yet opened his lips.

"That's going to be a match back there. He's only a few years older. The French say that a woman should be half a man's age plus seven years. That would make her only a few years too young, and she can wait." Chad was scarlet under the girl's mischievous torture, but a cry from the house saved him. Dan was calling them back.

"Mr. Hunt has to go back early to drill the Rifles. Can you keep another secret?" Again Chad nodded gravely. "Well, he is going to drive *me* back. I'll tell him what a dangerous rival he has." Chad was dumb; there was much yet for him to learn before he could parry with a tongue like hers.

"He's very good-looking," said Miss Jennie, when she joined the girls, "but oh, so stupid."

Margaret turned quickly and unsuspiciously. "Stupid! Why, he's the first man in his class."

"Oh," said Miss Jennie, with a demure smile, "perhaps *I* couldn't draw him out," and Margaret flushed to have caught the deftly tossed bait so readily.

A moment later the Lieutenant was gathering up the reins, with Miss Jennie by his side. He gave a bow to Margaret, and Miss Jennie nodded to Chad.

"Come see me when you come to town, Mr. Buford," she called, as though to an old friend, and still Chad was dumb, though he lifted his hat gravely.

At no time was Chad alone with Margaret, and he was not sorry—her manner so puzzled him. The three lads and three girls walked together through Mrs. Dean's garden with its grass walks and flower beds and vegetable patches surrounded with rose bushes. At the lower edge they could see the barn with sheep in the yard around it, and there were the very stiles where Harry and Margaret had sat in state when Dan and Chad were charging in the tournament. The thing might never have happened for any sign from Harry or Dan or Margaret, and Chad began to wonder if his past or his present were a dream.

How fine this courtesy was Chad could not realize. Neither could he know that the favor Margaret had shown him when he was little more than outcast he must now, as an equal, win for himself. Miss Jennie had called him "Mr. Buford." He

wondered what Margaret would call him when he came to say good-by. She called him nothing. She only smiled at him.

"You must come to see us soon again," she said, graciously, and so said all the Deans.

The Major was quiet going home, and Miss Lucy drowsed. All evening the Major was quiet.

"If a fight does come," he said, when they were going to bed, "I reckon I'm not too old to take a hand."

"And I reckon I'm not too young," said Chad.

XVIII

ONE night, in the following April, there was a great dance in Lexington. Next day the news of Sumter came. Chad pleaded to be let off from the dance, but the Major would not hear of it. It was a fancy-dress ball, and the Major had a pet purpose of his own that he wanted gratified, and Chad had promised to aid him. That fancy was that Chad should go in regimentals, as the stern, old soldier on the wall, of whom the Major swore the boy was the spit and image. The Major himself helped Chad dress in wig, peruke, stock, breeches, boots, spurs, cocked hat, sword, and all. And then he led the boy down into the parlor, where Miss Lucy was waiting for them, and stood him up to one side of the portrait. To please the old fellow, Chad laughingly struck the attitude of the pictured soldier, and the Major cried:

"What'd I tell you, Lucy!" Then he advanced and made a low bow.

"General Buford," he said, "General Washington's compliments, and will General Buford plant the flag on that hill where the left wing of the British is entrenched."

"Hush, Cal," said Miss Lucy, laughing.

"General Buford's compliments to General Washington. General Buford will plant that flag on *any* hill that *any* enemy holds against it."

The lad's face paled as the words, by some curious impulse, sprang to his lips, but the unsuspecting Major saw no lurking significance in his manner, nor in what he said, and then there was a rumble of carriage wheels at the door.

The winter had sped swiftly. Chad had done his work in college only fairly well, for Margaret had been a disturbing factor. The girl was an impenetrable mystery to him, for the past between them was not only wiped clean—it seemed quite gone. Once only had he dared to open his lips about the old days, and the girl's flushed silence made a like mistake forever impossible. He came and went at the Dean's as he pleased. Always they were kind, courteous, hospitable—no more, no less, unvaryingly. During the Christmas holidays he and Margaret had had a foolish quarrel, and it was then that Chad took his little fling at his little world—a fling that was foolish, but harmful, chiefly in that it took his time and his mind and his energy from his work. He not only neglected his studies, but he fell in with the wild young bucks of the town, learned to play cards, took more wine than was good for him sometimes, was on the edge of several duels, and night after night raced home in his buggy against the coming dawn. Though Miss Lucy looked worried, the indulgent old Major made no protest. Indeed he was rather pleased. Chad was sowing his wild oats—it was in the blood, and the mood would pass. It did pass, naturally enough, on the very day that the breach between him and Margaret was partly healed; and the heart of Caleb Hazel, whom Chad, for months, had not dared to face, was made glad when the boy came back to him remorseful and repentant—the old Chad once more.

They were late in getting to the dance. Every window in the old Hunt home was brilliant with light. Chinese lanterns swung in the big yard. The scent of early spring flowers smote the fresh night air. Music and the murmur of nimble feet and happy laughter swept out the wide-open doors past which white figures flitted swiftly. Scarcely anybody knew Chad in his regimentals, and the Major, with the delight of a boy, led him around, gravely presenting him as General Buford here and there. Indeed, the lad made a noble figure with his superb height and bearing, and he wore sword and spurs as though born to them. Margaret was dancing with Richard Hunt when she saw his eyes searching for her through the room, and she gave him a radiant smile that almost stunned him.

She had been haughty and distant when he went to her to plead forgiveness: she had been too hard, and Margaret, too, was repentant.

"Why, who's that?" asked Richard Hunt. "Oh, yes," he added, getting his answer from Margaret's face. "Bless me, but he's fine—the very spirit of '76. I must have him in the Rifles."

"Will you make him a lieutenant?" asked Margaret.

"Why, yes, I will," said Mr. Hunt, decisively. "I'll resign myself in his favor, if it pleases you."

"Oh, no, no—no one could fill your place."

"Well, he can, I fear—and here he comes to do it. I'll have to retreat some time, and I suppose I'd as well begin now." And the gallant gentleman bowed to Chad.

"Will you pardon me, Miss Margaret? My mother is calling me."

"You must have keen ears," said Margaret; "your mother is upstairs."

"Yes; but she wants me. Everybody wants me, but——" he bowed again with an imperturbable smile and went his way.

Margaret looked demurely into Chad's eager eyes.

"And how is the spirit of '76?"

"The spirit of '76 is unchanged."

"Oh, yes, he is; I scarcely knew him."

"But he's unchanged; he never will change."

Margaret dropped her eyes and Chad looked around.

"I wish we could get out of here."

"We can," said Margaret, demurely.

"We will!" said Chad, and he made for a door, outside which lanterns were swinging in the wind. Margaret caught up some flimsy garment and wound it about her pretty round throat—they call it a "fascinator" in the South.

Chad looked down at her.

"I wish you could see yourself; I wish I could tell you how you look."

"I have," said Margaret, "every time I passed a mirror. And other people have told me. Mr. Hunt did. He didn't seem to have much trouble."

"I wish I had his tongue."

"If you had, and nothing else, you wouldn't have me"—Chad started as the little witch paused a second, drawling—"leaving my friends and this jolly dance to go out into a freezing yard and talk to an aged Colonial who doesn't appreciate his modern blessings. The next thing you'll be wanting, I suppose—will be——"

"You, Margaret; you—*you!*"

It had come at last and Margaret hardly knew the choked voice that interrupted her. She had turned her back to him to sit down. She paused a moment, standing. Her eyes closed; a slight tremor ran through her, and she sank with her face in her hands. Chad stood silent, trembling. Voices murmured about them, but like the music in the house, they seemed strangely far away. The stirring of the wind made the sudden damp on his forehead icy-cold. Margaret's hands slowly left her face, which had changed as by a miracle. Every trace of coquetry was gone. It was the face of a woman who knew her own heart, and had the sweet frankness to speak it, that was lifted now to Chad.

"I'm so glad you are what you are, Chad: but had you been otherwise—that would have made no difference to me. You believe that, don't you, Chad? They might not have let me marry you, but I should have cared, just the same. They may not now, but that, too, will make no difference." She turned her eyes from his for an instant, as though she were looking far backward. "Ever since that day," she said, slowly, "when I heard you say, 'Tell the little gurl I didn't mean nothin' callin' her a little gal' "—there was a low, delicious gurgle in the throat as she tried to imitate his odd speech, and then her eyes suddenly filled with tears, but she brushed them away, smiling brightly. "Ever since then, Chad——" she stopped—a shadow fell across the door of the little summer house.

"Here I am, Mr. Hunt," she said, brightly; "is this your dance?" She rose and was gone. "Thank you, Mr. Buford," she called back, sweetly.

For a moment Chad stood where he was, quite dazed—so quickly, so unexpectedly had the crisis come. The blood had rushed to his face and flooded him with triumphant happiness. A terrible doubt chilled him as quickly. Had he heard aright—could he have misunderstood her? Had the dream of years really come true? What was it she had said? He stumbled around in the half darkness, wondering. Was this another phase of her unceasing coquetry? How

quickly her tone had changed when Richard Hunt's shadow came. At that moment, he neither could nor would have changed a hair had some genie dropped them both in the midst of the crowded ballroom. He turned swiftly towards the dancers. He must see, know—now!

The dance was a quadrille and the figure was "Grand right and left." Margaret had met Richard Hunt opposite, half-way, and was curtseying to him with a radiant smile. Again Chad's doubts beat him fiercely; and then Margaret turned her head, as though she knew he must be standing there. Her face grew so suddenly serious and her eyes softened with such swift tenderness when they met his that a wave of guilty shame swept through him. And when she came around to him and passed she leaned from the circle towards him, merry and mock-reproachful:

"You mustn't look at me like that," she whispered, and Hunt, close at hand, saw, guessed and smiled. Chad turned quickly away again.

That happy dawn—going home! The Major drowsed and fell asleep. The first coming light, the first cool breath that was stealing over the awakening fields, the first spring leaves with their weight of dew, were not more fresh and pure than the love that was in the boy's heart. He held his right hand in his left, as though he were imprisoning there the memory of the last little clasp that she had given it. He looked at the Major, and he wondered how anybody on earth, at that hour, could be asleep. He thought of the wasted hours of the past few months; the silly, foolish life he had led, and thanked God that, in the memory of them, there was not one sting of shame. How he would work for her now! Little guessing how proud she was, he swore to himself how proud she should be of him some day. He wondered where she was, and what she was doing. She could not be asleep, and he must have cried aloud could he have known—could he have heard her on her knees at her bedside, whispering his name for the first time in her prayers; could he have seen her, a little later, at her open window, looking across the fields, as though her eyes must reach him through the morning dusk.

That happy dawn—for both, that happy dawn!

It was well that neither, at that hour, could see beyond the rim of his own little world. In a far Southern city another ball, that night, had been going on. Down there the air was charged with the prescience of dark trouble, but, while the music moaned to many a heart like a god in pain, there was no brooding—only a deeper flush to the cheek, a brighter sparkle to the eye, a keener wit to the tongue; to the dance, a merrier swing. And at that very hour of dawn, ladies, slippered, bare of head, and in evening gowns, were fluttering like white moths along the streets of old Charleston, and down to the Battery, where Fort Sumter lay, gray and quiet in the morning mist—to await with jest and laughter the hissing shriek of one shell that lighted the fires of a four years' hell in a happy land of God-fearing peace and God-given plenty, and the hissing shriek of another that Anderson, Kentuckian, hurled back, in heroic defence of the flag struck for the first time by other than an alien hand.

XIX

SO, on a gentle April day, the great news came—came like a sword that, with one stroke, slashed the State in twain, shearing through the strongest bonds that link one man to another, whether of blood, business, politics or religion, as though they were no more than threads of wool. Nowhere in the Union was the National drama so played to the bitter end in the confines of a single State. As the nation was rent apart, so was the commonwealth; as the State, so was the county; as the county, the neighborhood; as the neighborhood, the family; and as the family, so brother and brother, father and son. In the nation the kinship was racial only. Brother knew not the face of brother. There was distance between them, antagonism, prejudice, a smoldering dislike easily fanned to flaming hatred. In Kentucky the brothers had been born in the same bed, slept in the same cradle, played under the same roof, sat side by side in the same schoolroom, and stood now on the threshold of manhood arm and arm, with mutual interests, mutual love, mutual pride in family that made clan feeling pecul-

iarly intense. For slavery fanaticism, or honest unionism, one needed not to go to the far North; as, for imperious, hot-headed, non-interference, or pure State sovereignty, one needed not to go to the far South. They were all there in the State, the county, the family—under the same roof. On the border alone did feeling approach uniformity—the border of Kentucky hills. There unionism was free from prejudice as nowhere else on the continent save elsewhere throughout the Southern mountains. Those Southern Yankees knew nothing about the valley aristocrat, nothing about his slaves, and cared as little for one as for the other. Since '76 they had known but one flag, and one flag only, and to that flag instinctively they rallied. But that the State should be swept from border to border with horror, there was division even here: for, in Kentucky mountains, there was, here and there, a patriarch who owned slaves, and he and his sons fought for them as he and his sons would have fought for their horses, or their cattle, or their sheep.

It was the prescient horror of such a condition that had no little part in the neutral stand that Kentucky strove to maintain. She refused troops to Lincoln; she refused them to Davis. Both pledged her immunity from invasion, and, to enforce that pledge, she raised Home Guards and State Guards for internal protection and peace. And there—as a State—she stood: but the tragedy went on in the Kentucky home—a tragedy of peculiar intensity and pathos in one Kentucky home—the Deans'.

Harry had grown up tall, pale, studious, brooding. He had always been the pet of his Uncle Brutus—the old Lion of White Hall. Visiting the Hall, he had drunk in the poison, or consecration, as was the point of view, of abolitionism. At the first sign he was never allowed to go again. But the poison had gone deep. Whenever he could he went to hear old Brutus speak. Eagerly he heard stories of the fearless old abolitionist's hand-to-hand fights with men who sought to skewer his fiery tongue. Deeply he brooded on every word that his retentive ear had caught from the old man's lips, and on the wrongs he endured in behalf of his cause and for freedom of speech.

One other hero did he place above him—the great commoner after whom he had been christened, Henry Clay Dean. He knew how his life had been devoted to averting the coming war, and how his last days had been darkly shadowed by the belief that, when he was gone, the war must come. At times he could hear that clarion voice as it rang through the Senate with the bold challenge to his own people that paramount was his duty to the nation—subordinate his duty to his State. Who can tell what the nation owed, in Kentucky, at least, to the passionate allegiance that was broadcast through the State to Henry Clay? It was not in the boy's blood to be driven an inch, and no one tried to drive him. In his own home he was a spectre of gnawing anguish to his mother and Margaret, of unspeakable bitterness and disappointment to his father, and an impenetrable sphinx to Dan. For in Dan there was no shaking doubt. He was the spirit, incarnate, of the young, unquestioning, unthinking, generous, reckless, hot-headed, passionate South.

And Chad? The news reached Major Buford's farm at noon, and Chad went to the woods and came in at dusk, haggard and spent. Miserably now he held his tongue and tortured his brain. He withdrew from his fellows. The social life of the town, gayer than ever now, knew him no more. He kept away even from Margaret, for he knew that the truth must soon come, and he knew what would be the bitter cost of that truth. He kept up his college work, but when he was not at his books he walked the fields, and many a moonlit midnight found him striding along a white turnpike, or sitting motionless on top of a fence along the border of some woodland, his chin in both hands, fighting his fight out in the cool stillness alone. He himself little knew the unmeant significance there was in the old Continental uniform he had worn to the dance. Even his old rifle, had he but known it, had been carried with Morgan from Virginia to Washington's aid in Cambridge. His earliest memories of war were rooted in thrilling stories of King's Mountain. He had heard men tell of pointing deadly rifles at red-coats at New Orleans, and had absorbed their own love of Old Hickory. The schoolmaster himself, when a mere lad, had been with Scott in Mexico. The spirit of the backwoodsman had been caught in the hills, and was alive and unchanged at that very hour. The boy was practically born in Revolutionary days, and

that was why, like all mountaineers, Chad had little love of State and only love of country—was first, last and all the time, simply American. It was not reason—it was instinct. The heroes the schoolmaster had taught him to love and some day to emulate, had fought under one flag, and, like them, the mountaineers never dreamed there could be another. And so the boy was an unconscious reincarnation of that old spirit, uninfluenced by temporary apostasies in the outside world, untouched absolutely by sectional prejudice or the appeal of the slave. The mountaineer had no hatred of the valley aristocrat, because he knew nothing of him, and envied no man what he was, what he had, or the life he led. So, as for slavery, that question, singularly enough, never troubled his soul. To him slaves were hewers of wood and drawers of water. The Lord had made them so, and the Bible said that it was right. That the schoolmaster had taught Chad. He had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the story made him smile. The tragedies of it he had never known and he did not believe. Slaves were sleek, well-fed, well-housed, loved and trusted, rightly inferior and happy; and no aristocrat ever moved among them with a more lordly, righteous air of authority than did this mountain lad who had known them little more than half a dozen years. Unlike the North, the boy had no prejudice, no antagonism, no jealousy, no grievance to help him in his struggle. Unlike Harry, he had no slave sympathy to stir him to the depths, no stubborn, rebellious pride to prod him on. In the days when the schoolmaster thundered at him some speech of the Prince of Kentuckians, it was always the national thrill in the fiery utterance that had shaken him even then. So that unconsciously the boy was the embodiment of pure Americanism, and for that reason he and the people among whom he was born stood among the millions on either side, quite alone.

What was he fighting then—ah, what? If the bed-rock of his character was not loyalty, it was nothing. In the mountains the Turners had taken him from the Wilderness. In the Bluegrass the old Major had taken him from the hills. His very life he owed to the simple, kindly mountaineers, and what he valued more than his life he owed to the simple gentleman who had picked him up from the roadside and, almost without question, had taken him to his heart and to his home. The Turners, he knew, would fight for their slaves as they would have fought Dillon or Devil had either proposed to take from them a sheep or a cow or a hog. For that Chad could not blame them. And the Major was going to fight, as he believed, for his liberty, his State, his country, his property, his fireside. So in the eyes of both Chad must be the snake who had warmed his frozen body on their hearthstones and bitten the kindly hands that had warmed him back to life. What would Melissa say? Mentally he shrank from the fire of her eyes and the scorn of her tongue when she should know. And Margaret—the thought of her brought always a voiceless groan. She could never see him as she saw Harry. Harry was a beloved and erring brother. Hatred of slavery had been cunningly planted in his heart by her father's own brother, upon whose head the blame for Harry's sin was set. The boy had been taunted until his own father's scorn had stirred his proud independence into stubborn resistance and intensified his resolution to do what he pleased and what he thought was right. But Chad—she would never understand him. She would never understand his love for the Government that had once abandoned her people to savages and forced her State to seek aid from a foreign land. In her eyes, too, he would be rending the hearts that had been tenderest to him in all the world: and that was all. Of what fate she would deal out to him he dared not think. If he lifted his hand against the South, he must strike at the heart of all he loved best, to which he owed most. If against the Union, at the heart of all that was best in himself. In him the pure spirit that gave birth to the nation was fighting for life. Ah, God! what should he do—what should he do?"

XX

THROUGHOUT that summer Chad fought his fight, daily swaying this way and that—fought it in secret until the silly phantom of neutrality faded and gave place to the grim spectre of war—until with each hand Kentucky drew a sword and

made ready to plunge it into her own stout heart. When Sumter fell she shook her head resolutely to both North and South. Crittenden, in the name of Union lovers and the dead Clay, pleaded with the State to take no part in the fratricidal crime. From the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of thirty-one counties came piteously the same appeal. Neutrality, to be held inviolate, was the answer to the cry from both the North and the South; but armed neutrality, said Kentucky. Straightway State Guards went into camp and Home Guards were held in reserve, but there was not a fool in the Commonwealth who did not know that, in sympathy, the State Guards were already for the Confederacy and the Home Guards for the Union cause. This was in May.

In June, Federals were enlisting across the Ohio; Confederates just over the border of Dixie which begins in Tennessee. Within a month Stonewall Jackson sat on his horse after Bull Run watching the routed Yankees, praying for fresh men that he might go on and take the Capitol, and, from the Federal dream of a sixty-days' riot, the North woke with a gasp. A week or two later Camp Dick Robinson squatted down on the edge of the Bluegrass, the first violation of the State's neutrality, and beckoned with both hands for Yankee recruits. Soon an order went round to disarm the State Guards. On that very day the State Guards made ready for Dixie. On that day the crisis came at the Deans', and on that day Chad made up his mind. When the Major and Miss Lucy went to bed that night he slipped out of the house and walked through the yard and across the pike, following the little creek half unconsciously toward the Deans', until he could see the light in Margaret's window, and there he climbed the worm fence and sat leaning his head against one of the forked stakes with his hat in his lap. He would probably not see her again. He would send her word next morning to ask that he might, and he feared what the result of that word would be. Several times his longing eyes saw her shadow pass the curtain, and when her light was out he closed his eyes and sat motionless—how long he hardly knew; but, when he sprang down, he was stiffened from the midnight chill and his unchanged posture. He went back to his room then, and wrote Margaret a letter and tore it up and went to bed. There was little sleep for him that night, and when the glimmer of morning brightened at his window he rose listlessly, dipped his hot head in a bowl of water and stole out to the barn. His little mare whinnied a welcome as he opened the barn door. He patted her on the neck.

"Good-bye, little girl," he said. He started to call her by name and stopped. Margaret had named the beautiful creature "Dixie." The servants were stirring.

"Good mawnin', Mars Chad," said each, and with each he shook hands, saying simply that he was going away that morning. Only old Tom asked him a question.

"Foh Gawd, Mars Chad," said the old fellow, "old Mars Buford can't git along without you. You gwine to come back soon?"

"I don't know, Uncle Tom," said Chad, sadly.

"Whar you gwine, Mars Chad?"

"Into the army."

"De ahmy?" The old man smiled. "You gwine to fight de Yankees?"

"I'm going to fight *with* the Yankees."

The old driver looked as though he could not have heard aright.

"You foolin' this ole nigger, Mars Chad, ain't you?"

Chad shook his head, and the old man straightened himself a bit.

"I'se sorry to heah it, suh," he said, with dignity, and he turned to his work.

Miss Lucy was not feeling well that morning and did not come down to breakfast. The boy was so pale and haggard that the Major looked at him anxiously.

"What's the matter with you, Chad? Are you sick?"

"I didn't sleep very well last night, Major."

The Major chuckled. "I reckon you ain't gettin' enough sleep these days. I reckon I wouldn't, either, if I were in your place."

Chad did not answer. After breakfast he sat with the Major on the porch in the fresh, sunny air. The Major smoked his pipe, taking the stem out of his mouth now and then to shout some order as a servant passed under his eye.

"Mr. Crittenden is back," said Chad, tentatively.

"What did old Lincoln say?"

"That Camp Dick Robinson was formed for Kentuckians by Kentuckians, and he did not believe it was the wish of the State that it should be removed."

"Well, by——! after his promise. What did Davis say?"

"That if Kentucky opened the Northern door for invasion, she must not close the Southern door to entrance for defence."

"And dead right he is," growled the Major with satisfaction.

"Governor Magoffin asked Ohio and Indiana to join in an effort for a peace Congress," Chad added.

"Well?"

"Both governors refused."

"I tell you, boy, the hour has come."

The hour had come.

"I'm going away this morning, Major."

The Major did not even turn his head.

"I thought this was coming." Chad's face grew even paler, and he steeled his heart for the revelation.

"I've already spoken to Lieutenant Hunt. He expects to be a captain, and he says that, maybe, he can make you a lieutenant. You can take that boy Brutus as a body servant." He brought his fist down on the railing of the porch. "God, but I'd give the rest of my life to be ten years younger than I am now."

"Major, I'm *going into the Union army.*"

The Major's pipe almost dropped from between his lips. Catching the arms of his chair with both hands, he turned heavily and with dazed wonder, as though the boy had struck him with his fist from behind, and, without a word, stared hard into the boy's tortured face. The keen old eye had not long to look before it saw the truth, and then, silently, the old man turned back. His hands trembled on the chair, and he slowly thrust them into his pockets, breathing hard through his nose. The boy expected an outbreak, but none came. A bee buzzed above them. A yellow butterfly zigzagged by. Blackbirds chattered in the firs. The screech of a peacock shrilled across the yard, and a ploughman's singing wailed across the fields:

> Trouble, O Lawd!
> Nothin' but trouble in de lan' of Canaan.

The boy knew he had given his old friend a mortal hurt.

"Don't, Major," he pleaded. "You don't know how I have fought against this. I tried to be on your side. I thought I was. I joined the Rifles. I found first that I couldn't fight *with* the South, and—then—I—found that I had to fight *for* the North. It almost kills me when I think of all you have done——"

The Major waved his hand imperiously. He was not the man to hear his favors recounted, much less refer to them himself. He straightened and got up from his chair. His manner had grown formal, stately, coldly courteous.

"I cannot understand, but you are old enough, sir, to know your own mind. You should have prepared me for this. You will excuse me a moment." Chad rose and the Major walked towards the door, his step not very steady, and his shoulders a bit shrunken—his back, somehow, looked suddenly old.

"Brutus!" he called sharply to a black boy who was trimming rosebushes in the yard.

"Saddle Mr. Chad's horse." Then, without looking again at Chad, he turned into his office, and Chad, standing where he was, with a breaking heart, could hear, through the open window, the rustling of papers and the scratching of a pen.

In a few minutes he heard the Major rise and he turned to meet him. The old man held a roll of bills in one hand and a paper in the other.

"Here is the balance due you on our last trade," he said, quietly. "The mare is yours—Dixie," he added, grimly. "The old mare is in foal. I will keep her and send you your due when the time comes. We are quite even," he went on in a level tone of business. "Indeed, what you have done about the place more than exceeds any expense that you have ever caused me. If anything, I am still in your debt."

"I can't take it," said Chad, choking back a sob.

"You will have to take it," the Major broke in, curtly, "unless——" the Major held back the bitter speech that was on his lips and Chad understood. The old man did not want to feel under any obligations to him.

"I would offer you Brutus, as was my intention, except that I know you would not take him——" again he added, grimly, "and Brutus would run away from you."

"No, Major," said Chad, sadly, "I would not," and he stepped down one step of the porch backwards. He was afraid to hold out his hand. Tears filled his eyes.

"Good-bye, Major," he said, brokenly.

"Good-bye, sir," answered the Major, with a stiff bow, but the old man's lip shook and he turned abruptly within.

Chad did not trust himself to look back, but, as he rode through the pasture to the pike gate, his ears heard, never to forget, the chatter of the blackbirds, the noises around the barn, the cry of the peacock, and the wailing of the ploughman:

> Trouble, O Lawd!
> Nothin' but trouble——

At the gate the little mare turned her head towards town and started away in the easy swinging lope for which she was famous. From a cornfield Conners, the overseer, watched horse and rider for a while, and then his lips were lifted over his protruding teeth in one of his ghastly, infrequent smiles. Chad Buford was out of his way at last. At the Deans' gate Snowball was just going in on Miss Margaret's pony and Chad pulled up.

"Where's Mr. Dan, Snowball?—and Mr. Harry?"

"Mars Dan he gwine to de wah—an' I'se gwine wid him."

"Is Mr. Harry going, too?" Snowball hesitated. He did not like to gossip about family matters, but it was a friend of the family who was questioning him.

"Yessuh! But Mammy say Mars Harry's teched in de haid. He gwine to fight wid de po' white trash."

"Is Miss Margaret at home?"

"Yessuh."

Chad had his note to Margaret, unsealed. He little felt like seeing her now, but he had just as well have it all over at once. He took it out and looked it over once more—irresolute.

"I'm going away to join the Union army, Margaret. May I come to tell you good-bye? If not, God bless you always.

"CHAD."

"Take this to Miss Margaret, Snowball, and bring me an answer here as soon as you can."

"Yessuh."

The black boy was not gone long. Chad saw him go up the steps, and in a few moments he reappeared and galloped back."

"Ole Mistis say dey ain't no answer."

"Thank you, Snowball." Chad pitched him a coin and loped on towards Lexington with his head bent, his hands folded on the pommel, and the reins flapping loosely. Within one mile of Lexington he turned into a cross-road and set his face towards the mountains.

An hour later, the General and Harry and Dan stood on the big portico. Inside the mother and Margaret were weeping in each other's arms. Two negro boys were each leading a saddled horse from the stable, while Snowball was blubbering at the corner of the house. At the last moment Dan had decided to leave him behind. If Harry could have no servant, Dan, too, would have none. Dan was crying without shame. Harry's face was as white and stern as his father's. As the horses drew near the General stretched out the sabre in his hand to Dan.

"This should belong to you, Harry."

"It is yours to give, father," said Harry, gently.

"It shall never be drawn against my roof and your mother."

The boy was silent.

"You are going far North?" asked the General, more gently. "You will not fight on Kentucky soil?"

"You taught me that the first duty of a soldier is obedience. I must go where I'm ordered."

"God grant that you two may never meet."

"Father!" It was a cry of horror from both the lads.

The horses were waiting at the stiles. The General took Dan in his arms and the boy broke away and ran down the steps, weeping.

"Father," said Harry, with trembling lips. "I hope you won't be too hard on me. Perhaps the day will come when you won't be so ashamed of me. I hope you and mother will forgive me. I *can't* do otherwise than I *must*. Will you shake hands with me, father?"

"Yes, my son. God be with you both."

And then, as he watched the boys ride side by side to the gate, he added:

"I could kill my own brother with my own hand for this."

He saw them stop a moment at the gate; saw them clasp hands and turn opposite ways—one with his face set for Tennessee, the other making for the Ohio. Dan waved his cap in a last sad good-by. Harry rode over the hill without turning his head. The General stood rigid, with his hands clasped behind his back, staring across the gray fields between them. Through the window came the low sound of sobbing.

(To be continued.)

THE SORBONNE

By Edmund R. Spearman

I HAVE heard of ultra-modern Parisians who boast that they never use any other thoroughfares than the Boulevards. That is not the way to know the real Paris, but of all the great modern cross-cuts the one most worthy of study slopes down from the Luxembourg Garden to the river. This is the Boulevard St. Michel, or "Boul Mich" in the affectionate slang of its most important denizens, the twenty thousand youths of the neighboring lecture-rooms. Just off the Boulevard St. Michel, in the new and broad Rue des Écoles, looms up before us the great front of a fine structure, and stretching back some three hundred yards, the steep slope rendering the rear much lower in altitude, although with higher sky-line. On the entrances we read "Académie de Paris," but any passer-by will call it the "New Sorbonne."

This phrase, "New Sorbonne," would refer to the new building replacing an old one, but it is worth while here to recall the real old Sorbonne, the college of Robert de Sorbon, that wheel within a wheel, which dominated the whole University of Paris, and which overshadows even the nineteenth-century organization. One of its sons thus portrays his Alma Mater:

"This society, founded, under the King Saint Louis, by Robert Sorbon, his confessor, and rebuilt and endowed by Cardinal Richelieu, was a theological club. . . . The society included about one hundred ecclesiastics, the greater part bishops, vicars-general, canons, and rectors of Paris, and of the principal towns of the kingdom, who consequently could not live in the building. About twenty-four doctors generally lived there, of whom six were professors of the Sorbonne school. . . . There were ten or twelve apartments for young men seeking license. . . . A church, a garden, servants in common, a dining- and a sitting-room. . . . The society, which appears to have served as a model for different English establishments, called fellowships, at Oxford and Cambridge, sustained the study of theology and religious sciences." *

Robert de Sorbon was of the humblest origin, says his aristocratic contemporary, the great historian De Joinville. Perhaps the austere cleric's rebuke of the courtly scribe's luxurious dress caused the latter's sneer about Robert's birth,† but the little town of Sorbon, near Rheims, is proud enough to-day of its humble son, and Champagne, with all its famous vintage, has offered to the world no choicer product than the bearer of the greatest name in the university world. To-day this name of Sorbonne is greater than ever, though old Robert himself would rub his eyes to see just how. The University of Paris, as an organization, was swept away by the great Revolution, but the Sorbonne, as a centre of superior instruction, still remains. The discourses, though no longer outdoors, as in Abélard's day, are as free. The Sorbonne professors are to-day public orators; only as examiners for, and dispensers of, degrees

* Mémoires inédites de l'Abbé Morellet, tome i., pp. 8, 9. Paris, 1822.

† "Les propos de maître Robert de Sorbon," by B. Hauréau, in the Mémoires of the Academy of Inscriptions, vol. xxxi., part 2.

does a corporate university exist. Even in law, medicine, and pharmacy, abundant facilities are offered all-comers, while in 1896, the two faculties embracing everybody, letters and sciences, were installed in the aforesaid mighty palace.

The old College of the Sorbonne fell, with the old University of Paris, in the great revolutionary cataclysm. The Sorbonne College itself was suppressed October 17, 1791. For thirty years its premises were occupied by artists, many of Prud'hon's paintings and David d'Angers's sculptures emerging from the chapel workshop. The University was resuscitated (but not restored to its old home) in 1802 by the conqueror of Marengo:

"This university, instead of being restricted to the capital, was extended to the whole of France. This plan accorded with centralization. . . . It embraced all instruction in every part of France, except that which affected special schools. . . . The education in the lycées was entirely military. . . . Education ceased to be gratuitous. . . . Mathematics encroached on literature. A library of 1,500 volumes was established in each, the same books for all." *

Napoleon found another Waterloo in the soil sacred to Abélard, to Robert, and to Richelieu. All his fine-spun web for bringing Minerva under the heel of Mars was soon brushed aside. The university which rose on the ruins of the old has been as free as he wished it fettered, as cultured as he wished it coarse, and as determined an opponent of Cæsarism as he desired it to be an abject tool. The science which was only to serve his ambitious plans has not ousted the letters which he so detested and feared. The grand old Amphithéâtre des Lettres, now demolished, served during most of the last century as the rendezvous for the still small voice of reason which undermines the sway of the sword. The Sorbonne of our age has been a worthy successor of the past.†

There is magic in this name of Sorbonne. It is the one link which connects the district in unbroken chain with long distant ages. Institutions and installations have been swept away, sometimes in detail, sometimes by wholesale destruction. Through all changes, however, the place has remained pre-eminently "The Sorbonne," the head of the scholastic culture of Paris. The new Sorbonne as a structure replaces the old Sorbonne of Richelieu. The new Sorbonne, as an organization, had as its godfather one of the Cardinal Duke's family :

> It was another Richelieu, minister of the Restoration, who established within the walls of the ancient house the higher education of science and literature. . . . But one of the greatest revolutions in the world has passed over this venerable house. . . . Glance at the list . . . of 1811. They are the first names in science: Boit, Poisson, Gay-Lussac, Thénard, Haüy, Brongniart, Geoffroy, Saint Hilaire, whose glorious traditions will be continued by the Dumas, Bulart, Dulong, Pouillet, Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Milne Edwards, Leverrier. . . . They are the first names in philology, in erudition, in literature, in philosophy: Boissonnade, Barbier du Bocage, Delille, Lacretelle, Laromiguière, Royer-Collard. . . . It is in open Sorbonne, Villemain appeals to foreign literature. . . . It was there that Guizot opened in France the series of grand works which will be the first glory of the century. It is there Cousin announced and formulated the programme of new studies. . . . Finally . . . Jouffroy began the course of his precious analysis. . . . By turns vast and deep, lively and spiritual, easy and eloquent, fine and elegant, strong and generous, precise and close, solid and charming . . . with masters like Victor Leclerc, Guigniault, Damiron, Patin, Saint-Marc-Girardin, Ozanam, Arnoult, Géruzez, Jules Simon, Garnier, Saisset, Janet, Berger, Egger, Wallon, Himly, and so many others.‡

Although a stern edict has gone forth to no longer bottle up the new wine of science and letters in the old receptacle of Richelieu, even official iconoclasts have spared the familiar dome which covers the great cardinal's tomb. The new Sorbonne, however elaborate, would hardly be the Sorbonne at all without Richelieu's splendid chapel as its heart. Students and professors no longer have to bow before the altar, and no Sorbonne doctors fill the pulpit; but whoso chooses can

* Hamalgrand: "Origine de l'Université," pp. 278–281. Paris, 1845.

† No less brilliant has shone the Sorbonne's younger sister, the College of France, whose orators in the nineteenth century, worthy successors of Budé and Ramus, have included Comte, Michelet, Bernard, De Beaumont, Julien, Flourens, Chevallier, Cuvier, Remusat, Laboulaye, Ampère, Saint-Beuve, Biot, Barthelot, Majendie, Saint-Hilaire, Rossi, Champollion, Quinet, Mickiewicz, and Renan. The College of France was started in the days of Francis I., to supplement the University, at a time when the latter had become too narrow; but to-day the College is occupied with the same functions as the Sorbonne, having no corps of students inscribed and granting no degrees.

‡ Étienne Vacherot, in "Paris Guide par les Principaux Écrivains de la France," Part I., pp. 255, 256. Paris, 1867.



The fine old Interior Court.

enter and either find a service, or at least view the beautiful sarcophagus beneath which lies the dust of the great Armand Jean du Plessis himself, in the midst of the institution he builded anew, lavishing the millions of his private fortune thereon, and even mortgaging the estate of his heirs. Above the tomb has in recent years been suspended his carefully preserved cardinal's hat, while the head itself, savagely severed when the tomb was violated in 1793, has also been miraculously recovered and replaced on the embalmed remains. Even the tomb itself was carted away and kept for many years at the museum.

The form, even with severed head, must turn with horror in its marble bed if conscious of what is going on around the chapel. The massive walls which Richelieu caused to rise, "as by the stroke of the enchanter's wand," while he was besieging La Rochelle, have tumbled more swiftly and surely than did the last stronghold of the Protestants. The institution has most literally changed its face. The grand façade on the Rue des Écoles replaces the time-honored front of the Rue de la Sorbonne. Already this old façade has fallen, and the structure replacing it is built. The square in front of the chapel is still, however, the *cor cordium* of the Latin Quarter. Here the Latinians hold high revel at such times as Mardi Gras and the 14th of July, and here they make rendezvous for their peculiar demonstrations against unpopular professors and officials.*

Not without many a regretful pang true-born Parisians witnessed the ruthless strokes of pick and crowbar as one by one these stones were pried from their places. It seemed as if a great heritage was being wantonly destroyed as, bit by bit, the fine old interior court, hallowed by so many memories, lost all landmarks but the chapel itself. Can the majestic array of newest of new galleries and halls and laboratories harbor all that ancient inspiration and example which must always be the chief factor in such institutions as the Paris University? The unwritten law is the great bond of society. It is tradition

* One of these demonstrations (July, 1893) in the Place de la Sorbonne ended in a tragedy at the corner restaurant, a young man being killed in a police charge, and the whole Latin Quarter was occupied by foot and horse, if not artillery, for some days.

which fertilizes the abode of mental endeavor. Even those reputed as daring innovators and radical reformers always have great prototypes in a more or less distant past to inspire their actions. No inspiration, no example, high or low, from the greatest wickedness to the sublimest virtue, need the Parisian student ever lack. We tread on ground hallowed by some of the greatest heroes of our race, as well as soil stained by our blackest crimes.

One needs to be thoroughly acquainted with the university land in Paris, that district so renowned as the Latin Quarter, to understand the part it has played in the Middle Ages. The French name for the Black Friars (as the English named them, the Preaching Brothers, as the disciples of Dominic named themselves) has always been Jacobins, from the Rue St. Jacques, the old chief thoroughfare of the Latin Quarter, to-day deposed by the Boulevard St. Michel. On this Rue St. Jacques the eloquent, black-hooded fraternity were welcomed and were given a sumptuous installation by the university, a hospitality which the Dominicans soon repaid by an attempt to seize the whole machinery of instruction. This caused a resistance as stubborn as that of the Dutch against Louis XIV., for the University actually dissolved itself and sought fresh fields in fragments, rather than allow the eloquent but intriguing monks to monopolize the whole position. Not without reason, however, was the Black Friars' Convent in the Rue St. Jacques considered the chief seat of European wisdom and eloquence. Besides Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventure, that German giant who overshadows the Middle Ages, Albertus Magnus, thence sallied forth daily to harangue the multitude. His name is traditionally perpetuated to-day by the Place Maubert, the name of that ancient forum being a corruption of Maistre Albert.* No venerable buildings, as in Oxford and Cambridge, carry us back to the Middle Ages, but the whole district is full of names in streets and squares which echo with old-time eloquence; for, besides the old mediæval University itself, must always be kept in mind the monastic adjunct which from the thirteenth century always formed important parts of the Pays Latin, the Latin Quarter of to-day, where the tongue of Boëtius and Augustine, if not of Cicero and Virgil, was the common speech and common ground for so many diverse nationalities. The two chief communities were always the Dominicans or Jacobins, and the Franciscans or Cordeliers. No trace of the Dominican convent exists to-day, but the famous old high street of the student, the patronymical Rue St. Jacques, although largely transformed by the general scheme of widening the thoroughfares, still contains some of the most picturesque structures of Paris. The portion passing immediately by the Sorbonne itself [page 613] has yet some of the old University lodgings, and separates them from the adjoining Lycée Louis-le-Grand and its neighbor, the Collége de France. Although the Jacobins have been effaced, the Cordeliers's grand refectory still exists, hidden away, used as an anatomical museum.† Besides Dominicans and Franciscans, other orders invaded these haunts of learning. The Cistercians, or Bernardines, were brought hither by their English abbot, Stephen Lexington, disgusted to find Saint Bernard's disciples more ignorant than their begging friar guests. The famous Jean de Matha, himself a doctor of Paris, started here his order of Mathurins. Here, too, the Carmelites, originally imported by the returning crusader, Saint Louis, from Palestine, afterward took possession of the original seed-ground of the university, the Place Maubert. Other orders followed down to the days of Loyola's band, the Jesuits having a peripatetic existence in the shadow of the Sorbonne in their College of Clermont (the present Lycée Louis-le-Grand just mentioned),

* In the Place Maubert a monument, erected by the ultra-radical Municipal Council of Paris, suggests the darker side of the Sorbonne. It is a statue of Étienne Dolet, one of the last victims of those Sorbonne doctors who set up and deposed popes and kings, decided the true faith, and burned dissentients here. Even Dolet's sacrifice does not equal in infamy the greedy haste of the Sorbonne doctors to be in at the death of the Maid of Orleans to oblige the English invader. It little becomes Frenchmen to fling poor Joan's martyrdom in English faces when a French bishop was the direct instrument of that atrocious tragedy at Rouen, and the learned wiseacres of France gave their approving fiat.

† Long before 1789 the chief home of the Parisian Jacobins had been moved over the river to the St. Honoré Quarter, to the premises made so notorious in the stormy debates of the Reign of Terror. But the old Cordeliers' home in the Pays Latin gave its name to the club of Danton and Desmoulins, which Robespierre and his modern Jacobins sent pell-mell to the scaffold before their own tumble.



Grand Stairway of Honor.

(From a photograph by F. Roux.)

being alternately in control of the education machinery, or banished altogether, until suppressed in 1763.

Most interesting was the life of this old University, with its affluence of numbers from all points, and its organization so different from the iron rule of feudalism in the outside world:

"A contemporary of Abélard, wishing to console him for his misfortune, . . . reminded him that around his chair there pressed formerly children of Italy, England, Germany, Sweden, Flanders, and Spain, mixed up with those of France. . . . These groups . . . formed in the body of the Faculty of Arts what were called the four nations of France, Normandy, Picardy, and Germany, first found in Innocent IV.'s bull of May, 1245, and which disappeared only in 1789. The German nation was long called the English nation." *

Wide as was the area covered by the ancient schools, their chief seat always was the little Rue de la Sorbonne. As we gaze down its steep slope and contemplate its wooden pavements and improved gas-lamps, we can hardly picture the great cloister of Saint Benedict which once occupied the foreground, still less the adjoining quadrangle of Robert's little band, with their library behind and chapel

* Charles Jourdain's *Excursions historiques et philosophiques à travers le Moyen Age*, pp. 315–316. Paris, 1880. It sounds queerly to-day, the French adopting Germany to spite the English. But so it was. The Emperor Charles IV.'s visit to Paris in 1378 first suggested the change, but not till 1436, after the English occupation and expulsion, was it officially sanctioned. Thurot gives these interesting particulars: "The University was a republic essentially federal; the four nations and three of ten faculties were separate companies and completely independent. . . . Each . . . was itself a son of federation. The Faculty of Theology was an aggregation of communities regular and secular. . . . The Faculty of Decrees was alone homogeneous. The Faculty of Medicine was divided for elections into four nations like the Faculty of Arts. The nations which composed the Faculty of Arts comprised (except the nation of Normandy) a certain number of provinces. . . . During the first years of the fourteenth century the English Nation was divided into two provinces. The English Province was composed of the English kingdom only and the province not English of eleven kingdoms. Later this preponderance of the English no longer answered to their numbers and excited jealousies and quarrels. In 1331 the nation abolished this distinction. Toward the end of the fourteenth century the nation was divided into three provinces, Upper Germany, Lower Germany, and Scotland."—*De l'organization de l'ensignement dans l'Université de Paris au Moyen Age*, pp. 19, 20, Paris and Besançon, 1850.

beyond. Modest as was this lodging, it was the seat of the most powerful brotherhood which has ever dominated mankind. A few "pranks played before high heaven" by the Sorbonne doctors in their "little brief authority" are not our only legacy from the mediæval University. The greatest good and the greatest evil are always akin. These very brutal exhibitions of expression themselves attest the struggle for free thought in an iron age of ignorance. The Church alone checked the sword. Mental strength opposed brutish force in the theological field. The lonely priest might be maltreated by the baron, but the baron's bowmen and men-at-arms trembled before the anathemas of such a mighty human motor as the united schools of Paris. Nothing so cows brute force as intellectual superiority. The most reckless feared these wonderful students who knew nature's secrets and controlled the elements. The schoolmen, too, were popularly invested with a more mysterious power. We to-day deride astrology and alchemy, but like everything else they have had their use. They served to humble tyrants and check rapacious barbarism. Many great mediæval scholars doubtless felt the astrological and alchemical mummeries unworthy but necessary. The rough soldier bowed low to one who could read the stars and command demoniacal power. Moreover, those chemical teachings which make pigmies and giants equal in warfare resulted from the monkish studies of Parisian scholars. They first taught how

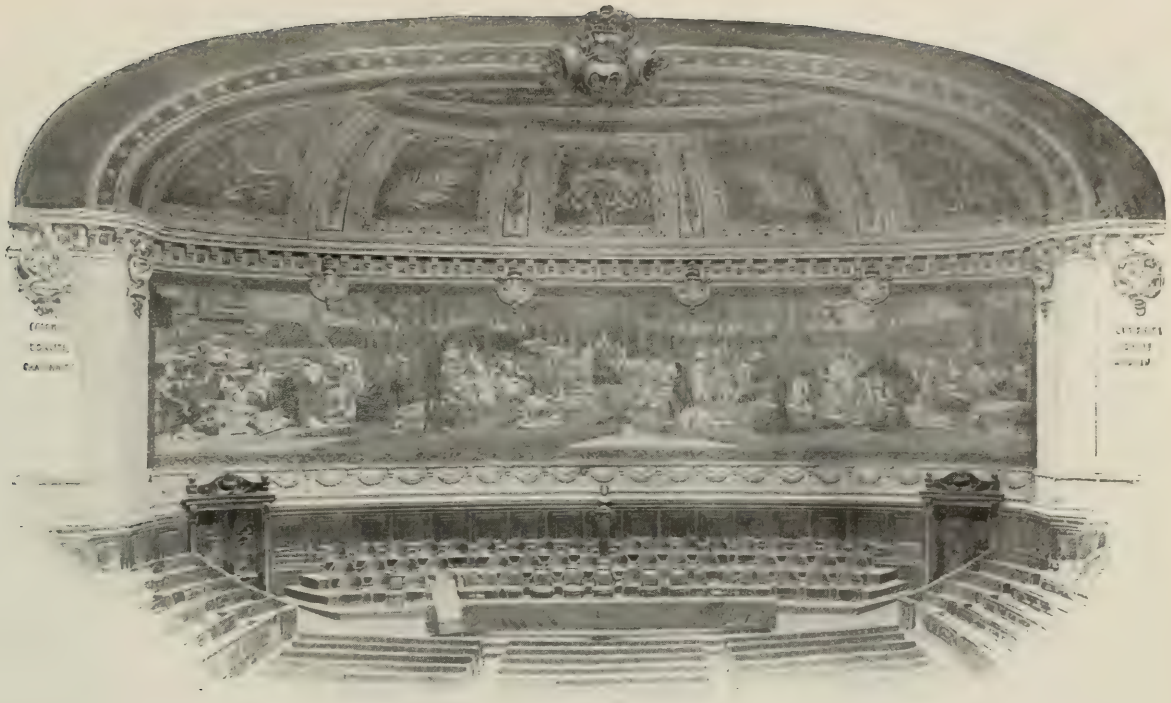
> This villanous saltpetre should be digged
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
> So cowardly.

The Latin Quarter of to-day is as full of individual character as the same ground in the Middle Ages. One writer says Paris only possesses two really marked individualities, the student and the grisette. Not but that student life is always changing its outward semblance, just as the university structures themselves are changing theirs. Since the days of Abélard Paris has grown from a town of forty thousand inhabitants, clustering around a little island, to one of three millions, covering almost a whole province, but the students are still the soul of the city. When Paris makes merry or mourns, the students lead the way. It is the Latin Quarter which sets the fashion in ideas as the Champs Elysées in dress. While the University of Paris was not existent officially, everyone recognized it as a living thing. The numerous students' associations of the Latin Quarter—political, social, and artistic—kept the time-honored name to the fore, attending impatiently the moment for substituting "Université de Paris" for the subservient "Académie de Paris." That meaner appellation was stuck even under Richelieu's own bust over the old entrance to the Faculté de Lettres, but the bust and its mate (that of Rector Rollin) were carefully preserved to adorn some similar state portal of the new structures, which, at the beginning of the school year in November, 1896, again became officially the University of Paris. The men of science, the educational fetiches of the nineteenth century, had blocked the way to this welcome change.* But science is to-day waning, and the spiritual, social, and economic sides of life are asserting their sway. Medicine and jurisprudence join hands with literature to ask for a harking back to the time-honored name.

The rector at the date of the change, M. Gréard, was filled with reverence for his predecessors, and not less for their ancient halls, having issued a beautiful memorial volume devoted to the vanishing structures.† Rector Gréard bore well the mantle of older days. Although the revolution nominally degraded his office to that of vice-rectorship (the honorary rectorship being vested in the Minister of Education), the head of the Sorbonne of to-day looks to the ancient régime as the foundation of his highest honors. The old rectors, although chosen in democratic fashion, and jealously allowed only three months' lease of power (but often re-elected for many succeeding terms), were the great autocrats of the *Pays Latin*. They were the mouthpiece of the university, and had a powerful voice in both church and state. Also they had

* In 1884, in answer to the Government circular on the question of the reunion, all favorably responded but the Faculty of Science, which stuck out for its own "autonomy" and "the status quo."

† *Nos adieux à la Vielle Sorbonne* (Paris, 1893).



The Hemicycle of the Sorbonne, painted by Puvis de Chavannes.

control of the six thousand scriveners, parchment makers, etc., who formed the mediæval substitute for the modern printers and publishers of Paris, and whose haunt is commemorated to-day by the little old Rue de la Parcheminerie (originally Rue des Escrivains). This horde all had to pay tribute to the rector, and when their day of doom at length came, in the shape of the famous Dr. Faust with his Bibles fresh from Gutenberg's press at Mayence, it was to the university the threatened tradesmen appealed for protection. As is well known, Faust only escaped by the skin of his teeth from being burned as a wizard by the Sorbonne doctors, being obliged to divulge the secret of printing as his defence. The scriveners had a few years more breathing-time, but erelong (in 1471) William Fichet, Sorbonne doctor and rector of the university, and Jean Lapierre, the prior of the Sorbonne itself, invited three other Germans (Ulrich Gering, Martin Krantz, and Michael Friburger) to install in the Sorbonne cellars the first printing-press in France.

Not only Rector Gréard was filled with emulation of the ancient spirit. The destruction and dispersal of 1792 is being gradually effaced. The Latin Quarter is developing a strong corporate spirit. Recent political and religious strife has aggravated the dismemberment, but these differences will be lived down.*

A bird's-eye view of the structure is typical of affairs to-day, but with the destruction of the old buildings came a revival of the old spirit. Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle alone peer over modern Paris from the days of Saint Louis, but the soul of the Sorbonne is inflated from that age. The chief evidence of the new spirit is the formation, in 1884, of the "Association Générale des Étudiants de Paris," with over 6,000 members, following the different courses of superior instruction in Paris. †

All these educational hordes look to the Sorbonne structure as their temple of Jupiter Tonans, their Forum, and their Rialto. At some period they all have haunted or expect to haunt these halls and corridors as they can all occasionally do.

The student of to-day finds himself

* The suppression of the Faculty of Catholic Theology, in 1885, filled the independent Catholic University and the Catholic Secondary Schools, but the Catholic population will never consent, however, to be always excluded from their ancient domain. The retention by the state of the Faculty of Protestant Theology (for patriotic reasons, it being an exile from Strasburg, since 1870) makes the hiatus in the matter of faith of the immense majority all the more glaring.

† These include the Faculté de Droit, Faculté de Medicine, Faculté des Lettres, Faculté de Science, Faculté de Theologie Protestante, and Ecole Superieur de Pharmacie (that is, the University or Sorbonne proper), and the various special schools, Beaux Arts, Chartres, Conservatoire de Musique, Institut Agronomique, Langues Orientales, Mines, Ponts et Chaussées, etc.

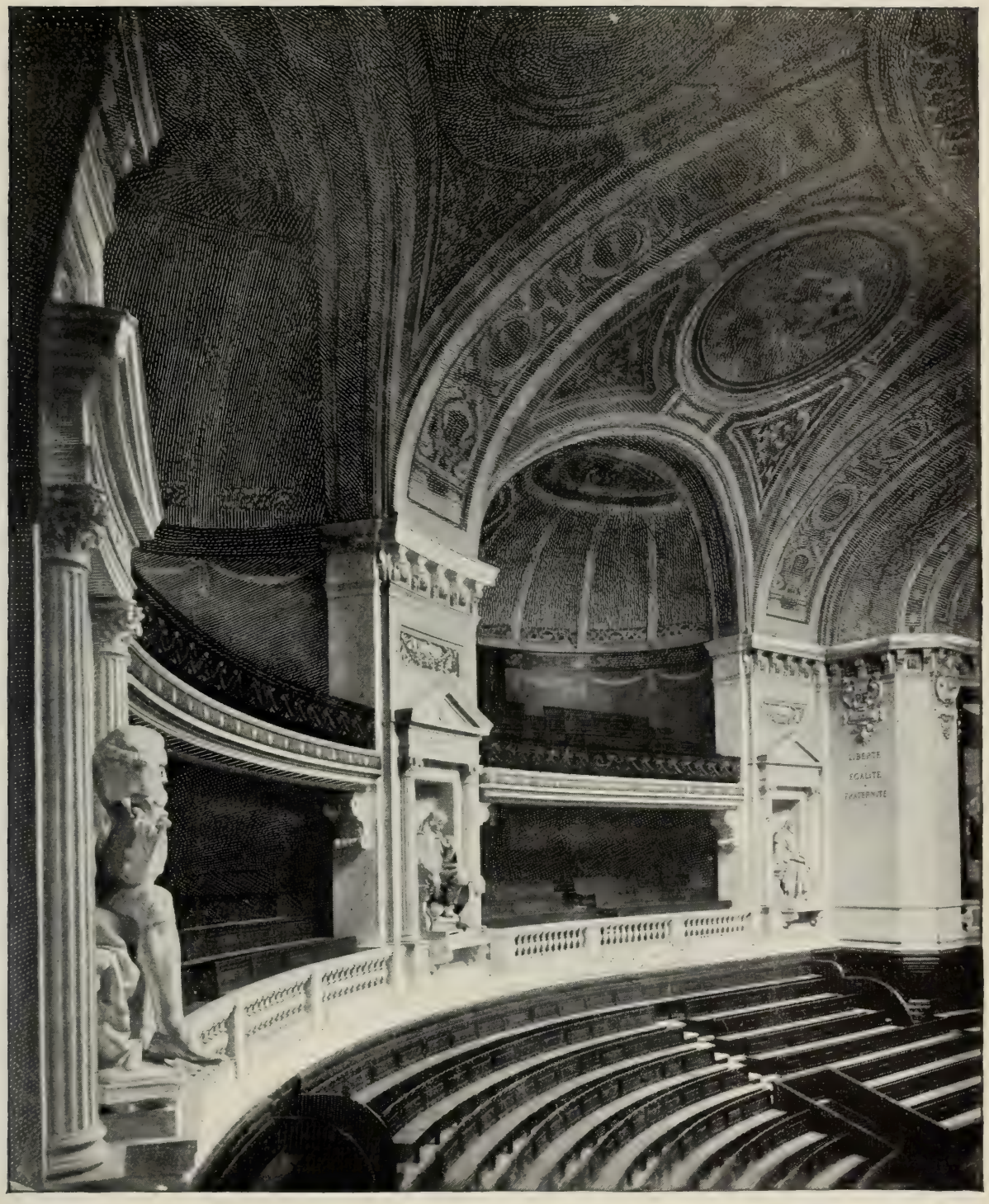
housed in such an overawing net-work of pedagogic panoply that the outer world, the rollicking of the Boulevards, and the mad frolics of the ball can but faintly echo in Minerva's temple. Surely the blue-eyed goddess has never yet been so regally installed. As we enter from the Rue des Écoles a broad vestibule stretches across the whole front, while two side corridors and a magnificent stairway between them admit us by various door-ways to the new grand amphitheatre. This semicircular hall with its galleries will seat over 3,000, and often contains 5,000. On the wall behind the tribune is a beautiful allegory, by M. Puvis de Chavannes. The whole place is filled with historic emblems. In niches, seated at the base of each pillar of the immense hemicircle [page 611], are statues of the university's most famous supports : Robert de Sorbon, Descartes, Lavoisier, Rollin, Pascal, and Richelieu; while on the soffits of the arches are inscribed the names of Montaigne, Ronsard, Abélard, Rabelais, Racine, Boileau, Corneille, Montesquieu, Bossuet, Molière, Rousseau, Buffon, Voltaire, Lamartine, Guizot, Condorcet, Victor Hugo, Michelet, Alfred de Musset, and Thiers. The four faculties, "*Lettres*," "*Sciences*," "*Medicine*," and "*Droit*," with allegorical figures, surmount the whole. Over the door-way "1253"* indicates Roberts's installation, while opposite "1645" denotes Richelieu's completed task. On the second floor, in front of the grand amphitheatre, is found a second vestibule adorned with various mural paintings of Chatrain and relating to striking incidents in the long annals of the university, as follows:

1. Arago giving astronomy lessons at an observatory. 2. Laënnec auscultating a consumptive at Laënnec Hospital in 1816. 3. Cuvier arranging materials for his work on fossils. 4. Lavoisier converting Berthollet to his pneumatic theory (1785). 5. Pascal with Descartes and Father Mersenne describing his air-weight apparatus (1643). 6. Buffon reading the first sheet of his "Natural History" to Bernard de Jussieu and Daubenton. 7. Bernard Palissy giving lectures on mineralogy (1575). 8. Ambrose Paré at the siege of Metz putting ligatures on an arquebusier's artery (1553). 9. Saint Louis studying mathematics at the abbey of Royat, under Vincent de Beauvais. 10. Saint Louis giving the charter to Robert de Sorbon. 11. Abélard and his school on the Montagne Sainte Geneviève. 12. Prior Jean Heynlin (Lapierre) and Doctor William Fichet establishing the first printing-press in the cellars of the Sorbonne. 13. Sixteenth century group: Étienne Dolet, Jean Amyot Ronsard, Clément Marot, Rabelais, Ramus, LaBoétie, Brantôme, Budé, D'Estoile, and Montaigne. 14. May 1, 1635, Richelieu laying the corner-stone of the chapel. 15. February, 1595 (Saint Anthony's Day), Henry IV. receiving a candle from Rector Galland and announcing his reorganization scheme. 16. Cardinal Larochefoucauld. 17. Rollin. 18. Nineteenth century group: Edgar Quinet, Villemain, Guizot, Michelet, Cousin, and Renan.

Between this much-adorned upper lobby and the Rue des Écoles is the lofty hall of the faculty, a most gorgeously decorated and richly upholstered apartment, having the rector's quarters at each end. On the walls and ceilings of these lofty rooms some of the best known of modern French painters have displayed their talents, the Council Hall being adorned by Benjamin Constant, and the adjoining rooms of the rector and the faculty by Cazin, Raphael Collin, Lhermitte, Roll, Duez Jobbé-Duval, Merson, Wencker, and Lerolle.

However gorgeous the decorations, utility is still the great object of the new structure, which has been so long in contemplation, for as long ago as 1845 it was first mooted, and in 1855 the corner-stone was actually laid. Not till 1881, however, was any real vigor put into the work. Then the municipal council of Paris and the state joined hands, and the brilliant young architect Henri Paul Nénot was charged with a special fund of twenty million francs to push forward the new home of arts and sciences. Probably no such maze of educational appliances has been dreamed of elsewhere. In the present state of these structures we can hardly appreciate the prospective splendor when some of the professors will each have twenty, thirty, forty, and even fifty rooms at their disposal, including half a dozen lesser amphitheatres. Each service has its special

* Owing to a wood-carver's error this date has been "1553." On my calling M. Gréard's attention some years ago to the fact, he ordered this awkward anachronism to be remedied. This magnificent Hall is the centre of educational life in Paris and of France. Not only do the Univerity's own grand ceremonies in the higher studies here take place, but here also is held the annual *Concours Général* of the Lycées and Colleges of Secondary Education, a great institution of Paris, founded in 1747, and which managed to weather the Revolution. The Hall has also been used by the most popular of Sorbonne lecturers, M. Brunetière, recent Academician and editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Hither the fashionable dames of Paris crowded to catch his rounded periods on Bossuet or Corneille.



New Grand Amphitheatre.

The whole place is filled with historic emblems.

improvement. Botany has a lofty microscope-room with over five hundred feet of plate glass in one window, and an entire glass-house on the roof for photography. Physics has a tower with a well from the top to the cellar for experiments; the said tower offering, after you have climbed its two hundred steps, one of the most magnificent panoramas of Paris. In the courts far below have been installed quite a menagerie of animals for physiological studies, while magnetism has apartments with copper in place of iron in piping, hinges, etc., and geography has a series of wonderful map-rooms accommodated in a compact fashion hitherto unknown. These, however, are but hints of the educational wonders which are to be.

However gorgeous may be this new installation, that which throws the brightest halo over all are the memories of by-gone generations. When one speaks of a Frenchman illustrious in any learned profession, it is of one who erstwhile has haunted this spot; but bright as is the record of the University of Paris since the Reformation, it is far outshone by the previous roll. From the sixteenth century to recent years the Sorbonne lost its international character. Incalculable, indeed, is the debt we owe to the ten generations of scholars who have passed in and out of these doors of the old amphitheatre and mounted the winding library stairway from the browed portal in the corner, including every French light in letters and sciences since 1640; but these halls have been almost exclusively reserved for Frenchmen.



In Front of the Sorbonne.

Not so was the mediæval story; the splendid record from the days of Abélard to the days of Ramus is unapproached by any other seat of learning since Athens itself. North and South vie with each other in names of either glorious or sinister renown. Among Scandinavia's sons were Saxo Grammaticus of Denmark, and Sigferson from distant Iceland. Among the Iberian peninsula's children were Portugal's famous Pope John XXII., and Spain's Raymond Lully, Torquemada, Ferdinand of Cordova, Ignatius Loyola, and Michael Servetus. The Italian roll is longest and most illustrious of all, including over twenty popes. Far beyond the glory of the papal line was the presence of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, as well as Arnold of Brescia, Peter Lombard, Bonaventure, Thomas Aquinas, and Balbi. The British roll from Thomas à Becket to Thomas More, besides Pope Nicholas Breakspeare, includes Cardinal Robert Curzon, Stephen Harding, Alexander of Hales, Matthew Paris, Grossetete, Langton, the portentous Bacons (Dominican Robert, Franciscan Roger, and Carmelite John), Holywood, Occam, de Lyra, Mandeville, Lydgate, Palsgrave, Mountjoy, Gardiner, Colet, and Coxe. Scotland claims that bright particular star, Duns Scotus (disputed both by England and Ireland), and Gawain Douglas, Boece, and Buchanan. Ireland owns Hibernicus, de Palmerston, Cardinal Joyce and his five brothers. Gallant little Wales has Walter Mapes and Geraldo Cambrensis. The Netherlands claim Henry of Ghent, Groot, Badeus, and Erasmus. From Germany, after Albert Magnus himself, came Vogelweid, Trittenheim, Cornelius Agrippa, and Gessner. Switzerland (with Auerbach and Froben), Bohemia (with Jerome of Prague), Hungary (with Banffy), Albania (with Maximus "the Grecian"), Bosnia (with Drachisich), Poland (with Ivo of Cracow), Greece (with Isaac Angelus), Crete (with Pope Alexander XII.), Silesia (with Martin of Trappau), all contributed.

With such names added to its own countrymen, the University of Paris could enable Chancellor Gerson to stave off impending schism. When the spirit of Wycliff and Huss rose again in Luther, the university sided officially with Rome,



The Famous old high street of the Student (the Rue St. Jacques).

defending the ancient philosophy as bitterly against Ramus as the ancient faith against Calvin. St. Bartholomew (with Ramus himself a victim) alone allowed Henry of Navarre to break the Sorbonne opposition. Eventually, the Sorbonne enslaved the Bourbons.

Down to Rector Coffin (the instituter of free education) the University heads were the real heads of Paris, and the greatest honor of the French capital was a Sorbonne degree. The three examinations were laborious tasks, but the third, the famous *Sorbonnique*, was in olden days a ceremony of European interest. Says our learned rector :

> The Sorbonnique lasted twelve, even fourteen, hours. The thesis, printed on parchment, or salea ornamented with an engraving and dedication, indicated the series of questions on which the discussion might turn. The candidate, in a red robe, bareheaded, isolated before a table, had to answer all comers, doctors and bachelors, without intermission or assistance. . . . Toward midday he took a light repast behind a curtain, listening to the argument which was being carried on. Not uncommonly after the ceremony he took to his bed. The splendor of the trials added to their importance. They were public; masters and scholars left everything not to miss the entertainment. . . . Among the theses a good number bear the names of great nobility. This sort of a candidate spoke with gloved hands and cap on head. Richelieu never forgot that he had been authorized to present himself in rochet and hood, his head covered. In 1646, when the Prince de Conti came to sustain his "Tentative," he was on a high dais. Two years later (January 24, 1648) the great Condé came to Bossuet's thesis. The conqueror of Rocroy, carried away by the ardor of the controversy, all but charged impetuously the young theologian. *

The Sorbonne thesis of to-day, shorn of its controversy, is a very prosaic affair, awakening more discussion afterward than at delivery. The most famous Sorbonne doctors of the nineteenth century were Michelet (1819), Egger (1833), Oza-

* Gréard, *Nos Adieux à la Vielle Sorbonne*, pp. 118–122.



The North End of the Court-yard.

nam, Jules Simon, and Edgar Quinet (all in 1839), Henri Martin (1849), and Renan (1852). Those creating the greatest ripple of excitement in recent years have been the first woman doctor of medicine (Mrs. Garret Anderson, of London, in 1870), the first woman doctor of laws (Mlle. Charlier, in 1892) and the first woman doctor of sciences (Miss Klumpke, of San Francisco, in 1893). It seems strange that women have had to wait eight centuries in the School of Abélard, for what would Abélard have been without Héloïse ?

Treading the end of the old Sorbonne court, and pushing back "the shadow on the dial's face" to meet the mediæval sages who trod this spot, suggests comparison with to-day. An even wider field is garnered into the Parisian granary.

The influx of foreign students is one of the most interesting features of the Sorbonne of to-day. In November, 1896, on the resumption of the name of "University of Paris," it was also decided to offer a number of most liberal facilities for the pursuit of high studies by graduates of foreign universities, especially those of the United States. The wide range of the foreigners can be seen in the table of the inscribed students in that year printed at the end of this article. It must be remembered that the many thousands of uninscribed applicants for degrees are not included.

When in 1325 Pope Clement V. issued his famous bull ordering the teaching of Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldean by the Roman curia, and in the colleges of Paris, Oxford, Bologna, and Salamanca, he indicated the order and importance of the universities of Europe, the four great educational centres. Paris comes first, and it always draws to itself the flower of the clients of its three rivals.

Not to any rich patron, nor even to any powerful monarch or proud baron, does the University of Paris look back for its origin.* The man who gave it

* In vain have some sought to trace its foundation to Charlemagne; not even the one canonized monarch among France's fifteen centuries of kings was worthy to father the University of Paris, although its permanent organization and its popular appellation both date from his reign. Since this article was first prepared Mr. Rashdall, of Hertford College, Oxford, in his "Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages," has effectually disposed of the Carlovingian myth. It is a pity, however, that the learned author, perhaps with a little Oxonian jealousy, seems inclined to belittle the position of Paris, especially in his titles, giving it an inferior position not at all justified by his text. The ancient schools

a "local habitation and a name" was poor and obscure.

Long before Robert the University had been breeding. The rising tide of European culture was effacing the wreck of Theodoric, Genseric, Alaric, Attila. That daring apostle of liberty and martyr in her cause, Peter Abélard, detached the ecclesiastical schools from cathedrals and monasteries.

> Liberty, in fact, was the life of the twelfth century. . . . Unprincipled association begins already to produce its fruit . . . it forms brotherhoods, its body of trades, of artisans, of workmen, of citizens. All that is not strong and powerful by itself, groups itself with its like . . . . everywhere are born *communities, universities*, and *companies.* *

In this age of millionnaires and billionnaires there is no more favorite ambition of "the pride which apes humility" than that of founding a university, or adding some ostentatious excrescence to an already existing institution. We have lost the pious modesty and patriotic fervor of olden days, when the successful son of one generation was content to repay the benefits derived from his predecessors by adding to the previous foundation. Sumptuous dormitories and class-rooms, expensive accessories of study, not even high salaried instructors are enough to make a university. Universities may exist without any of these accessories, and do not necessarily exist with them at hand. The old entrance was homelier than the grand front of to-day, but not less the door of wisdom.

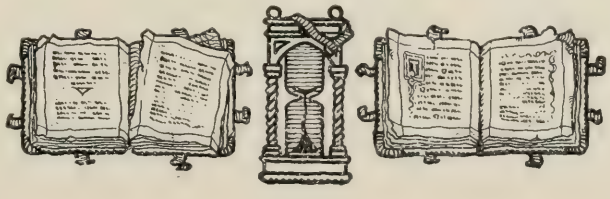
The University depends on the character of its students, who must be aspiring minds of the best quality, and of diversified tastes, capable of furnishing adepts in every branch of human thought; in other words the University must be the home of mental liberty, unshackled by narrow regulations, unawed by pompous surroundings, and only brought to full flower by the encouragement of long lines of glorious achievements and examples in the past. Such is the character of the oldest and greatest of existing universities—the University of Paris, known far and wide as the Sorbonne.

TABLE OF INSCRIBED STUDENTS OF THE SORBONNE IN 1896.

	Medicine.	Law.	Pharmacy.	Letters.	Science.	Theology.	Total.
French men	4,165	3,928	1,771	1,302	561	47	11,774
French women	28	..	4	222	18	..	272
Russians	198	10	3	6	19	1	237
Russian women	151	..	1	21	6	..	179
Roumanians	130	70	3	6	11	..	220
Roumanian women	7	..	..	1	1	..	9
Turks and Bulgarians	153	11	7	2	9	..	182
Turkish and Bulgarian women	2	..	..	..	..	..	2
Greeks	48	23	..	3	3	..	77
Germans	18	4	2	21	5	..	50
German women	1	..	.	20	..	..	21
Egyptians	11	56	..	..	..	..	67
West Indians	53	8	3	..	1	..	65
Spanish South Americans	48	5	3	..	1	..	57
Spanish South American women	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
Swiss	27	6	1	6	7	4	51
Swiss women	1	..	..	2	1	..	4
Americans	18	3	1	17	3	..	42
American women	3	..	..	5	1	..	9
English	15	3	..	14	..	..	32
English women	3	.	..	8	2	..	13
African Islanders	28	..	..	..	..	..	28
Austro-Hungarians	9	5	..	9	3	..	26
Servians	8	11	..	2	3	..	24
Servian women	1	..	..	..	..	..	1
Central Americans	20	4	..	..	..	..	24
Brazilians	16	1	..	..	..	..	17
Italians	12	1	1	1	1	..	16
Portuguese	14	1	..	.	1	..	16
Scandinavians	4	..	..	8	..	..	12
Scandinavian women	..	..	..	2	.	..	2
Luxembourgois	11	.	1	1	..	.	13
Belgians	5	2	..	1	3	..	11
Belgian women	..	..	..	1	.	..	1
Mexicans	9	..	1	..	..	..	10
Spaniards	7	1	.	..	..	1	9
Dutch	3	..	..	1	2	1	7
Danes	1	..	..	1	..	1	3
Danish women	.	.	..	..	1	..	1
Africans	4	..	..	..	..	..	4
Canadians	3	..	..	..	.	..	3
Persians	3	..	..	..	.	..	3
Guianans	1	..	..	..	..	..	1
Indo-Chinese	1	..	..	..	..	..	1
Total	..	.	.	.	.	.	13,606

of medicine at Salerno, and of law at Bologna, serve him as a somewhat paltry reason for giving the Italian towns precedence over Paris, the undoubted leader in universal culture. This is all the more glaring as his book is about "Universities," and the fact that Bologna afterwards became a full-fledged university adds to the confusion.

* *Histoire de l'instruction publique*, by Henry de Réancy, vol. i., pp. 199–201.





Fox and Crows, by Winslow Homer.

From a copyrighted photograph of the painting, reproduced by the courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

—See "Field of Art," page 638.

WHERE THE WAYS CROSSED

By Viola Roseboro'

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But right or left, as strikes the Player, goes;——

HARRY DARLEY walked slowly with a correct Piccadilly limp down Fifth Avenue. The raw, half-sunny, half-snowy day was waning, and the blue twilight, blossoming with yellow lights and white, was making the city beautiful, a place of romance, poetical and gay. When Darley came to Madison Square he sat down on a bench, and eight o'clock found him still sitting there. At last one of the hundreds of passing strangers spoke to him:

"Hullo, Chawley," said a woman's voice, soft and relaxed; "I saw you sitting here before dinner. What's a-matter?"

A well-dressed girl, young and pretty, stood in front of him.

"Ain't you frozen?" she asked.

"I think I am a little stiff. Delighted, I'm sure," and at her suggestion that she sit down herself, he moved along the bench.

"I've been drinking some," she said, explanatorily. "You looked kinda queer, the way you held yourself, somehow, and sitting here forever all night. I noticed you when I first saw you before dinner. I'm down on my luck sometimes, too, for all you got such good clothes on."

Darley responded to this incoherence only by remarking:

"Your clothes are charming."

"I look like a real swell, don't I?" said the pleased girl; "you *are* a swell, ain't you; English, too. I knew it. Down on your luck?"

"Completely," Darley answered smilingly.

They sat talking half an hour, as might two people cast away on a desert island. The girl told of her situation and her troubles in life; the cold soon cleared her brain. Darley responded with unstrained sympathetic comprehension; she questioned him about himself; he answered briefly, casually, with humor; but presently the girl said:

"Well, you *are* a helpless kid—kid's what I call you—for all you talk so old, too. You make me feel like a mother to you. Why don't you—long as you got all those good clothes—why don't you try to get on as a society supe at one of the theatres? They'd give you six or seven dollars a week."

"What a clever girl you are!"

"I've knocked about. I've gone on as extra lady myself, sometimes. I'm frozen," getting up; "now you try that—your togs'll keep you going for a while, and you may light on something."

"I will"—Darley had risen, too, and was stamping his feet lightly. "I thank you very much for the suggestion. I never thought of that."

"I'm glad I talked with you."

"And I'm very grateful."

"Good-bye," said the girl, and he touched his hat with a smile and turned down-town.

That was how he came to look up Anna Carrollton, the actress. She was a shrewd woman with a capricious capacity for human feeling; when he met her (in her private parlor in a big hotel) and said—for his third sentence—"Don't let me secure my welcome under false pretences, Miss Carrollton; I—I'm one of the unemployed;" she answered cordially, "Ah, I see. Well, now, tell me all about it."

Darley pulled his youthful little brown mustache, and words were slow coming.

"I've seen you English swells trying to make a living before," said the actress; "there never was anything so curious as the way you people over there breed your offspring to do nothing, and then all at once turn them out to shift for themselves."

"It's very comforting that you grasp the situation so well," said Darley, in his hesitating, civil way; then, looking deep in his hat, "when I left the army my father paid

my debts, but he's washed his hands of me. I was not in disgrace with my regiment, you understand, but I was with the Governor. I've been fairly foolish, and I put my name to some very unprofitable paper, you know; but—it's a case of incompatibility, I suppose. I've a notion that the Governor's not been quite fair to me; but it's certain I've not done well by the Governor. However, I'm only a younger son, anyhow. Now I am here—what is it you say?—quite on my own hook. We hoped you'd come back last year. Travers—you remember Travers?—he talks about you—drivels helplessly at the idea that he may be in India when you come again. Do you play 'Helen' yet? And do you wear that wonderful red gown—or one like it?"

"I take sufficient interest in my mashes and my parts and my gowns," said Miss Carrollton; "but you didn't come here to ask about my clothes; stick to your mutton."

Darley flushed painfully, but whatever the nerve touched the sting did not affect his voice or his manner; "I came," he said, "to see if there was anything you could give me to do in your company, anything; 'suping,' but it's a beastly thing, asking a woman, you know; and, of course, I can't act in the least."

"You have a fine business-like power of setting forth your claims and crying up your wares. You've had a good many setbacks here before you thought of coming to me, haven't you?" Darley nodded; "you'll starve to death;" she spoke with a touch of real scorn; "but I'm getting ready to produce a new piece, and I'll give you a small part in it. I'll speak to my manager about it right away, and you can see him at the Manhattan Theatre to-morrow at eleven."

When Darley first came among them the company was lounging and rehearsing in the broken gloom of an unset, unlit, daytime stage. Beyond the single yellow gas-jet over the managerial table yawned the blackness of the empty house. The first act was "on," and from the dim figures moving about came an unlifelike, high-strained flow of words, interspersed with the vigorous reality of the stage-manager's strident tones; and now and again the ear was startled by some note of human passion, some sound of love or grief, true and poignant. There was a wildness in the scene, in its jumble of the common and the strange, an unreal romance in its gloom and great spaces, set off by a few ineffectual flares of yellow gas and two ghostly shafts of light from the white day outside. Darley, standing half behind a piece of scenery, leaning on his cane, looked on for minutes without moving, his tense face shadowed by obscure emotions. A woman came and stood near him without seeing him, but she was in the weird light of a window high above her, and he looked at her. She was tall and a little heavy in form and feature; handsome, or at least offering a basis of beauty in her short regular features, but the complexion was a little leaden, and the dark eyes dull under their heavy lids. She was interesting because she looked as if she felt things she did not express; you could not guess further.

The act ended; "Bring on another table," the stage-manager shouted; he was like a general on a battle-field. The people scattered to the back of the stage and the wings, chattering.

"Second act!"—it sounded like a cry to charge the enemy.

The woman near Darley turned and looked frowningly down a passage to the stage-door. Darley moved hesitatingly out upon the stage—a tall but boyish figure, clothed in modesty quite as in a garment, for it was the convention of his class.

"I'll read Miss Herter's part till she comes," said the woman going down the stage.

"Miss Herter ought to be here herself, Miss Arnott."

"I know her lines."

"All right. Are you Mr. ——, yes? Well, you enter from the O. P. side—ain't it down in your part?"

Darley was standing near the newly placed table; the stage-manager's tone was not patient. Darley moved waveringly—Miss Arnott caught his eye and guided him by a significant glance. Presently he knelt to look at the ballet-shoe she was supposed to wear—her part was that of a ballet-dancer who figured in the play in costume.

"Kneel on the knee next the house," she whispered, quickly, and he changed his action, and the stage-manager stifled a portentous growl.

After their scene Darley introduced himself, apologetically, to Miss Arnott, and

thanked her for her kindness in helping him out. She looked at him an instant before she answered:

"I wasn't kind; I didn't want Stamfer to get in a temper, because a friend of mine is late, and he'd be sure to take it out of her." Her voice was contralto, rich in quality, but monotonous; it sounded predeterminedly inexpressive.

"I am still grateful. But it is not you I am to play with, it seems?"

"No," Miss Arnott began to answer him, then stopped, all her attention turned on a young girl who came hurrying in from the street, a tall, very slim young girl, beautifully dressed, whose pretty head was charmingly poised. She ran, breathless, to Miss Arnott. "Oh, Lou-lou," she panted, turning the name into a caress, "I am so sorry. I am wicked—how late is it? My watch stopped, and I didn't know it. What did they do? Did Stamfer row?"

Darley had moved away. Miss Arnott smiled, settled the girl's hat afresh upon her head, touched her hair and said something that seemed to ease her dutiful anxiety.

The second act closed, and the star passed near Darley; she turned back and spoke to him.

"Good-day. Well, how are you getting on? Too bad I can't spend a few minutes making you feel at home. But this piece! I am crazy with it. Do you think the part will suit me? But come over here and let me introduce you properly to two of our ladies, anyhow. You play with one of them." She led the way to where stood Miss Arnott and Miss Herter.

Before the rehearsal ended, Miss Carrollton graciously sat down on a roll of carpeting beside Miss Arnott and gossiped about Darley.

"That young Englishman, Darley—do teach him anything that comes in your way. I don't want to give Stamfer any more trouble than I can help now at the last, and of course I had no business taking a dead amateur like that, but I'm so soft. Do you know, I think he was just about down to starvation. I knew him in London, when he was in a very good regiment—the whole lot of them were wild about me. His people are howling swells. I'm sure I don't know what's happened, but likely he's wasted some money, after being brought up to do nothing else. He's very nice, anyway, isn't he?—too nice for an actor—I knew if I didn't say it you would. You're like me about that. I associate so much with outsiders."

"I don't," said Louise, bluntly.

Miss Carrollton eyed her: "Why not?"

"I don't love my world, but it's all the world I know, or ever knew. I never had any choice in the matter, and I haven't now."

"Well, it's a great thing to have your business in your veins—that's why you are such a good, all-round woman, Miss Arnott," the star spoke with the suavity of a patron pleasingly determined to be pleased. "Did Darley make himself audible to-day? He's got a very good wardrobe. He's not bad looking, but that sort of quiet gentleman style is no good—he's pretty hopeless, but we couldn't get anyone to dress the part so well at his salary, and that's the most of it. He——O——" she got up, poised herself and ran on the scene with a burst of sobs.

The few words that constituted Darley's part were spoken to Mary Herter. It happened that he learned during his first week's rehearsal something of her history. He heard one old actor say to another:

"I was playing with her mother the night she made her hit," pointing to where Mary stood awaiting her cue.

"Annette had a good time while it lasted," said the other, flicking the ashes from his cigarette; "she was pretty well knocked out before I came along."

During that same rehearsal, while a scene was being set, the stage-manager strolled up to Darley, and for five minutes descended to the plane of a mere mortal man; wiping his forehead and setting his hat sociably on the back of his head he made conversation:

"You know that's Annette's daughter, don't you?" said he, nodding. "Yes, sir; that's poor old Annie's girl. She had her in a convent when she died; kept her there for years, though she had it rough the last half-dozen seasons. Hard business on women, and Annette broke up uncommon quick. Williams!"—with an awesome bellow—"will you get off the scene or won't you? But I tell you" (returning to suavity as easily as a juggler juggles), "she was Queen of the Dudes in her day and no mistake."

"The girl doesn't seem ready for that part?"

"Mary? Lord, she's been kept in pink cotton; her mother never let her see the back of a curtain, and now she's never out of Louise Arnott's sight. Queer cattle, women, eh? And actresses when they take a turn on playing the chaperone do it up brown, I tell you. They know the ropes," —then in his battle-field voice, "Third Act," and with the words he tilted his hat over his nose, the angle bespoke his resumption of imperial sway, and strode away.

"What was Annette Herter's line?" Darley asked one of the women.

"Annette Herter—Oh, you mean Miss Herter's mother; she never went by the name of Herter. Why, she was in comic opera—great! Didn't you ever hear of her?"

"Don't betray my rustic ignorance."

"I don't see that Mary Herter has a bit of talent, and not much looks, either, do you think?"

"I prefer golden hair."

"Well, mine ain't bleached, anyway, I can tell you that."

In the new piece Miss Arnott played a great lady, suggesting in the part a sort of monumental impassivity that was but a variation on her usual smoldering inscrutability. On the opening night, just before the curtain fell on the first act, some one peeping through a crack of the box scene aspirated a little scream and cried in the same tone—"Arnott is going to pieces—no, she's got hold of herself, but she's sitting down, think of it; she's spoiled the picture!"

The stage-manager bolted into sight, crying, "Quick, curtain; don't let it up again. Damn it," he added to nobody in particular, "to think of an old stager like Arnott going to pieces, because that man happens to be in front. I'll not stand much—here, Miss Carrollton, you'll have to go in front," he cried to the alert star; behind her, coming off the scene, appeared Miss Arnott, so white that her rouge seemed to stand from her face like a mask. She carried her head up, but her step was uneven, and she sat down, dropped down, upon some pile of stuff at the back of the stage.

Darley went to her.

"I want some brandy, if you can get it;" her voice was broken; "I'm going to have hysterics if I don't look out."

Louise went through the rest of her performance smoothly, but she came from the last "curtain-call," looking weary and ill.

Darley asked if there was nothing he could do for her.

"Nothing," she said.

"Won't you let me see you home, you two? You are not well."

"It is much more respectable to go alone, though probably you don't know it," she said.

"Is it really? But why be respectable?"

"I'll be very glad to have you go with us," said Louise, with a smile; her smiles were few, and they illuminated and sweetened her face.

From that night, on through the months that the play ran, this trio were much together. The women seemed to have few associates; the man almost no companionship but theirs. The currents of life threw them together as so much drift-wood might meet mid-stream. Between them the atmosphere of sex seemed lost in the kindness that grew out of their loneliness. Louise revealed a passion for domesticity and a tendency to mother a family. "I never go on the road so long as I can scrape along here and have my own pots and pans," she said; "my kitchen makes me feel as if I were a human woman."

"Do you ever doubt it?" said Darley: they were talking in the hot, grimy green-room, both painted for the foot-lights; she only said, "Oh, well, you see I hate so much of my life. I hate the stage so, and I've always been on it. I know it must be different otherwheres. It's different in the woods—don't you want to go to the woods with us to-morrow, and then come home to dinner with us?"

They spent the afternoon in the Bronx woods, and as the sun was sinking, with their hands full of spring beauties and branches of pussy-willow, they came to the railway station just in time to miss their train.

"Oh, we'll be late, we'll never have time to enjoy our dinner," Mary wailed.

"Poor Mary," said Louise, "we'll not have time to go home at all."

"You must dine with me," said Darley; "I know a little place near the theatre that's rather amusing."

"I'll tell you," said Louise, "we'll do that, and then you'll sup with us after the play."

They sat down on the empty platform to wait for the next train. Mary ministered to the flowers with wet handkerchiefs, and the sky grew glorious before them, and the little scattered village lay about them showing few signs of life, except that bright-lit street-cars whizzed to and fro looking so foreign that they gave a fantastic unreality to the scene.

The three grew silent, and some reflection from that inherent poetry of existence which flies and vanishes, and yet flickers before us along all our dusty paths glimmered on their faces. No one spoke again till the train's head-light glowed suddenly down the track.

While they were eating their hasty dinner a young man at another table glanced at them, then he stared at Darley with a half-frown that dissolved into a look of recognition. He was a handsome, pale, clear-cut, well-dressed, self-contained young man. He watched our little party with an expression of half-amused, half-indifferent interest. When they were about to leave, he left his seat and touched Darley's shoulder.

"Pardon me, my dear fellow, but I couldn't let you slip away."

"Why, Aiken, old man!"—the two were both speaking at once and grasping hands warmly.

"I'll not detain you now," said Aiken; "but tell me how I can see you—or, here's my card, come and see me."

"You are still at dinner—I'll come back in a few minutes."

"I could tell you a long story," Darley said, when he had returned and seated himself; "but,"—he stopped to light a cigarette—"the end of it will help you to guess a good deal—and I've only ten minutes now. I am playing—God save the mark!—over here with Miss Carrollton's company—the smallest of small parts, of course."

"Upon my soul!" the other exclaimed, *sotto voce*, searching Darley's face.

"Of course——" Darley began.

"Wait!—you're not stage-struck? Ah, well, so long as you're not mad, what's the difference. Why haven't you looked me up?"

"I've thought about it. You can imagine I felt a reluctance. I must get back to the theatre now."

"The theatre—how curious! And those ladies, they were comrades in arms, I suppose? I'll walk over there with you."

At the stage door Aiken said, "Don't let me be a bore, but couldn't I come in and see you awhile during the evening?"

After Darley was dressed he sat down in the green-room, and, nursing his knee with his eyes on the floor, he grew so oblivious to all around him that he did not see Louise when, in her stage splendor, she came in and seated herself beside him. When he looked up suddenly and into her eyes he said with a smile:

"I was a long way off."

"Before or behind you?"

"Ah,—I couldn't tell; in each direction."

"I know."

"That chap in the restaurant I used to see in England. He's a painter, an American; he was studying there, strange to say. There was some personal reason, I believe, not unconnected with finance, a relative who gave him lodgings, or something of the sort. He's very clever, and he manages himself perfectly. He arranges his existence with the most remarkable and honorable astuteness. I used to watch him. It was diverting, you know, because, outside of the questions of his own interest, he doesn't seem astute. I always thought he got most things wrong. It was rather nice of him to make up to me so—there's Her Majesty coming off." The applause following the star's exit drummed above them, and signalled for Louise to return to the wings and await her cue.

Aiken came in as the curtain was falling on the second act, and passed Mary in her tights and tulle. Darley came behind her and greeted him.

"What a charming thing—that girl's face above that costume!" Aiken said. "How they'd like that in Paris! She looks so entirely the *jeune fille*. How can it fit in the piece? I haven't seen it."

"It doesn't. Come this way. No, it's all out, but nobody seems to mind; the part is very small. She *is* the *jeune fille*, more just that than any other American girl I ever saw."

"Really, how incredible!"

"Not when you see how it's managed.

She's a protégée of Miss Arnott—the other lady you saw with me. They've been very good to me. Miss Arnott's been good to me simply because I was so like a lost blind pup. Tell me what you're doing; sit down there," pointing to a trunk in his wooden box of a dressing-room; "now light up and talk about yourself."

The two men were in the green-room when Louise entered after her last scene. Aiken had just asked Darley to go out and have some supper with him. "I can't," Darley replied; "I have an engagement."

Louise was at his elbow. "We'll release you," she said, softly.

"But I don't want to be released."

"Mr. Aiken," said Louise, when he was introduced to her, "we were going to have a little supper at my flat; won't you come with us? We'll be so very glad to have you, and to have a friend of Mr. Darley's."

Her manner was very simple, gracious, and gentle. Aiken accepted with correct phrases, while he looked at her with detached scrutiny.

So the party of three became one of four.

Louise played the hostess with a dignity and a deference that was beautiful and touching. The deference subtly expressed a feeling that she was with her superiors, that her guests had breathed a finer air than she lived in.

"I am the cook to-night," she said, as she seated them in her dining-room. "I didn't keep my servant up for us; I like to potter about myself," and she tied on a white apron. "Mary," she went on, "do you think you can manage to set the table? I know you can't, but you may try."

Mary got up—she was sitting peacefully with her gloves and her hat in her lap—and said: "Now you'll see how well I'll do, Louise," and then to the men: "I can't do things at all, but Louise makes me try because it is good for me."

The words, the manner, told a story of sheltered helplessness. The men smiled upon her as she set about her task with dreamy, conscientious inefficiency. Through the door they could see Louise moving deftly about the shining small kitchen. Aiken watched Mary with an admiration that passed from the curious to the professional; she was very lovely as she drifted back and forth, so tall and slim and flexible, with her beautiful head and plastic emotional young face; the child's capacity to feel was so open to the view, and as yet the roads by which passionate feeling must reach her so obscure, she was so tranquil and unconscious of all the forces of life that enrapture and crush us, that crucify and translate and madden us, and yet so plainly subject to their power, that to look on her was enough to move the heart to tenderness and to pity. She was like some long, slim white bud, still folded close, revealing and concealing the flower that is to be.

"What a model she'd make!" said Aiken in an undertone. "I've got an idea she's just fit. I suppose it could be managed?"

There was something ill-bred in his manner; it suggested a determination to refuse these young women something of the consideration due ladies.

Darley got up and stared at a picture on the wall. "I'm sure I can't say," he murmured, at last.

Aiken scrutinized him with lifted and knitted brows, and then turned his eyes back to Mary; and from that moment a shade of his first cordiality was missing in his manner to Darley. But no wounded self-love appeared when he found opportunity to speak to Louise of his old acquaintance.

"Darley's in a hard fix," he said to her. "I'm glad he's found you, you are so good to him. It's a rough business for a fellow like that."

Louise's eyes shone with kindness as she answered: "I'm so glad you've found him. To see someone he knew before, and a man, and a loyal, good friend—that's something. He has such qualities, he's such a gentleman, and I never saw anybody so little fit to make his way in the world."

"Miss Arnott, I wish I could talk a while with you. I wonder if we could strike out any ideas that could be of use to him?"

Louise begged that he would come and see her, and an hour for the visit was agreed upon. As they parted, the woman's large, handsome, white hand went out to him with a movement strong and direct, as if it took her heart with it. Poor Louise! When she dropped her habitual mask, she showed herself tremulously, eagerly impressible, and expressive.

Aiken came ostensibly to canvass Darley's outlook; he left with only one thing

settled, and that was that Mary should give him some sittings at his studio. He showed an impersonal enthusiasm about her beauty that Louise welcomed as a higher form of tribute than common men could pay.

"I never knew a painter before," she said, humbly. "It is beautiful to hear beauty spoken of so seriously. I've felt often as if there were something like poetry or more like some music in Mary's face, and if you think it could help you to do what you aspire to, why, I'm so glad."

It was only of the talk about Mary and the sittings that Darley heard when Louise told him of this interview. "You must not let Mr. Darley know that I'm discussing his affairs with you, or trying to do anything," Louise had said to Aiken; "it would hurt him."

"That would be a very foolish attitude for a man in his position," Aiken had responded.

"He's not a man; he's essentially a boy about anything like that. He's so young and so grown-up at the same time, but he has a boy's pride. It would hurt him to think he must have women helping him out. Yes, it's very foolish; it doesn't fit now, even in America, but I don't see any use in sticking pins in him, even little ones, for nothing, do you? Oh, no; of course, if it came to any practical issue, we'd do whatever was practical," she added, with a smile.

"You'll be at my studio, then, Wednesday afternoon," said Aiken, as he rose to leave.

"We'll be very happy to be there."

"Ah, I'm so glad we know him," Louise said to Darley. "His feeling about Mary's beauty—I can't ever express myself, but it's so different from my world. I always knew there was something different. I'm going to read and learn about pictures." Her attitude was an idealization of the unknown, an idealization that was rather piteous in the grave, experienced woman who was so often bitter with the bitterness of knowledge.

Darley looked at her with softening eyes, but his face changed again when he said, "Aiken asks a good deal, and rather soon, it seems to me."

"Oh, no; you don't understand how it came about," said Louise, gently.

The end of Miss Carrollton's engagements in and about New York drew near, and the end of the season, too; the company was to be disbanded in a week, but the stage-manager was re-engaging some members to take "on the road" on his own account. He was going out West for a summer season. Darley sought an engagement with him and got it, an engagement to play some small parts at a smaller salary and to be "property-man" as well.

"Oh, you can't do that, you can't be property-man, and for those barn-stormers," Louise cried, woefully, when he told her what he had done. The soft spring air blew in and out, fitfully stirring the window-curtains. Darley sat with his hat and stick in his hands. Louise had straightened up in her easy-chair.

"Oh"—she laughed a little—"to see you sitting there like that and talking of being Stamfer's property-man! This world is too absurd. There must be something, something——" Louise stopped; Darley was smiling.

"I'm charmed with the arrangement. I can't act, but I really have a methodical head. I can look after the necklace for the third act, and the ginger beer that is to make us drunk on champagne, and I'm proud of having made Stamfer believe it. I shall feel myself quite useful while it lasts, and—and you know I know what it is to have nothing. I hadn't any idea Stamfer would take me."

"I suppose you talked just that way to him, and after that I can imagine your salary." Louise spoke sadly, with no hint of interrogation. Darley reddened, but he answered, easily:

"I'll get out West, you see; I fancy there I can get hold of something and do a man's work. To dig I'm not ashamed, but you see so many other fellows dig better than I can. There isn't digging enough here to go round even among the experienced. Maybe I'll get a chance to turn cow-boy out there."

"You poor innocent! I only hope Stamfer will make money enough to bring you back to New York. It's too late for all you imagine in the West; you'll see that yourself."

"Yes. I usually do see all the things that make any claim to life on my part unreasonable. I'd have been floored by M. Talleyrand, his position was so eminently sane. Of course it isn't necessary that I should live."

On the day that Darley was to leave with his company Mary gave Aiken a sitting, one of many. In her first visits to his studio Louise had always gone and stayed with her. Quite actress-like, Louise looked upon many phases of formal propriety—as she understood formal propriety, deriving her ideas largely from the plays she knew—as purely decorative in character, a way things were done on swell occasions; she dropped and took up some points of decorum, not in the least hypocritically, but just as did Miss Carrollton, who was chaperoned or unchaperoned according as the weather was fine and her costume splendid, or as rain or business removed the occasion from gala associations. Louise looked after Mary unceasingly as long as there seemed any reality in her duties, but this matter of accompanying her to Aiken's studio and staying there she treated as a frill, a form of the decorative principle, and presently relaxed the severity of her ceremony. The strict attendance had expressed her sense of his social importance, the relaxation told of the confidence she was here so ready to give.

On this day Mary entered alone. Darley had already been to the flat to bid them good-bye, but she had in her hand a letter addressed to him in her own writing. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "I forgot to send this. I meant to get a messenger to take it." She stood looking at the little watch at her side.

"Yes, you are late now," said Aiken, "can't your letter wait?"

"It is to Mr. Darley; he's going this afternoon, you know."

Aiken's expression altered; though no muscle moved, it vivified and hardened.

"I shall see him; I'll give it to him, if you wish." There had been a moment's pause before he spoke.

"Oh, thank you very much; you're very kind. I'll lay it just here, if you're sure you'll see him. I didn't feel certain, anyhow, about a messenger-boy finding him, or his getting it all right that way. People that are going away are always running about so." She had arranged herself in her accustomed chair as she spoke. "Am I right?"

Aiken answered nothing, but took up his position before his canvas. Mary's face was a little distraught, and she moved nervously.

"How can I paint you when you are like this? You're entirely upset." He was rude, and he was not usually rude, yet he seemed trying to keep a check upon himself.

Mary's eyes filled with tears; she brushed them angrily away. "I think you're upset yourself," half-plaintively, "you're very cross; you're not at all as nice as usual. I was trying to do the best I could, but you've frightened me."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Herter." Aiken stopped while he squeezed some paint on his palette. "I fear I'm very unreasonable, but"—he looked from the canvas to his sitter—"I dare say Mr. Darley's departure has put us both out of the right mood. Good-byes are very doleful."

"Yes, it's very sad to have anyone go away when you like them so much." Mary was ungrammatically pensive.

"I don't think it's worth while to try to do anything to-day." Aiken laid aside his palette and brushes, and threw a dark cloth over his canvas as he spoke, "You are very good, but I'll not take up any more of your time now."

Mary looked a little bewildered, and then deliberately got up and began to put on her hat.

"Louise was going to stop in for me," she said, timidly; "will you be here?"

"No, I think not."

"I don't suppose it matters," said poor Mary, almost apologetically.

Aiken opened the door for her; scanning her face, his own showed some fluctuation of feeling.

"You'll come day after to-morrow," he said, gently; "you'll let me see you then?"

"I'll try to be very prompt," Mary answered, with a small attempt at gayety, and then she slipped quickly away.

When she was gone, Aiken threw himself into a chair and dropped his smooth, trim head between his closed fists, clenching them till the knuckles whitened. One breath came in a sort of dry sob, and then he was as still for long seconds as if he had ceased to breathe. This nature, so cool, so definite, and withal so small, was thrown into chaos by some emotion stronger than itself. Stronger than itself? Often it is not as if from ourselves came the floods of feeling, but as if waves from an encompassing ocean beat against us or swept us away. Those who live continually at the mercy of the

unwilled waters, who are habitually swayed by the unreasoned tides of human tendencies may be at ease as they float, or even as they are swept headlong they know not whither, but to those who always have done what they intended to do, or so imagined it, who are safe from all but the wilder storms, there is a terror and a horror in slipping from their own control. They may have thought themselves strong when they were only dull, and the roll of the waters over them may all but obliterate for the time the very traits of their identity.

Presently Aiken got up and went and stood before a little table whereon Mary had laid her letter, staring at it with blood-shot eyes.

"No—by God, no!" he muttered, at last, as if the words were being choked out of him. "Every chance counts," and he struck his fist in his palm, then caught up the letter; after rubbing his eyes with one hand and passing it over his brow as one who emerges from an inner to the outer world, he deliberately enough looked on his mantel-piece for a match, crowded a newspaper in the grate, set it afire, and threw the letter into the blaze. He looked at it eagerly for one moment, but turned abruptly away. He was driven to destroy, but he would not stoop to read it. While it burned, he dusted his coat-collar and brushed his hair, and when the blaze died out, he stirred up the ashes and reduced them to a powder. That done, he lit a cigarette and went out into the streets, looking a particularly well-ordered, proudly self-governed young man.

So, amidst crowding millions, chance played together and against each other these drifting atoms of humankind; and those narrow gestures that they willed to make, and those wider sweeps of motion that no will of theirs could check, all empowered the loom whereat Fate, as gravely as though she wrought for gods, wove into one web the threads of their obscure destinies.

II

"SO NIGH IS GRANDEUR TO OUR DUST,——"

THE next day found Mary again at Aiken's studio. She came in wide-eyed, absorbed in her errand.

"Mr. Aiken," she said, at once, "that letter, did you give it to Mr. Darley?"

Aiken's clean-cut face turned stony.

"I sent it." The voice was not like his own, but Mary had not reached the development that gives observation. She was preoccupied; she gave no sign of sensing more than his words.

"Sent it! How?" Her question was a wail.

Aiken's eyes glowed like coals while he gazed at her in silence. Mary went on: "Louise says she is sure he never got it. I had to tell her I gave it to you."

Aiken's blood visibly surged in his body.

"Louise?" he said. "It was your writing."

"Yes, yes; I directed it. Louise spilt some ink; she was in a hurry," Mary explained, with quick, inattentive impatience. "What do you think became of it? You said you were going to see him."

Mary had risen again as she spoke. "Do sit down, sit down, Miss Herter. Why are you so distressed? I'll telegraph, I'll do anything; tell me what it is all about."

"Oh, it was something about a position Louise had gotten for Mr. Darley. It was to be tutor for some people that were going abroad. Louise says it was one chance in a million, and that it will never happen again, and that it might have made all the difference in the world to Mr. Darley—for—all—his life;" her last phrase came with the broken breathing of rising sobs. She was seated now, and Aiken dropped on one knee beside her chair; for one swift, fateful instant it was uncertain whether or not he would reach out his arms to clasp the girl, and whether or not she would spring from him, frightened, flying with bird-like instinct from the familiarity of a touch; then the face of things changed, thanks to the sharpened adroitness Aiken displayed, and he knelt with his hand on her chair, no finger on her, and her fright was sinking, and a different feeling, something gentle and wondering and shy, moulded her plastic face; Aiken's, white and exalted, turned to her eyes that at last were eloquent.

"Mary, Mary, I love you! That's why it kills me to see you weep." All his passion was held in leash, and his whispered words came as softly as if he were indeed speaking to a bird and feared its flight.

"I didn't mean to tell you now," he said aloud, keeping his voice low and even; "I

didn't know what I meant, but it had to come. My life is broken in two with this love for you. Mary, you don't hate me?"

Mary made a little soft protesting sound, and put out an impulsive hand of kindness; she who had never hated anyone in her life, to think of it when a handsome pale young gentleman knelt as if at the foot of a throne and told her quietly, like a prince in a tale, that he loved her!

Aiken let the little hand lie lightly in his own. During the growth of his extraordinary passion, Aiken's ideas of the road it must drive him along may have been misty; it is not to be imagined that he ever definitely harbored schemes that the average man would consider base. He was not the person to sink his standards below the ideas of common men; he loved too much the sense of superiority; the social crime he had committed in burning the letter was not the result of a defective code, but of defective character and defective organization; he was (it appeared) liable to attacks of jealous madness that tore him from all anchorage, that beat upon him till the cable of his principles parted. Now, he was swayed by the intoxication of Mary's presence and provoked by the inimitable power of her artless challenge; she was little moved for herself, and yet moved she was, and she was tender to another's feeling, and all the while she was both poised for flight and listening for more of the story.

"Thank you," he said, with a tenderness that vibrated with passion, and was yet stilled as with the issues of life and death; her gloved hand lay loosely against a palm that trembled, and his eyes drank her face; "Mary, can you love me sometime; can you be my wife?"

The blood surged to her face, dyed brow and throat at the sound of the naked word, but Aiken knelt so stone-like that she, too, sat still, only drawing back her hand and dropping her eyes till they seemed to close.

"I don't know," at last came the whispered answer.

In a voice less guarded than before, a thickened voice, the question of Aiken's heart, the question of questions broke forth:

"You don't love anyone else—you haven't loved anyone? Tell me!"

Mary gasped: "No, no," she aspirated, turning her sweet bowed head aside.

Aiken rose and took from a vase a stalk of lilies and laid it upon her lap.

"Oh, you'll break them," Mary whispered, and she lifted them to her face. With admirable tact Aiken brought her back to ease and happiness; so soon as she came to self-command, she rose to go.

"Oh, that letter!" she said, vaguely, as one who looks back across a gulf of time to old, far-off, unhappy things.

"I'll see Miss Arnott about it at once," Aiken answered, and Mary half smiled her complete relief; she was young, and the world beyond herself was nebulous, unreal.

Then once more, through his guarded manner, through the flood of fondness that underlay the manner, broke out that ominous lunacy of jealousy: "You didn't love Mr. Darley?" he questioned.

"Oh!" the little cry was on an indrawn breath, as if he had struck her; "No, no."

"Forgive me—forgive me, never again, little sweetheart," and the man stooped and caught a ribbon that hung from her belt and fervently kissed it, and she gave him the shadow of a smile, though not her eyes, and was gone. Aiken's face, when he was alone, as he paced his studio, lost its tenderness and darkened with a moody bitterness.

Aiken presented himself to Louise and told his smooth story; hers came out sorrowfully in fragments.

"It was the sort of thing that will never happen twice," she said, sitting listlessly before Aiken; "it was the oddest chance. I had told a man, my lawyer, about Darley, and he happened some way to speak of the story to some friends of his who were just starting to Europe, and, of all things, they knew Darley's family and remembered something of him, and they had just dismissed their tutor—they have a boy, a child; they took up with the idea of getting Darley. It was all hurried and confused; they were about to sail, and, of course, there were other people wanting the place. I wrote to Darley not to leave with the company on any account, and then I flew to the agencies to make sure of somebody to fill his position. There were a lot of things that convinced me Darley was sure of success; it's not worth while to go into it, the thing is past."

"Surely," said Aiken, wearing a decent veil of cold mournfulness, "if he could

have been a tutor in this case, he can manage it in some other."

"I think you're talking like a child," Louise answered, with her old, impersonal sad brutality, looking at him from under lowering brows. Her kindness for Aiken had been slowly waning for weeks, and now this disappointment and the insensible clash of her feelings and his indifference had turned her back to the self she faced the world with: "This was an accident, a wild, happy accident; there's nothing in it to build on. It was a chance in a million that I should turn it up. What do I know about people with tutors? No, there's nobody to blame; but if you want to make condolences, Mr. Aiken, please lament it as irretrievable. Sometimes I know a fatal mishap when I see it."

Aiken offered to look up the messenger that, according to his story, had taken the letter, but Louise said no, let the whole thing drop. He left without speaking of Mary, and evidently Mary had told nothing of their last interview. All that was new in his relations with Louise was an unacknowledged breach of sympathy on her part, and a less disguised antagonism on his.

During their interview Louise had chanced to mention that she was going out that evening, and he sent Mary a line begging her to stay at home and see him. In meeting him, she still kept behind her maidenly defences, and still showed herself ready to listen to his suit; and he still pressed it with wonderful discretion.

"Say yes to me, Mary, just that," he pleaded, sparing her even the agitation of listening again to the question; "just that little word;" he stood close beside her; she was on her feet, but he caressed her only with his brilliant eyes.

And she said yes at last, and when with that he took both her hands in his and kissed them, she accepted his homage like a gentle young princess—poor thing. There was not a sign that she was drawn to him; but she was agitated and charmed as she found herself enfolded in an atmosphere of romance; and so well did Aiken manage, despite his burden of real emotion, that she became gradually more approachable; the aura of romance that glorified his words by degrees involved the speaker, and she stood disarmed in Nature's hands.

Yet, when he kissed her hands that first time she drew them away, and for once lifting her eyes to his, she said, "I mean if Louise—if Louise—why didn't you go to Louise?"

"What has Louise to do between us, sweetheart? You don't belong to her. I'll tell her. I'll tell her, darling; but it is all fixed and fast between us, anyway; isn't it? She has no rights over you, Mary. Yes, I know she has been good to you; but she's not fit to control your life."

Mary's startled eyes turned on him, and he said no more—then. She was silent, and she looked bewildered, as if she were uncertain whether or not his words were a charge, and in a moment the strange rose-hued present again absorbed her.

Louise soon received a letter from Darley, but it told her little. She answered it without revealing the story of the lost letter and lost opportunity. The correspondence, under its burden of repressions, soon languished to the point of death, and the end of the passing chance acquaintance seemed accepted as it fell out. The acquaintance had been full of kindness, but it had never received one of those crystallizing touches that forms a friendship. Louise learned in August that Stamfer's company had gone to pieces in some hamlet—nothing more.

"I wonder what will become of that poor English boy," she said to herself, rather than to Mary; and Mary, who was on her knees, packing a trunk, made no reply. Louise's eyes were worn with tears; Mary was going to leave her; she was preparing to visit an aunt of Aiken in New Jersey, and though no one openly acknowledged it, Louise knew she would never come back. Aiken meant to marry her in his aunt's house; to receive her to himself from this haven of respectability.

And so it came to pass a few weeks later. The night before his wedding his unwitting hand again shaped events in two lives that henceforth he was to touch no more.

He sat down at his lamp-lit writing-desk in his studio, and drew from a secret drawer a letter; it was addressed to Nemmo, Box 1721, General Post-Office, New York; he took from it a brief communication signed by the postmaster of a small Kansas town. It said, "Harry Darley is living at the date of writing in this place; he is

working in a livery stable." Aiken glancing at it, took from the drawer a money-order payable to Darley and drawn on Nemmo; he looked at both papers as they lay before him; lit a cigarette, looked at them again, and then with a casual oath, he took up a pen and printed on a sheet of paper, "From Nemmo," put it and the order in an envelope addressed to Darley in the Kansas town, and went out, bareheaded, to the box at the door and posted it. With such odd tricks does a throttled conscience still befool its rebellious owner.

Six months after Darley left New York with Stamfer's company, he was again ringing the bell of Louise Arnott's flat. The front door of the house opened, and he entered in the uncanny solitude that is one of our modern triumphs of dreary enchantment. Climbing one stairway after another, he came face to face, in the dim twilight, with a woman descending. As she passed him he stopped, "Is it—pardon me, it is Miss Arnott."

She turned back; "Yes."

"Ah,"—it was a soft, happy little sound, such as welcomes a release from pain; then, "You don't—it's Harry Darley, Miss Arnott; I was afraid you didn't remember me at all,"—his laugh, as she grasped his hand, caught in his throat; with cordial words and a light touch, she turned him about again, and began to climb beside him. When they were in her little drawing-room they scanned each the other's face with an interest that was like affection, but now Darley was his usual quiet, somewhat inexpressive self, and gave no sign of the feeling that had seemed to shake his voice on the stairway. Both were pale and worn; but Louise's face warmed into the beauty emotion always gave it. She put out her hand to him again.

"It is good to see you," Darley said.

"Sit down," and she pushed a big chair toward him, and seated herself before it, and once more they gazed at each other.

"We act like old friends who have been separated for years," Louise said.

"It seems that way to me; but you—things have not changed so much with you——"

"Things have changed a great deal with me; but what is it about yourself?"

"Never mind me—there is very little to tell. I'm going back; I sail for England to-morrow. Tell me about yourself."

"That means well for you, doesn't it? It's what you want?" Louise pressed her inquiries hesitatingly, timidly—but she waited for an answer.

"Yes; it is what I want."

She turned quickly to her own story: "Mary is married to Mr. Aiken."

"Married to Aiken! How strange, how strange! I don't suppose it is strange, but it rather lifts my hair—I don't know why—to think I brought them together. Miss Arnott, what is it? You miss her—you are unhappy about her?"

Tears had sprung to Louise's eyes, but with an unbowed head she wiped them away; her grave voice was firm as she said, "You see, Mr. Aiken has taken her entirely away from me. She is never to see me any more. It hurts; I loved her."

Darley stared, and then a faint red crept over his thin face.

"Yes," she said, simply; "because I'm not respectable enough." There was matter inexpressible in that pathetic word "enough." It gave the key to a world of conditions; poor Louise felt that she was comparatively so respectable; but alas! she stated it as a fact, she was not respectable enough.

"How black!" Darley's emphasis was low and even.

"Sometimes I think maybe it wasn't so black. I'd like to be fair."

"When the girl he married owed you everything?"

"Yes; but he wouldn't have married her, he wouldn't have loved her, if he could have helped himself. He grew thin with fury at his fate. He's not a melodrama villain, not at all; but I've seen villains I'd rather she'd married. Won't he always hate her, more or less, for her power over him, whether the power stays or goes?"

Louise told the story of the courtship, as she understood it; and her comment on Aiken was full of insight, and yet she took no note of his jealousy—that factor in the case that had counted so heavily in the past and most darkly threatened any future bound up in his, for it had broken through the moral guard of Aiken's life. She made no reference to the lost letter—that matter of which she knew so little and never knew more, and of which Darley knew nothing. Here, as everywhere, blind players, as well as blind chance, raised the risks of the game.

"And Mary, Miss Herter, was she in love with him?" Darley asked, presently.

"No," said Louise, abruptly; "Oh, she supposed she was. Perhaps it's all in how you define love—and who's going to define it? She paid the price of the way she'd been brought up—kept like a baby—and then, I couldn't take care of her when the time came; she had to learn to swim by being dropped in the rapids. I couldn't move hand or foot, because I couldn't place her in life—life lay like a field full of man-traps before her. I made a mistake in keeping her such a child, when I couldn't protect her; and now she pays for my blunder. It bursts my heart sometimes for a minute, because I've loved her ever since she was born. That's my domestic past, holding Mary when she was a baby and I was a kid—when she had on her first clothes and they pinned white flannel over her little red head;" Louise gave a gulp of a laugh; "she'll be beaten with many stripes; that's life, anyhow; but now she'll never get anything to make up for the pain. Most of us don't; but I'd have given my life—it's not much to give, you may be sure of that—to have won something, to have won happy love—that's what I mean—for her. I don't know that there is such a thing; but I know there's nothing else."

"I think there must be," Darley spoke thoughtfully, wistfully. "We are certain there is something sure and good on one side sometimes; sometimes it must—sometimes the man and the woman and the circumstances must all come together; or, if they don't, they might," he appealed to her with a smile.

"Yes," Louise answered, gravely.

It was the queerest human thing, the way those two sat there trying to sustain their faith in the possibility of the love of our dreams, as seriously as if they spoke of religion, as impersonally as if they were dead.

The winter sun was near its setting, and the pale level rays slanted across one wall of the room when Darley rose to go, but he groped a little for his hat and cane as if he were in the dark.

"It's been good of you to let me talk myself out to you so," said Louise; "it's been like talking to a spirit—you are so out of it all—do you know what I mean?"

"Yes; it's like talking to a spirit," he took her hand; "I'll never see you again; would you mind kissing me good-bye?"

She silently took his face between her hands and kissed him lightly on his lips; and with no word more he was gone.

Louise was playing at a theatre devoted to melodrama. There Darley went that night and sat in an orchestra-chair close to the stage.

The third act was in progress when over the fixed clang of the players' see-saw-sally cadences rang a scream startlingly natural, then it was as if someone started to yell a word, and it was stifled in his mouth—was the word fire? The players halted and whitened beneath their paint, and an iron curtain fell banging and thundering between them and the outer world. In the auditorium some strong men, with words like blows, were saving the people from themselves; and Darley was making his way, across the orchestra's pit, to one of the stage boxes; he found a door to the stage, and found it unlocked, and from the dim box passed into a hell of flame-light and heat and smoke and fierce cracking sounds. He shouted in the ear of a man who was tearing wildly at some scenery:

"The women?" he questioned. "All out,"—then turning his blood-shot eyes on Darley, the man cursed him; the words rang faintly in the devil's din, and breaking off with a hoarse cry he ran toward the entrance. Darley turned as if to run after him, but there was a queer indecision in his movements; and, as if he were dazed or drunk, he wavered toward the back of the stage. Against the back wall a rough wooden staircase mounted to a platform, and upon the platform opened some dressing-rooms; the staircase was catching fire. As Darley stumbled along he heard, threading the uproar, a piteous human cry, a child's call; it came from a baby actress; in the play she had been Louise's little daughter; she had come out of one of the dressing-rooms and was standing on the unrailed platform above his head—a figure tenderly comic in itself, because it and its red frock mimicked humanity in such miniature, and splitting the heart now with its misplaced courage and hope. The little creature had seen so much of strange lights and explosions behind the scenes, that now, since the flames were not quite upon her, she was

trying to steady herself against the awful face of things, her voice quivering with fear, but not abandoned to it, as she called and called again—something, someone—only the high, pleading voice could be heard.

"Jump, darling, jump," cried Darley, holding up his arms; but jump she would not. She came close to the edge and looked down, and entered upon a reasonable discussion of the subject with him, downing her natural tears with beautiful triumph, and sticking bravely to the intellectual argument; it was all dumb show. Darley ran to the stairs; the platform she stood on was twenty feet long; the stairs were burning; the smoke was dense about them, though some current was blowing it away from the child. He dashed up the steps; they broke under him, but he got to the top, and, catching her up, scrambled somehow to the floor and started for the entrance; then the darkness of a falling body shadowed him, and as instinctively as we close a threatened eye, he flung himself forward over the baby, and the heavy snow-machine, dropping from the roof, felled him. The firemen burst in an instant later and carried the unconscious pair into the street. People pressed forward against the police and the ropes that were being stretched, screaming, begging, praying to see those limp forms. "A child," someone cried; "the kid," echoed members of the company. "She's alive, all right," shouted a fireman, jubilantly, passing her on to someone else, and rushing back gaily into the jaws of death.

As Darley was put in an ambulance, Louise, bareheaded and with her beflowered train over her bare shoulders, pressed forward and saw who he was; she ran to the corner, hailed a cab, and ordered herself driven to the hospital; she was there before the ambulance, and, stripping the rings from her fingers for a pledge, she ordered a private room for Darley.

"He's got to die," said the nurse, coming to her in the bare dim-lit hall; "his spine is broken and he's injured internally. No; he may live a good many hours. The doctor didn't say, but I don't think he'll suffer much." The woman's tones were business-like; her curious eyes wandered a little despite herself over the actress's figure.

Darley came to himself as the cold white dawn conquered the gas in the hospital room. Louise sat by him, her eyes on his face. She had not left him—she wore one of the nurse's gowns; the nurse dozed in a chair in the corner. He gazed at Louise as the light of consciousness and memory gathered in his blue eyes, and then a lovely, tremulous joy flitted there.

"I'm going to die?" he whispered.

"Yes, dear," she said quietly.

And then the joy rested and shone in his white face, though the eyes were closed. He opened them after a time and said faintly, but aloud, "Not right away?"

"No," said Louise; "not for hours anyway, we think. You do not suffer—you are not in pain?"

"Nothing to matter." He smiled upon her, then his look altered, "Your little one?"

"She is safe and sound; not a bone broken."

After a silence he said in a voice almost normal, "What luck at last—what luck for a poor devil! This is the best I ever had;" and he smiled again, and there was happiness and humor in that smile.

Louise sat still with a face that told nothing; "feeling had risen above that register;"—calm, as we are calm when the peace of the dying is in our hands.

The light grew till the single jet of gas was but a yellow flower. There lay one of our mystery-bound little race; his broken, foolish, helpless, brief life behind him, and his death—the dread mystery of all—before him; and his countenance was beautiful with content. When next he spoke, he shifted his head a little to look the better at Louise, as he said, "You don't understand yet what good luck this is—not how good. There's more you don't know—I love you; I've loved you since the first week—all that's in me; it's seemed more than I could bear. What a luxury to tell you so!"

Louise listened till the slow-dropping sentences ceased to fall, and then she arose, one hand pressed against her breast, and slipped to the nurse's side. The woman started, glanced at her watch, came and gave Darley something from a glass, and at a sign from Louise, followed her into the hall. Louise came back alone—she knelt down by the bed and kissed Darley's hands again and again, and he lay as if unheeding. So it was there in the bare room in the ugly

hospital that day; in that infinitesimal speck of space love yearned and tenderness bled and life ebbed fast—ebbed fast, and yet Time's swift flight seemed stayed, and the long hours slipped slowly past; they moved to a soundless music, sweet and terrible; a music that echoes always, as inexplicable as its blood and tears, across this dream of ours, and reaches our ears now and again, even through the dull noise of our common days; it comes to us with beauty and with love, and, strangest of strange things, rings with widest majesty when Death, dark, noisome, fearful, is sweeping love and beauty into the black void.

When he spoke again, he said, "I must tell you; then you'll see how blessed I am. I was going to kill myself. I had a fancy for doing it near home—in English waters. I was going to jump off the ship—from the steerage it would be easy enough. I was at the theatre to look at you once more. In the fire I thought—why not here? Then I got my chance; I played the hero. I'm getting off with honor; it's as good, almost, as being killed in battle."

"Was it so hard—so hard—sweetheart, darling?"

"Yet you didn't love me—when I was a man? I know you couldn't; I knew you loved someone else. That day at the Bronx—with you! That was the most I ever got out of life. You wouldn't believe anybody dying could care so," he said, with speculative interest; "it doesn't seem to make me any different; well, everything was an incredible mess, and now it's all good and right." His sentences came between long pauses; Louise knelt by the bed again; all the time quiet, quiet. "I couldn't presume to show you even a hopeless love before, such a squalid——" he exhaled his breath in a sort of sigh, and peacefully dropped his sentence—"yes; it was awful out there. I couldn't stand it. I hadn't the stuff in me; I said there was no reason why I should; suicide was right enough in my case. I got some money—a hundred dollars—a mystery; somebody sent it; I don't know who. I didn't want to die out there, and I wanted to see you so much. I said, I'll go home and die; but it would have been another shame; I've been drenched in too many. I'm glad—glad to get out without another. Anybody would have done it; but I'm so grateful for the chance. It would wipe out everything for anybody, too."

An hour passed before he spoke again. Around him, as everywhere, tinkled and tapped and droned life's prose. Wooden-faced doctors and callow dull boys came in and stared; the nurse fussed with bandages and doses; Louise must eat and eat there; the street noises battered at the window—but it did not matter. More than that, the common clatter itself was caught up in the sweep of far-off strains, and grew a plaintive part of the mysterious melody of the whole.

Just once the universal question was touched upon in words by these poor children of their time:

"Do you believe things—about it all?" said the man.

"I don't know, love," said the woman; "but I can't help feeling there's a rightness somehow."

"Neither can I."

"Talk to me about yourself—as if I were alive," said Darley, late in the afternoon, and then in a few bare phrases, shaken and broken by flooding feelings that at last threatened the iron wall of her composure, Louise touched upon other and untold stories that in life were a part of this one: "I was—I thought I might marry; it was what they call a good match. I don't care for him. It was because I wanted my little May again. I haven't been like that," she said—and the dark blood dyed her face—"but I was wretched; and I'm so reckless sometimes—and I said nothing mattered. You made poetry of my loving someone—but it wasn't poetry to me; I wanted to tear out that feeling and trample on it. I said this would make even Aiken accept me, and let me have May again. I said nothing else mattered—and I could help her. But I was ashamed. Maybe I never could have done it. Now I know I shall not. You've loved me—loved me like this; it shall be as if I had loved you, too."

Darley began, "You are the sweetest ——" but he ended with a moan and a weary turning of his head; the body in its misery was triumphing at last over all else.

That was the last that passed between the friends. Darley's mind wandered; it was to the nurse that he said, opening wide

eyes alight with pleasure, "We are ordered into active service; I'm so happy."

He had gone back in his dreams to his simple old good times, and in his last hour it was as if the starved love and the shame and the pitiful triumph of his after days had never been.

So it was that the crossing paths of these men and women took new turnings, ran into one, or disappeared; two were married and one was dead, while the biggest heart and the tenderest but throbbed the deeper and the lonelier along the old hard road.

A FAR CRY

By Julia C. R. Dorr

'Tis a far cry to youth, O my soul,
'Tis a far cry to youth!
Though the years have flown onward unheeding,
Through gladness and travail and ruth,
'Tis a far cry to youth, O my soul,
'Tis a far cry to youth!

Wert thou I, O thou fair child-maiden,
Who, ages and ages ago,
Looked forth from the curve of yon mirror,
Impatient life's meaning to know;
To taste the red wine of its vintage,
Its splendor, its rapture, its glow?

Thou hadst eyes like the pale stars of morning,
Just tinged with the blue of the skies;
Thy hair had the darkness of midnight,
When the wraiths of the tempest arise,
And thy cheeks wore the flush of soft carmine
In the heart of the wild-rose that lies.

So young thou wert, child—so unwary!—
Yet so eager to learn and to do,
That the days were too short for thy living,
As on in their courses they flew,
And thy light feet kept time to earth's music,
Whether treading on heart's-ease or rue!

O, the magical glamour of moonlight,
When love was a fairy dream;
When romance, with its tremulous splendor,
Gilded all life with its gleam;
When the heart knew one song and one story—
One lofty, bewildering theme!

When friendship was quick recognition
  Springing to life in a day;
When heroes wore crowns of laurel,
  And poets wore wreaths of bay;
When faith knew the joy of believing
  In Omnipotent Good alway!

Speak, child, for the years are many,
  And the past lies dim between,
And I fain would read the riddle
  Of what thine eyes have seen—
Thou mystic, silent wonder,
  Thou ghost of the might have been!

Didst thou know when the morning-glory
  First sheathed its silver horn;
When the roses drooped in the noontide,
  Of their early freshness shorn;
And the wild birds ceased from singing
  In the heart of the woods forlorn?

Oh, speak! Didst thou know when the shadow
  That woman dreads drew nigh;
When the young bloom slowly faded,
  And the young light left thine eye,
And there fell a shower of snowflakes
  Where the dark locks used to lie?

Ah, maiden! the white-haired woman
  Is but thyself grown older;
She hath lost some dear illusions,
  Yet remembereth all you told her,
And still your dreams and visions
  In the might of their love enfold her.

For she knows what you but dreamed of;
  She hath drained the beaker of life;
She hath trodden its red-hot ploughshares;
  She hath faced its storm and strife;
She hath heard its divinest music,
  And danced to its lute and fife!

O child, it is long since we parted!
  But surely in some far clime
We shall meet with tears and laughter
  Beyond the river of Time,
And each in the clasp of the other
  Pass on to the Hills Sublime!

TAPS!

By John R. Rathom

At the old soldier's home there are massive granite buildings that spring out of smooth green lawns. There are beautiful flower-beds that, on one bright summer afternoon, held up a thousand blooms of every shape and color to the declining sun. But these things only formed a setting for the faded blue of the veterans who lay under the maples, or wandered slowly, in couples, up and down the wide walks, or sat on the steps of their dormitories and talked in whispers to one another, as if a louder conversation might disturb the repose of Something that lay over in the hospital ward.

The supper-gong clanged out with a strangely discordant note, and there was no spirit or haste in the movement of the groups up the broad path to the dining-hall. Yesterday they trooped in as merrily as age and infirmity might permit, but to-night they shuffled to their seats gloomy and ill at ease. No one of them but as he passed into the hall glanced at the chair where the dead man had been accustomed to sit. Age is slow to shake off impressions like these. So they struggled through the meal, desolate and unhappy.

The moon was shining through the pines out of a cloudless sky when they laid him away an hour later. John Labold was his name. "Sergeant John" his comrades had called him for twenty years. The worldly possessions he left behind him consisted of a pair of worn-out crutches; the only memory that survived him was that of a crotchety, broken-down old man. But nearly every veteran at the home followed his body up the hill, for above and beyond his worldly failings was a record of service that spanned the four years of the Rebellion, and on his sunken breast inside the coffin rested three medals that testified, with silent eloquence, to gallantry in the face of the enemy.

All the trees and lawns were bathed in the white moonlight when the veterans fell into files in front of the main building and began to march, with slow and halting steps, behind the hearse. Ahead of the carriage was the band, flanked by the firing squad. The cemetery was only a few hundred yards away, but it took the old men a long while to reach it, for many in the ranks were cripples. Some, bent with years, looked at the flag flapping ahead of the line, listened to the solemn strains of the "Dead March," and tried, with a pitiful and brave effort, to march as stanch and as straight as they had done forty years before. Two, mere shells of men with all the fires of life flickering into ash, were wheeled along in chairs at the end of the column.

They drew up in a hollow square about the open grave, and every tasselled hat came off as four of the younger men lifted the coffin out of the hearse. Off at one side and crowding between the grass-covered mounds near the cemetery fence were some hundreds of townspeople reverently watching the ceremony. In more than one place in the square the old fellows, sometimes in a chain of three or four, held hands like little frightened children might do in the presence of some indefinite dread. The Chaplain said a few words about the dead man's career as a soldier, and then the color-bearer, advancing to the side of the coffin, laid across it a beautiful silk flag, its folds falling among the clods of clay around it.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." At the Chaplain's words half a dozen of the close friends of the dead man pressed out of the ranks, and, kneeling painfully, threw in handfuls of earth. The commander of the gun squad, a veteran with a long gray beard, took his cue from the uplifted hand of the Governor, and began to give his company of half a dozen the necessary orders in a tone as penetrating and brusque as if he were directing an operation on the field of battle, with every little headstone stretched out in front of him an ambushed enemy.

They fired three sharp but straggling volleys over the grave, the hollow square of

time-battered soldiers coming to the salute and standing motionless. Into the middle of the little cloud of rifle-smoke that hung low on the grass stepped a bugler, and as he put his instrument to his lips, with a gallant sweep of the arm, the moon topped the pines at his back and swathed him, like a vision, in a flood of light.

Why is it that the most solemn service ever devised by man, the stately hush of a vast cathedral, the imposing robes, the stained-glass windows, the pealing organ, all fade into insignificance beside that soul-stirring, simple act—the trumpeting out of "taps" over the body of a dead soldier? No man who has ever heard it, either on the field of battle, at the quiet army post, or in the haven for these weak and shattered units of the Grand Army of the Republic, ever forgets it. For the bugle-notes seem to take into their own all-embracing cadence the tears, the memories, the shattered hopes and the long farewell.

The Bugler was a little veteran, a dried-up figure with the marks of age all about him, but, with the first note of his instrument, he seemed to become again the smart soldier of another generation. His earnestness and feeling entered into every bar of this—the most beautiful, the most piteous, the most haunting of all army calls.

The leaves of the trees rustled in the air, but every soul within sound of the bugle seemed turned to the silence of stone. When the player finished, with a sweet lingering note that lost itself in its own echo, everybody still stayed motionless. Not until the sound of earth falling on the coffin below startled them out of their reverie did any move away.

Then the band headed the slow-moving line with a lively air, and all marched back to barracks. But for hours, despite the cheery music, "taps" rang in the ears of all of them, bringing back memories not alone of Sergeant John, but of those four hideous years of struggle and death before age had chained them to his chariot.

Far into the night, and when nearly all the other inmates of the Home were asleep, two of the veterans still toiled with spades, piling the earth into the grave, and resting half exhausted every little while on its brink. Once the Governor came and offered to get some of the stablemen—civilians—to do the work. But they would have none of such help, and plodded manfully on till the task was ended.

"It's the toss of a coin, Comrade," said one to the other. "Mebbe afore the punkins is ripe some lad over beyond there will be a-doin' this fer me."

"Er me too, Comrade. Who knows!" And the speaker's knotted hands closed tight over the handle of his spade. "It's ebb tide fer the old G. A. R. My God, man," and his spade clattered to the ground as he hid his face in his hands, "what a heap of us has been carried out to sea alriddy!"

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT was not altogether a childish whim to associate the word Imagination with purple. There are words of such distinction that they seem to have a penumbra of color. Like saints, they wear halos.

A Displacement.

"Works of the Imagination," "Poems of the Imagination," "Imaginative Prose"—old-fashioned titles—had a royal significance in the hierarchy of words. To these, other sorts of literature instinctively gave preference. There are many of us who can recall fingering reverently in the old anthologies the pages set apart to which these imposing terms were attached, yet passing on to read "The Groves of Blarney" or "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Yet no such personal preference could be defended, or regarded as evincing anything but a lower order of taste.

In the critical estimates of the period the Imagination owed no allegiance to anything outside of itself, nor could be held accountable to anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. Byron, to be sure, in a moment of spleen objected to ladies in their cell giving books to

knights who could not spell. But generally speaking nobody held the Imagination to any definite course of conduct, and "mountain giants might prate to mountain sprites" like Grecian philosophers without a protest.

But how ragged and faded is that purple to-day! Looking over the tremendous literary output of the moment, one will scarcely find a work that is the product of the Imagination as the term was once understood. A significant corollary to this statement is in the recent works of Stephen Phillips. An analysis of the really fine reception given to them discovers that it is largely composed of wonder and curiosity that the present age should have produced them at all.

Pure Imagination is not expected to go forth except accompanied by Science—recent discoveries in electricity, the revelations of hypnotism, astronomy, biology—as a passport to our attention. Imagination is no longer the ruler, but the handmaid. Its former place is occupied by Observation. The successful man of letters is he who knows how to co-ordinate his observations and present them to our intelligence. Zola, Kipling, the two most distinguished names in the literature of to-day, deal only with the actual, or with the logic of the actual. Mr. Howells, even George Meredith and Henry James, and the long procession of names, however clumsily engaged, move along the same path. Realism is only a name. The stimulus is found in the newly awakened perceptions of the wonder, the mystery, the complexities of this thing we call Life, in which we are so helplessly involved.

The mind is only a marvellous machine. It is not enough to set it in motion and see the sparks fly. Fireworks are brilliant, but only momentarily effective. The important thing is the grist that is fed to the machine. This must be drawn from Life, from the great storehouse of Nature, or we will have none of it. It would indeed be a fatuous person who would follow the Psalmist and "look into his heart and write." Instead he buys a pair of high rubber boots, secures a suitable kit and goes forth. "The Market Place" was written on the street corner; "The Octopus" on horseback among the fields. The novelist stalks his prey as the hunter his game. Even the individual yields his place to the varied manifestations of Life in the aggregate. That petted couple, the hero and the heroine, no longer dominate the page. They are only leading lady and first gentleman—the play's the thing.

At this moment the protest goes forth against the tons of books produced. These really mean that hundreds of eager, young minds are attacking Life on every side in the endeavor to wrest from it its mystery, solve its problems, formulate its laws, and discover what the scientific man calls "man's place in nature." It is a larger, more impersonal task than the novelist of the past set for himself, and the motive dignifies the effort irrespective of results.

The same tendencies, if one looked for them, would doubtless be discovered in art, notwithstanding the goddesses yet demanded for the millionaire's bathroom. The progress of photography and photographic reproduction have certainly made us impatient of the imaginative portrayal of events, such as once made the reputation of illustrated journals. Evidence of how far this feeling has permeated even the unthinking part of the public may be found at the music halls and wherever the biograph, the vitascope, or by whatever name it is called, is exhibited. Here the ingenuous, honest holder of a seat reviews with calm tolerance the brief parade of Greek nymphs and the artifices of the Old Homestead school, but waxes uproarious over a group of workmen tearing down a wall, or the thunderous sweep of the Empire State Express or a fire engine dashing by to its duty.

IN these days of library activity, the quiet work done by traveling libraries in twenty-six States, chiefly in the West and Northwest, has seemed to escape general notice, or at least comment. Some of these libraries are supported by State grants or by women's clubs. In Connecticut, for example, collections of books of special interest to the members are circulated by the Colonial Dames and the Audubon Society. Again, these libraries may be the gift of a patriotic corporation or individual. They are also here and there supplemented by traveling collections of pictures.

A practical idea, thus being widely and variously worked out, gives a more than local interest to certain questions or incidents of readjustment that have come up in connection with the well-equipped traveling library system of Indiana. They justify lurking suspicions—we all have

A Traveling Library Moral.

at times entertained them—as to the possible survival of traditional reading habits and book attitudes. The Indiana system is based on the mistaken theory, in the view of Mr. Henry, the State Librarian, that "the individual should be compelled to borrow forty books in order to get one." To this discouraging condition, comparable with the original public library system which compelled the borrower to select by catalogue and card instead of admitting him to the shelves to pick and choose for himself, is in part attributed the fact that only about twelve per cent. of the traveling libraries are in actual use. But the incident of widest general significance brought out by the Indiana discussion of the traveling library is the challenge of an Indianapolis correspondent, signing herself "Club-Woman": That the traveling library is badly selected, being conconfined too exclusively to "standard books." "Those who do not care for books or reading will not send for traveling libraries," she writes to a local paper. "Those who do send have read nearly, if not quite, all the books they contain. People in the smaller cities and towns, I venture to say, are better acquainted with standard books than the average resident of a large city." Her suggestion is that the traveling library should contain the books wanted by the people who are already interested in reading, not the books that on some academic theory people "ought to read." She would bring the State library within the reach of all the citizens, especially club-women, by a general distribution of its catalogue. "For," she adds, "nearly every Indiana town, from a few hundred up, has its club, especially its woman's club. The members cannot afford to buy many books. They save clippings from newspapers, hunt through old magazines, delve and wear themselves out to find material for a given subject that is snugly compiled in some book that is as far beyond their reach as if it were in the moon." What a picture this is of the place the book is coming to fill in the modern life, that of an authority for reference, not of a solace for refreshment; in particular in the life of "up-to-date" women of eclectic interest in all things!

With these new possibilities of the traveling library Mr. Henry is entirely sympathetic. He would supplement, perhaps modify, the system, to extend the usefulness of the traveling library while not surrendering its original character. He would thus hope still to reach some rural communities and isolated dwellings, uninvaded as yet by the spirit of disregard for books as books. But can he succeed? One is disposed to feel rather skeptical about it. In the great overflow of so-called "current literature," including everything printed, from the cheapest newspaper to the highest-priced magazine or review, books seem to have become declassed. They no longer stand for something apart, but are only another form of "reading." It is the old story of the familiarity that breeds, if not contempt, at least indifference. Books still serve their special purpose, for in the language of modern education they are "tools." The State library which furnishes the club-woman of some distant habitat with the "material" she requires for her "paper" provides her with the "tool" she needs for her "job." This attitude towards books is at the farthest possible remove from that of the youthful Andrew Carnegie, who counted the books his employer lent him to read of an evening after the day's hard work his greatest privilege and joy. Can the Mr. Carnegie of to-day bring back to others the appreciation of books that meant so much to him, though he fill the world with the completest libraries? Does not the simple traveling library, after all, more nearly meet the conditions than an embarrassment of riches? Assuredly it fits closer the ideal American type of a Lincoln reading over and over again the only books on hand, the Bible, Æsop's "Fables," Weems's "Life of Washington," and a "Life of Henry Clay," a library selected by a method more haphazard than the traveling library, but a many-sided, compact library, and made his own. It was of Lincoln that the old-fashioned biographer wrote, "Abraham's poverty of books was the wealth of his life." But will the American of the public school, the special training and the scientific use of libraries, ever produce another representative American of the Lincoln type?

THE FIELD OF ART

AN EXPONENT OF DESIGN IN PAINTING.

DUNLAP, in his History of the Arts of Design in America, says:—"To excite images and sensations, painting and her sister arts of design rely upon *form* displayed in *space*."

If one were asked the distinguishing excellence of the art of the Renaissance compared with that of to-day what would the answer be? Not color—Michael Angelo was no colorist, nor was Raphael in a high sense, nor yet Leonardo—we must go to the Venetians for that. Not tone; for it is doubtful if tone was then even thought of—time has contributed this to their canvases, while moderns *seek* it. The safe answer would be, more likely, composition and design. This was what they thought of, this was what they sought. Do we of to-day think in like measure of these things? Yes, the comparatively few—the unusual few. Color, light, air, tone even, mark modern art as its own; while form, composition, and design are attributes of the older school which sought to impress by the well-knit, coherent, and decorative ornament of intelligent composition. Take merely simple examples—Leonardo's Head of Medusa, Raphael's Madonna of the Seggiola, Michael Angelo's Fates, in none of which is there a distinguished feeling for color; but in each is to be discovered a controlling decorative intention, a distinctly ornamental disposition of line. Bereft, then, of tone and color in the best acceptation of those terms, these works are interesting in black and white through the force of their ornamental impulse. This may be said also of many other and lesser men of that period; and when we have said this, it would be not a little instructive if as much were hazarded concerning many painters of the present. Surely such a statement in regard to them would not rest long unchallenged. We may be able, a little later in these paragraphs, to make such statement respecting a painter of our own. Before attempting it, however, we will glance at this question of design and tentatively inquire into the causes of its abeyance or rarity in modern art.

While the experiments of recent art have added much to the truthful presentation of the coloring of nature they have contributed little, if anything, to that sense of the artist which is implied by the word "design." Beautiful transcripts of the outside world are now produced where sensitiveness to the visual effect of the very air we breathe is obvious to the most superficial observer; but that, perhaps, more intellectual quality, the balance of parts, that judgment which disposes certain quantities in the right place for the due artistic enforcement of the theme, is less apparent. Is it not perhaps because the secrets of color are receiving more attention and the resources of the palette are being extended that, for the time being, serious and coherent composition is not so generally practised? It is that, largely, which makes for art—it shows the intellect of the artist directing the mind of the beholder to the salient intention of the work itself. It is the art which conceals art, but which must be inevitably there in order to make an artistic statement convincing. Color does not always do this, form does not invariably achieve it; but design, from its very name, attains its purpose. We seem to have been carried away by the lighter, the more superficial, charms of painting and have not so sedulously followed the more fundamental beauties of the craft. It is sometimes alarming to see the pursuit of mere prettiness in painting. Breadth, nobility, largeness of type, is not so commonly offered as to become, as it should become, "human nature's daily food." Perhaps the very clothes we wear have not that amplitude of form and line which offers desirable material to the painter. This, however, I do not believe to be the case. The cause lies deeper—it is, more likely, lack of generosity of vision. When that exists it is recognized and hailed by the knowing and appreciative few. This breadth of sight loves wide spaces, large masses, constructive quantities which gratify the eye and emphatically impress the mind.

In his admirable book on The Art of Velasquez, R. A. M. Stevenson has said some-

where: "When you merely draw a line on an empty canvas you commit yourself to art, for you have given the line a positive character by placing it in some relation to the four sides of the canvas." That is to say, there is, in the position of that mark within the rectangle or oval or whatever the form of the area may be, a conscious purpose which stands for composition or design. This is said like an artist. Although the water color sketches by Winslow Homer seen this past season at the exhibition of the New York Water Color Club may not in themselves elucidate the title of these paragraphs on this veteran painter, they have served the purpose of recalling to us the dominant note in his finished works. And it is because of this valuable note that we are moved to speak of Homer once more. It is always a pleasure to hail a painter who possesses in a high degree a quality in which modern art is at times singularly deficient, *i.e.*, this quality of design.

In landscape, marine, figure or portrait painting, do we not often miss the structural sense which takes into account the impression received by the human mind of a well-conceived disposition of masses in a painting? This, in conjunction with frank, solid, wholesome technique, is what these later days of art do not invariably give us. Since "The Bright Side," an army incident, painted some time after the Civil War, Homer has not failed to be a wholesome and individual personality in the field of art—a field where the workers have not always, as he has done, tilled their own particular row. One reason, perhaps, why Homer is more single minded is, that he has not been embarrassed by various aptitudes. Homer seems never to have been over-trained; this is to say, he has never been tempted by a too fluent brush to show his skill for the mere skill's sake. He has had something to say and his means have been adequate to express it. A thing higher than manipulation has been his preoccupation, and that thing is design. He has had in a larger measure than many the Japanesque spirit in arrangement—a satisfying sense of balance, quantity—an apparent pleasure in presenting few things, and those with directness and force. Does he not fill his rectangle of canvas, the area prescribed, with straightforward intention because he has conceived that corner of nature to be so represented? This aspect, this segment of nature stands for such a pattern—just so much shall be shown, and such shall be its shape. Rocks guard the coast and thundrous breakers shake them, but all within the controlling limits of a direct and impressive design. It is pleasant, I say, to speak of this quality, and it might be diverting to seek further and try to discover why design is not more general and why it is so impressive when practised. One might ask, too, Whence comes this sense, what weakens it and what strengthens it? In comparing Winslow Homer with other painters of his time here, his contemporaries, we find that personally he has lived a more secluded and exclusive existence, so to say, than most of them. And again, he has had no long training in the schools. Indeed, little influence of another man's *seeing* is perceptible in this man's work. His method is so simple that no design seems apparent; he does not think of what might please others, an obvious tendency in the selections of some painters—it is what impresses him, Homer, that only, is worthy of his time and labor. As a result of this his canvases are memorable; the construction, the very shape of these pages of nature remain in the mind as he presents them—the spots, the masses, the relation they bear to one another, stay in the memory, while the transcript of some lesser man, making slight mental appeal, soon fades from one's remembrance. This is a suggestive fact—it is not through technical address that such a result is achieved—it must be something other. In fact, treating the subjects Homer does, one would not care for too glib and facile handling; and, on consideration, you feel that the touch is the natural and consequent outcome of the theme. It is largely the design which gives them their potency in memory—they have their stamp, and this is indeed their *cachet.*

Much homage is given to the virtuosity of certain living painters. Homer, although no virtuoso in the sense of possessing consummate technical skill, stands as a man receiving strong emotions from noble aspects of nature and striking resounding chords upon the instrument he has made his own—Homer is, and always has been, himself. As we have said, no side glances as to the way another would treat or has treated this or that manifestation of nature; enough that he has thus seen it and that it thus affected him. Nature, broad, spacious, elemental, seems to have sunk into his mind, fixed there in some

shape or pattern, strong spots of sky or water, almost savage at times in their coloring. Nothing for whim—no straining for originality. His vision is as clear as a window pane through which one might look out upon the scene; but the *selection* is that of an artist who seizes the most salient and typical point of view. There is no softening of effect nor prettifying of facts—great nature suffices, and his works possess the true beauty of essential fidelity. Design is always there, for it is the mysterious power of unerring choice. This it is which places Homer above the plane of a competent painter and proclaims him an artist of the first rank. His mere painting alone would not, perhaps, do this; but with the controlling grasp of a trained intelligence he fixes what he sees and makes others see it also.

This posture of mind in painting makes whatever he does interesting, appeals more strongly to the memory than that which is without this vital and informing element; invests it, in fact, with that subtle something, that fine quality which is universally known as art.

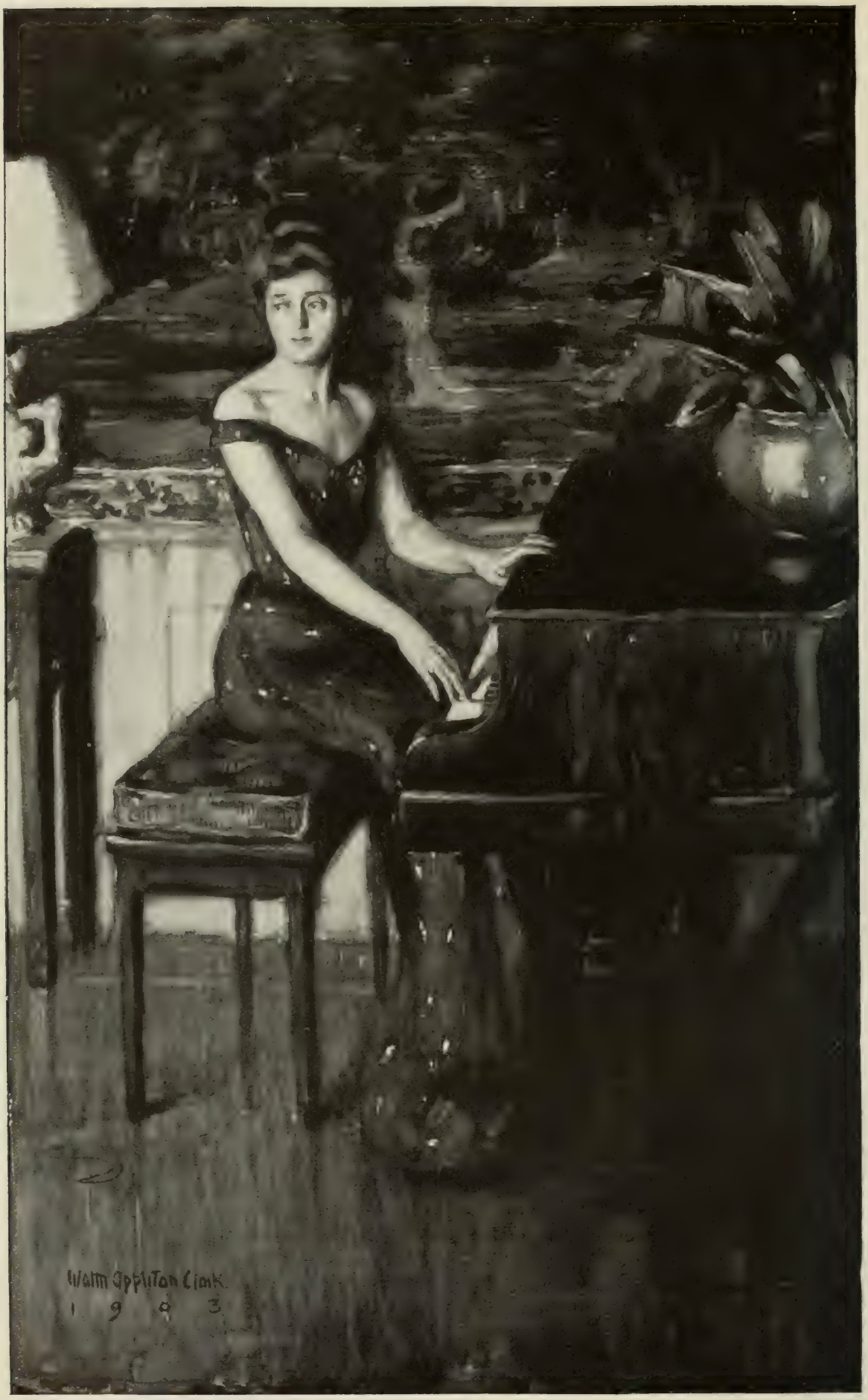
For an example of the fine sense of quantities in space that characterizes so markedly much of Homer's best work, we give the accompanying composition, Fox and Crows, now the property of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The disposition of the forceful spots in this rectangle is most happy, and is well presented in the half-tone reproduction before us (page 616). The strong and daring mass of black offered by the crows in the upper right-hand corner, suggesting an even greater volume to the mass by the partly disappearing wings and the approaching numbers of crows—this black, modified and broken by the reflected light on the feathers and the surface light on the beaks, is further distributed by the accents of dark carried to the ears and left forepaw of the fox with fine judgment and effect.

So much for the strong and organic notes of the picture. Nothing could show better control of these forcible accents than the manner in which the artist has chosen to place them on the canvas and then given them cohesion by silhouetting these telling spots of black against a darkened sky, and placing the lighter tonal value of the fox against the snow. The space in front of the fox suggests much distance for his apprehensive flight—the very direction of his head and ears unites these two active quantities of the scene.

In speaking above of Homer's structural sense as indicated by his presentation of a scene, of a subject, of an idea—we have left unmentioned other qualities which he possesses. Dealing as he does with the rugged aspect of the North and of the coast, one is not, perhaps, disposed to give him the credit which, on second thought, he is found to deserve as a colorist. While not obviously so strong on this side as to become identified with this quality in his art in the way that other men are sometimes quoted as exponents of color, Homer still has sufficient range in this matter to adequately and effectively throw upon his canvas very telling and beautiful reports of equatorial waters and the vivid flora of the South. His brilliant West Indian sketches testify to this. These blazing white houses, this vivid verdure, and intense blue sky were set down perhaps all the more powerfully because of no mental preoccupation regarding their very definite shape nor the pattern they were to make within the rectangle which bounded them. Nature seemed to pour through him and upon his paper, in these water colors, with no intervening thought nor æsthetic intention other than to place there certain sights strongly felt. The construction of these reports into an organic presentment to affect others was apparently not even thought of—he, Homer, was simply stocking his arsenal with the munitions of war for future use. The emotions which this material was to produce were probably not in his mind while gathering the material. Looking at the matter from this point of view, may we not discover one way to account for Homer's power in his finished work? Is it not perhaps because he possesses this rude reportorial faculty which he exercises in gathering for future use the myriad visual facts of nature that they lose no vitality when he calls on them to serve as his vocabulary in giving utterance to his organized thought, his coherent design?

There is much also to be said, did space permit, of this painter's sense of form—of the noble and bronze-like figures, so full of structural appreciation, which he has brought from southern seas—rapid water colors, quick in more senses than one—stirring with life.

FRANK FOWLER.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"I HAVE BEEN INSPECTING SOME OF YOUR HEROINES RATHER CRITICALLY THIS AFTERNOON."

—"A Proffered Heroine," page 737.

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The Summit of Mount Collie.

[The atmosphere was still full of smoke, and objects a mile away were nearly invisible.]

A NEW PLAYGROUND IN THE NEW WORLD

By Edward Whymper

ILLUSTRATIONS MADE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. W. FRANCKLYN AND THE AUTHOR

I SAILED from Liverpool on board the *Australasian* on May 23, 1901, left Montreal on June 5, and arrived at Banff, in Alberta, on June 9. Banff is in the Valley of the Bow, at a point where the valley is itself broad, and is joined by several other large ones. It is an excellent centre for excursions, in a very agreeable situation, and we could have passed the whole season there pleasantly enough had it not been determined to work farther to the north. No distinct programme had been fixed, except that we were to occupy our time in the neighborhood of the crest of the main range of the Rockies. But the conditions were not favorable upon our arrival. Although fine enough down below

> The snow upon the lifeless mountains
> Was loosen'd into living fountains.

Through my powerful Ross telescope it could be seen pouring down in streams, and we knew that those cascades brought stones along with them; and, besides carrying one off his legs, were capable of burying him up, and could smash a skull or shave off a head before one could say Jack Robinson. So we kept down below, and boated on the Vermilion Lakes, fished in the River Bow, and bathed in the Cave—which only wants the introduction of a few mermaids to become very attractive.

Four professional mountaineers accompanied me from Europe, of whom the leader was Christian Klucker, of Sils, in

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the Engadin—a strong man, who can hold me off the ground with one arm. Two of the others also were Swiss, and the fourth was a Frenchman, a rapid walker, who, a few years ago, came down from the top of the Brévent to Chamonix (a descent of 4,840 feet), in sight of a number of persons, in thirty-one minutes. We were joined in Montreal by my photographic assistant, Mr. Francklyn, a great-grandson of Sir Samuel Cunard. All pined for work, and to prevent their limbs from rusting went out to capture eagles, which were rather over-numerous in the neighborhood. Half a dozen or more could usually be seen at a time, soaring about. They found the nest of a white-headed fishing eagle on the top of a burnt tree, shot the parent birds, climbed the charred trunk, and brought back the babe in a sack. Papa measured six feet four inches from tip to tip, and went to Montreal; mamma was not much less in dimensions, and now floats in the hall of the Banff Springs Hotel; and as the little one, although nearly four feet over, was unable to fly, it was at first put into a washing-basket and hung up in the back premises. Guests complained of its voice, and it was then shifted a hundred yards farther away, and swung from a tree in a huge cage made for it by the hotel carpenter, and there it did very well, until some Sons of Belial let it loose, saying that it was an indignity to the noble bird to be kept in confinement. Whether that was so or not, the manager of the hotel required them to reinstate it, and the operation caused them a good deal of trouble; and if it had cost them much more it would have served them right for interfering with private property. In the middle of September we were obliged to part with our pet, and it went to the aviary in the park at Vancouver, convoyed by Mr. Francklyn. Free transmission was claimed for it under the company's regulation, as it was less than twelve months old, but the station-agent was obtuse, and had the barbarity to charge for it as an "express package."

In the middle of June the weather showed signs of improvement, and we started out of Banff, accompanied by a couple of packers and nine patient Indian ponies, who meekly followed one another in a row, and seldom tried to stand on their heads, or behaved in the naughty manner of mules. They browsed on grass or anything that could be picked up, and had nothing else except an occasional handful of salt. On the first day we went seventeen miles up the River Bow, and camped by the side of the stream, close to Castle Mount Station, and on the next morning went over the Vermilion Pass. This is one of the ways across the main chain of the Canadian Rockies, which were brought into notice, and in a sense, were discovered by the Palliser Expedition in 1858, and although it was put aside by the Canadian Pacific Railway in favor of the direction which is now taken, it may possibly become one day an alternative route for that line, for its summit is scarcely 5,200 feet above the sea. The trail which now leads to this pass from the Valley of the Bow, like most others in these mountains, is fundamentally an Indian one, and so far as the summit it can be readily found. On the western side it becomes nominal, and it is easier to travel in the torrent bed than to follow it. According to report, the pass is seldom traversed by anyone—perhaps not more often than once a year. We passed two Indian camping-places, with poles left standing, but they did not appear to have been visited for a long time.

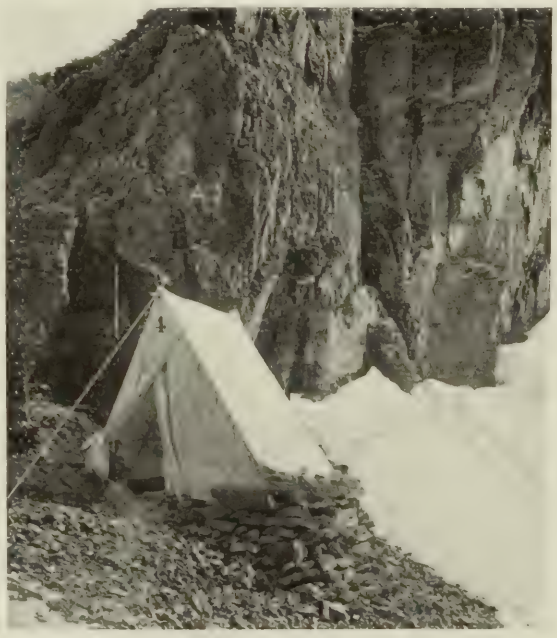
We came here to look for a mountain that would give an unimpeded view to the northwest, the direction in which it was proposed to go; and as the peak on the western side of the pass appeared likely, camped at the foot of it, at a sharp bend in the stream, close to a place where an avalanche had wrecked a corner of the forest; and on the first opportunity ascended the gully down which the avalanche had come, and, when the direct course toward the summit was interrupted by some cliffs which ran across the face of the mountain, turned to the left and finished the ascent from the west. The height was 9,280 feet, or about 4,200 feet above our camp. The nearest mountains of any size were those around Lake Louise, and they could be identified, although only the general forms and no details could be seen. Away to the west there were five fine, steep peaks in a row, which were located later on. They looked more than five and twenty miles away, though actually they were scarcely fifteen. The atmosphere was hazy, and this want of clearness prevailed all through



The Great Takakkaw Fall. Yoho Valley.

the season, principally in consequence of forest-fires.

The ascent of Mt. Francklyn, for that is the name suggested for our peak, showed that there were no mountains of importance to the north and west beyond those that were already known, so we came back into the Valley of the Bow, to go round to the *north* of the Lake Louise group, and by taking a short cut, to strike the river higher up than we had quitted it, got into a stretch of burnt forest. Before the bottom of the valley was reached, it was found that more time had been occupied in getting through the few intervening miles than would have been taken if a circuit four times the distance had been made to avoid them. The loss of timber that occurs in Canada through forest-fires is deplorable. Millions of trees have been killed along the course of the railway alone—killed but not consumed, and they form a serious hindrance to travel. Immediately after a tract has been devastated by fire, it may *sometimes* be easier to traverse than it was before, but in course of time the reverse is sure to be the case; for wind brings down a quantity of the naked, half-charred stems, another wind throws more across them, and some come down by themselves, which pile up and ultimately form an intricate interlaced jungle, impenetrable by laden animals.



Camp on Pope's Pass.

The River Bow was rather high and running fast, but our packers would have got everything across dry, if the youngest of the party had not slipped from his steed when two-thirds way over, and finished the rest of the transit holding on to its tail. We then tramped up the rails to Laggan, the station for Lake Louise. Soon after passing this station, the Canadian Pacific Railway leaves the Valley of the Bow (which continues in a north-northwesterly direction along the *eastern* side of the main range of the Rocky Mountains) and bends round toward the west in a great curve, almost a semi-circle, twenty-three miles across. The Lake Louise mountains are on the inner or southern side of the curve. They are the best-known group in the Rockies, and among the principal peaks comprise Mts. Victoria, Lefroy, and Temple —each more than 11,000 feet high, and several others not much inferior in elevation. Those who wish for information about them should turn to the book by Mr. Wilcox, published by Putnam, which has maps and illustrations. We remained in this district fourteen days. To ascend its mountains was not the errand upon which we were bent, though in idle moments two of the party did cut off the head of the Mitre (an *aiguille* between Mts. Lefroy and Aberdeen), and some others took the same liberty with Mt. Whyte — summits which had not been reached previously.

Our business here was to spy out the country to the northwest, and we found no spot more suitable than the ridge or neck connecting the two mountains called Mt. Whyte and Pope's Peak, above Lake Agnes, which commanded a view in the right direction. There are three lakes hereabouts, one above another. Lake Louise, 5,630 feet above the sea; Mirror Lake, about 800 feet higher up, with Lake Agnes, 400 feet higher still; and at the head of the latter there is a rocky amphitheatre, with Pope's Peak on the right and Mt. Whyte on the left [page 647]. As it was intended to camp upon this neck or *col* for several days, there was a good deal to be transported, and some of it was placed out in advance, against a large boulder at the upper end of the valley. When we returned two days later, it was found that marmots had attacked the cache in the interim, had wrecked my wardrobe, munched our moc-



Lake Agnes and Pope's Pass.

The lake, which is sixty-eight hundred feet above the sea level, was on July 7th frozen over with the exception of a narrow margin round the shores.

casins, and torn the precious woollen head-piece into shreds, which was intended to protect my ears. Having first gnawed the cords of the kit-bag, they pulled every article out, and must have had a grand time trying on socks and woollen wristlets. Then they dragged the things off toward their abodes, and a boot was found here and another somewhere else, distributed over a couple of hundred feet—and there they sat, all around, at the mouths of their holes, grinning at us.

The snow in this district was in a bad state. It was newly fallen snow that came down when the temperature was high, and had not had time to bind to the rocks. During our stay at the end of June on the Vermilion Pass, there were falls on the neighboring summits to the extent of several feet in thickness; but as the temperature at that time was well above freezing-point during the day and below it at night, the fresh snow settled down, cemented itself to the rocks, and got into "good order." It was not unduly soft, and had no tendency to slip. In the Lake Louise group, a fortnight later, the opposite conditions prevailed. Snow fell frequently, although the

temperatures were high; and snow-slides, or small avalanches, poured down from the cliffs of Mt. Whyte, cutting grooves in the slopes underneath. We mounted to the right to avoid them, and divided into three parties, and took three different lines of ascent, so that, in the event of anything being dislodged, those below should not suffer.

The only place on the *col* where protection could be obtained from wind was at the foot of the cliffs of Pope's Peak, and by building up *débris* a sufficiently large space was obtained for the tent [page 646]. This spot (9,420 feet above the sea) is probably the highest point at which anyone has hitherto camped in the Rocky Mountains of Canada. It was a sort of wrestling-place for the winds from the Atlantic with those from the Pacific. Squalls came from all directions, and the temperatures experienced were abnormal. It was sometimes warmer at midnight than at midday. During the first *night* (July 9) the minimum was 52° F.! but at *noon* on the 10th, it was 41°. At Banff, 5,000 feet lower down, the lowest during the night of the ninth was 37°.2 F., or more than 14° lower than with us; although, allowing a decrease of 1° F. for every 400 feet increase in elevation, we ought to have been at least 12° colder than Banff, and if it had been so the continual snow-slides would not have occurred. I remained here three days and two nights with one of my people, and no other company except the ubiquitous mosquito, which in the Canadian Rockies ranges high above the tree line. In the meantime some of the others turned the *col* into a pass by crossing it and descending a small, nameless valley on the northern side, got down exactly on the summit of "The Great Divide." We afterward re-united at Laggan, and went by the railway to Field, which became our headquarters for the rest of the season.



In Camp on Emerald Summit Lake.

In descending toward the west from the Great Divide—the highest point reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway—there are two attractions that no one can overlook—Mt. Stephen on the left, and the Yoho Valley on the right. It may seem strange that Dr. Hector, the discoverer of the pass which is used by the railway, said nothing about them, though he camped at the base of the one, and crossed the mouth of the other. The explanation probably is that he was at the time impelled by *force*



Emerald Summit Lake.



Mount Shaughnessy and Mount McNicoll.

Two of a group of mountains named by the author "the President's Group."

majeure to move on, without either looking to the right or left; for when he started on the journey upon which this pass was discovered, he was provided with a very insufficient outfit. "I did not take," he said, "any provisions excepting a little tea and a few pounds of grease." He relied upon shooting game, and from want of it became pinched for food. They began to run short after the first fortnight, for it was found that there was not the slightest prospect of getting anything upon the western side of the main range; and in little more than a week later, upon arrival at the summit of the pass, which ought to bear his name, the party was reduced to extremities. Supper for five persons on that night consisted of one grouse, which Hector had killed, boiled "up with some ends of candles and odd pieces of grease." There was not much to share; yet, curious to say, *this* is the spot which is now called "The Great Divide." It has acquired this name, not in commemoration of Hector's banquet, but because it is on the water-parting. The streams on the east of it flow into the Atlantic, and those on the other side into the Pacific Ocean. The young doctor (now Sir James Hector), though getting an old man, cherishes a love for the Rocky Mountains of Canada, and only a short time ago wrote to me, saying, "I wish I could visit them again."

Mt. Stephen is one of the most prominent mountains in the Canadian Rockies, and was one of the first to be ascended. It looks its best when newly fallen snow illuminates the architecture of its terraced limestone crags. On the southwest side (a little more to the right than can be seen in the illustration) [page 655] it is rich in trilobites, many in good preservation, which are scattered over an area 200 feet high and several hundreds long, about 2,300 feet above the level of the rails—*débris* of strata shattered by frost. Old as the trilobites are —as there are more than 2,000 feet of rocks exposed below the place where they are found—there is a possibility that some organisms still more ancient may one day be discovered in the strata underneath, which will create a flutter in the paleontological world.

The Yoho Valley, on the contrary, has



End of the Great Collie's Glacier.

A man may be seen on the side of the glacier a little to left and above the centre.

only begun to be talked about quite recently. Although its mouth, since the opening of the railway, has been passed and repassed annually by many thousands of persons, no one seems to have thought about exploring it, and until five years ago it had not even got a name! In 1897, the late Herr Jean Habel, of Berlin, went to its head, and, short as the distance was, took seventeen days to get there from Field and back again. But at that time there were no paths or trails of any sort in the Yoho, and travel was laborious and slow. This was brought out very clearly in the paper that Herr Habel contributed to the publication of the Appalachian Club of Boston. Most of his troubles arose from keeping along the bottom, in virgin forest. Desirous to avoid them, we sought for a spot which would enfilade the valley from one end to the other and give a *coup d'œil* of the whole, and found one about 2,000 feet above the railway, half-way up between Mt. Stephen and the Great Divide. This was the place whence the illustration on page 653 was taken.

Our first glimpse of the Yoho Valley would have delighted the heart of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Snow-clad mountains in the far distance, partly veiled in mystery; clouds and cloud-shadows floating about, letting in light here and causing gloom there, leaving play to the imagination; bringing out in a manner, that perfect sunlight would not have done, the movements and accidents of its undulations and the picturesqueness of its forms. There is no way, as yet, made through its mouth, just where it joins the Kicking-Horse River, and to make one will be a matter of considerable trouble and expense. To get in, on leaving Field, we went at the first part of the way by the same route as Habel, *via* the Emerald Lakes [page 649]; but at the back of Mt. Wapta (the prominent mountain on the left of the view of the Yoho Valley) [page 653], instead of descending to the bottom of the Yoho, as he had done, we bore round to the left, between Wapta [page 657] and a group of mountains to the north (subsequently named the President's Group); and, after two days spent in trail-cutting through the forest, made the rest of our way along the comparatively open ground

between the top of the trees and the ends of the glaciers, parallel to the bottom of the valley, though 1,400 to 1,500 feet above it, and passed in front of and level with the top of the Takakkaw Waterfall, the loftiest cascade in the Dominion—a sort of Canadian Yosemite.

The crest of the main ridge of the Rockies at this part, proceeding from south to north, is composed of Mts. Niles, Daly

Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent,

and leaps into the air, falls and jumps again, strikes the rock and bounds for a third time, smashing itself into spray; and then re-unites and rolls down to join the main stream of the Yoho Valley. Between the spot where the water takes its first



In Camp at the head of the Yoho Valley.

(named after the late chief-justice), Balfour, and Gordon. On the eastern side of these mountains there is the Valley of the Bow, and their western slopes and cliffs dominate the Yoho. The water of the Takakkaw Fall comes from Mt. Daly. A torrent issuing from the southern branch of a large glacier on the western side of that mountain, rushes down through a deep-cut channel, and descends for several hundreds of feet, almost out of sight:

Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound!
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding.
. . . . . .

spring into the air and the point where it flows into the torrent, the difference of level is 1,325 feet. The height of the fall itself is about 820 feet. The top and the bottom of it are 6,230 and 4,905 feet, respectively, above the level of the sea [page 645].

We continued onward intending to descend to the bottom of the valley, but no way down could be found, for upon our side of it, as upon the other, a line of precipitous cliffs intervened between the upper and lower ground; and from that cause we were driven more and more to the left. At this part one of the most prominent features of the landscape on the opposite or eastern side is a pinnacle that was named Trolltinder by Habel, after a well-known



The Yoho Valley.

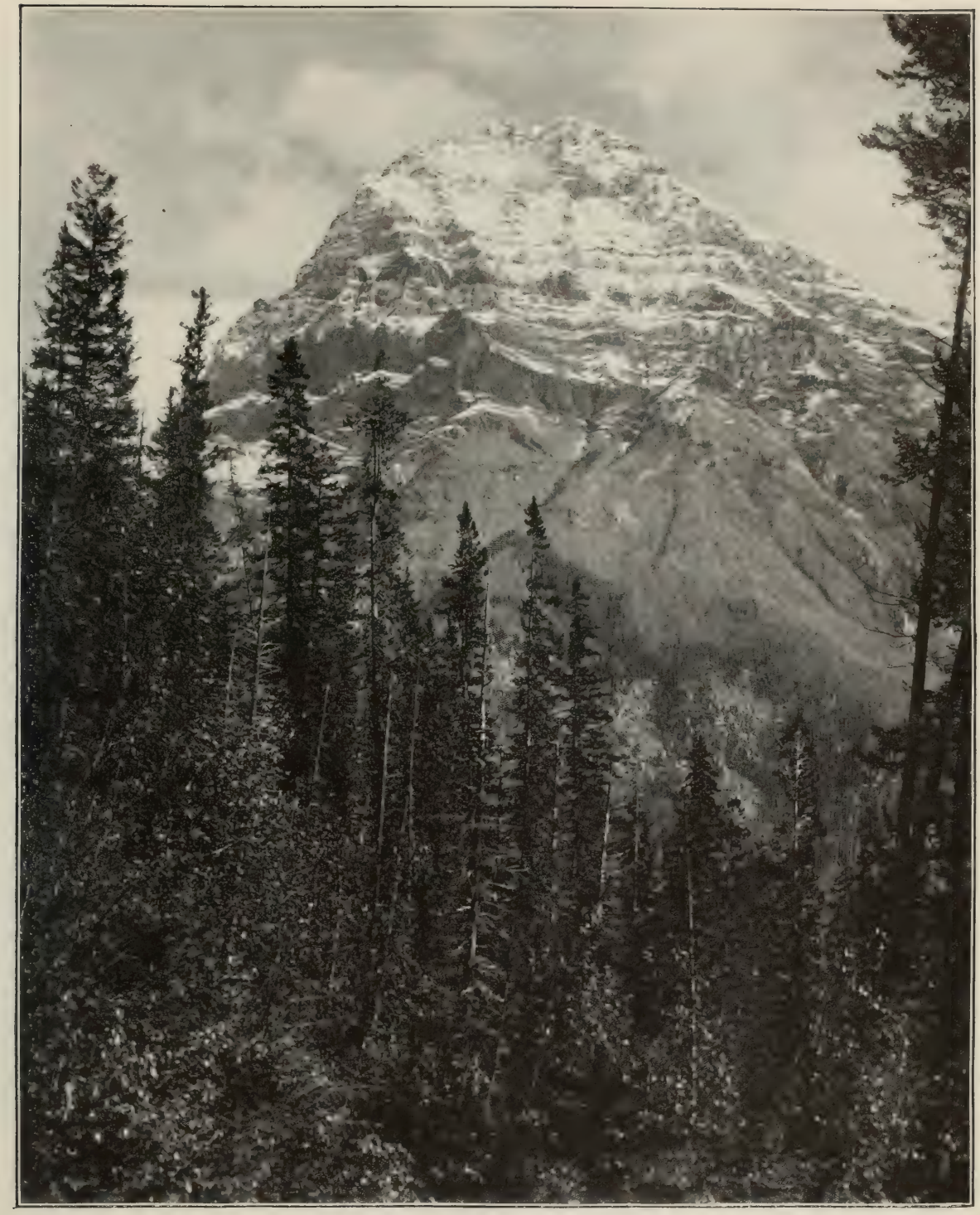
One of the most picturesque and attractive valleys in the Canadian Rockies.



Insulated Peak.

mountain in the Romsdal, in Norway. The original is about 6,000 feet high, and the summit of the duplicate is about 9,300 feet above the sea. Only the last 60 feet or so require climbing—the rest of the way up it is a walk. The Canadian Troll-tinder is a pinnacle on a buttress of Mt. Balfour, terminating in a sort of rocky finger, pointed straight up, with precipices on all sides, convenient for persons with suicidal tendencies.

In the afternoon we came to descending ground, and got into a virgin valley, the existence of which had not even been suspected. It ran nearly east and west, and as it formed an upper extension of the main valley I called it the "Upper Yoho." At the bottom of it there was open ground, affording good camping-places, and we settled down on a grassy spot near the middle of it [6,624] feet for sixteen days. Our valley was bounded on the south by the



Mt. Stephen from the trail to Burgess Pass.

northern peaks of the President's Group, which stream with glaciers from summit to base. The two loftiest points, both over 10,000 feet high, were named Mts. Shaughnessy and McNicoll, in honor of the President and Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway [page 650]. On the northern side there were five mountains in a row, the two westernmost of which I called Mts. Kaufmann and Pollinger, after two members of our party; another opposite to us was named Insulated Peak, and the easternmost one—a rather shapeless mass—the Whalesback. The head of the valley terminated with two peaks which were christened Mts. Kerr (9,150 feet) and Marpole (9,400 feet).

The smaller wild animals were numerous round about the camp, and, free from timidity, seemed to desire our closer acquaintance. One of our most precious possessions was a large quilt, which was

thrown over all, after we were stowed away in blanket-bags—"a dear, duck of a quilt," made up with the expensive article called eider-down. One night the middle man began to fidget, and vowed there was *something* crawling about in it. "I'm *sure* there's something," said another. "I can feel it *moving*," cried a third, and presently *it* escaped, and so did the contents of the quilt. The down wouldn't keep down, and flew all over the place, while the poor, little mouse who had been revelling in the eider-down flew away.

In the course of these sixteen days my party effected ascents of all the mountains in the Upper Yoho, and made passes out of the valley to the north, south, and west. On the first day (July 31) we bagged the heads of Kerr and Marpole, which, like those of the neighboring peaks, are composed of hard calcareous matter. On the other side there was another valley corresponding with the Upper Yoho, running toward the west, with an imposing array of snowy peaks beyond, all unknown—hazy and dim from forest-fires. It seemed likely that this fresh valley ran into the Beavertail River; and, later on, that was found to be the case. Two days afterward Klucker and I crossed the snowy *col* which will be seen on the west of Mt. Shaughnessy (Shaughnessy Pass, 8,977 feet), leaving the rest to carry on exploration round about the camp in our absence, and walked through to Field in ten and three-quarters hours, halts included. On the southern side we found a valley leading down to the eastern end of Emerald Lake (4,210 feet), which is one of the prettiest bits of water in this land of lakes. A good trail—a sylvan path—runs around its western side, but all the rest remains in its primeval simplicity. In 1901, the only habitation by the lake was a log-hut, termed "the shack." Those who visit it now will find a Chalet Hotel established on its shores, with every "modern comfort"!

After going up the Beavertail River to make sure that the valley leading westward from Mt. Kerr actually fell into it, we returned to camp by the same route as before, past Emerald Lake and Emerald Summit Lake, which is 1,650 feet higher up, lying between the southeast end of the President's Group and Mt. Wapta—a capital bathing-place, with water constantly remaining above 50° F., and with good camping-ground in the open glades at its western end [page 648]. We were accompanied back to camp by Tom Wilson of Banff, the best-known man in the Canadian Rockies, who is at home in the trackless woods. Next morning we started out with Klucker to cross Kerr's Pass (8,050 feet), and walked round to Field in sixteen hours and a half. Tom slid like an eel through the fallen timber, leaving us wiggling in the rear, and but for his local knowledge of the last part of the way, we should have been benighted, for several hours were through dense forest, in the dark. During these absences, or while I was engaged by measurements, or in other ways, the rest made various ascents in the Upper Yoho Valley, including Mts. Shaughnessy and McNicoll, and brought back specimens of their topmost strata—which are found, upon examination, though closely allied to those of Kerr and Marpole, to be tinctured with iron—"they are rather ferruginous," says Professor Bonney.

We then tackled Insulated Peak (so called because it is surrounded by ice), going at first up the right-hand side of the glacier that is seen in the illustration [page 654], then across the base of the mountain, and finishing the ascent by its left-hand or western ridge. We passed more than five hours on its top (9,250 feet), which commanded views over a new area and a fresh set of mountains. It is situated on the southern edge of the glacial amphitheatre at the head of the Yoho Valley, which resembles that on the Swiss side of Monte Rosa, on a minor scale. From the summit of Monte Rosa to the end of the Gorner Glacier is seven miles and three-quarters, while the Yoho basin is less than five miles in length. On the north it is bounded by part of Mt. Balfour and by Mt. Gordon. A ridge starting a little to the northwest of the latter mountain sweeps round to the south and connects with Insulated and the Whalesback on the southern side of the basin. Toward the middle of this ridge there are two peaks which are now called Mts. Habel and Collie. The former is the loftier of the two, and as it evidently would give an extensive prospect to the west, we set out from camp on August 15, in order to enlarge our horizon; and, passing through the lowest gap (8,360 feet), de-



Mount Wapta from the shack at Emerald Lake



The Hoodoos of Hoodoo Valley.
One of the most remarkable groups of earth pillars (as they are termed in Europe) to be found anywhere.

scended on the other side to the Habel Glacier, made for its head, and completed the ascent by the southern ridge of the mountain. The summit was found to be 10,450 feet above the sea, and about 150 feet higher than its neighbor, Mt. Collie. The western faces of both these mountains are precipitous, and overlook a basin rather than a valley (with a beautiful blue-green lake at its farther end), which possibly connects with the Beavertail Valley, or perhaps not—no one can say; and beyond this there was range after range of snow-clad mountains, all unknown, bewildering by their extent and through being half-obscured by smoke from a forest fire, which was said to be raging in the valley of the Columbia, sixty miles to the south of Golden, and distant from us as the crow flies about seventy-five miles.

The next day we cleared out of the valley, and shifted camp [page 652] to the head of the Yoho (5,710 feet), half a mile from the end of the glacier that originates on Mt. Collie. The trees around us were larger than usual, some being as much as ten feet in girth; and in the earlier part of the season the flora hereabouts must be attractive, for even after the middle of August, arnicas, dryas, saxifrages, veronicas, and a number of other plants were blooming, conspicuous among them being my old mountain-acquaintance *Epilobium latifolium* with its showy lilac flowers. Collie's glacier (5,600 feet) is the principal source of the Kicking-Horse River. It is a glacier in the prime of life, full and round, without the attenuated, shrunken look of one that is diminishing. A few hundred yards from its termination it appeared to be about 400 feet thick [page 651]. The edge of the forest was scarcely a quarter of a mile away from it, and outside the trees, quite a short distance off the ice, we found, among other things, a number of currant bushes (*Ribesla custre*, Poir) in fruit.

Preliminary examination from the neighboring heights showed that there was nothing to hinder a direct march to the summit of Mt. Collie, and we finished in the Yoho by scaling that mountain and Trolltinder. The season was



The head of the Ice River Valley.
This is an almost unknown valley.

wound up in Ice River Valley [above], the head of which is only about a dozen miles to the south of Field in a direct line, though treble the distance by the course that one has to follow to arrive at it. The directions to get there are simple. Take train from Field to Leanchoil (14 miles), then go up the Beaverfoot Valley as best you can for twelve miles more, and turn to the left. Although this is one of the minor valleys it is not upon an insignificant scale. At its upper end it is more than three miles across, from crest to crest of the ranges bounding it on east and west, and in picturesqueness it is scarcely second to the Yoho. We did something in the way of trail-cutting at its upper end, but for the path which has recently been made up the lower two-thirds of the valley, the public are indebted to some prospectors who think they have struck oil there, in the shape of zinc; and one day there may be a Zinc City here, though when we came away, at the end of October, only the foundations were commenced, consisting of a few dozen empty meat cans, and seven emptier whiskey bottles. A more direct way to Ice River might be made by going over the head of a small valley leading eastward from Leanchoil, which I have called the Valley of the Hoodoos, on account of the remarkable group of earth-pillars that are represented in the accompanying illustration [page 658].

The Rocky Mountain goat was the only one of the larger wild animals that we saw —all others seem to have become extinct,

or nearly so. In 1859, although even at that time game was known to be scarce, Dr. Hector, in twenty-three days, while traversing the same ground as ourselves, killed or saw bear, moose, wapiti, and mountain-sheep, besides goat. Only sixteen years ago, Mr. Green, when travelling in the Selkirk ranges of the Rockies, found that the so-called goat "was comparatively tame from never having been disturbed," and said that it "was inclined rather to seek our company than to shun it," and mentioned an instance of a full-grown animal coming "within five yards" of himself and his two companions. I do not think that they ever came within 2,500 yards of us. In August, while encamped in the Upper Yoho, we saw seventeen in a clump at about that distance, and never saw any others closer, though it may be done occasionally. By a rare piece of good fortune, one of the Swiss guides, stationed at Field, captured a kid in the early part of the season (1901). The little animal was tied up at the back of the Mt. Stephen House, and became nearly domesticated in the course of a couple of months. Hasler sold his treasure to an American gentleman and it went to Philadelphia. The smaller wild animals, however, were numerous, and not difficult to catch; but some did not thrive and died in confinement.



The Swiss guide Hasler and a young Rocky Mountain goat.

When I started back for home only three members of our menagerie remained alive —a pair of Parry's sousliks (*Spermophilus empetra*) and a Hudson Bay squirrel (*Sciurus hudsonius*). The sousliks were sleepy, but the squirrel seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and gyrated in its cage quicker than the eye could follow. It resented my first approaches, by biting a forefinger, but after that we became friends, rubbed noses, and began to understand one another. In Montreal, where it had the run of my room, it soon observed that there was a resemblance between the trunk of a tree and a human body, and that arms were substitutes for branches. Nothing pleased it better than to gambol around me, turning its head up with an arch look when it came to a stop, as much as to say, "Here I am; catch me if you can;" then going off like a flash of lightning over the shoulder on to my head, down an arm, and away with a leap to something else. Our last frolic had a quite unlooked-for result. On the voyage back, two days before we got to land, while standing in the middle of the cabin, it took a spring at my head from the topmost berth, and (probably through miscalculation of the distance) alighted on my forehead. Two of the claws went in the outermost corners of my eyes, and the rest were distributed round about. Usually, the pricks were of no consequence; but this time it had somehow poisoned its claws, and the tiny punctures turned into sores, which ulcerated and grew to formidable dimensions. On landing at Liverpool I might have been supposed to be suffering from small-pox, and for several weeks afterward I was obliged to keep out of sight. So the last state of this man was worse than the first. That notwithstanding, he will presently be again in the New Playground in the New World, and if any of his *confrères* of the mountain-clubs should chance to see the smoke of his camp-fire curling up in "the forest primeval" among "the murmuring pines," let them come along.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT

MILITARY ADMINISTRATION

BY BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM H. CARTER, U.S.A.

THE great administrative branch of the Government known as the War Department, and presided over by the Secretary of War, ranks second to none in real importance. The vast business carried on under the direction of the Secretary is of the most varied kind, involving expenditures in the aggregate probably exceeding those of any department of the Government during the century just passed. Much of this business has little or no connection with the military arm of the Government, but by a process of accumulation of statutes and authorities, resulting often from the expediency of the moment, the present dimensions have been reached—dimensions so vast in extent that it is beyond the physical power of any Secretary of War to exercise more than a general supervision of the great administrative machine under his control.

When the Colonies, through the Declaration of Independence, found themselves confronted with a contest, upon the result of which their liberties depended, they were without any form of administrative government calculated for war, which in all ages requires certain fixed elements—men, munitions, arms, clothing, food, a military hierarchy, and last, but not least, a substantial money chest. There was much groping in the dark, for, while the minute men were also riflemen of the highest type then known, there was wanting that cohesion and system which can be supplied in no other way than by a properly organized military department.

When one considers the Declaration of Independence and the wonderful document embodying the Constitution of the Republic, it becomes difficult of belief that the same talented men who so wisely framed these incomparable State papers could have had any part as members of Congress in the conduct of military affairs during the Revolution. The student of military history stands aghast at the revelation of stupidity and jealousy which characterized the conduct of Congress in dealing with the practical business of establishing and perpetuating independence after having proclaimed it.

After considerably more than a century of successful government, accompanied by an agricultural, commercial and mechanical development hitherto unknown to the civilized world, the indomitable and persevering courage of Washington stands out in bold relief in an all too small group of forceful men to whose personality and persistency in presenting the military necessities of the infant Republic the country owes the adoption of a military system, which, however feeble, was far and away superior to the unbusinesslike proceedings of Congress in its earlier efforts to control, as a body, the details of discipline and army administration in a fight for political existence.

During the Revolution Congress issued the commissions to generals and staff officers, and, by resolution, frequently dictated the control of military affairs in minutest detail. At the earnest solicitation of General Washington, a committee, consisting of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, was appointed to hear Colonel Tudor on the subject of the insufficiency of the disciplinary articles for the government of the army, and this resulted in the adoption by the Continental Congress, September 20, 1776, of the British Articles of War, which, in turn, had been bodily drawn from those in use by the Romans. In writing of this committee work, Mr. Adams said: "It was a very difficult and unpopular subject, and I observed to Jefferson that, whatever alteration we should report, with the least energy in it or the least tendency to a necessary discipline of the army, would be opposed

with as much vehemence as if it were the most perfect; we might as well, therefore, report a complete system at once, and let it meet its fate." The Articles of War have continued in force, with various modifications, generally in the direction of greater liberty for the soldier and lighter sentences for minor offences than those which prevailed under the old Essex Articles of 1642, which prescribed death for many offences for which small fines are now deemed sufficient punishment. The adoption of the Articles of War laid the foundation of that discipline not inaptly defined as "the orderly sequence of events," which in time brought the Continentals to a capacity to contend successfully with British veterans and as allies to rival the best troops of France.

The expediency of establishing a War Office was constantly urged upon Congress, and on June 12, 1776, the method of conducting military affairs by resolutions of that body was discontinued, and the "Board of War and Ordnance," consisting of a committee of five members, was established. Among other duties this board was charged with "superintending the raising, fitting out and despatching all land forces ordered for the service of the United Colonies; immediate care of all artillery, arms, ammunition and warlike stores not employed in active service; to keep a register of the names of all officers of the land service, with rank and date of commission; accounts of the State and disposition of the troops in the respective Colonies, etc. This board continued to act until Congress created, by resolution of October 17, 1777, a Board of War to consist of three persons not members of Congress. That seeming necessity for jealously guarding against any possible encroachment of military power induced the legislators to specifically provide that the proceedings of this board should be subject to inspection of Congress once a month, or oftener, and that every member of Congress should have free access to the records of the board, with the right to make copies of all documents except returns of armies, provisions or military stores, which could be obtained only on the order of Congress itself. The personnel of the board changed frequently, and the question of a quorum gave considerable trouble. Finally, on October 29, 1778, Congress provided that the Board of War should consist of two members of Congress and three persons not members, and that three should constitute a legal quorum in order that important matters should not be unduly delayed.

The Board of War continued to exercise its functions until Major-General Lincoln accepted, on November 26, 1781, the office of Secretary of War, which, with those of Superintendent of Finance and Secretary of Marine, had been authorized February 7, 1781, under the act creating certain executive departments. By resolution Congress, from time to time, assigned various duties to the Secretary of War, and required and enjoined upon all military and other officers connected with the army to observe his directions. July 3, 1782, he was specifically "authorized to order all persons to be arrested and tried for disobedience of any orders which he is empowered to issue."

The various duties outlined for the Board of War during the Revolution, and subsequently for the Secretary of War, resulted from resolutions based upon the necessity for meeting emergencies arising from day to day. It was not until January 27, 1785, that "An Ordinance for ascertaining the powers and duties of the Secretary of War" was passed. The War Department as now known may be said to have had its foundation laid in this ordinance which prescribes in great detail the powers and duties of the Secretary of War.

Matters drifted along under makeshift devices, which, however, were furnishing that experience in administration which culminated in the conviction that the confederation was too frail a vessel to supply this great continent with a stable government. During this period the functions of the office of Secretary of War embraced, to a great extent, both those of a commander-in-chief and those of an administrative and executive officer. In the organization of the Government under the Constitution, the President having been made Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, Congress enacted, on August 7, 1789, that there should be a principal officer in the Department of War "called the Secretary for the Department of War, who shall perform and execute such duties as shall from time to time be enjoined on or entrusted to

him by the President of the United States, agreeable to the Constitution, relative to military commissions, or to the land *or naval forces, ships* or warlike stores, or to such other matters respecting military or *naval* affairs as the President shall assign to the said department, or relative to the granting of lands to persons entitled thereto for military services rendered to the United States, or relative to Indian affairs; and furthermore, that the said principal officer shall conduct the business of the said department in such manner as the President of the United States shall from time to time order or instruct." The Navy Department was created by the Act of April 30, 1798, and thereafter ceased to be an adjunct of the War Department. Up to this date it will be observed that the War Department included in the scope of its administration the work of three executive departments—War, Navy and Interior, as now constituted. At the time of the establishment of the present War Department General Henry Knox, who had been Secretary under the former régime, was re-appointed to the office by President Washington. General Knox's familiarity with the requirements of the office enabled him to establish administrative methods upon a proper basis at the outset. The entire business method of the department was based upon the idea, which has since been confirmed by the Supreme Court, that the Secretary of War is the representative of the President with full legal powers with respect to all administration and control of the army and its affairs. The only change in this has been when Congress, from time to time, has provided that specific things be done by or under the direction of the Secretary of War, and which without specific statute would not be an attribute of any particular executive department.

Prior to the Act of July 16, 1798, the War Department suffered much embarrassment in the matter of supplies, because all purchases of and contracts for supplies for the military service were made under and by the Treasury Department. The change made in the methods of purchase were not sufficiently drastic to meet the conditions then confronting the Republic, which appeared to be unwillingly approaching a rupture with France, the able and efficient ally of the Colonies in their struggle for independence. The resulting legislation enacted March 3, 1799, established the system which has since prevailed by authorizing and requiring the Secretary of War to make purchases and enter, or cause to be entered into, all contracts for providing annually all clothing, camp utensils and equipage, medicines and hospital stores necessary for the troops and armies of the United States. The political dissension of the times, together with the paucity of national resources and lack of adequate means of defence caused serious embarrassment in the hour of danger. Fortunately, the war with France was avoided, and the provisional army was not raised. Washington was appointed to the grade of lieutenant-general, and in patriotically accepting the office, he stipulated that the general officers and general staff of the army should not be appointed without his concurrence. This circumstance is mentioned because it was the entering wedge to that series of misunderstandings and conflicts which have ever since characterized the conduct of the office of commanding general. The first contest arose over the relative rank of Generals Knox, Hamilton and Pinckney.

Washington took a deep interest in the organization of the new army, and proceeded to Philadelphia, where he remained for many weeks as president of a Board of Generals employed in examining applications and records for appointments of officers. In writing of this work to the Secretary of War, Washington said: "I will venture to say that it was executed with as much assiduity, and under as little influence of favor or prejudice, as a work of that sort (from the materials which were laid before us) ever was accomplished. And what has followed? Why, any Member of Congress who has a friend to serve, or a prejudice to indulge, could set them at naught." After reciting several instances where the use of influence had gravely endangered the good of the army through the widespread discontent which resulted from ignoring the just pretensions of experienced officers, and "moreover, that after five weeks' diligent application of the first three officers of your army, their work ought not to be battered down by sinister or local considerations." . . .

The use of political influence thus early assailed by one well able to judge of its

sinister effects has always been greatly decried. It is Utopian to expect that any great administrative branch of government or corporation will be so conducted as to entirely eradicate the possibility of some favoritism. In a Republican form of government the evil is not great because nothing is so fatal to one dependent upon votes for a continuance in office as the knowledge by his constituents that he presses the claims of the same individual all the time. It should be borne in mind that public men seldom press for favors for any individual unless urged to do so, and that the results of family and social influence are as far-reaching and more fatal to contentment in the army than all adventitious political interference in the legitimate course of events.

Fortunately, the country was saved from hostile collision with France, but the war scare had given much food for thought to those public men most competent to judge. It had become evident thus early that the militia act of 1792 was lacking in the elements essential for producing a reliable combatant army. In 1803 the President invited Congress to cause a review of the militia laws, and the result was the adoption of a resolution requesting the President to write to the executive of each State, "urging the importance and indispensable necessity of vigorous exertions on the part of the State Governments to carry into effect the militia system adopted by the National legislature agreeably to the powers reserved to the States respectively by the Constitution of the United States, and in a manner the best calculated to insure such a degree of military discipline and knowledge of tactics as will, under the auspices of a benign Providence, render the militia a sure and permanent bulwark of National defence." The nation has for a century continued to play battledoor and shuttlecock with an efficient militia system, which now seems in a fair way to be put upon a business basis through the enactment of legislation prepared by the Secretary of War and the Committee on Militia, of the House of Representatives, with a view to modernizing and definitely fixing the place of the organized militia in the military system of the Republic.

Under the Confederation the Secretary of War possessed much authority subsequently specifically designated as prerogatives of the President. While the relations between the President and Secretary were left untrammelled with any restrictions in the Act of 1789 creating the War Department, it gradually came to be understood that when Congress specifically names the Secretary of War in connection with legislation regarding matters falling within his department, there is no disturbance of system or of the harmonious relations between the President and his cabinet officer. This adjustment has received recognition through decisions of the Supreme Court wherein the Secretary of War is regarded exclusively as the active agent of the President in all matters falling within the jurisdiction of the War Department, and, in short, for military purposes the order of the Secretary of War is the order of the President—the Commander-in-Chief.

As early as 1809 the Secretary of War declared "that the business of the Department had increased beyond what the capacity of any one man could perform." It was not, however, until 1812 that Congress made an effort, coincident with the increase of the army, to give some relief to the Secretary of War from the vast burden of details that pressed upon him. The President proposed that the relief be afforded by the addition of two Assistant Secretaries, but Congress established the present system of bureau chiefs who control the various staff and supply departments. The Act of March 3, 1813, authorized the Secretary of War to prepare general regulations defining and prescribing the respective duties and powers of the officers composing the various bureaus. Thus it will be seen that in groping for some method which would make it possible for the Secretary of War to perform the higher functions of his office, without being crushed with the burden of details, a hydra-headed bureau system was introduced, with a number of semi-independent chiefs, each working along his own lines without of necessity having any knowledge of the character and extent of equally important work going on in other bureaus. When it is remembered that the army is absolutely dependent upon these administrative and supply bureaus, and that success depends upon the coherent total of all their efforts, it may be better understood why periodical complaints are heard. The

methods remain practically the same today as in the War of 1812, except that through a long course of years there has grown up a system of laws and regulations fixing in great detail the duties of the various bureaus. There is a most complex and expensive branch of another executive department to audit and control all the accounts. These War Department bureaus have enlisted the services of many of the most talented officers of the army at large, through whose earnest, honorable and laborious efforts success has been achieved in the various wars of the past century. That success has come at great cost, and in spite of the system, and not because of it, has gradually come to be the conviction of a large and intelligent portion of the army, as well as of many thoughtful and discerning business men in public life.

The severe hardships of war and military life in general result in wastefulness and loss of public property, and some well-devised system is essential to protect the treasury from undue strain. Through a long course of years, the principles early enunciated by Secretary of War Calhoun, that some one must be held accountable for each and every article of public property; that each chief of bureau must be responsible that all accounts are promptly and properly rendered, and that all disbursements are made from funds advanced on proper estimates, have prevailed. In this way regularity and economy are assured in peace, at all events, and the same system, with some aid from Congress, usually untangles and adjusts accounts which become mixed through the exigencies of war.

The army grew but slowly, yet its operations involved Indian wars in such widely separated theatres of action that the bureaus of the War Department were necessarily enlarged and developed beyond the mere needs of ten or twenty thousand men. The fortifications of the seacoast were in course of erection; arsenals, armories and depots of supplies were gradually completed, and a mass of miscellaneous business transactions required the attention of a large force at all times. During the earlier years many of these functions were performed by civil agents, but military rank was gradually conferred upon all the principal officials of the War Department who were called upon from time to time to exercise their functions in contact with troops. From modest beginnings, both as to duties and rank, the eleven staff bureaus of the War Department have gradually reached their present proportions. Several of these bureaus are of comparatively recent origin, but to trace the growth of others would be to follow the army through the vicissitudes of a century of able and earnest military effort.

During the period following the close of the war in 1815 the War Department was involved in much important work of exploration and survey, not only with a view to determining our rights in the matter of boundaries, but to unfold the mysteries of the unknown West at that time comprised under the several heads of the "Great American Desert," the mountain region, and the Pacific slope. The early explorations of Lewis and Clark were followed up by numerous officers until the Government maps of the entire country beyond the Missouri River were perfected to a degree of accuracy exceeding those of many of the older States.

There has seldom, if ever, been a period when the country has not had some boundary dispute on hand, and many times controversy has reached an acute stage in the consideration of such questions. Such were the conditions between 1838 and 1840 when Great Britain prepared a considerable force of Canadian militia and increased the garrisons of British regulars in Canada to about 20,000 men just before communicating to this Government the result of the boundary survey by British Commissioners, on which a claim for readjustment of the frontier line was based. Unreliable surveys and incorrect maps prepared by over-zealous and interested parties were responsible for much misunderstanding. Through an exhibition of mutual courtesy and forbearance, while commissioners unravelled some of the topographical snarls, a conflict was honorably avoided, and the War Department activity of both nations resulted in a waste of energy. Coincident with the military preparation attending the discussion of our Northern boundary, trouble was also brewing along the Mexican border. Several years later, following the annexation of Texas, matters assumed so grave a phase that it became necessary to mobilize a part of the military and naval

forces near the Rio Grande and Gulf frontiers of Mexico, pending the result of demands for a cessation of the wrongs being done to American citizens. Notwithstanding the kindly feeling which prevailed toward the Mexican Republic, the authorities and citizens generally of that country, believing in the justice of their own cause, and holding the Americans in contempt, acted in such a manner as to make the avoidance of war impossible.

The preparations for and conduct of war along the Rio Grande border demanded of the War Department only an enlargement of the usual plans and methods involved in Indian wars of the Western frontier. The Mexican ports were immediately blockaded and, in less than seven months, expeditions had overrun and conquered New Mexico, California, New Leon, Coahuila and Tamaulipas, a territory larger in extent than the area of the thirteen original colonies.

One of the most important and successful incidents of the War with Mexico was the organizing, equipping and dispatching of the expedition, by way of Vera Cruz. In the preparation of this expedition the War Department acquitted itself with credit second only to the renown won upon the fields of battle by the gallant little army of occupation. The expedition was carefully planned and its execution was successful throughout, resulting in the capture of Vera Cruz, the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, Contreras, Churubusco, and finally, of the City of Mexico.

The occupation of Mexican Provinces, and the consequent disestablishment of civil administration, threw upon the War Department the burden of setting up civil government conjointly with military occupation. Officers of the army were selected to take charge of and administer civil affairs, and at the various captured seaports provision was made for receiving the customs duties. In addition to these customs duties, authority was given to General Scott and other commanders to levy contributions with a view to making the Mexican people assist in meeting the expensive burdens of the war. Little or no benefit to the public treasury resulted from the effort, but the disposition of the funds collected under General Scott was the cause of his remarkable and insubordinate controversy with the Secretary of War. General Scott, as Commanding General, claimed and appropriated as his personal perquisite a generous percentage of all monies collected. The Secretary of War disapproved of his acts and refused to allow the General to collect a small balance claimed to be still due after the close of the war. General Scott doubtless felt that he was within his rights by law and customs of the service, but he lost his temper and deluged the Department with violent and unseemly correspondence to such an extent as to bring about a permanent rupture between himself and the Secretary. The whole matter at issue was transmitted by the President to the Senate and printed by that body.

Subsequent to the close of the Mexican War the War Department found its labors much increased by reason of the newly-acquired territory occupied by a Spanish-speaking and Indian population. The new boundary lines, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico up the Rio Grande, thence along the borders of Chihuahua, Sonora and Lower California to the Pacific, proved an endless source of trouble, by reason of the depredations of Indians and outlaws. It was not until the lapse of about thirty years, and after much of the frontier zone had been made a wilderness, that the two governments arrived at an agreement authorizing the troops of either nation to follow fresh trails without regard to the international boundary; this agreement once in force the Department was enabled to inaugurate a series of campaigns that ultimately brought about peace in the blood-stained area of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

During the period between the Mexican and Civil Wars the Department was engaged in constant efforts to keep pace with the necessities of affording protection, not only to the legitimate advance of settlements beyond the Missouri River, in the upbuilding of that great agricultural empire, but also to make the overland routes to California safe for the ever-increasing column of gold seekers, which began to cross the plains in 1849.

During 1857 the War Department was called upon to organize an expedition to proceed to Utah to sustain the Territorial government and compel obedience to the laws on the part of the Mormons who were

possessed of a government of their own under the leadership of Brigham Young. The Kansas troubles, arising over the question of the admission of that State, with or without slavery, interfered somewhat with the Utah expedition, and caused a considerable portion of the army to be used to keep the peace between the factions in which partisanship ran high. These incidents are referred to simply to show why the War Department was continually compelled to resort to all sorts of expedients to stretch the little regular force into a sufficiently large military blanket to meet the constantly recurring needs of an enormous frontier. Much of the suffering and many of the disasters met with in frontier service may be traced to the inability of the Department to supply adequate men and means at critical moments.

The Kansas troubles were but the slight rumblings of the storm about to break upon the country in the shape of a civil war which was to try the energies of the American people as those of no nation were ever tested before. When the hour of separation came the War Department was sorely strained, because many distinguished officers followed their Southern States to secession. The little regular army, which for half a century had kept alive the traditions of military integrity, discipline and science, was widely scattered over the Continent, but rallied rapidly to the call of duty without the loss of a soldier, except by bullets or capture.

When the great Civil War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton, took up the work of the Department, which for four years laid such a mental and physical strain upon him as few men could bear, he found a condition calculated to bring discouragement to the stoutest heart. The relations between the Secretary of War and the Commanding General of the Army had long been of such a character that the latter officer had removed his headquarters to New York City. He was now brought back to the seat of government with the expectation that his staunch loyalty, knowledge of the army and professional ability would render him useful in the hour of peril. Advancing years, however, soon compelled his retirement from active service.

Immediate measures were taken to insure the safety of the capital and to bring into service armies sufficient in size and number to cope with the grave question of preserving the Union. It became necessary to reorganize the business methods of the various bureaus to meet the exceptional tasks confronting them in the organization, equipping and supplying of an army suddenly increased from about ten thousand to ultimately more than one million men in actual service.

The general system of administration was similar to that pursued during the Mexican War, and much reliance was placed on the veterans of that conflict. It did not take long to make it evident, to thoughtful and alert friends of the Union, that the magnitude of the conflict then raging was little understood by the general public, and that preparation, in the shape of money, material and men, for a prolonged and bloody war was the immediate duty of the War Department. The history of the great struggle is still fresh in the minds of the American people, but it may be safely stated that only a very limited number have a proper appreciation of the great administrative work performed by the War Department during the days and nights of the whole four years of war. There were periods of marching, of battle, and of monotonous camp life for the average regiment; but for the Secretary of War and his coadjutors there was one unending round of high tension work.

Armies are useless without food, clothes, ammunition and transportation, and to obtain and distribute these essential requisites in the quantities demanded during the Civil War required administrative and executive ability of a high order. The absence of a directing and co-ordinating professional authority in the scheme of army organization threw an immense strain upon the Secretary of War and President. No student of the art of war can read the war orders and instructions of President Lincoln without noting the rapid and wonderful growth of his mind during the early years of the war, especially as to the military policy and grand strategy. It was his knowledge of the value of co-ordinated and united action that led him to a constant effort to have all the various armies operate under a general policy, and prevent the Confederates from continually availing themselves of interior lines of communication to reinforce threat-

ened points. It took a long time and untold millions to bring all the separate armies to a condition of readiness, but when this agressive, hammer-and-tongs policy was instituted all along the line the Department was able to see the end of the enormous burden the country was patiently bearing, in the drain upon its resources.

Nothing in all military history equals the business administration of the War Department as exemplified in the muster-out and transportation of the great volunteer armies to their homes at the close of the Civil War. The great burden of current expense was quickly reduced, a matter of vital importance at the time.

After so much experience in handling large numbers of men during four years of war, the preparation of General Sheridan's army, for a descent upon the French troops in Mexico, was attended with no special difficulties. Fortunately wise counsels prevailed in the French nation, and this, together with some rather active pressure on the part of the Mexican people, caused the withdrawal of Bazaine's army from our neighboring republic, and enabled the War Department to dispense with the volunteers assembled in Texas.

Following close upon the muster-out of the volunteers a reorganization of the regular army, involving an increase of the various staff departments and a considerable augmentation of the line, took place. A portion of the new army was destined for service in the Southern States during the reconstruction period. The duties required of the army during the long and disastrous efforts at sustaining "carpet-bag" governments were intensely distasteful to both officers and men, as well as to the better element amongst the Southern people. To be sure the Civil War had just closed, and it was necessary to re-establish law and order throughout a vast territory inhabited by a negro population, which regarded the army as the embodiment of that power which had struck off the shackles of slavery. The use of the army at the polls and in civil matters generally has ever been repugnant to American ideas, and at this period it only succeeded in embittering the Southern people to such an extent that one of their first and most insistent policies, after the reconstruction, was to demand a reduction of the regular army. Under this pressure the strength of the army was fixed and remained at 25,000 men until the outbreak of the war with Spain.

During the quarter of a century following the close of the Civil War the army was constantly overworked in the Far West, where advancing civilization was resisted by the warriors of nearly all the Indian tribes in their fruitless effort to stem the tide, which was steadily circumscribing and overflowing their hunting grounds. The wasteful slaughter of millions of buffaloes within the brief period of half a dozen years completely changed the history of the nomadic Plains Indians. The many stories of wagon trains, and even railroad trains, being stopped to wait the passing of countless thousands in some of the great migrating buffalo herds now read like visionary tales of disordered minds.

The War Department had continued in charge of the Indians until the close of the Mexican War, after which period their affairs were managed by Indian agents, with minimum salaries and maximum temptations. Many times the army was compelled to stand idly by and witness the perpetration of wrongs, and when the Indians, in desperation, "broke out," the War Department was called upon to produce another era of peace. Year after year regiments were summoned to the field, sometimes under tropical suns, and again in the land of blizzards, where the icy winds made campaigning miserable alike to pursuer and pursued. With each recurring surrender the Indians were restored to the tender mercies of the agent and his harpies, only to find their grievances multiplied.

As years wore on the settlers, with their wire fences, closed in slowly but surely around the reservations, and the fact dawned upon the Indians that the wild, free life of the Golden West had gone. The march of civilization had swept away the old life and left but mere remnants of once proud tribes stranded as drift-wood along the shores of progress. Encountering only the worst elements amongst the whites, too often the mere outcasts of society, the poor warriors, shorn of the power wielded by their ancestors, turned restlessly for some light to those with whom they had battled and at whose hands they had often suffered

defeat. Army officers were again installed as Indian agents and gradually laid the foundations of lasting peace by showing the Indians the utter futility of contending against inevitable fate.

The Indian question having been practically settled for all time, a plan was adopted by the War Department of bringing together the scattered fragments of the regular army, which in its entirety did not equal in numbers a single army corps. The necessity for guarding isolated and exposed points had for years prevented proper instruction of officers and men in the administration and manœuvres of battalions, regiments and brigades, but in minor warfare they were not outclassed by any soldiers the world over. To accomplish the best results numerous small posts were abandoned and regimental posts established. Coincident with the inception of this plan, work of construction proceeded along the seacoast under the general scheme adopted under authority of Congress. During actual Indian hostilities the urgent need for men in the cavalry and infantry had caused a reduction in the strength of artillery organizations, which rendered them incapable of fulfilling their proper functions in seacoast defence. To meet this emergency in a mediocre way, two troops of each cavalry regiment and two companies of each infantry regiment were "skeletonized." This scheme left the cavalry regiments with two squadrons and a half, but gave the infantry regiments two complete battalions, that branch having at the time only ten companies to each regiment. One of the results of recent experience has been to fix by statute a minimum limit for each troop of cavalry and company of infantry, so that in future it will not be legal to skeletonize any portion of the army.

The unwillingness of Congress to recognize the urgent need of men to garrison the growing coast defences, while continuing to spend millions upon fortifications and guns, caused the Department grave concern. After years of pleading for proper legislation, a piteous appeal was finally made for two additional regiments of artillery, and action was slowly maturing in this regard when other events occurred which rapidly roused the country to action.

For more than half a century Cuba had been a source of incessant anxiety and trouble to every administration. Forty years back—December, 1858—President James Buchanan, in complaining in a message to Congress of past conditions, said: "Spanish officials under the direct control of the Captain General of Cuba have insulted our national flag, and in repeated instances have from time to time inflicted injuries on the persons and property of our citizens. . . . All our attempts to obtain redress have been baffled and defeated. . . . The truth is that Cuba, in its existing Colonial condition, is a constant source of injury and annoyance to the American people. . . . It has been made known to the world by my predecessors that the United States have on several occasions endeavored to acquire Cuba from Spain by honorable negotiation. . . . We would not, if we could, acquire Cuba in any other manner. This is due to our national character. . . . Our relations with Spain, which ought to be of the most friendly character, must always be placed in jeopardy whilst the existing Colonial government over the island shall remain in its present condition."

There was a widespread sentiment throughout the United States in behalf of the Cubans in their insurrection against Spanish domination. Many well-informed newspapers protested against the circulation of unreliable stories calculated to create false sympathy, but the tide was flowing full, and the minority in Congress constantly twitted the majority because of the failure to intervene in the Cuban struggle. Captain General Weyler was held up to universal scorn because he had turned back the methods of war to the days of the Spanish Inquisition. The establishment of reconcentrado camps, done to prevent Spanish soldiers from being murdered in a war in which there were no battles in the open, brought down upon Spain the antagonism of all Cuban sympathizers.

The Secretary of War and his co-workers were advised of the unprepared state of the army and of the defences for immediate war. Everything which could be legitimately done at the time was hastened forward to make up for past neglect, but guns, ammunition and armies do not appear by magic. When the battleship Maine met destruction in Havana harbor on the fateful night of February 15, 1898, the

nation was so horrified that it required all the wisdom and statesmanship of President McKinley to delay the inevitable conflict while preparations were hurried forward. On March 8th Congress unanimously voted $50,000,000 for the national defence, but as the new Spanish Minister, Señor Palo y Bernabe, entered upon his duties at Washington a few days later, the appropriation was not regarded as a war measure. The brief period intervening before the passage of the resolutions authorizing intervention in the Island of Cuba was used to advance preparation for war, but the Secretary of War was greatly embarrassed by the failure of Congress to pass any measure for raising an army until after war was actually declared. The nation was unprepared, yet when war was declared every shoulder was put manfully to the wheel, and Europe saw with amazement the capacity of the young giant whose whole energies had long been turned to the upbuilding of new States and the extension of an industrial development hitherto unknown to any like period of the world's history.

The country had not engaged in war since the close of the gigantic struggle of 1861 to 1865; no progress in legislation had been made in a hundred years so far as utilization of organized militia was concerned, and there was no law extant under which the President could take any of those preliminary steps so essential to success in war. During April all of the little regular army which could be spared was assembled in Southern camps and organized in brigades and divisions. This was a measure of extreme precaution; the results at Santiago prove it to have been one of those fortunate strokes upon which the fate of nations often hang.

Within a few hours after the passage of the Act authorizing a volunteer army a call for 125,000 men was made; this was followed by another for 75,000, which, with the increase of the regular army, made a total of nearly 250,000 men. The volunteers under the first call were put in the field in thirty days, and the entire work of organization—the mighty task of putting a quarter of a million men under arms and equipping them for service, in face of all obstacles—was completed in ninety days. There was no lack of volunteers; on the contrary the War Department was embarrassed with offers of service.

Notwithstanding all this, well-informed officials recognized that the country had not advanced in military methods one iota in half a century, for every effort of the War Department to profit by the lessons of the past met with opposition. There was a determination in many States to cast aside the one pronounced lesson of the Mexican and Civil Wars, and it was only through President McKinley's acceptance of the views of experienced officers that a complete breakdown of the system was avoided. To be more explicit on this important point; in our military system, organization and recruitment pertain to the adjutant general's bureau of the War Department; that bureau insisted that the scheme which allowed volunteer regiments to be mustered in with all their officers, but with only half a quota of men, to be soon reduced below a basis of efficiency, should not prevail. The anxiety to get mustered into service caused many excellent officers of the National Guard to join in a movement, which was calculated to break down the whole militia system, and did cause it to lose the respect of well-informed veterans of the Civil War. The pressure brought by Pennsylvania was so great that it secured a modification of the rule which Grant, Sherman, and all the great leaders of the Civil War, had contended for as of vital importance in maintaining the efficiency of volunteer armies. As soon as the first call was completed, President McKinley came to the rescue by making another call for 75,000 men, and giving an order that no new organization should be accepted from any State until the ranks of all existing volunteer organizations from that State should be recruited to the maximum. This is a military principle indispensable to economical success with volunteer armies.

Coincident with this work, the selection and appointment of general officers of the line and officers of the various staff and supply departments went on apace. In anticipation of war the Department had for some years been preparing lists of graduates of the officers' service or post-graduate schools in the regular army, with a view to the assignment of specially qualified officers to staff duty with the brigades, divi-

sions and corps of volunteers. The first promotions and assignments were made from experienced regulars; then followed a rush of applicants urged by congressional delegations and those with official and social influence. The test of efficiency and experience was necessarily abandoned under this pressure, and appointments followed the usual lines of patronage and expediency. In these modern days, wars are of too short duration to justify appointment of inexperienced men to important military offices; it is a matter within the control of the President, and if he gives way to the fierce pressure, the army and country must suffer during the period while the new men are learning the trade of arms. Notwithstanding the many years of threatening clouds, there was no well-defined plan for organizing the army when called into active service. Brigades, divisions and corps gradually came into being through the expediency of the moment. A heterogeneous mass of staff officers was distributed to the general officers, and in many instances, instead of being useful, they proved to be encumbrances. In numerous cases the generals in command detailed subordinate regular officers to perform the duties while the volunteer officers held the higher staff rank and drew the pay of offices requiring technical knowledge, which is not immediately supplied through patriotism and willingness to serve. The humiliating experience of some of the great volunteer camps should be enough to prevent a repetition of such mistakes, but there is no assurance that like methods will not obtain in the next war unless some change in our military system is brought about.

Having in view the advantage to be derived by not overcrowding railway terminals and docks, provision was made for distributing the forces destined for service over sea at New Orleans, Mobile and Tampa. Influences of various kinds prevailed against this scheme with the result that Tampa will always be to the army and the people a synonym of blunder and reproach. Taking advantage of the sharp criticisms brought upon the department because of conditions at Tampa, certain railroad and hotel interests urged the pretended advantages of Miami, and in face of adverse reports on the site by military experts, an order was given to move a division of troops to that point, with no good results.

The need for ships was urgent, and the navy was seeking them at the same time as the army. Our officers had had no previous personal experience with transports, and the history of the Vera Cruz expedition of the Mexican War appeared to have been forgotten; so General Shafter's magnificent corps was sent to Santiago, inadequately equipped, and had the navy not come to the rescue, the whole campaign must of necessity have been a failure through the impossibility of, or long delay in, effecting a landing. Once in contact with the enemy, the American army, as usual, added laurels to its already long list of successful campaigns. In face of all theory and academic teaching victory was wrested from brave and well-armed adversaries, but the general and honest opinion of army men well qualified to judge is, that an extremely lucky star hovered over America during the war with Spain.

The expedition to Porto Rico, and that across the wide Pacific to Manila, were sent with less haste, and therefore better equipped. But experience was being obtained, and now, after having become possessed of a magnificent fleet of transports, the quartermaster department is enabled to point with just pride to four years of such successful endeavor that its record is not exceeded by that of any of the great steamship lines. This service ultimately reached such a degree of efficiency that thousands of troops have been transported seven thousand miles across the Pacific in sufficient comfort to have them ready for immediate field service on arrival.

With the signing of the protocol, it became necessary to reduce the forces, but as the Spanish army in Cuba was still intact, it was decided to proceed at once with the muster out of only 100,000 volunteers. The occupation of posts in Cuba to be evacuated by Spanish garrisons employed 50,000 troops. The question of withdrawing the volunteers from the Philippine Archipelago caused the War Department much concern. Peace once an accomplished official act, all volunteers would become entitled to discharge. The department concluded, therefore, to ask outright for a regular army of 100,000 men, and the House of Representatives passed a bill to that effect,

but the minority in the Senate took up a line of speechmaking concerning the administration's Philippine policy and stifled the bill. To avoid an extra session, the minority was allowed to dictate a compromise of a temporary regular army and another force of volunteers. The muster out of the volunteers for the war with Spain was completed as rapidly as possible, having in mind the economy of the moment as well as protection from fraudulent claims for pensions in the future.

In the Philippines the army was confronted with many serious problems, the solution of which demanded a showing of well-organized force. The enlistment and transportation of volunteers to a scene of action ten thousand miles from their homes for a comparatively brief service, involved such an appalling expenditure of public funds that the President withheld his consent to the organization of the new regiments until conditions became so critical that the reinforcement could no longer be delayed. The excess of cost of this force of volunteers over what the cost would have been had regulars been employed, with the usual three years' enlistments, has been estimated by the various staff bureaus to be $16,374,009.04, quite an item even in these days of abounding prosperity. The new volunteer regiments were raised and commanded by regular officers, and were splendid organizations, but they were of necessity brought home and mustered out with an average of fifteen to eighteen months' service over sea, altogether a very expensive proceeding.

The exchange of troops in the Philippines to enable the volunteers who went out in the first expedition to come home, was effected during active insurrection which continued until a force of nearly 70,000 men was assembled in the Islands. The War Department has been subjected to much criticism concerning the conduct of the army while quelling the insurrection. While the Department has not come unscathed from the wordy conflict, the fact remains, if recent political events are correctly interpreted, that the army has never stood higher in the confidence and esteem of the people than now. Whatever motives may have actuated the detractors of the army, it can only be regretted that the conduct of the Philippine campaigns has been made a matter of political controversy. In the years to come the names of the heroes of the swamp and jungle campaigns of the recent past will be found upon the pages of history with those of Yorktown, Molino del Rey, and the Wilderness.

It became evident that makeshift devices would no longer serve the purpose, and the Secretary of War presented the needs of the service in carefully prepared legislation, which, while not accomplishing everything desired, gave the Department a sufficient force to meet the urgent demands upon the army in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Alaska and at home. In addition to an increase of strength, the Department secured the long-contested-for three battalion organization for the infantry branch. The artillery was largely increased and merged into a corps which enabled the department to concentrate the defence of each harbor or district, including submarine adjuncts, under the control of the senior artillery officer.

The Secretary of War, after a careful study of the situation, with particular reference to the difficulties encountered at the outbreak of the war with Spain, urged and secured a change in the laws which had hitherto perpetuated the staff departments as close corporations by virtue of life appointments. A detail system was introduced which will gradually supersede the old method of permanent appointments.

The variegated character of the militia system in the past caused the entire force which volunteered in bodies at the outbreak of the war with Spain to be judged by the weakest and most inefficient organizations. This was unjust to many excellent regiments, but the penalty paid by them for the association may be considered very light if the knowledge gained by the country at large eventuates in the honest reformation of the whole system and the placing of the organized militia upon a basis of self-respecting efficiency. Even under the favorable legislation recently enacted, it will require a long time to perfect the details of the system which is intended to secure immediate and efficient service from the militia at the outbreak of war. Our forefathers dreamed of the militia as the bulwark of a nation, yet the system failed utterly in the War of 1812. The "Continentals" left an indelible im-

pression on the pages of Revolutionary history. The Mexican war proved the value of United States Volunteers in contradistinction to militia, and the world never saw better armies than those composed of the volunteers of 1861 to 1865. The National Guard organizations were recognized in 1898, but no effort was made to call into service the "militia," as contemplated by the Constitution. In all proposed legislation for improving the militia many varying opinions are advanced as to interpretations of the Constitution. This does not obtain in regard to United States Volunteers, who, once mustered into the service, are on the same footing exactly as regulars, except as to length of enlistment. At the outbreak of the war with Spain, Congress enacted that hereafter, in war, the army shall consist of the regular army and the volunteer army; in the former, enlistments are for three years, and in the latter for two years. This departure from the teachings of the Civil War was not called for by any emergency; an enlistment for "three years or the war" should be required of all volunteers, for, if this is not done, it makes it difficult to fill the ranks of old and valuable regular regiments where the three years' enlistment prevails.

Ever since the spring of 1898 the officials of the War Department have discussed the confusion which arose at Tampa and elsewhere, and have constantly sought the best means of preventing a repetition of conditions which might lead to humiliation and temporary defeat in a war with an enterprising and audacious enemy. After mature consideration, the Secretary of War settled upon a plan for the establishment of a General Staff Corps, with a chief at its head who will be Chief of Staff for the whole army. Under this plan the misnamed office of Commanding General will disappear. It has ever been a delusion and a disappointment for the distinguished soldiers who have occupied it, with constant but fruitless efforts to invest the office with something more than a name. This is the final army reform of a general nature, to the accomplishment of which Secretary Root has devoted himself. It will be a fitting capstone to the long series of definite and comprehensive improvements secured in the War Department and army methods by the Secretary. The new scheme once in successful operation, all the business of the army will be brought under the advisory control of a selected and highly trained body of experts, who, working in harmony with all the bureau chiefs, should accomplish co-operation and achievement of the most satisfactory character.

And now, with the advent of the third year of the new century, the great wave of prosperity which followed the close of the war with Spain, a not uncommon result of wars, has reached dimensions far beyond the expectations of the most optimistic of our public men. The extension of American commerce is following in the trail of war, and all our people are participating in its practical results. The conduct of our troops, and the frankness and honesty of our policies, in Cuba, the Philippines and China, has challenged the attention of the civilized world. American diplomacy, backed by our highly civilized and intelligent troops, has become a synonym for fair dealing and unswerving honesty. There is abundant cause for pride in the respect now entertained for the United States throughout the world, as evidenced by the treatment of our representatives. Resting under the ægis of the Constitution and an honest interpretation of the Monroe doctrine, there is no possibility of the military arm ever becoming a tool to subvert our own or the liberties of other people. Sophistry and concealment find no place in our treatment of other nations, and this country will fulfil its duties as a newly discovered world power with only such an army and navy as will prevent a decadence of the military art, and yet strong enough not to offer an invitation to attack.

AT DUSK

By Florence Earle Coates

EARTH, mother dear, I turn, at last,
A homesick child, to thee!
The twilight glow is fading fast,
And soon I shall be free
To seek the dwelling, dim and vast,
Where thou awaitest me.

I am so weary, mother dear!—
Thy child, of dual race,
Who gazing past the star-beams clear,
Sought the Undying's face!
Now I but ask to know thee near,
To feel thy large embrace!

Tranquil to lie against thy breast—
Deep source of voiceless springs,
Where hearts are healed, and wounds are dressed,
And naught or sobs or sings:
Against thy breast to lie at rest—
A life that folds its wings.

Sometime I may—for who can tell?—
Awake, no longer tired,
And see the fields of asphodel,
The dreamed-of, the desired,
And find the heights where He doth dwell,
To whom my heart aspired!

And then— But peace awaiteth me—
Thy peace: I feel it near.
The hush, the voiceless mystery,
The languor without fear!
Enfold me—close; I want but thee!—
But thee, Earth-mother dear!



A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL

By Georg Schock

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

THERE were music books on the parlor organ, cake and apples on the table, and the chairs stood in sociable groups with their tidies awry. Sunshine and country odors streamed through the open windows, and the buzz of flies sounded loud in the afternoon quiet. A pleasant noise of clinking china and women's steps and voices in the kitchen disturbed the baby asleep on the sofa, and he woke, puckering his forehead; but he was a good baby, so he put his thumb into his mouth and lay sucking and smiling until the door opened and a girl came in—a slim creature with a delicate determined face under a mass of red hair. "Come to Auntie," she said, "Come to Aunt Amelia." She took his coat and cap from a chair and began to coax him into them, then stopped to kiss his fuzzy head and murmur, "Oh, baby! Oh, baby! It will be long before I put your coat on again! Will you know Aunt Amelia when she comes home?"

He wriggled away from the kiss and the coat sleeve. "Don't you like it on?" she laughed. "Well, then, we'll put the room to rights." She carried him on her arm, ordering the chairs and table with her other hand. "Just think, next Sunday Aunt Amelia won't be here. You will walk and talk and be a big boy before you see her."

The baby kicked and babbled with joy as his father entered. William Haag's clothes and bearing were of the city, while his sister moved like a country girl in her home-made cotton gown, but the two faces were alike with their high cheek bones and gray eager eyes. "Sit down and talk to me," he said, drawing her to the sofa. "The baby wants you to have this to remember him by."

Amelia's face lighted up over the velvet box. "Oh, Will, that is pretty! I did want a ring! I'll think of the baby and you too when I wear it." She tried it on, holding her hand this way and that, with her head on one side.

Her brother smiled. "You will need something to make you think of us. I shall miss you; but we shan't be here very often after this. Anna thinks it is too far to bring the children, so we'll come about once a month instead of every Sunday."

Amelia's hand dropped and her face changed. "Will, what will Mother do if you don't come every Sunday when I am away—after Mary and Robert are married, too?"

"That won't be until December."

"Yes, but after that. She'll be so lonely, anyhow, and if you stop coming—oh, Will! why doesn't Anna like it here?"

The man hesitated. "To tell the truth, Amelia, I am just as well satisfied not to bring her every week. She wants to be kind to Father and Mother, but I am sure that she will find it easier if she doesn't have to try too often. You see, dear, Anna

never lived in the country, and she is English. She isn't used to Dutch ways and she can't help being annoyed sometimes. Why, she can hardly understand Mother and Father!"

"But how about them if you leave them like that?"

"That's what happens when the young ones begin to go away. The old folks are left alone. They get used to it."

The baby crawled into his father's arms and settled there as peacefully as though he were not himself supporting the problem of the generations, and Amelia let him go without noticing it. "It may be——" she stopped; then the tears began, though she tried to smile. "I guess I'm foolish," she faltered, "but I don't know what's the matter with me. Here I've wanted to go away to school so long, and studied everything I could, and now that I go in three days I feel just as though I couldn't do it. I can't see Mary when she is married—my own sister!—and Mother and Father will be all alone, and Mother isn't well, and it may be that I ought to be here."

"I don't think you need worry about Mother, Amelia. She isn't sick, only fretting over losing you."

"And when I get there they will all talk English—and I can't talk it right—and I don't know their ways—and perhaps they'll laugh at me!"

"There are worse things in the world than a Dutch twang, Amelia. You are a little nervous; you will be confident enough after you start. I felt so, too, the first time I went away."

"Yes, it wasn't the same with you. You were going to stay, and I come home when I am through with school and take care of Father and Mother—and I think sometimes I do that just as well if I don't go at all!"

"Are you beginning to find out that everything has more than one side? That's always hard." The man was sympathetic, but having passed this particular turning-point he could smile; his sister, on the contrary, was so intent on the problem before her that she saw nothing beyond. "I don't know what you mean," she sobbed. "I don't know what I ought to do."

Quick steps came along the hall, and a black-eyed young woman walked in with a rustle of starched skirts. "What, isn't the baby ready yet?" she exclaimed. "Here, give him to me." She put on his coat and cap, disregarding his little jerks and whimpers, and handed him back to his father. "Take him out to the carriage. It ought to be ready by this time."

"There is no hurry, Anna. I was just talking to Amelia."

"Yes, there is, with that long drive before us. Well, Amelia, I suppose we must say good-by to you now."

"I'm not going until Wednesday."

"You don't imagine we shall be here again in that time? I am glad you are to have such an opportunity, Amelia. You know I have always said you might make something of yourself."

Her husband cut in. "You are preparing to be disappointed, Anna. She has no idea of a career—have you, Amelia?—just a few years' study, and then she will come home and look after the old place."

"Nonsense, Will. She will never come home. She has too much in her to be satisfied to do nothing. Probably she will teach as I did."

"Until I overpersuaded you?"

"Well, yes." She smiled and blushed prettily at her husband. "Amelia, you must change your way of doing your hair. Those braids down your back will never do. You must puff the front and pin it up with bows in the back like mine. I'll send you some ribbons. The other girls will think more of you if you look well. And you must be careful of your English at first, if you don't want to be laughed at."

There was a rush across the floor, and a small boy with a head as red as a woodpecker's threw himself upon Amelia. "For you, Auntie!" he shouted, holding up a peach. "Grandpa lifted me and I picked it off the tree—all for you!" His grandfather followed. "I tolt him to tage it vith, but he vouldn't have it so. You've got to eat it, he says, Milya."

"I will, I will, Benny, and you're a good boy. Just see what a pretty peach!" Amelia tried to hide her face over the delighted child. "I'll get you another next Sunday, Auntie," he cried, hugging her around the neck. Then he was off again and had caught his grandfather by the hand. His fresh face and erect little figure in his blue sailor suit made the old man look more awkward and careworn than



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Stopped to kiss his fuzzy head.—Page 675.

usual, his ready-made Sunday black more rusty. The girl, noticing the contrast half-unconsciously, walked over to her father and straightened his old-fashioned tie while he smiled down at her. "I guess it von't loog goot again till you come home."

As the little procession moved toward the phaeton Mrs. Haag appeared, wiping her hands on her apron. She was a small woman with a kindly absent-minded expression, and had the impersonal sweetness of a damp spring wind, and its depressing quality. One could not conceive of enthusiasm in her presence. She would always have to have her spirits kept up by her neighbors.

"Vell, you go vonce, ain'd?" she sighed. "Mary ant Robert dey vent alreaty. Robert hat to go to Shartlesville ant Mary she rote along. Vell, I guess ve don'd see you no more before de Milya goes?"

William looked a little conscious as he tucked the lap-robe around his wife. "No, we'll not be here again before she goes, Mother," he said, "but we'll come soon."

Anna handed the baby to Amelia for a moment. "Want to kiss him, I suppose. He'll be grown out of your knowledge when you come home, and Benny will hardly remember you. Kiss Aunt Amelia, Benny. Good-by. Remember what I told you about your hair."

Will and Amelia were like their father, and he was proud of both of them. As the girl, with her hand warm from her brother's clasp, leaned on the fence beside the old man and gazed after the carriage on its way down the road the two were more alike than usual, for he was watching the disappearance of his younger self as he might have been, while she saw her own future in the brother going farther and farther away in a cloud of sunlit dust. The mother, who had never possessed the elements of anything more than she was, interrupted the silence with the very voice of commonplace that breaks in upon the dreamer and the aspirant, no matter to what Engedi of remote thought he may withdraw.

"Vell, I go ant mage de dishes avay," she said. "Anna she vanted to help, but she vould have got somesing on her dress maybe; ant Robert he hat to go righd after supper, ant Mary too. Ach no, Milya, don'd you gome to de kitchen. Id ain'd so much vork dis efening. I do it myself. Soon I haf to. You feed de chickens ant den you chust enchoy yourself. You von'd haf much time no more."

When Amelia reached the poultry-yard some of the fowls were near the gate, peering anxiously first with one round eye and then the other; and at the sound of the latch they hurried toward her, running and fluttering with weak awkward wings. Fat mothers left their dust baths; the cock of the yard deserted the lady he was courting, and two game roosters about to fight raised their lowered heads and joined the rush. They pressed around her feet clucking and pecking, in an eddy of dust and many colored feathers, while a bantam cock, whom she had tended in his feeble infancy, flew to her shoulder and snatched corn from her hand. In this commotion of greedy dependent life she forgot her perplexity. As she scattered the corn with the sun lighting her hair and the bronze and green plumage of the bird on her shoulder, she looked like some young goddess of an humbler world.

When the corn was eaten and only a few of the greedier chickens stayed pecking about for stray grains, Amelia loitered across the yard and into the garden. It was a big place, fairly tropical with the thick growth of plants that had done their utmost and were about to die. The staring sunflowers, the rank cornstalks that had lost the military look of mid-summer, and the sprawling tomato-plants with their fleshy red globes made a little jungle. The beds were bordered with country flowers—phlox, larkspur, and marigold made a riot of color against the green. The sunshine of the long September day and the early dew had brought out the odor of the herbs, and the air was full of the scent of drying leaves and hardy pungent flowers that is the veritable breath of Autumn. Clouds of gnats, each tiny creature in a frenzy of purposeless motion, swayed in the air. From her own little bed in a corner the faces of her favorite pansies laughed up at Amelia like little Bacchanals giggling and gloating over some inexhaustible joke. One small rose-bush that had never flowered had, she discovered, a hard green bud. "Oh, I'm glad!" she said aloud. "That ought to bloom by the end of the week. I wonder what it will be like." The sudden



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Straightened his old-fashioned tie.—Page 678.

recollection was like a blow in her face. "It won't be open before I go!"

She hurried out of the garden. Through the kitchen window she could hear the rattle of china, and see her mother bending above the dish-pans with a pile of greasy plates beside her. For a moment she watched her as though she were not her mother, only another woman, and saw how bent her shoulders were and the droop of her mouth, half peevish, half patient. The girl had been secretly disdainful of her mother's dependent ways; she had secretly thought the droop of the mouth all peevish. Now, looking at the elder woman's life as it had been, a dull succession of sordid necessary tasks, she was disposed to think it all patient.

Around the corner of the house, moving majestically, came Wasser, Amelia's dog. There are national differences in canines as in humans—who is more English than a bull-dog or more French than a poodle?—and Wasser was distinctively a Pennsylvania Dutch dog. He understood no other language, and when his mistress addressed him in English he interpreted her inflections as he best could, and responded with the puzzled politeness of the foreigner. He was curly, brown and white, and of Teutonic stolidity. His business was to follow the team to the field and lie for hours in the sun, deep in meditation. In spite of his reserve his disposition was kindly, and he had loved Amelia since he was a puppy. Now he joined her with the self-respecting humility of a valuable servant, and followed, head and tail level, dignified and slow. The girl remembered that he had once refused to eat when she was not there to feed him, and stopped to rub his soft white head.

He was still following as she went down the white road with its border of goldenrod and reddening blackberry vines, and into a strip of woods along the creek. There the earth was black and heavy, and hundreds of graceful weeds ran wild, as pathetic as undesired children. Under the trees it was deep twilight, and her hair showed brilliantly as she went on to a pile of rocks projecting into the water and seated herself, while the dog lay down on a boulder warm from the sun.

As she sat there on the rock with the water rushing by, the shadows deepening about her might have been cast by her own thoughts. She was a prey to her mood. With all her strength she had set herself to get away to school, which seemed to her the way to realize the dreams of her young ambition. She had not counted the cost of what she was about to do; she had not remembered that there was a cost. Now she faltered, full of definite regrets for definite things that she would miss. From her seat she could see a light from her own home, and knew that behind it sat her sister Mary and her lover, planning their new house and the wedding in December. It was to be a fine affair. Mary was to have a wedding-dress from town. She, Amelia, would be away among strangers. She pictured the long winter evenings when her mother sat sewing by the kitchen-lamp, and her father dozed and read his paper, her chair standing empty and no one to help at the sewing-basket. She even thought of how many times there would be good things for dinner, and she not there to take her share. The evening air was from the north and frosty, and the girl shivered with an impulse to hurry home, as an animal gets to cover in its hole through the long autumn nights. With the chickens asleep in puffy balls on their own roosts and the horses snug in their stalls, with all the humble dwellers on the farm warm and safe in their dear wonted places, she would be out alone, cold and unaccustomed. Now that her thoughts were with what she left behind, she forgot what she was approaching; she forgot to make allowance for the pleasantness of fresh surroundings and the warmth of new relations. She had a curious foreboding that anywhere else than this she would be cold. She was seizing upon the richness of her old life in its material aspects, its solid plenty and comfort, and she saw it in a halo of imagined glory, the rainbow of a departing good.

There are certain natures that face any definite object of terror, from a fire to a ghost, with resourceful courage, but dislike a lonely house. They are cheerful in the worst positions, and suffer agonies beforehand. Amelia was one of these. With aching vividness she foresaw the grief of her departure. Her recent regrets passed and she became a thing of nerves. In a panic of anticipated longing she imagined herself helpless and inadequate, heartsick for the



Mrs. Haag appeared, wiping her hands on her apron.—Page 678.

sights and sounds of home—the wide sunshine on the fields, the wind rushing through broad spaces, the sweetness of the light and shade. The soil was calling her.

The reaction was the stronger because she had been so sure of herself. Her eyes stung, her throat was closing, there were an ache and a weight under her breast. She had no more thoughts at all; she was only a struggling creature wrecked by a change

of current and tossed by wave after wave of pain and regret. "What shall I do?" she sighed, and her mind beat against the question as a stream foams on a rock before it finds a way around. She tried to weigh the going and the staying in the scale of ultimate profit, but she was too miserable to think accurately, and an impulse seized her to end the need for reason by some decisive action that should make reasoning futile. "Oh, what shall I do?" she murmured again, and the dog stretched over to lick her hand.

Slowly her thoughts took shape. Her parents—they needed her—but she began to realize that a need that is not met will pass. The vacant place would not be filled, it would simply cease to be. Her tasks would be distributed. Her quota of affection—well, they would still be fond of her, but it would be a deliberate fondness for a worthy stranger, for the thousand ties of custom which bound her to her people would be broken; she would be an extra one when she came home. She saw with strange clearness the new thoughts and aims and interests that would divide them; she saw herself growing like the sister-in-law Anna, who tried to be kind to her husband's family.

It seemed to her that no personal improvement could make up for the loss of harmony between desire and duty; and then there came upon her a new doubt. She had always felt herself cramped in her narrow round of homely tasks, where her very thoughts were bounded by the hills, and had taken the fineness of her own life as a young bird in a blossoming tree accepts the space and sweetness; but she began all at once to see that what she had called routine was order, that the monotony was peace. She began to see the value of the quiet and the gentleness around her. She perceived that no hill can be a barrier to thought—only a challenge to make it leap.

Her resolution was so sudden that it seemed to take possession of her, for she had turned her back upon her old desires and the strength of them had passed into the new. The young Columbus looking to the West was not more determined or more solitary than this girl who looked across the waters of the future from the lonely rock of her own soul.

There was a crackling of dry leaves and twigs on the other side of the creek and her father came through the woods, stopped and peered over. "Is that you, Milya?" he called. "I guess I come ofer vonce." He crossed the creek, stepping from rock to rock, and sat down beside her. "You got Vasser vith?" he said, and the dog thumped the ground with his tail. Then they were quiet for awhile. The night was vocal with cricket calls, the cry of frogs in the meadow and the ripple of the water. Amelia, with no doubt of her father's pleasure in her new decision, hesitated, as a woman may before dropping into a life-boat from a sinking ship.

The old man broke the silence. "I vas a little by Billy Reifsnyder's," he remarked. "They come to-morrow night to see you before you go. Sallie Reifsnyder she vas crying. She says she can'd hartly stant to haf you go."

"She needn't cry," said his daughter. "That is, if you say so, Father. I have been thinking about it, and I guess I don't want to go so much as I thought I did."

He did not understand. "Yes, I'm awful sorry, too, you're going, but you vanted it so, ant I ain'd going to talk akainst it. You do chust the vay you lige; ant ven you are all done ant come back then von't ve haf a goot time?"

"Father," said the girl in a sort of desperation, "I don't want to go. I want to stay at home with you and Mother."

There was something of the patriarch's dignity about the old man when he answered. "Milya, for vat do you say this?"

His daughter's earnestness was beyond her self-control as she spoke in a husky voice with the speech of her childhood.

"It's chust like I tell you, Pop. I vanted to go bad, ant I done everything I coult to get avay, ant you ant Mom vas awful kint; you didn't say nothing akainst it. Ant now—ach, Pop, I don'd know how to tell you right, but it don'd look to me like it did. I like it here. I don'd vant to go avay, ant leave Mom ant you. Let me stay vith, Pop!" She leaned over and clung to his arm.

Her father looked into the darkness across the creek with a kind of judicial severity. She misinterpreted his silence and put her hands to her face "I can'd



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

She looked like some young goddess of an humbler world.—Page 678.



"I feel lige you hat gone avay ant come back, Milya," he said.

do it no vay, Pop. Don'd mage me go," she wailed.

He patted her shoulder. "Don'd cry, Milya," he said. "I feel awful glad if you stay here, ant Mom too. Ve ain'd nefer liged you to go, but ve ditn't vant to mage you stay here if you ditn't lige it. Ve keep you chust as long as you vill stay. Ach, chilt, don'd cry lige that."

When Amelia's sobs had ceased they sat again in silence. The ache under her breast was still there, but it had become a delicious pain. She thought of poor Sallie Reifsnyder and how glad she would be—of the wedding—of her brother's surprise, her sister-in-law's disgust and her mother's pleasure. She thought of the happy life of the farm going on uninterrupted, all the happier for her averted loss; she looked ahead through the quiet years, and a deep peace came upon her, deep as the placid sky to which she looked.

Her father rose and Wasser hoisted himself to his feet. The old man's eyes were wet. "I feel lige you hat gone avay ant come back, Milya," he said.



Looking down Bloody Lane, Antietam.

ANTIETAM AND CHANCELLORSVILLE

By General John B. Gordon

of the Confederate Army

AT Antietam, or Sharpsburg as the Confederates call it, on the soil of Maryland, occurred one of the most desperate though indecisive battles of modern times. It left its lasting impress upon my body as well as upon my memory.

General George B. McClellan, after his displacement, had been again assigned to the command of the Union forces. The restoration of this brilliant soldier seemed to have imparted new life to that army. Vigorously following up the success achieved at South Mountain, McClellan, on the 16th day of September, 1862, marshalled his veteran legions on the eastern hills bordering the Antietam. On the opposite slopes, near the picturesque village of Sharpsburg, stood the embattled lines of Lee. As these vast American armies, the one clad in blue and the other in gray, stood contemplating each other from the adjacent hills, flaunting their defiant banners, they presented an array of martial splendor that was not equalled, perhaps, on any other field. It was in marked contrast with other battle-grounds. On the open plain, where stood these hostile hosts in long lines, listening in silence for the signal summoning them to battle, there were no breastworks, no abatis, no intervening woodlands, nor abrupt hills, nor hiding-places, nor impassable streams. The space over which the assaulting columns were to march, and on which was soon to occur the tremendous struggle, consisted of smooth and gentle undulations and a narrow valley covered with green grass and growing corn. From the position assigned me near the centre of Lee's lines, both armies and the entire field were in view. The scene was not only magnificent to look upon, but the realization of what it meant was deeply impressive. Even in times of peace our sensibilities are stirred by the sight of a great army passing in review. How infinitely more thrilling in the dread moments before the battle to look upon two mighty armies upon the same plain, "beneath spread ensigns and bristling bayonets," waiting for the impending crash and sickening carnage!

Behind McClellan's army the country

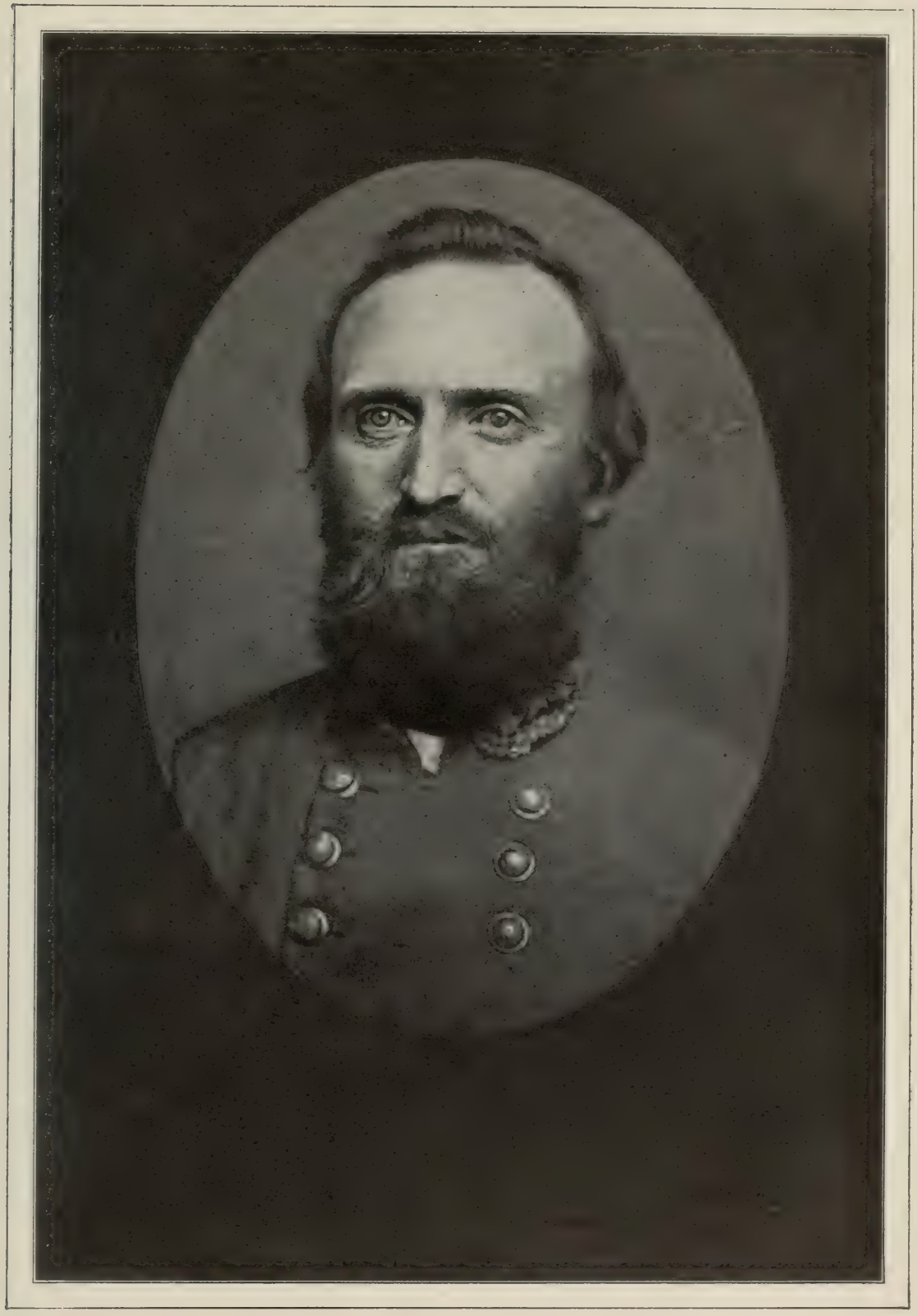


Old Dunker Church, Antietam.

was open and traversed by broad macadamized roads leading to Washington and Baltimore. The defeat, therefore, or even the total rout of Union forces meant not necessarily the destruction of that army, but, more probably, its temporary disorganization and rapid retreat through a country abounding in supplies, and toward cities rich in men and means. Behind Lee's Confederates, on the other hand, was the Potomac River, too deep to be forded by his Infantry, except at certain points. Defeat and total rout of his army meant, therefore, not only its temporary disorganization, but its possible destruction; and yet that bold leader did not hesitate to give battle. Such was his confidence in the steadfast courage and oft-tested prowess of his troops, that he threw his lines across McClellan's front with their backs against the river. Doubtless, General Lee would have preferred, as all prudent commanders would, to have the river in his front instead of his rear; but he wisely, as the sequel proved, elected to order Jackson from Harper's Ferry, and with his entire army, to meet McClellan on the eastern shore rather than risk the chances of having the Union commander assail him while engaged in crossing the Potomac.

On the elevated points beyond the narrow valley the Union batteries were rolled into position, and the Confederate heavy guns unlimbered to answer them. For one or more seconds, and before the first sounds reached us, we saw the great volumes of white smoke rolling from the mouths of McClellan's artillery. The next second brought the roar of the heavy discharges and the loud explosions of hostile shells in the midst of our lines inaugurating the great battle. The Confederate batteries promptly responded; and while the artillery of both armies thundered, McClellan's compact columns of Infantry fell upon the left of Lee's lines with the crushing weight of a land-slide. The Confederate battle line was too weak to withstand the momentum of such a charge. Pressed back, but neither hopelessly broken nor dismayed, the Southern troops, enthused by Lee's presence, reformed their lines, and with a shout as piercing as the blast of a thousand bugles, rushed in counter-charge upon the exulting Federals, hurled them back in confusion, and recovered all the ground that had been lost. Again and again, hour after hour, by charges and counter-charges, this portion of the field was lost and recovered, until the green corn that grew upon it looked as if it had been struck by a storm of bloody hail.

Up to this hour, not a shot had been fired in my front. There was an ominous lull on the left. From sheer exhaustion, both sides, like battered and



Lieutenant-General Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson, C. S. A.

From a photograph taken in Winchester, Va., in 1862.

bleeding athletes, seemed willing to rest. General Lee took advantage of the respite and rode along his lines on the right and centre. He was accompanied by Division Commander General D. H. Hill. With that wonderful power which he possessed of divining the plans and purposes of his antagonist, General Lee had decided that the Union commander's next heavy blow would fall upon our centre, and those of us who held that important position were notified of this conclusion. We were cautioned to be prepared for a determined assault and urged to hold that centre at any sacrifice, as a break at that point would endanger his entire army. My troops held the most advanced position on this part of the field, and there was no supporting line behind us. It was evident, therefore, that my small force was to receive the first impact of the expected charge and to be subjected to the deadliest fire. To comfort General Lee and General Hill, and especially to make, if possible, my men still more resolute of purpose, I called aloud to these officers as they rode away: "These men are going to stay here, General, till the sun goes down or victory is won." Alas! many of the brave fellows are there now.

General Lee had scarcely reached his left before the predicted assault came. The day was clear and beautiful, with scarcely a cloud in the sky. The men in blue filed down the opposite slope, crossed the little stream (Antietam), and formed in my front, an assaulting column four lines deep. The front line came to a "charge bayonets," the other lines to a "right shoulder shift." The brave Union commander, superbly mounted, placed himself in front, while his band in rear cheered them with martial music. It was a thrilling spectacle. The entire force, I concluded, was composed of fresh troops from Washington or some camp of instruction. So far as I could see, every soldier wore white gaiters around his ankles. The banners above them had apparently never been discolored by the smoke and dust of battle. Their gleaming bayonets flashed like burnished silver in the sunlight. With the precision of step and perfect alignment of a holiday parade, this magnificent array moved to the charge, every step keeping time to the tap of the



A wartime view of the Union signal station at Elk Mountain, Antietam.



A wartime view of Burnside bridge, showing a wagon train crossing.

deep-sounding drum. As we stood looking upon that brilliant pageant, I thought if I did not say, "What a pity to spoil with bullets such a scene of martial beauty!" But there was nothing else to do. Mars is not an æsthetic god; and he was directing every part of this game in which giants were the contestants. On every preceding field where I had been engaged it had been my fortune to lead or direct charges, and not to receive them; or else to move as the tides of battle swayed in the one direction or the other. Now, my duty was to move neither to the front nor to the rear, but to stand fast, holding that centre under whatever pressure and against any odds.

Every act and movement of the Union commander in my front clearly indicated his purpose to discard bullets, and depend upon bayonets. He essayed to break through Lee's centre by the crushing weight and momentum of his solid column. It was my business to prevent this; and how to do it with my single line was the tremendous problem which had to be solved and solved quickly; for the column was coming. As I saw this solid mass of men moving upon me with determined step and front of steel, every conceivable plan of meeting and repelling it was rapidly considered. To oppose man against man, and strength against strength, was impossible; for there were four lines of blue to my one of gray. My first impulse was to open fire upon the compact mass as soon as it came within reach of my rifles, and to pour into its front an incessant hail-storm of bullets during its entire advance across the broad, open plain; but after a moment's reflection that plan was also discarded. It was rejected because, during the few minutes required for the column to reach my line, I could not hope to kill and disable a sufficient number of the enemy to reduce his strength to an equality with mine. The only remaining plan was one which I had never tried, but in the efficacy of which I had the utmost faith. It was to hold my fire until the advancing Federals were almost upon my lines, and then turn loose a sheet of flame and lead into their faces. I did not believe that any troops on earth, with empty guns in their hands, could withstand so sudden a shock and withering fire. The programme



Burnside bridge as it appears to-day.

was fixed in my own mind, all horses were sent to the rear, and my men were at once directed to lie down upon the grass and clover. They were quickly made to understand, through my aides and line officers, that the Federals were coming upon them with unloaded guns; that not a shot would be fired at them, and that not one of our rifles was to be discharged until my voice should be heard from centre commanding "Fire!" They were carefully instructed in the details. They were notified that I would stand at the centre, watching the advance, while they were lying upon their breasts with rifles pressed to their shoulders, and that they were not to expect my order to fire until the Federals were so close upon us that every Confederate bullet would take effect.

There was no artillery at this point upon either side, and not a rifle was discharged. The stillness was literally oppressive, as, in close order with the commander still riding in front, this column of Union Infantry moved majestically in the charge. In a few minutes they were within easy range of our rifles, and some of my impatient men asked permission to fire. "Not yet," I replied. "Wait for the order." Soon they were so close that we might have seen the eagles on their buttons; but my brave and eager boys still waited for the order. Now the front rank was within a few rods of where I stood. It would not do to wait another second, and with all my lung power I shouted "Fire!"

My rifles flamed and roared in the Federals' faces like a blinding blaze of lightning accompanied by the quick and deadly thunderbolt. The effect was appalling. The entire front line, with few exceptions, went down in the consuming blast. The gallant commander and his horse fell in a heap near where I stood—the horse dead, the rider unhurt. Before his rear lines could recover from the terrific shock, my exultant men were on their feet, devouring them with successive volleys. Even then these stubborn blue lines retreated in fairly good order. My front had been cleared. Lee's centre had been saved; and yet not a drop of blood had been lost by my men. The result, however, of this first effort to penetrate the Confederate centre, did not satisfy the intrepid Union commander. Beyond the range of my rifles he reformed his men into three lines, and on foot led them to the second charge, still with unloaded guns. This advance was also repulsed; but again and again did he advance in four successive charges in the fruitless effort to break through my lines with the

bayonets. Finally his troops were ordered to load. He drew up in close rank and easy range, and opened a galling fire upon my line.

I must turn aside from my story at this point to express my regret that I have never been able to ascertain the name of this lion-hearted Union officer. His indomitable will and great courage have been equalled on other fields and in both armies; but I do not believe they have ever been surpassed. Just before I myself fell and was borne unconscious from the field, I saw this undaunted commander attempting to lead his men in another charge.

The fire from these hostile American lines at close quarters now became furious and deadly. The list of the slain was lengthened with each passing moment. I was not at the front when, near nightfall, the awful carnage ceased; but one of my officers, long afterward, assured me that he could have walked on the dead bodies of my men from one end of the line to the other. This, perhaps, was not literally true; but the statement did not greatly exaggerate the shocking slaughter. Before I was wholly disabled and carried to the rear, I walked along my line and found an old man and his son lying side by side. The son was dead, the father mortally wounded. The gray-haired hero called me and said: "Here we are. My boy is dead, and I shall go soon; but it is all right." Of such were the early volunteers.

My extraordinary escapes from wounds in all the previous battles had made a deep impression upon my comrades as well as upon my own mind and heart. So many had fallen at my side, so often had balls and shells pierced and torn my clothing, grazing my body without drawing a drop of blood, that a sort of blind faith possessed my men that I was not to be killed in battle. This belief was evidenced by their constantly repeated expressions: "They can't hurt him." "He's as safe one place as another." "He's got a charmed life."

If I had allowed these expressions of my men to have any effect upon my mind the impression was quickly dissipated when the Sharpsburg storm came and the whizzing Minies, one after another, began to pierce my body.



Part of the Antietam battlefield to-day.



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

General Lee and Division Commander General D. H. Hill riding along the Confederate lines during a respite in the battle of Antietam.

The first volley from the Union lines in my front sent a ball through the brain of the chivalric Colonel Tew of North Carolina, to whom I was talking, and another ball through the calf of my right leg. On the right and the left my men were falling under the death-dealing crossfire like trees in a hurricane. The persistent Federals, who had lost so heavily from repeated repulses, seemed now determined to kill enough Confederates to make the debits and credits of the battle's balance-sheet more nearly even. Both sides stood in the open at short range and without the semblance of breastworks, and the firing was doing a deadly work. Higher up in the same leg I was again shot; but still no bone was broken. I was able to walk along the line and give encouragement to my resolute riflemen, who were firing with the coolness and steadiness of peace soldiers in target practice. When later in the day the third ball pierced my left arm, tearing asunder the tendons and mangling the flesh, they caught sight of the blood running down my fingers, and these devoted and big-hearted men, while still loading their guns, plead with me to leave them and go to the rear, pledging me that they would stay there and fight to the last. I could not consent to leave them in such a crisis. The surgeons were all busy at the field hospitals in the rear, and there was no way, therefore, of stanching the blood, but I had a vigorous constitution, and this was doing me good service.

A fourth ball ripped through my shoulder, leaving its base and a wad of clothing in its track. I could still stand and walk, although the shocks and loss of blood had left but little of my normal strength. I remembered the pledge to the commander that we would stay there till the battle ended or night came. I looked at the sun. It moved very slowly; in fact, it seemed to stand still. Private Vickers, of Alabama, who had served through the war with Mexico, and with Walker in Nicaragua, and who was one of the bravest soldiers who ever carried a musket, thought he saw some wavering in my line, near the extreme right, and volunteered to carry any orders I might wish to send. I directed him to go quickly and remind the men of the pledge to General Lee, and to say to them that I was still on the field, and intended to stay there. He bounded away like an Olympic racer; but he had gone less than fifty yards when he fell, instantly killed by a ball through his head. I then attempted to go myself, although I was bloody and faint, and my legs did not bear me steadily. I had gone but a short distance when I was shot down by a fifth ball, which struck me squarely in the face, and passed out, barely missing the jugular vein. I fell forward and lay unconscious with my face in my cap; and it would seem that I might have been smothered by the blood from this last wound running into my cap but for the act of some Yankee, who, as if to save my life, had at a previous hour during the battle shot a hole through the cap, which let the blood out.

I was borne on a litter to the rear, and recall nothing more till revived by stimulants at a late hour of the night. I found myself lying on a pile of straw at an old barn, where our badly wounded were gathered. My faithful surgeon, Dr. Weatherly, who was my devoted friend, was at my side, with his fingers on my pulse. As I revived, his face was so expressive of distress that I asked him: "What do you think of my case, Weatherly?" He made a manly effort to say that he was hopeful. I knew better, and I said: "You are not honest with me. You think I am going to die; but I am going to get well." Long afterward, when the danger was past, he admitted that this assurance was his first and only basis of hope.

General George B. Anderson, of North Carolina, whose troops were on my right, was wounded in the foot, but, it was thought, not severely. That superb man and soldier was dead in a few weeks, though his wound was supposed to be slight, while I was mercifully sustained through a long battle with wounds, the combined effect of which was supposed to be fatal. Such are the mysterious concomitants of cruel war.

Mrs. Gordon was soon with me. When it was known that the battle was on, she had at once started towards the front. The doctors were doubtful about the propriety of admitting her to my room; but I told them to let her come. I was more apprehensive of the effect of the

meeting upon her nerves than upon mine. My face was black and shapeless—so swollen that one eye was entirely hidden and the other nearly so. My right leg and left arm and shoulder were bandaged and propped with pillows, and I knew she would be greatly shocked. As she reached the door and looked, I saw at once that I must reassure her. Summoning all my strength, I said: "Here's your handsome(?) husband; been to an Irish wedding." Her answer was a suppressed scream, whether of anguish or relief at finding me able to speak, I do not know. Thenceforward, for the period in which my life hung in doubtful balance, she sat at my bedside, trying to supply concentrated nourishment to sustain me against the constant drainage. With my jaw immovably set, this was exceedingly difficult and discouraging. My own confidence in ultimate recovery, however, was never shaken until erysipelas, that deadly foe of the wounded, attacked my left arm. The doctors told Mrs. Gordon to paint my arm above the wound three or four times a day with iodine. She obeyed the doctors by painting it, I think, three or four hundred times a day. Under God's Providence, I owe my life to her incessant watchfulness night and day, and to her tender nursing through weary weeks and anxious months.

It was nearly seven months after the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, before I was able to return to my duties at the front. Even then the wound through my face had not healed; but Nature, at last, did her perfect work, and thus deprived the army surgeons of a proposed operation. Although my enforced absence from the army was prolonged and tedious, it was not without its incidents and interest. Some of the simple-hearted people who lived in remote districts had quaint conceptions of the size of an army. One of these, a matron about fifty years of age, came a considerable distance to see me and to enquire about her son. She opened the conversation by asking: "Do you know William?"

"What William, madam?"

"My son William."

I replied: "Really, I do not know whether I have ever met your son William or not. Can you tell me what regiment or brigade, or division or corps, he belongs to?"

She answered: "No, I can't, but I know he belongs to Ginal Lee's company."

I think the dear old soul left with the impression that I was something of a fraud because I did not know every man in "Ginal Lee's company"—especially William.

After I had begun to convalesce, it was my privilege to be thrown with the author of "Georgia Scenes," Judge Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, who was widely known in the Southern States as an able jurist, a distinguished educator, and an eminent Methodist divine, as well as a great humorist and wit. His book, "Georgia Scenes," is now rarely seen, and it may be interesting to those who have never known of Judge Longstreet or his famous stories, to give an instance here of the inimitable fun of this many-sided genius, who aided me in whiling away the time of my enforced absence from the army. Judge Longstreet was at that time an old man, but still full of the fire of earlier years, and of that irresistible humor with which his conversation sparkled. On one occasion, when a number of gentlemen were present, I asked the Judge to give us the facts which led him to write that remarkable story called "The Debating Society." He said that Mr. McDuffie, who afterward became one of the South's great statesmen, was his classmate and roommate at school. Both were disposed to stir into the monotony of school days a little seasoning of innocent fun. During one of the school terms, they were appointed a committee to select and propose to the society a suitable subject for debate. As they left the hall, Longstreet said to his friend, "Now, McDuffie, is our chance. If we could induce the society to adopt for debate some subject which sounds well, but in which there is no sense at all, wouldn't it be a great joke?" McDuffie's reply was a roar of laughter. They hastened to their room to begin the selection of the great subject for debate. They agreed that each should write all the high-sounding phrases he could think of, and then by comparing notes, and combining the best of both, they could make up their report. They sat up late, conferring and laughing at the suggestions, and at last concocted the question, "Whether at public elections should the votes of faction predominate by internal suggestions, or the bias of jurisprudence."

With boyish glee they pronounced their work well done, and laughed themselves to sleep. On the next morning their report was to be submitted, and the society was to vote as to its adoption. They arose early, full of confidence in their ability to palm off this wonderful subject on the society; for they reasoned thus: No boy will be willing to admit that he is less intelligent or less able to comprehend great public questions or metaphysical subjects than the committee, and therefore each one of them will at once pretend to be delighted at the selection, and depend upon reading and investigation to prepare himself for the following week's debate upon it. They had not miscalculated the chances of success, nor underestimated the boyish pride of their schoolmates. The question was unanimously adopted.

It is impossible to give any conception of Judge Longstreet's description of the debate upon the question; of how he and McDuffie led off with thoroughly prepared speeches full of resounding rhetoric and rounded periods, but as devoid of sense as the subject itself, the one arguing the affirmative, the other the negative of the proposition. Nor shall I attempt any description of Judge Longstreet's wonderful mimicry of the boys, many of whom became men of distinction in after years; of how they stammered and struggled and agonized in the effort to rise to the height of the great argument; and finally, of the effort of the president of the society, who was, of course, one of the schoolboys, to sum up the points made and determine on which side were the weightiest and most cogent arguments. Suffice it to say, that I recall with grateful pleasure the hours spent during my convalescence in the presence of this remarkable man. His inimitable and delicate humor was the sunshine of his useful and laborious life, and will remain a bright spot in my recollections of the sixties.

On my return to the army, I was transferred to the command of perhaps the largest brigade in the Confederate Army, composed of six regiments from my own State, Georgia. No more superb material ever filled the ranks of any command in any army. It was, of course, a most trying moment to my sensibilities when the time came for my parting from the old command, with which I had passed through so many scenes of bitter trial; but these men were destined to come back to me again. It is trite, but worth the repetition, to say that there are few ties stronger and more sacred than those which bind together in immortal fellowship men who with unfaltering faith in each other have passed through such scenes of terror and blood.

Years afterward, my daughter met a small son of one of these brave comrades, and asked him his name.

"Gordon Wright," was his prompt reply.

"And for whom are you named, Gordon?"

"I don't know, miss," he answered, "but I believe my mamma said I was named for General Lee."

I had been with my new command but a short time, when the great battle of Chancellorsville occurred. It was just before this bloody engagement that my young brother had so accurately and firmly predicted his own death, and it was here the immortal Jackson fell. I never write, or pronounce this name without an impulse to pause in veneration for that American phenomenon. The young men of this country cannot study the character of General Jackson without benefit to their manhood, and for those who are not familiar with his characteristics I make this descriptive allusion to him.

As to whether he fell by the fire of his own men, or from that of the Union men in his front, will perhaps never be definitely determined. The general, the almost universal, belief at the South is, that he was killed by a volley from the Confederate lines; but I have had grave doubts of this raised in my own mind by conversations with thoughtful Union officers who were at the time in his front, and near the point where he was killed. It seems to me quite possible that the fatal ball might have come from either army. This much-mooted question as to the manner of his death is, however, of less consequence than the manner of his life. Any life of such nobility and strength must always be a matter of vital import and interest.

At the inception of the movement upon General Hooker's army at Chancellorsville, a remarkable interview occurred between General Lee and General Jackson, which

is of peculiar interest, because it illustrates, in a measure, the characteristics of both these great soldiers.

It was repeated to me soon after its occurrence by Rev. Dr. Lacey, who was with them at the time Jackson rode up to the Commander-in-Chief, and said to him: "General Lee, this is not the best way to move on Hooker."

"Well, General Jackson, you must remember that I am compelled to depend to some extent upon information furnished me by others, especially by the engineers, as to the topography, the obstructions, etc., and these engineers are of the opinion that this is a very good way of approach."

"Your engineers are mistaken, sir."

"What do you know about it, General Jackson? You have not had time to examine the situation."

"But I have, sir; I have ridden over the whole field."

And he had. Riding with the swiftness of the wind, and looking with the eye of an eagle, he had caught the strong and weak points of the entire situation, and was back on his panting steed at the great commander's side to assure him that there was a better route.

"Then what is to be done, General Jackson?"

"Take the route you yourself at first suggested. Move on the flank—move on the flank."

"Then you will at once make the movement, sir."

Immediately and swiftly, Jackson's "foot cavalry," as they were called, were rushing along a byway through the dense woodland. Soon the wild shout of his charge was heard on the flank and his red cross of battle was floating over General Hooker's breastworks.

General Hooker, "fighting Joe," as he was proudly called by his devoted followers, and whom it was my pleasure to meet and to know well after the war, was one of the brilliant soldiers of the Union Army. He had already been hailed as the hero of the "battle of the clouds" at Lookout Mountain, and whatever may be said of the small force which he met in the fight upon that mountain's sides and top, the conception was a bold one. It is most improbable that General Hooker was informed as to the number of Confederates he was to meet in the effort to capture the high and rugged point Lookout, which commanded a perfect view of the city of Chattanooga and the entire field of operations around it. His movement through the dense underbrush, up the rocky steeps and over the limestone cliffs was executed with a celerity and dash which reflected high credit upon both the commander and his men. Among these men, by the way, was one of those merry-makers—those dispensers of good cheer—found in both the Confederate and Union Armies, who constituted themselves veritable fountains of good-humor, whose spirits glowed and sparkled in all situations, whether in the camp, on the march, or under fire. The special rôle of this one was to entertain his comrades with song, and as Hooker's men were struggling up the sides of Lookout Mountain, climbing over the huge rocks, and being picked off of them by the Confederate sharpshooters, this frolicsome soldier amused and amazed his comrades by singing, in stentorian tones, his ludicrous camp-song, the refrain of which was "Big pig, little pig, root hog or die." The singer is now Dr. H. S. Cooper, of Colorado.

But to return to the consideration of General Jackson's character. Every right-minded citizen, as well as every knightly soldier, whatever the color of his uniform, will appreciate the beauty of the tribute paid by General Lee to General Jackson, when he received the latter's message announcing the loss of his left arm. "Go tell General Jackson," said Lee, "that his loss is small compared to mine; for while he loses his left arm, I lose the right arm of my Army." No prouder or juster tribute was ever paid by a great commander to a soldier under him.

But more important than anything I have yet said of Jackson may be compassed, I think, in the observation that he added to a marvellous genius for war a character as man and Christian which was absolutely without blemish. His child-like trust and faith, the simplicity, sincerity, and constancy of his unostentatious piety did not come with the war, nor was it changed by the trials and dangers of war. If the war affected him at all in this particular, it only intensified his religious devotion, because of the tremendous responsibilities which it imposed; but long before, his religious

thought and word and example were leading to the higher life young men entrusted to his care, at the Virginia Military Institute. In the army nothing deterred or diverted him from the discharge of his religious duties, nor deprived him of the solace resulting from his unaffected trust. A deep-rooted belief in God, in His Word and His providence was under him and over him and through him, permeating every fibre of his being, dominating his every thought, controlling his every action. Wherever he went and whatever he did, whether he was dispensing light and joy in the family circle; imparting lessons of lofty thought to his pupils in the schoolroom at Lexington; planning masterful strategy in his tent; praying in the woods for Heaven's guidance; or riding like the incarnate spirit of war through the storm of battle, as his resistless legions swept the field of carnage with the fury of a tornado —Stonewall Jackson was the faithful disciple of his Divine Master. He died as he had lived, with his ever-active and then fevered brain working out the problems to which his duty called him, and, even with the chill of death upon him, his loving heart prompted the message to his weary soldiers, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." That his own spirit will eternally rest under the shade of the Tree of Life, none who knew him can for one moment doubt.

While the battle was progressing at Chancellorsville, near which point Lee's left rested, his right extended to or near Fredericksburg. Early's Division held this position, and my brigade the right of that division; and it was determined that General Early should attempt, near sunrise, to retake the fort on Marye's Heights, from which the Confederates had been driven the day before. I was ordered to move with this new brigade, with which I had never been in battle, and to lead in that assault. At least such was my interpretation of the order as it reached me. Whether it was my fault or the fault of the wording of the order itself, I am not able to say, but there was a serious misunderstanding about it. My brigade was intended, as it afterward appeared, to be a portion only of the attacking force, whereas I had understood the order to direct me to proceed at once to the assault upon the fort· and I proceeded. As I was officially a comparative stranger to the men of this brigade, I said in a few sentences to them that we should know each other better when the battle of the day was over; that I trusted we should go together into that fort, and that if there were a man in the brigade who did not wish to go with us, I would excuse him if he would step to the front and make himself known. Of course, there was no man found who desired to be excused, and I then announced that every Georgian in that splendid brigade had thus declared his purpose to go into the fortress. They answered this announcement by a prolonged and thrilling shout, and moved briskly to the attack. When we were under full headway and under fire from the heights, I received an order to halt, with the explanation that the other troops were to unite in the assault; but the order had come too late. My men were already under heavy fire and were nearing the fort. They were rushing upon it with tremendous impetuosity. I replied to the order that it was too late to halt then, and that a few minutes more would decide the result of the charge. General Early playfully but earnestly remarked, after the fort was taken, that success had saved me from being court-martialed for disobedience to orders.

During this charge I came into possession of a most remarkable horse, whose fine spirit convinced me that horses now and then, in the furor of fight, were almost as sentient as their riders. This was especially true of the high-strung thoroughbreds. At least, such was my experience with the number of these noble animals which it was my privilege to ride, and some of which it was my painful fortune to leave on the field as silent witnesses of the storm which had passed over it. At Marye's Heights, the horse which I had ridden into the fight was exhausted in my effort to personally watch every portion of my line as it swept forward, and he had been in some way partially disabled, so that his movements became most unsatisfactory. At this juncture the beautiful animal to which I have referred, and from which a Union officer had just been shot, galloped into our lines. I was quickly upon her back, and she proved to be the most superb battle-horse that it was my fortune to mount during the war. For ordinary uses,

she was by no means remarkable—simply a good saddle animal, which Mrs. Gordon often rode in camp, and which I called "Marye," from the name of the hill where she was captured. Indeed, she was ordinarily rather sluggish, and required free use of the spur; but when the battle opened she was absolutely transformed. She seemed at once to catch the ardor and enthusiasm of the men around her. The bones of her legs were converted into steel springs and her sinews into india rubber. With head up and nostrils distended, her whole frame seemed to thrill with a delight akin to that of fox hounds when the hunter's horn summons them to the chase. With the ease of an antelope, she would bound across ditches and over fences which no amount of coaxing or spurring could induce her to undertake when not under the excitement of battle. Her courage was equal to her other high qualities. She was afraid of nothing. Neither the shouting of troops, nor the rattle of rifles, nor the roar of artillery, nor their bursting shells, intimidated her in the slightest degree. In addition to all this, she seemed to have a charmed life, for she bore me through the hottest fires and was never wounded.

I recall another animal of different temperament, turned over to me by the quartermaster, after capture, in exchange, as usual, for one of my own horses. In the valley of Virginia, during the retreat of the Union General, Milroy, my men captured a horse of magnificent appearance and handsomely caparisoned. He was solid black in color and dangerously treacherous in disposition. He was brought to me by his captors with the statement that he was General Milroy's horse, and he was at once christened "Milroy" by my men. I have no idea that he belonged to the General, for that officer was too true a soldier to have ridden such a beast in battle—certainly not after one test of his cowardice. His fear of Minie balls was absolutely uncontrollable. He came near disgracing me in the first and only fight in which I attempted to ride him. Indeed, if it had chanced to be my first appearance under fire with my men, they would probably have followed my example as they saw me flying to the rear on this elephantine brute. He was an immense horse of unusually fine proportions, and had behaved very well under the cannonading, but as we drew nearer the blue lines in front, and their musketry sent the bullets whistling around his ears, he wheeled and fled at such a rate of speed, that I was powerless to check him, until he had carried me more than a hundred yards to the rear. Fortunately, some of the artillerymen aided me in dismounting, and promptly gave me a more reliable steed, on whose back I rapidly returned in time to redeem my reputation. My obligations to General Milroy were very great for having evacuated at night the fort at Winchester (near which this horse was captured); and for permitting us to move over its deserted and silent ramparts in perfect security; but if this huge black horse were really his, General Milroy, in leaving him for me, had cancelled all the obligations under which he had placed me.

This Georgia brigade, with its six splendid regiments, whose war acquaintance I had made at Marye's Heights, contributed afterward from their pittance of monthly pay, and bought, without my knowledge, at a fabulous price, a magnificent horse, and presented him to me. These brave and self-denying men realized that such a horse would cost more than I could pay. He gave me great comfort, and I hoped that like "Marye" he might go unscathed through successive battles, but, at Monocacy, in Maryland, he paid the forfeit of his life by coming in collision with a whizzing missile, as he was proudly galloping along my lines, then advancing upon General Lew Wallace's forces. I deeply regretted this splendid animal's death, not only because of his great value at the time, but far more because he was the gift of my gallant men.

In one of the battles in the Wilderness, in 1864, and during a flank movement, a thoroughbred bay stallion was captured—a magnificent creature, said to have been the favorite war-horse of General Shaler, whom we also captured. As was customary, the horse was named for his former master, and was known by no other title than "General Shaler." My obligations to this horse are twofold and memorable: he saved me from capture, when I had ridden, by mistake, into Sedgwick's Corps by night; and at Appomattox he brought me enough greenbacks to save me from walking back to Georgia. He was so

handsome that a Union officer, who was a judge of horses, asked me if I wished to sell him. I at once assured this officer that I would be delighted to sell the horse or anything else I possessed, as I had not a dollar except Confederate money, which, at that period of its history, was somewhat below par. The officer, General Curtin, of Pennsylvania, generously paid me in greenbacks more than I asked for the horse. I met this gentleman in 1894, nearly thirty years afterward, at Williamsport, Pa. He gratified me again by informing me that he had sold "General Shaler" for a much higher price than he paid me for him.*

If there is a hereafter for horses, as there is a heaven for the redeemed among men, I fear that the old black traitor that ran away with me from the fight will never reach it, but the brave and trusty steeds that so gallantly bore their riders through our American Civil War will not fail of admittance.

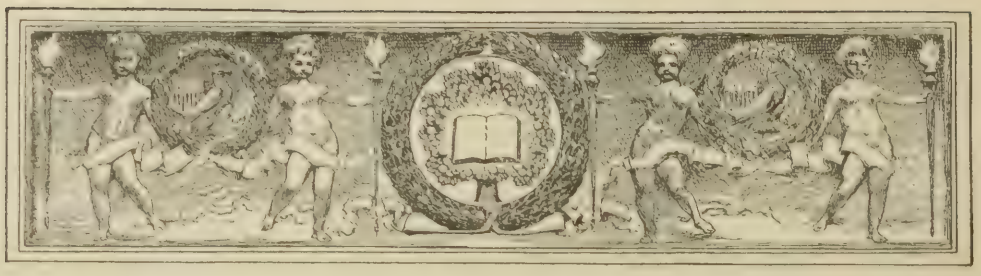
Job wrote of the war-horse that "smelleth the battle from afar off." Alexander the Great had his "Bucephalus," that dashed away as if on wings as his daring master mounted him. Rodrigo of Castile had his peerless "Orelia," who, with broken rein, carried him through the battle as if galloping on the meadows. Zachary Taylor had his "Old Whity," from whose mane and tail the American patriots pulled for souvenirs nearly all the hairs, as he grazed on the green at the White House. Lee had his "Traveller," whose memory is perpetuated in enduring bronze. Stonewall Jackson had his high-mettled "Old Sorrell," whose life was nursed with tenderest care long after the death of his immortal rider, but if I were a poet I would ignore them all and embalm in song my own glorious "Marye," whose spirit I would know was that of Joan of Arc, if the transmigration of souls were true.

* Since writing this paper, I have learned that this horse was a noted animal in the Union Army, and had been named "Abe," for President Lincoln.

THE CANOE UNDERSHORE

By Joseph Russell Taylor

Only by the slow shadow along the canoe
Of leaves that hung our brows with wreath on wreath,
Of the long sigh of lily pads beneath,
By these alone our creeping pace we knew:
And under the water-maple's arch we drew
So silently, that near and unafraid,
Wandering loves! the rich, mute waxwings stayed,
And she bent back to look as we passed through.
The overhanging leafage filled the boat,
Rustling and fresh and cool to blind our eyes,
Suddenly, slowly, curtaining side by side
A boy's head bent to knee, a girl's white throat
Laid back: and then the sun was like surprise.
"I did!" I said; and "You did not!" she cried.



THE SPIRIT OF THE FLAG

By Henry Dorr

Long ago I built my watch-tower on the stern New England coast,
And my altar fires were kindled high above the sounding shore;
I flung my fearless banner to the winds which sweep the World,
There to wave in storm and sunlight, there to float forever more!

From my watch-tower, looking Eastward, I have seen a million sail
Sweep on from the horizon line with all their canvas spread,
And, lighted by my living flame that flashed across the sea,
Make bravely for the port where Law and Liberty are wed!

From my watch-tower, gazing Westward, I have seen the march of men
Over hill and glen and mountain, and through woodlands gray and dim.
I have seen them building cities; I have seen them cross the plains,
And only halt at last upon the far Pacific's rim!

I have seen my fleets and armies at the rising of the sun
Spread my colors to the dawning and sail on in proud estate!
I have sent my troops and warships to the Islands of the Sea;
And have heard my cannon thunder at the Orient's ancient gate!

Are my battles waged for conquest and the glory of the sword?
Have my heroes fought and fallen to oppress and to enslave?
Know you not that Freedom follows where my stern battalions tread,
And that Liberty is crowned where my triumphant banners wave?

Liberty to live and labor; freedom, justice, and the law;
Neither tyranny nor license while my beacon fires still flame;
For my vengeance shall be swifter than the lightning's awful stroke,
Whether demagogue or tyrant plant oppression in my name!

Peace shall raise aloft her standard where my loyal troops have marched,
And shall brood upon the waters where my pennant is unfurled;
And the deep tones of my cannon shall be hushed forever more
When my banner sheds its glory through the confines of the World!





In thin defile along a climbing wall.

THE LOVER OF TREES IN ITALY

By Sophie Jewett

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
(If our loves remain)
In an English lane,

. . . . . .

Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
(If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands)—
In a sea-side house to the farther South,
Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
By the many hundred years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,
My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water's edge.

—Browning, *De Gustibus.*

"I CANNOT understand," said a lover of Switzerland to me, "your content in Italy in the summer. I want depth of shade, and masses of green, and the coolness that comes from evergreen forests. Italy is beautiful, but it is so treeless." I listened, as one who has the taint of Italy in his blood listens to criticism of her, without resentment or jealousy, rather with tolerance and pity for the critic. Yet I suggested that the southern side of the Alps is Italy, not Switzerland; and I recalled the oaks and walnuts in the valleys and ravines of Umbria, the beeches of Vallombrosa and the hoary chestnuts of the Pistojese Apennines, for, even to one who does not know its greatest woods, Italy affords abundant green shadow.

In the spring I made with my devotee of forests a Franciscan pilgrimage into the Casentino. The broad summit of Prato Magno was snow-covered, but the lower slopes of all the mountains were a glory of young oak foliage, too golden to be green, too green to be golden. When we stood among the towering beeches and hemlocks on the height of La Verna, my friend said penitently, "I shall never again think of Italy as treeless."



Ilex path, Boboli Gardens.

None the less, next day, as we left the sharp firs of the Consuma Pass and its bleak winds behind us, and drove down toward the sunset glory of the Arno Valley, past fields of rose-colored vetch and wine-dark clover, of bright poppies and pale iris, into a world where acacias in full flower stood white among the cypresses, I reflected that it is not for its forest trees that one loves Italy. When the heart seeks broad oaks or cathedral firs, it is the North that calls, and if, in Italy, the feet of a Northerner stray into some unlooked-for *selva oscura*, he finds himself presently thinking of home. For, in spite of great exceptions, forests of pine, or fir, or chestnut, the characteristic trees of Italy are detached, sharply outlined, impressive from loneliness and contrast. In groves, in groups, in avenues, in files, in couples and singly, they cut the sky, and it is the general treelessness of the landscape that gives to the infrequent trees their peculiar beauty. They are so defined and individual that one remembers the cypresses of a Tuscan city exactly as one remembers its *campanili*, and it would be as easy to forget the dome of St. Peter's as to forget the single palm tree of St. Bonaventura. I have even seen it from the Pincian Hill on a gray winter day, pale against a paler sky, yet distinct in outline as the convent itself. It looked lonely as a seventeenth-century ghost, keeping uneasy watch between the advance of archæological excavation and of modern building.

I shall always remember a May morning years ago, when, on the journey from Florence to Rome by way of Arezzo, I made discovery that the attenuated trees of Perugino are real, not fancied. It was my first lesson in the faithfulness of the Umbrian and Tuscan landscape painting.



Ilex avenue. Villa Borghese, Rome.



Two slim sentinels.

I soon came to know that, so long as the hill-sides bear feathery alders and tufted poplars, and almonds pink with bloom in February, so long will the angels of Fra Giovanni and Benozzo Gozzoli flit before one's eyes. Outside the walls of Urbino grow two thin sentinels so alive with the spirit of Perugino that one half expects to see Our Lady of Sorrows, purple-vested, standing beside them in the fading light with St. Bernard at her feet.

In Italy every tree has its peculiar significance and charm—fig trees, medlars, mulberries, with their garlands of vine, acacias, oaks, walnuts, chestnuts, firs—yet the most characteristic trees that stand



An avenue of Cypresses, Urbino.

along the way of the ordinary traveller seem to me to be the ilex, the olive, the cypress, and the stone-pine.

The ilexes present rather masses of shade than clearness of outline, but this is the impression from the outside. Beneath them, among them, as one becomes used to the dusk, one sees that not even an Italian gardener has been able to prune them of their individuality.

On the Latian hill-sides they belong to the ancient world. They are symbols of Roman myth and of Roman rite, but as one sees them in villa and palace garden they are retainers of the ducal days. Indifferent and uncommunicative to the curi-

ous stranger, they, who grew old so long ago, whisper to themselves through the sunny noons of dead lovers whose secrets they have shared, of princely traitors whose crimes they have hidden, and, silent o' nights, they listen for the festival music that used to sound from the bright windows. Though they are wrinkled and

The ilex is reserved, patrician, but the olive is of the people. It loves broad slopes, where it may fraternize with mulberry and vine, and with the peasant as he ploughs and plants. It chatters to fig tree and medlar across the garden-wall. The sheep and the shepherds are its familiars, and the children who gather its fruit



Ilex hedge in the Boboli Gardens.

lichen-stained, though their hearts are eaten with decay, they cling to life with the tenacity of sage and subtle *Monsignori*. Their trunks may be built up with stones and cement, as are those of the giants of Castel Gandolfo; their mighty lateral spread may be propped by timbers as in the Boboli Gardens, yet they refuse to "die at the top." In spring the blackest of them all is covered with a faint glory of new green that changes it as a sudden thought of youth changes an old face. The nightingales have sung in its depths through three hundred Junes. They may find green shelter there for a hundred more—who knows?

and trim its branches. From root to topmost bough, it is a creature of the sun. The swaying tracery that it casts over red soil or brown sod is tempered sunlight, not shadow. Even the hollow heart of an old olive shows, not decay, but a warm, silvery surface as if the rain and the sun had cleansed and polished it.

The olive, like its peasant neighbor, works till the end. On an Umbrian hillside each broken shell through which the sky looks as through a ruined arch wears a fringe of fruit-bearing boughs, dancing and shining in the light as if the crown of old age were joy, not sorrow.

I have heard the olive called dull and



Cypresses by the roadside—Gubbio.

colorless. Profane lips have even called it dusty and dreary. The charm of it, like that of all soft color, is a matter of combination and contrast. The single tree, if one look at it from the ground, enhances every mass and every touch of vivid color about it; the red poppy at its foot, the green lizard on its trunk, the blue of the sky over it. Or, if the earth be dun and the sky gray, the olive gives delicate values, fine gradations, of tone that please the eye as faint-heard harmony pleases the ear.



The Pineta of Ravenna.

If this be true of a solitary tree, it is truer of wide orchards in the general landscape. In the large, the effect of the olive is more translucent than opaque. Over the steep slopes of Tuscany, where the trees are small, the color lies like a thin veil. In Umbria, and farther south, it falls from hill to plain in soft waves of a tone that is indescribable because it changes with every mood of the varying sky.

The most marvellous color-effect of the olives that I remember was in the Alban hills, when, between the ranks of trees, the vineyards were vivid green with a hint of gold, and the grass had become actual emerald in the autumn rains. Though standing in the midst of this bright verdure, these Roman olives looked less silvery and more green than those of Tuscany, and I received the same impression from the orchards about Naples.

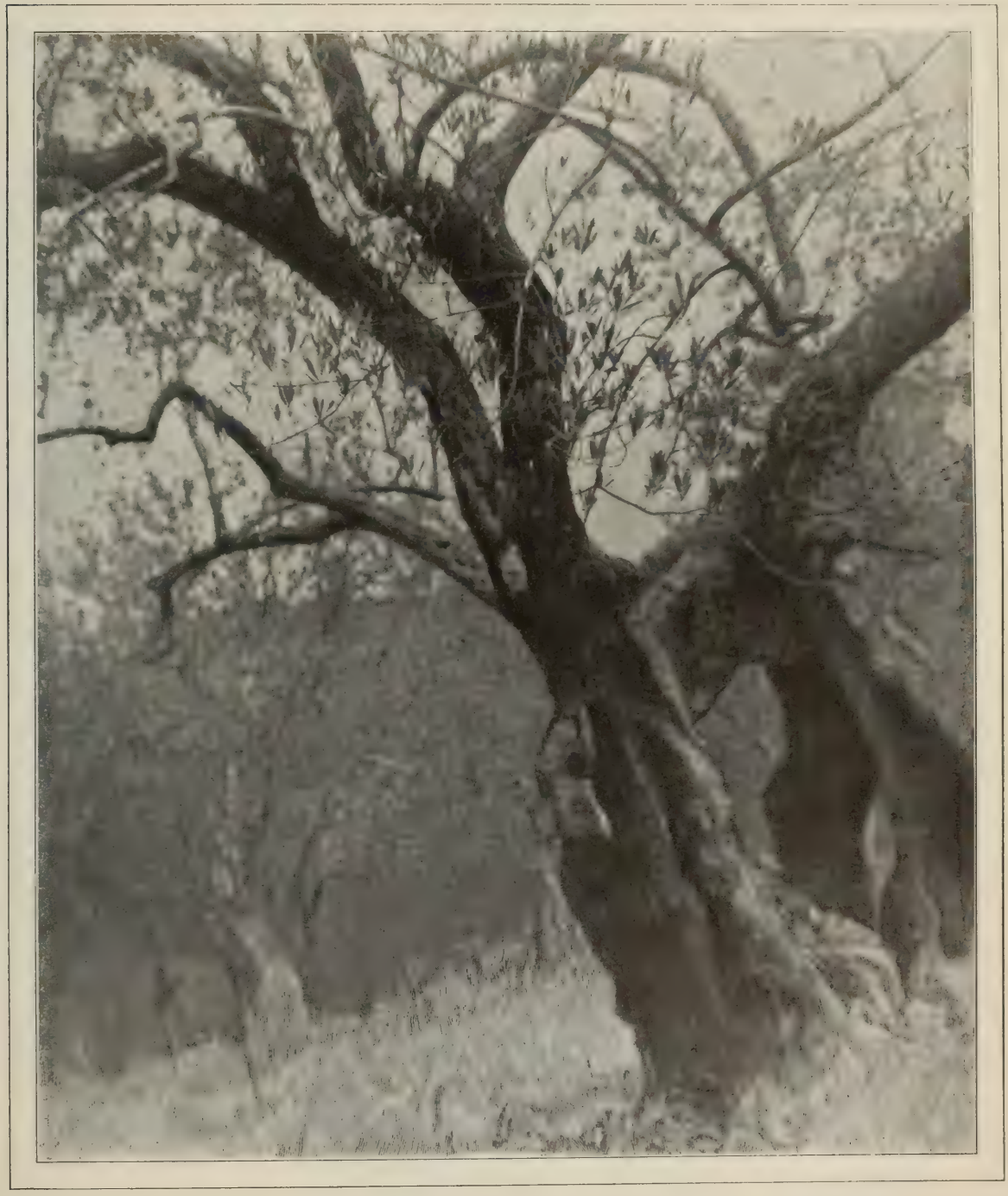
I instinctively incline to think of olive and cypress as local symbols, the olive Umbrian, the cypress Tuscan. Both trees are wide-scattered over Italy, but the olive is essential to the spirit of the Tiber Valley, and the cypress to that of the Arno.

The eyes that find the olive dusty, have found the cypress mournful and stiff. They have found the early Tuscan and Umbrian painters also stiff and mournful, and it would be futile to argue in defence of either painters or trees. But lie on the sunny side of an old cypress through a mid-summer afternoon and look at it long, till you are alone in the world with it. Below, it is "ripe fruit o'ercrusted," and all a-flutter with singing birds, but the top soars away from you and pierces the sky as no other wingless thing can do. As your eye climbs the green spire, the blue seems to deepen and draw down till you are conscious not so much of infinite distance as of infinite nearness. But, if you chance upon the same cypress standing against the sky at evening, how black and sombre it can be! Withdrawn and austere, as becomes Dante's compatriot, it broods on tragedy. It will not even tell you if the song-birds that fluttered about it in the sunshine, are hidden in its heart.

Despite their simplicity of outline, the cypresses are not monotonous nor changeless. I know an avenue of ancient trees

in an Alban villa. Their vast trunks are cut and seamed and hollowed by the years. Their tops are blasted and broken. They have suffered and resisted through a thousand mountain storms, but, in the failing light of an autumn afternoon, they look weary and frail, as if the moment were near when their enduring mortality must yield to "the unimaginable touch of time." At the end of another road in the same villa there is a tall young cypress that sways with every breath. Slim and green as a martyr's palm, it is, like that, a thing of joy and victory.

The cypresses are companionable and protecting. Two and two at tall gateways, in thin defile along a climbing wall, in close ranks like battalions, they guard the homes of the living, and watch where the dead sleep. Their welcome greets the trav-



The hollow heart of an old olive.

eller on each return to "the land of lands," and their farewell follows him when his north-bound train pulls out into the dusk.

Only less beautiful than the cypress, and perhaps equally beloved of Italy's lovers, is the umbrella-pine. It would be hard to say where it is most essential. On the Neapolitan coast, on the Roman Campagna, within the walls of Rome or on the environing mountains, crowning the cliffs of the Italian Riviera, or covering the plain between Ravenna and Rimini, it is "the joy of the whole earth."

In spite of the ravages of time and fire and frost, the Pineta of Ravenna is lovely still. It takes only feeble imagining to figure it in the days when it skirted the sea. Now the sea is far away, and even the rice-swamps are being converted into firm wheat-bearing soil, yet deep among the pines all the modern life slips away. One walks with Dante

per la pineta
In sul lito di Ciassi,

or one hears the sorrowful voice of Francesca yearning in the castle of the Malatesta that she might be

posata dolcemente
Su la marina di Ravenna.

As I write, the pines come back to me, picture after picture. I see the tall grove where it was good to lie on a September morning looking off over the Campagna, past Rome to the bright line of the sea, till, over-impressed by manifold beauty and suggestion, I turned back to find rest for eyes and spirit in the tossing boughs and "blue, rejoicing sky."

I remember, on the path to Tusculum, a group of pines that always gave a softening grace to a certain bare, nameless, and dateless tomb. Higher up, a little forest, like a company of gay guests, stands singing on the scarcely traceable site of a Roman villa. But of all the Alban pines, I shall remember longest one, strong and solitary, that used to watch with me, evening after evening, when I climbed an upland meadow to see the ineffable colors of sunset visit the Sabine Mountains.



One, strong and solitary.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXI

SHORTLY after dusk, that night, two or three wagons moved quietly out of Lexington, under a little guard with guns loaded and bayonets fixed. Back at the old Armory—the home of the "Rifles"—a dozen youngsters drilled vigorously with faces in a broad grin, as they swept under the motto of the company—"Our laws the commands of our Captain." They were following out those commands most literally. Never did Lieutenant Hunt give his orders more sonorously—he could be heard for blocks away. Never did young soldiers stamp out manœuvres more lustily—they made more noise than a regiment. Not a man carried a gun, though ringing orders to "Carry arms" and "Present arms" made the windows rattle. It was John Morgan's first ruse. While that mock-drill was going on, and listening Unionists outside were laughing to think how those Rifles were going to be fooled next day, the guns of the company were moving in those wagons toward Dixie—toward mocking-bird-haunted Bowling Green, where the underfed, unclothed, unarmed body of Albert Sydney Johnston's army lay, with one half-feathered wing stretching into the Cumberland hills and the frayed edge of the other touching the Ohio.

Next morning, the Home Guards came gayly around to the Armory to seize those guns, and the wily youngsters left temporarily behind (they, too, fled for Dixie, that night) gibed them unmercifully; so that, then and there, a little interchange of powder-and-ball civilities followed; and thus, on the very first day, Daniel Dean smelled the one and heard the other whistle right harmlessly and merrily. Straightway, more guards were called out; cannon were planted to sweep the principal streets, and from that hour, the old town was under the rule of a Northern or Southern sword for the four years' reign of the war.

Meanwhile, Chadwick Buford was giving a strange journey to Dixie. Whenever he dismounted, she would turn her head toward the Bluegrass, as though it surely were time they were starting for home. When they reached the end of the turnpike, she lifted her feet daintily along the muddy road, and leaped pools of water like a cat. Climbing the first foot-hills, she turned her beautiful head to right and left, and with pointed ears snorted now and then at the strange dark woods on either side and the tumbling water-falls. The red of her wide nostrils was showing when she reached the top of the first mountain, and from that high point of vantage, she turned her wondering eyes over the wide rolling stretch that waved homeward, and whinnied with distinct uneasiness when Chad started her down into the wilderness beyond. Distinctly that road was no path for a lady, but Dixie was to know it better in the coming war.

Within ten miles of the Turners', Chad met the first man that he knew—Hence Sturgill from Kingdom Come. He was driving a wagon.

"Howdye, Hence!" said Chad, reining in.

"Whoa!" said Hence, pulling in and staring at Chad's horse and at Chad from cap to spur.

"Don't you know me, Hence?"

"Well, God—I—may—die, if it ain't Chad! How air ye, Chad? Goin' up to ole Joel's?"

"Yes. How are things on Kingdom Come?"

Hence spat on the ground and raised one hand high over his head:



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Her face grew stern as she waited for him to answer.—Page 726.

"God—I—may—die, if thar hain't hell to pay on Kingdom Come. You better keep off o' Kingdom Come," and then he stopped with an expression of quick alarm, looked around him into the bushes and dropped his voice to a whisper:

"But I hain't sayin' a word—rickollect now—not a word!"

Chad laughed aloud. "What's the matter with you, Hence?"

Hence put one finger on one side of his nose—still speaking in a low tone:

"Whut'd I say, Chad? D'I say one word?" He gathered up his reins. "You rickollect Jake and Jerry Dillon?" Chad nodded. "You know Jerry was al'ays a-runnin' over Jake 'cause Jake didn't have good sense. Jake was drapped when he was a baby. Well, Jerry struck Jake over the head with a fence-rail 'bout two months ago, an' when Jake come to, he had just as good sense as anybody, and now he hates Jerry like pizen, an' Jerry's half afeard of him. An' they do say as how them two brothers air a-goin'——" Again Hence stopped abruptly and clucked to his team. "But I ain't a-sayin' a word, now, mind ye—not a word!"

Chad rode on, amused, and thinking that Hence had gone daft, but he was to learn better. A reign of forty years' terror was starting in those hills.

Not a soul was in sight when he reached the top of the hill from which he could see the Turner home below—about the house or the orchard or in the fields. No one answered his halloo at the Turner gate, though Chad was sure that he saw a woman's figure flit past the door. It was a full minute before Mother Turner cautiously thrust her head outside the door and peered at him.

"Why, Aunt Betsey," called Chad, "don't you know me?"

At the sound of his voice Melissa sprang out the door with a welcoming cry, and ran to him, Mother Turner following with a broad smile on her kind old face. Chad felt the tears almost come—these were friends indeed. How tall Melissa had grown, and how lovely she was, with her tangled hair and flashing eyes and delicately modelled face. She went with him to the stable to help him put up his horse, blushing when he looked at her and talking very little, while the old mother, from the fence, followed him with her dim eyes. At once Chad began to ply both with questions—where was Uncle Joel and the boys and the schoolmaster? And, straightway, Chad felt a reticence in both—a curious reticence even with him. On each side of the fireplace, on each side of the door, and on each side of the window, he saw narrow blocks fixed to the logs. One was turned horizontal, and through the hole under it Chad saw daylight—portholes they were. At the door were oaken blocks as catches for a piece of upright wood nearby, which was plainly used to bar the door. The cabin was a fortress. By degrees the story came out. The neighborhood was in a turmoil of bloodshed and terror. Tom and Dolph had gone off to the war—Rebels. Old Joel had been called to the door one night, a few weeks since, and had been shot down without warning. They had fought all night. Melissa herself had handled a rifle at one of the portholes. Rube was out in the woods now, with Jack guarding and taking care of his wounded father. A Home Guard had been organized, and Daws Dillon was captain. They were driving out of the mountains every man who owned a negro, for nearly every man who owned a negro had taken, or was forced to take, the Rebel side. The Dillons were all Yankees, except Jerry, who had gone off with Tom; and the giant brothers, Rebel Jerry and Yankee Jake—as both were already known—had sworn to kill each other on sight. Bushwhacking had already begun. When Chad asked about the schoolmaster, the old woman's face grew stern, and Melissa's lip curled with scorn.

"Yankee!" The girl spat the word out with such vindictive bitterness that Chad's face turned slowly scarlet, while the girl's keen eyes pierced him like a knife, and narrowed as, with pale face and heaving breast, she rose suddenly from her chair and faced him—amazed, bewildered, burning with sudden hatred. "And you're another!" The girl's voice was like a hiss.

"Why, 'Lissy!" cried the old mother, startled, horrified.

"Look at him!" said the girl. The old woman looked; her face grew hard and frightened, and she rose feebly, moving toward the girl as though for protection against him. Chad's very heart seemed

suddenly to turn to water. He had been dreading the moment to come when he must tell. He knew it would be hard, but he was not looking for this.

"You better git away!" quavered the old woman, "afore Joel and Rube come in."

"Hush!" said the girl, sharply, her hands clenched like claws, her whole body stiff, like a tigress ready to attack, or awaiting attack.

"Mebbe he come hyeh to find out whar they air—don't tell him!"

"Lissy!" said Chad, brokenly.

"Then whut did you come fer?"

"I didn't know, Lissy. I came to see all of you."

The girl laughed scornfully, and Chad knew he was helpless. He could not explain, and they could not understand—nobody had understood.

"Aunt Betsy," he said, "you took Jack and me in, and you took care of me just as though I had been your own child. You know I'd give my life for you or Uncle Joel, or any one of the boys"—his voice grew a little stern—"and you know it, too, Lissy——"

"You're makin' things wuss," interrupted the girl, stridently, "an' now you're goin' to do all you can to kill us. I reckon you can see that door. Why don't you go over to the Dillons?" she panted. "They're friends o' your'n. An' don't let Uncle Joel or Rube ketch you anywhar round hyeh!"

"I'm not afraid to see Uncle Joel or Rube, Lissy."

"You must git away, Chad," quavered the old woman. "They mought hurt ye!"

"I'm sorry not to see Jack. He's the only friend I have now."

"Why, Jack would snarl at ye," said the girl, bitterly. "He hates a Yankee." She pointed again with her finger. "I reckon you can see that door."

They followed him, Melissa going on the porch and the old woman standing in the doorway. To one side of the walk Chad saw a rosebush that he had brought from the Bluegrass for Melissa. It was dying. He took one step toward it, his foot sinking in the soft earth where the girl had evidently been working around it, and broke off the one green leaf that was left.

"Here, Lissy! You'll be sorry you were so hard on me. I'd never get over it if I didn't think you would. Keep this, won't you, and let's be friends, not enemies."

He held it out, and the girl angrily struck the rose-leaf from his hand to her feet.

Chad rode away at a walk. Two hundred yards below, where the hill rose, the road was hock-deep with sand, and Dixie's feet were as noiseless as a cat's. A few yards beyond a ravine on the right, a stone rolled from the bushes into the road. Instinctively Chad drew rein, and Dixie stood motionless. A moment later, a crouching figure, with a long squirrel rifle, slipped out of the bushes and started noiselessly across the ravine. Chad's pistol flashed.

"Stop!"

The figure crouched more, and turned a terror-stricken face—Daws Dillon's.

"Oh, it's you, is it? Well, drop that gun and come down here."

The Dillon boy rose, leaving his gun on the ground, and came down, trembling.

"What're you doin' sneaking around in the brush?"

"Nothin'!" The Dillon had to make two efforts before he could speak at all. "Nothin', jes' a-huntin'!"

"Huntin'!" repeated Chad. He lowered his pistol and looked at the sorry figure silently.

"I know what you were huntin', you rattlesnake! I understand you are captain of the Home Guard. I reckon you don't know that nobody *has* to go into this war. That a man has the right to stay peaceably at home, and nobody has the right to bother him. If you don't know it, I tell you now. I believe you had something to do with shooting Uncle Joel."

The Dillon shook his head, and fumbled with his hands.

"If I knew it, I'd kill you where you stand, now. But I've got one word to say to you, you hell-pup! I hate to think it, but you and I are on the same side—that is, if you have any side. But in spite of that, if I hear of any harm happening to Aunt Betsey, or Melissa, or Uncle Joel, or Rube, while they are all peaceably at home, I'm goin' to hold you and Tad responsible, whether you are or not, and I'll kill you"—he raised one hand to make the Almighty a witness to his oath—"I'll kill you, if I have to follow you both to hell for doin' it. Now, you take keer of 'em! Turn 'round!"

The Dillon hesitated.

"Turn!" Chad cried, savagely, raising his pistol. "Go back to that gun, an' if you turn your head I'll shoot you where you're sneakin' aroun' to shoot Rube or Uncle Joel—in the back, you cowardly feist. Pick up that gun! Now, let her off! See if you can hit that beech-tree in front of you. Just imagine that it's me."

The rifle cracked and Chad laughed.

"Well, you ain't much of a shot. I reckon you must have chills and fever. Now, come back here. Give me your powder-horn. You'll find it on top of the hill on the right-hand side of the road. Now, you trot—home!"

The Dillon stared.

"Double-quick!" shouted Chad. "You ought to know what that means if you are a soldier—a soldier!" he repeated, contemptuously.

The Dillon disappeared on a run.

Chad rode all that night. At dawn he reached the foot-hills, and by noon he drew up at the road which turned to Camp Dick Robinson. He sat there a long time thinking, and then pushed on toward Lexington. If he could, he would keep from fighting on Kentucky soil.

Next morning he was going at an easy "running-walk" along the old Maysville road toward the Ohio. Within three miles of Major Buford's, he leaped the fence and struck across the fields that he might go around and avoid the risk of a painful chance meeting with his old friend or any of the Deans.

What a land of peace and plenty it was—the woodlands, meadows, pasture lands! Fat cattle raised their noses from the thick grass and looked with mild inquiry at him. Sheep ran bleating toward him, as though he were come to salt them. A rabbit leaped from a thorn-bush and whisked his white flag into safety in a hemp-field. Squirrels barked in the big oaks, and a covey of quail fluttered up from a fence corner and sailed bravely away. 'Possum signs were plentiful, and on the edge of the creek he saw a coon solemnly searching under a rock with one paw for crawfish. Every now and then Dixie would turn her head impatiently to the left, for she knew where home was. The Deans' house was just over the hill; he would have but the ride to the top to see it and, perhaps, Margaret. There was no need. As he sat looking up the hill, Margaret rode slowly over it, and down, through the sunlight slanting athwart the dreaming woods, straight toward him. Chad sat still. Above him the road curved, and she could not see him until she turned the little thicket just before him. Her pony was more startled than was she. A little leap of color to her face alone showed her surprise.

"Did you get my note?"

"I did. You got my mother's message?"

"I did." Chad paused. "That is why I am passing around you."

The girl said nothing.

"But I'm glad I came so near. I wanted to see you once more. I wish I could make you understand, but I know it's no use. Nobody understands. I hardly understand myself. But please try to believe that what I say is true. I'm just back from the mountains, and listen, Margaret——" He halted a moment to steady his voice. "The Turners down there took me in when I was a ragged outcast. They clothed me, fed me, educated me. The Major took me when I was little more; and he fed me, clothed me, educated me. The Turners scorned me—Melissa told me to go herd with the Dillons. The Major all but turned me from his door. Your father was bitter toward me, thinking that I had helped turn Harry to the Union cause. But let me tell you! If the Turners died, believing me a traitor; if Lissy died with a curse on her lips for me; if the Major died without, as he believed, ever having polluted his lips again with my name; if Harry were brought back here dead, and your father died, believing that his blood was on my hands; and if I lost you and your love, and you died, believing the same thing—I must still go. Oh, Margaret, I can't understand—I have ceased to reason. I only know I must go!"

The girl in the mountains had let her rage and scorn loose like a storm, but the gentlewoman only grew more calm. Every vestige of color left her, but her eyes never for a moment wavered from his face. Her voice was quiet and even and passionless:

"Then, why don't you go?"

The lash of an overseer's whip across his face could not have made his soul so bleed. Even then he did not lose himself.

"I am in your way," he said, quietly. And backing Dixie from the road, and without bending his head or lowering his eyes, he waited, hat in hand, for Margaret to pass.

. . . . . .

All that day Chad rode, and, next morning, Dixie climbed the Union bank of the Ohio and trotted into the recruiting camp of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry. The first man Chad saw was Harry Dean—grave, sombre, taciturn, though he smiled and thrust out his hand eagerly. Chad's eyes dropped to the sergeant's stripes on Harry's sleeves, and again Harry smiled.

"You'll have 'em yourself in a week. These fellows ride like a lot of meal-bags over here. Here's my captain," he added, in a lower voice.

A pompous officer rode slowly up. He pulled in his horse when he saw Chad.

"You want to join the army?"

"Yes," said Chad.

"All right. That's a fine horse you've got."

Chad said nothing.

"What's his name?"

"*Her* name is Dixie."

The captain stared. Some soldiers behind laughed in a smothered fashion, sobering their faces quickly when the captain turned upon them, furious.

"Well, change her name!"

"I'll not change her name," said Chad, quietly.

"What!" shouted the officer. "How dare you——" Chad's eye looked ominous.

"Don't you give any orders to me—not yet. You haven't the right; and when you have, you can save your breath by not giving that one. This horse comes from Kentucky, and so do I; her name will stay Dixie as long as I straddle her, and I propose to straddle her until one of us dies, or"—he smiled and nodded across the river—"somebody over there gets her who won't object to her name as much as you do."

The astonished captain's lips opened, but a quiet voice behind interrupted him:

"Never mind, Captain." Chad turned and saw a short, thick-set man with a stubbly brown beard, whose eyes were twinkling, though his face was grave. "A boy who wants to fight for the Union, and insists on calling his horse Dixie, must be all right. Come with me, my lad."

As Chad followed, he heard the man saluted as Colonel Grant, but he paid no heed. Few people at that time did pay heed to the name of Ulysses Grant.

XXII

BOOTS and saddles at daybreak!

Over the border, in Dixie, two videttes in gray trot briskly from out a leafy woodland, side by side, and looking with keen eyes right and left; one, erect, boyish, bronzed; the other, slouching, bearded, huge—the boy, Daniel Dean; the man, Rebel Jerry Dillon, one of the giant twins.

Fifty yards behind them emerges a single picket; after him come three more videttes, the same distance apart. Fifty yards behind the last rides "the advance"—a guard of twenty-five picked men. No commission among "Morgan's Men" was more eagerly sought than a place on that guard of hourly risk and honor. Behind it trot still three more videttes, at intervals of one hundred yards, and just that interval behind the last of these ride Morgan's Men, the flower of Kentucky's youth, in columns of fours—Colonel Hunt's regiment in advance, the colors borne by Renfrew the Silent in a brilliant Zouave jacket studded with buttons of red coral. In the rear rumble two Parrot guns, affectionately christened the "Bull Pups."

Skirting the next woodland ran a cross-road. Down one way gallops Dan, and down the other lumbers Rebel Jerry, each two hundred yards. A cry rings from vidette to vidette behind them and back to the guard. Two horsemen spur from the "advance" and take the places of the last two videttes, while the videttes in front take and keep the original formation until the column passes that cross-road, when Dean and Dillon gallop up to their old places in the extreme front again. Far in front, and on both flanks, are scouting parties, miles away.

This was the way Morgan marched.

Yankees ahead! Not many, to be sure—no more numerous than two or three to one;

so back fall the videttes and forward charges that advance guard like a thunderbolt, not troubling the column behind. Wild yells, a clattering of hoofs, the crack of pistol-shots, a wild flight, a merry chase, a few riderless horses gathered in from the fleeing Yankees, and the incident is over.

Ten miles more, and many hostile bayonets gleam ahead. A serious fight, this, perhaps—so back drops the advance, this time as a reserve; up gallops the column into single rank and dismounts, while the flank companies, deploying as skirmishers, cover the whole front, one man out of each set of fours and the corporals holding the horses in the rear. The "Bull Pups" bark and the Rebel yell rings as the line—the files two yards apart—"a long flexible line curving forward at each extremity"—slips forward at a half run. This time the Yankees charge.

From every point of that curving line pours a merciless fire, and the charging men in blue recoil—all but one. (War is full of grim humor.) On comes one lone Yankee, hatless, red-headed, pulling on his reins with might and main, his horse beyond control, and not one of the enemy shoots as he sweeps helplessly into their line. A huge rebel grabs his bridle-rein.

"I don't know whether to kill you now," he says, with pretended ferocity, "or wait till the fight is over."

"For God's sake, don't kill me at all!" shouts the Yankee. "I'm a dissipated character, and not prepared to die."

Shots from the right flank and rear, and that line is thrown about like a rope. But the main body of the Yankees is to the left.

"Left face! Double-quick!" is the ringing order, and, by magic, the line concentrates in a solid phalanx and sweeps forward.

This was the way Morgan fought.

And thus, marching and fighting, he went his triumphant way into the land of the enemy, without sabres, without artillery, without even the "Bull Pups," sometimes—fighting infantry, cavalry, artillery with only muzzle-loading rifles, pistols, and shot-guns; scattering Home Guards like turkeys; destroying railroads and bridges; taking towns and burning Government stores, and encompassed, usually, with forces treble his own.

This was what Morgan did on a raid, was what he had done, what he was starting out now to do again.

Darkness threatens, and the column halts to bivouac for the night on the very spot where, nearly a year before, Morgan's Men first joined Johnston's army, which, like a great, lean, hungry hawk, guarded the Southern border.

Daniel Dean was a war-worn veteran now. He could ride twenty hours out of the twenty-four; he could sleep in his saddle or anywhere but on picket duty, and there was no trick of the trade in camp, or on the march, that was not at his finger's end.

Fire first! Nobody had a match, the leaves were wet and the twigs sobby, but by some magic a tiny spark glows under some shadowy figure, bites at the twigs, snaps at the branches, and wraps a log in flames.

Water next! A tin cup rattles in a bucket, and another shadowy figure steals off into the darkness, with an instinct as unerring as the skill of a water-witch with a willow wand. The Yankees chose open fields for camps, but your rebel took to the woods. Each man and his chum picked a tree for a home, hung up canteens and spread blankets at the foot of it. Supper—Heavens, what luck — fresh beef! One man broils it on coals, pinning pieces of fat to it to make gravy; another roasts it on a forked stick, for Morgan carried no cooking utensils on a raid.

Here, one man made up bread in an oil-cloth (and every Morgan's man had one soon after they were issued to the Federals); another worked up corn-meal into dough in the scooped-out half of a pumpkin; one baked bread on a flat rock, another on a board, while a third had twisted his dough around his ram-rod; if it were spring-time, a fourth might be fitting his into a corn-shuck to roast in ashes. All this Dan Dean could do.

The roaring fire thickens the gloom of the woods where the lonely pickets stand. Pipes are out now. An oracle outlines the general campaign of the war as it will be and as it should have been. A long-winded, innocent braggart tells of his personal prowess that day. A little group is guying the new recruit. A wag shaves a bearded comrade on one side of his face, pockets his razor and refuses to shave the other side. A poet, with a bandaged eye, and hair like a wind-blown hay-stack, recites "I am

dying, Egypt—dying," and then a pure, clear, tenor voice starts through the forest-aisles, and there is sudden silence. Every man knows that voice, and loves the boy who owns it—little Tom Morgan, Dan's brother-in-arms, the General's seventeen-year-old brother—and there he stands leaning against a tree, full in the light of the fire, a handsome, gallant figure—a song like a seraph's pouring from his lips. One bearded soldier is gazing at him with curious intentness, and when the song ceases, lies down with a suddenly troubled face. He has seen the "death-look" in the boy's eyes—that prophetic death-look in which he has unshaken faith. The night deepens, figures roll up in blankets, quiet comes, and Dan lies wide awake and deep in memories, and looking back on those early helpless days of the war with a tolerant smile.

He was a war-worn veteran now, but how vividly he could recall that first night in the camp of a big army, in the very woods where he now lay—dusk settling over the Green River country, which Morgan's Men grew to love so well; a mocking-bird singing a farewell song from the top of a stunted oak to the dead summer and the dying day; Morgan seated on a cracker-box in front of his tent, contemplatively chewing one end of his mustache; Lieutenant Hunt swinging from his horse, smiling grimly.

"It would make a horse laugh—a Yankee cavalry horse, anyhow—to see this army."

Hunt had been over the camp that first afternoon on a personal tour of investigation. There were not a thousand Springfield and Enfield rifles at that time in Johnston's army. Half of the soldiers were armed with shot-guns and squirrel rifles, and the greater part of the other half with flint-lock muskets. But nearly every man, thinking he was in for a rough-and-tumble fight, had a bowie-knife and a revolver swung to his belt.

"Those Arkansas and Texas fellows have got knives that would make a Malay's blood run cold."

"Well, they'll do to hew firewood and cut meat," laughed Morgan.

The troops were not only badly armed. On his tour, Hunt had seen men making blankets of a piece of old carpet, lined on one side with a piece of cotton cloth; men wearing ox-hide buskins, or complicated wrapping of rags, for shoes; orderly sergeants making out reports on shingles; surgeons using a twisted handkerchief instead of a tourniquet. There was a total lack of medicine, and camp diseases were already breaking out—measles, typhoid fever, pneumonia, bowel troubles—each fatal, it seemed, in time of war.

"General Johnston has asked Richmond for a stand of thirty thousand arms," Morgan had mused, and Hunt looked up inquiringly.

"Mr. Davis can only spare a thousand."

"That's lucky," said Hunt, grimly.

And then the military organization of that army, so characteristic of the Southerner! An officer who wanted to be more than a colonel, and couldn't be a brigadier, would have a "legion"—a hybrid unit between a regiment and a brigade. Sometimes there was a regiment whose roll-call was more than two thousand men, so popular was its colonel. Companies would often refuse to designate themselves by letter, but by the thrilling titles they had given themselves. How Morgan and Hunt had laughed over "The Yellow Jackets," "The Dead Shots," "The Earthquakes," "The Chickasha Desperadoes," and "The Hell Roarers"! Regiments would bear the names of their commanders—a singular instance of the Southerner's passion for individuality, as a man, a company, a regiment, or a brigade. And there was little or no discipline, as the word is understood among the military elect, and with no army that the world has ever seen, Richard Hunt always claimed, was there so little need of it. For Southern soldiers, he argued, were, from the start, obedient, zealous, and tolerably patient, from good sense and a strong sense of duty. They were born fighters; a spirit of emulation induced them to learn the drill; pride and patriotism kept them true and patient to the last, but they could not be made, by punishment or the fear of it, into machines. They read their chance of success, not in opposing numbers, but in the character and reputation of their commanders, who, in turn, believed, as a rule, that the unthinking automaton, formed by routine and punishment, could no more stand before the high-strung young soldier with brains and good blood, and some practice and knowledge of warfare, than a tree could resist a stroke of lightning. So that with Southern soldiers discipline came to

mean "the pride which made soldiers learn their duties rather than incur disgrace; the subordination that came from self-respect and respect for the man whom they thought worthy to command them."

Boots and saddles again at daybreak! By noon the column reached Green River, over the Kentucky line, where Morgan, even on the way down to join Johnston, had begun the operations which were to make him famous. No picket duty that infantry could do as well, for Morgan's cavalry! He wanted it kept out on the front or the flanks of an army, and as close as possible upon the enemy. Right away, there had been thrilling times for Dan in the Green River country—setting out at dark, chasing countrymen in Federal pay or sympathy, prowling all night around and among pickets and outposts; entrapping the unwary; taking a position on the line of retreat at daybreak, and turning leisurely back to camp with prisoners and information. How memories thronged! At this very turn of the road, Dan remembered, they had their first brush with the enemy. No plan of battle had been adopted, other than to hide on both sides of the road and send their horses to the rear.

"I think we ought to charge 'em," said Georgie Forbes, Chad's old enemy. Dan saw that his lips trembled, and, a moment later, Georgie, muttering something, disappeared.

The Yankees had come on, and, discovering them, halted. Morgan himself stepped out in the road and shot the officer riding at the head of the column. His men fell back without returning the fire, deployed and opened up. Dan recognized the very tree behind which he had stood, and again he could almost hear Richard Hunt chuckling from behind another close by.

"We would be in bad shape," said Richard Hunt, as the bullets whistled high overhead, "if we were in the tops of these trees instead of behind them." There had been no manœuvring, no command given among the Confederates. Each man fought his own fight. In ten minutes a horse-holder ran up from the rear, breathless, and announced that the Yankees were flanking. Every man withdrew, straightway, after his own fashion, and in his own time. One man was wounded and several were shot through the clothes.

"That was like a camp-meeting or an election row," laughed Morgan, when they were in camp.

"Or an affair between Austrian and Italian outposts," said Hunt.

A chuckle rose behind them. A lame colonel was limping past.

"I got your courier," he said.

"I sent no courier," said Morgan.

"It was Forbes who wanted to charge 'em," said Dan.

Again the Colonel chuckled.

"The Yankees ran when you did," he said, and limped chuckling away.

But it was great fun, those moonlit nights, burning bridges and chasing Home Guards who would flee fifteen or twenty miles sometimes to "rally." Here was a little town through which Dan and Richard Hunt had marched with nine prisoners in a column—taken by them alone—and a captured United States flag, flying in front, scaring Confederate sympathizers and straggling soldiers, as Hunt reported, horribly. Dan chuckled at the memory, for the prisoners were quartered with different messes, and, that night, several bottles of sparkling Catawba happened, by some mystery, to be on hand. The prisoners were told that this was regularly issued by their commissaries, and thereupon they plead, with tears in their eyes, to be received into the Confederate ranks.

This kind of service was valuable training for Morgan's later work. Slight as it was, it soon brought him thirty old, condemned artillery-horses—Dan smiled now at the memory of those ancient chargers—which were turned over to Morgan to be nursed until they would bear a mount, and, by and bye, it gained him a colonelcy and three companies, superbly mounted and equipped, which, as "Morgan's Squadron," became known far and near. Then real service began.

In January, the right wing of Johnston's hungry hawk had been broken in the Cumberland Mountains. Early in February, Johnston had withdrawn it from Kentucky before Buell's hosts, with its beak always to the foe. By the middle of the month, Grant had won the Western border States to the Union, with the capture of Fort Donelson. In April, the sun of Shiloh rose and set; and in that fight Dan saw his first real battle, and Captain Hunt

was wounded. In June, provost-marshals were appointed in every county in Kentucky; the dogs of war begun to be turned loose on the "secesh sympathizers" throughout the State; and Jerome Conners, overseer, began to render sly service to the Union cause.

For it was in June that Morgan paid his first memorable little visit home, and Daniel Dean wrote his brother Harry the short tale of the raid.

"We left Dixie with nine hundred men," the letter ran, "and got back in twenty-four days with twelve hundred. Travelled over one thousand miles, captured seventeen towns, destroyed all Government supplies and arms in them, scattered fifteen hundred Home Guards, and paroled twelve hundred regular troops. Lost of the original nine hundred, in killed, wounded, and missing, about ninety men. How's that? We're going back often. Oh, Harry, I *am* glad that you are with Grant."

But Harry was not with Grant—not now. While Morgan was marching up from Dixie, down from the Yellow River marched the Fourth Ohio Cavalry to go into camp at Lexington; and with it marched Chadwick Buford and Harry Dean, who, too, were veterans now—who, too, were going home. Both lads wore a second lieutenant's empty shoulder-straps, which both yet meant to fill with bars, but Chad's promotion had not come as swiftly as Harry had predicted; the Captain, whose displeasure he had incurred, prevented that. It had come, in time, however, and with one leap he had landed, after Shiloh, at Harry's side. In the beginning, young Dean had wanted to go to the Army of the Potomac, as did Chad, but one quiet word from the taciturn colonel with the stubbly reddish-brown beard and the perpetual black cigar kept both where they were.

"Though," said Grant to Chad, as his eye ran over beautiful Dixie from tip of nose to tip of tail, and came back to Chad, slightly twinkling, "I've a great notion to put *you* in the infantry just to get hold of that horse."

So it was no queer turn of fate that had soon sent both the lads to help hold Zollicoffer at Cumberland Gap, that stopped them at Camp Dick Robinson to join forces with Wolford's cavalry, and brought Chad face to face with an old friend. Wolford's cavalry was gathered from the mountains and the hills, and when some scouts came in that afternoon, Chad, to his great joy, saw, mounted on a gaunt sorrel, none other than his old schoolmaster, Caleb Hazel, who, after shaking hands with both Harry and Chad, pointed silently at a great, strange figure following him on a splendid horse some fifty yards behind. The man wore a slouch hat, tow linen breeches, home-made suspenders, a belt with two pistols, and on his naked heels were two huge Texan spurs. Harry broke into a laugh, and Chad's puzzled face cleared when the man grinned; it was Yankee Jake Dillon, one of the giant twins. Chad looked at him curiously; that blow on the head that his brother, Rebel Jerry, had given him, had wrought a miracle. The lips no longer hung apart, but were set firmly, and the eye was almost keen; the face was still rather stupid, but not foolish—and it was still kind. Chad knew that, somewhere in the Confederate lines, Rebel Jerry was looking for Jake, as Yankee Jake, doubtless, was now looking for Jerry, and he began to think that it might be well for Jerry, if neither was ever found. Daws Dillon, so he learned from Caleb Hazel and Jake, was already making his name a watchword of terror along the border of Virginia and Tennessee, and was prowling, like a wolf, now and then, along the edge of the Bluegrass. Old Joel Turner had died of his wound, Rube had gone off to the war and Mother Turner and Melissa were left at home, alone.

"Daws fit fust on one side and then on t'other," said Jake, and then he smiled in a way that Chad understood; "an' sence you was down thar last, Daws don't seem to hanker much atter meddlin' with the Turners, though the two women did have to run over into Virginny, once in a while." "Melissy," he added, "was a-goin' to marry Dave Hilton, so folks said; and he reckoned they'd already hitched most likely, sence Chad thar——"

A flash from Chad's eyes stopped him, and Chad, seeing Harry's puzzled face, turned away. He was glad that Melissa was going to marry—yes, he was glad; and how he did pray that she might be happy!

Fighting Zollicoffer, only a few days later, Chad and Harry had their baptism of fire,

and strange battle orders they heard, that made them smile even in the thick of the fight.

"Huddle up thar!" "Scatter out, now!" "Form a line of fight!" "Wait till you see the shine of their eyes!"

"I see 'em!" shouted a private, and "bang" went his gun. That was the way the fight opened. Chad saw Harry's eyes blazing like stars from his pale face, which looked pained and half sick, and Chad understood—the lads were fighting their own people, and there was no help for it. A voice bellowed from the rear, and a man in a red cap loomed in the smoke-mist ahead:

"Now, now! Git up and git, boys!"

That was the order for the charge, and the blue line went forward. Chad never forgot that first battle-field when he saw it an hour later strewn with dead and wounded, the dead lying, as they dropped, in every conceivable position, features stark, limbs rigid; one man with a half-smoked cigar on his breast; the faces of so many beardless; some frowning, some as if asleep and dreaming; and the wounded—some talking pitifully, some in delirium, some courteous, patient, anxious to save trouble, others morose, sullen, stolid, independent; never forgot it, even the terrible night after Shiloh, when he searched heaps of wounded and slain for Caleb Hazel, who lay all through the night wounded almost to death.

Later, the Fourth Ohio followed Johnston, as he gave way before Buell, and many times did they skirmish and fight with ubiquitous Morgan's Men. Several times Harry and Dan sent each other messages to say that each was still unhurt, and both were in constant horror of some day coming face to face. Once, indeed, Harry, chasing a rebel and firing at him, saw him lurch in his saddle, and Chad, coming up, found the lad on the ground crying—over a canteen which the rebel had dropped. It was marked with the initials D.D., the strap was cut by the bullet Harry had fired, and not for a week of agonizing torture did Harry learn that the canteen, though Dan's, had been carried that day by another man.

It was on these scouts and skirmishes that the four—Harry and Chad, and Caleb Hazel and Yankee Jake Dillon, whose dog-like devotion to Chad soon became a regimental joke—became known, not only among their own men, but among their enemies, as the shrewdest and most daring scouts in the Federal service. Every Morgan's man came to know the name of Chad Buford; but it was not until Shiloh that Chad got his shoulder-straps, leading a charge against a battery under the very eye of General Grant. After Shiloh, the Fourth Ohio went back to its old quarters across the river, and no sooner were Chad and Harry there than Kentucky was put under the Department of the Ohio; and so it was also no queer turn of fate that now they were on their way to new headquarters in Lexington.

Straight along the turnpike that ran between the Dean and the Buford farms, the Fourth Ohio went in a cloud of thick dust that rose and settled like a gray choking mist on the seared fields. Side by side, rode Harry and Chad, and neither spoke when, on the left, the white columns of the Dean house came into view, and, on the right, the red brick of Chad's old home showed through the dusty leaves; not even when both saw on the Dean porch the figures of two women who, standing motionless, were looking at them. Harry's shoulders drooped, and he stared stonily ahead, while Chad turned his head quickly. The front door and shutters of the Buford house were closed, and there were few signs of life about the place. Only at the gate was the slouching figure of Jerome Conners, the overseer, who, waving his hat at the column, recognized Chad, as he rode by, and spoke to him, Chad thought, with a covert sneer. Farther ahead, and on the farthest boundary of the Buford farm, was a Federal fort, now deserted, and the beautiful woodland that had once stood in perfect beauty around it was sadly ravaged and nearly gone, as was the Dean woodland across the road. It was plain that some people were paying the Yankee piper for the death-dance in which a mighty nation was shaking its feet.

On they went, past the old college, down Broadway, wheeling at Second Street—Harry going on with the regiment to camp on the other edge of town; Chad reporting with his colonel at General Ward's headquarters, a columned brick house on one corner of the college campus, and straight

across from the Hunt home, where he had first danced with Margaret Dean.

That night, the two lay on the edge of the Ashland woods, looking up at the stars, the ripened bluegrass—a yellow, moonlit sea—around them and the woods dark and still behind them. Both smoked and were silent, but each knew that his thoughts were known; for both had been on the same errand, that day, and the miserable tale of the last ten months both had learned.

Trouble had soon begun for the ones who were dear to them, when both left for the war. At once the shiftless, the prowling, the lawless, had gathered to the Home Guards for self-protection, to mask deviltry and to wreak vengeance for private wrongs. Civil authority was soon overthrown. Destruction of property, arrests, imprisonment, and murder became of daily occurrence. Lately prisons had even been prepared for disloyal women. Major Buford, forced to stay at home on account of his rheumatism and the serious illness of Miss Lucy, had been sent to prison once and was now under arrest again. General Dean, old as he was, had escaped and had gone to Virginia to fight with Lee; and Margaret and Mrs. Dean, with a few servants, were out on the farm alone.

But neither spoke of the worst that both feared was yet to come—and "Taps" sounded soft and clear on the night air.

XXIII

MEANWHILE Morgan was coming on—led by the two videttes in gray—Daniel Dean and Rebel Jerry Dillon. They were taking short cuts through the hills now, and Rebel Jerry was guide, for he had joined Morgan for that purpose. Jerry had long been notorious along the border. He never gave quarter on his expeditions for personal vengeance, and it was said that not even he knew how many men he had killed. Every Morgan's man had heard of him, and was anxious to see him; and see him they did, though they never heard him open his lips except in answer to a question. To Dan he seemed to take a strange fancy right away, but he was as voiceless as the grave, except for an occasional oath, when bush-whackers of Daws Dillon's ilk would pop at the advance guard—sometimes from a rock directly overhead, for chase was useless. It took a roundabout climb of one hundred yards to get to the top of that rock, so there was nothing for videttes and guards to do but pop back, which they did to no purpose. On the third day, however, after a skirmish in which Dan had charged with a little more dare-deviltry than usual, the big Dillon ripped out an oath of protest. An hour later he spoke again:

"I got a brother on t'other side."

Dan started. "Why, so have I," he said. "What's your brother with?"

"Wolford's cavalry."

"That's curious. So was mine—for a while. He's with Grant now." The boy turned his head away suddenly.

"I might meet him, if he were with Wolford now," he said, half to himself, but Jerry heard him and smiled viciously.

"Well, that's what I'm goin' with you fellers fer—to meet mine."

"What!" said Dan, puzzled.

"We've been lookin' fer each other sence the war broke out. I reckon he went on t'other side to keep me from killin' him."

Dan shrank away from the giant with horror; but next day, the mountaineer saved the boy's life in a fight in which his chum—gallant little Tom Morgan—lost his; and that night, as Dan lay sleepless and crying in his blanket, Jerry Dillon came in from guard-duty and lay down by him.

"I'm goin' to take keer o' you."

"I don't need you," said Dan, gruffly, and Rebel Jerry grunted, turned over on his side and went to sleep. Night and day thereafter he was by the boy's side.

A thrill ran through the entire command when the column struck the first Bluegrass turnpike, and a cheer rang from front to rear. Near Midway, a little Bluegrass town some fifteen miles from Lexington, a halt was called, and another deafening cheer arose in the extreme rear and came forward like a rushing wind, as a coal-black horse galloped the length of the column—it's rider, hat in hand, bowing with a proud smile to the flattering storm—for the idolatry of the man and his men was mutual—with the erect grace of an Indian, the air of a courtier, and the bearing of a soldier in every line of the six feet and more of his

tireless frame. No man who ever saw John Morgan on horseback but had the picture stamped forever on his brain, as no man who ever saw that coal-black horse ever forgot Black Bess. Behind him came his staff, and behind them came a wizened little man, whose nick-name was "Lightning"—telegraph operator for Morgan's Men. There was need of Lightning now, so Morgan sent him on into town with Dan and Jerry Dillon, while he and Richard Hunt followed leisurely.

The three troopers found the station operator seated on the platform—pipe in mouth, and enjoying himself hugely. He looked lazily at them.

"Call up Lexington," said Lightning, sharply.

"Go to hell!" said the operator, and then he nearly toppled from his chair. Lightning, with a vicious gesture, had swung a pistol on him.

"Here—here!" he gasped, "what'd you mean?"

"Call up Lexington," repeated Lightning. The operator seated himself.

"What do you want in Lexington?" he growled.

"Ask the time of day?" The operator stared, but the instrument clicked.

"What's your name?" asked Lightning.

"Woolums."

"Well, Woolums, you're a 'plug.' I wanted to see how you handled the key. Yes, Woolums, you're a plug."

Then Lightning seated himself, and Woolums' mouth flew open—Lightning copied his style with such exactness. Again the instrument clicked and Lightning listened smiling:

"Will there be any danger coming to Midway?" asked a railroad conductor in Lexington. Lightning answered, grinning.

"None. Come right on. No sign of rebels here." Again a click from Lexington.

"General Ward orders General Finnell of Frankfort to move his forces. General Ward will move toward Georgetown, to which Morgan with eighteen hundred men is marching."

Lightning caught his breath—this was Morgan's force and his intention exactly. He answered:

"Morgan with upward of two thousand men has taken the road to Frankfort. This is reliable." Ten minutes later, Lightning chuckled.

"Ward orders Finnell to recall his regiment to Frankfort."

Half an hour later another idea struck Lightning. He clicked as though telegraphing from Frankfort.

"Our pickets just driven in. Great excitement. Force of enemy must be two thousand."

Then Lightning laughed. "I've fooled 'em," said Lightning.

There was turmoil in Lexington. The streets thundered with the tramp of cavalry going to catch Morgan. Daylight came and nothing was done—nothing known. The afternoon waned and still Ward fretted at head-quarters, while his impatient staff sat on the piazza talking, speculating, wondering where the wily raider was. Leaning on the campus-fence near by, were Chadwick Buford and Harry Dean.

It had been a sad day for those two. The mutual tolerance that prevailed among their friends in the beginning of the war had given way to intense bitterness now. There was no thrill for them in the flags fluttering a welcome to them from the windows of loyalists, for under those flags old friends passed them in the street with no sign of recognition, but a sullen, averted face, or a stare of open contempt. Elizabeth Morgan had met them, and turned her head when Harry raised his cap, though Chad saw tears spring to her eyes as she passed. Sad as it was for him, Chad knew what the silent torture in Harry's heart must be, for Harry could not bring himself, that day, even to visit his own home. And now Morgan was coming, and they might soon be in a death-fight, Harry with his own blood-brother and both with boyhood friends.

"God grant that you two may never meet!"

That cry from General Dean was beating ceaselessly through Harry's brain now, and he brought one hand down on the fence, hardly noticing the drop of blood that oozed from the force of the blow.

"Oh, I wish I could get away from here!"

"I shall the first chance that comes," said Chad, and he lifted his head sharply, staring down the street. A phaeton was coming slowly toward them and in it were a negro servant and a girl in white. Harry

was leaning over the fence with his back toward the street, and Chad, the blood rushing to his face, looked in silence, for the negro was Snowball and the girl was Margaret. He saw her start and flush when she saw him, her hands giving a little convulsive clutch at the reins; but she came on, looking straight ahead. Chad's hand went unconsciously to his cap, and when Harry rose, puzzled to see him bareheaded, the phaeton stopped, and there was a half-broken cry:

"Harry!"

Cap still in hand, Chad strode away as the brother, with an answering cry, sprang toward her.

. . . . . .

When he came back, an hour later, at dusk, Harry was seated on the portico, and the long silence between them was broken at last.

"She—they oughtn't to come to town at a time like this," said Chad, roughly.

"I told her that," said Harry, "but it was useless. She will come and go just as she pleases."

Harry rose and leaned for a moment against one of the big pillars, and then he turned impulsively, and put one hand lightly on the other's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said, gently.

A pair of heels clicked suddenly together on the grass before them, and an orderly stood at salute.

"General Ward's compliments, and will Lieutenant Buford and Lieutenant Dean report to him at once?"

The two exchanged a swift glance, and the faces of both grew grave with sudden apprehension.

Inside, the General looked worried, and his manner was rather sharp.

"Do you know General Dean?" he asked, looking at Harry.

"He is my father, sir."

The General wheeled in his chair.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Well—um—I suppose one of you will be enough. You can go."

When the door closed behind Harry, he looked at Chad.

"There are two rebels at General Dean's house to-night," he said, quietly. "One of them, I am told—why, he must be that boy's brother," and again the General mused; then he added, sharply:

"Take six good men out there right away and capture them. And watch out for Daws Dillon and his band of cut-throats. I am told he is in this region. I've sent a company after him. But you capture the two at General Dean's."

"Yes, sir," said Chad, turning quickly, but the General had seen the lad's face grow pale.

"It is very strange down here—they may be his best friends," he thought, and, being a kind-hearted man, he reached out his hand toward a bell to summon Chad back, and drew it back again.

"I cannot help that; but that boy must have good stuff in him."

Harry was waiting for him outside. He knew that Dan would go home if it was possible, and what Chad's mission must be.

"Don't hurt him, Chad."

"You don't have to ask that," answered Chad, sadly.

. . . . . .

So Chad's old enemy, Daws Dillon, was abroad. There was a big man with the boy at the Deans', General Ward had said, but Chad little guessed that it was another old acquaintance, Rebel Jerry Dillon, who, at that hour, was having his supper brought out to the stable to him, saying that he would sleep there, take care of the horses, and keep on the look-out for Yankees. Jerome Conners's hand must be in this, Chad thought, for he never for a moment doubted that the overseer had brought the news to General Ward. He was playing a fine game of loyalty to both sides, that overseer, and Chad grimly made up his mind that, from one side or the other, his day would come. And this was the fortune of war—to be trotting, at the head of six men, on such a mission, along a road that, at every turn, on every little hill, and almost in every fence-corner, was stored with happy memories for him; to force entrance as an enemy under a roof that had showered courtesy and kindness down on him like rain, that in all the world was most sacred to him; to bring death to an old playmate, the brother of the woman whom he loved, or capture, which might mean a worse death in a loathsome prison. He thought of that dawn when he drove home after the dance at the Hunts' with the old Major asleep at his side and his heart almost bursting with high hope and happi-

ness, and he ran his hand over his eyes to brush the memory away. He must think only of his duty now, and that duty was plain.

Across the fields they went in a noiseless walk, and leaving their horses in the woods, under the care of one soldier, slipped into the yard. Two men were posted at the rear of the house, one was stationed at each end of the long porch to command the windows on either side, and, with a sergeant at his elbow, Chad climbed the long steps noiselessly and knocked at the front door. In a moment, it was thrown open by a woman, and the light fell full in Chad's face.

"You—you—*you!*" said a voice that shook with mingled terror and contempt, and Margaret shrank back, step by step. Hearing her, Mrs. Dean hurried into the hallway. Her face paled when she saw the Federal uniform in her doorway, but her chin rose haughtily, and her voice was steady and most courteous:

"What can we do for you?" she asked, and she, too, recognized Chad, and her face grew stern as she waited for him to answer.

"Mrs. Dean," he said, half choking, "word has come to head-quarters that two Confederate soldiers are spending the night here, and I have been ordered to search the house for them. My men have surrounded it, but if you will give me your word that they are not here, not a man shall cross your threshold—not even myself."

Without a word Mrs. Dean stood aside.

"I am sorry," said Chad, motioning to the Sergeant to follow him. As he passed the door of the drawing-room, he saw, under the lamp, a pipe with ashes strewn about its bowl. Chad pointed to it.

"Spare me, Mrs. Dean." But the two women stood with clenched hands, silent. Dan had flashed into the kitchen, and was about to leap from the window when he saw the gleam of a rifle-barrel, not ten feet away. He would be potted like a rat if he sprang out there, and he dashed noiselessly up the back stairs, as Chad started up the front stairway toward the garret, where he had passed many a happy hour playing with Margaret and Harry and Dan. The door was open at the first landing, and the creak of the stairs under Dan's feet, heard plainly, stopped. The Sergeant, pistol in hand, started to push past his superior.

"Keep back," said Chad, sternly, and as he drew his pistol, a terrified whisper rose from below.

"Don't, don't!" And then Dan, with hands up, stepped into sight.

"I'll spare you," he said, quietly. "Not a word, mother. They've got me. You can tell him there is no one else in the house, though."

Mrs. Dean's eyes filled with tears, and a sob broke from Margaret.

"There is no one else," she said, and Chad bowed. "In the house," she added, proudly, scorning the subterfuge.

"Search the barn," said Chad, "quick!" The Sergeant ran down the steps.

"I reckon you are a little too late, my friend," said Dan. "Why, bless me, it is my old friend Chad—and a lieutenant! I congratulate you," he added, but he did not offer to shake hands.

Chad had thought of the barn too late. Snowball had heard the men creeping through the yard, had warned Jerry Dillon, and Jerry had slipped the horses into the woodland, and had crept back to see what was going on.

"I will wait for you out here," said Chad. "Take your time."

"Thank you," said Dan.

He came out in a moment and Mrs. Dean and Margaret followed him. At a gesture from the Sergeant, a soldier stationed himself on each side of Dan, and, as Chad turned, he took off his cap again. His face was very pale and his voice almost broke:

"You will believe, Mrs. Dean," he said, "that this was something I *had* to do."

Mrs. Dean bent her head slightly.

"Certainly, mother," said Dan. "Don't blame Lieutenant Chad. Morgan will have Lexington in a few days and then I'll be free again. Maybe I'll have Lieutenant Chad a prisoner—no telling!"

Chad smiled faintly, and then, with a flush, he spoke again—warning Mrs. Dean, in the kindliest way, that, henceforth, her house would be under suspicion, and telling her of the severe measures that had been inaugurated against rebel sympathizers.

"Such sympathizers have to take oath of allegiance and give bonds to keep it."

"If they don't?"

"Arrest and imprisonment."

"And if they aid their friends?"

"They are to be dealt with according to military law."

"Anything else?"

"If loyal citizens are hurt or damaged by guerrillas, disloyal citizens of the locality must make compensation."

"Is it true that a Confederate sympathizer will be shot down if on the streets of Lexington?"

"There was such an order, Mrs. Dean."

"And if a loyal citizen is killed by one of these so-called guerrillas, for whose acts nobody is responsible, prisoners of war are to be shot in retaliation?"

"Mother!" cried Margaret.

"No, Mrs. Dean—not prisoners of war—guerrillas."

"And when will you begin war on women?"

"Never, I hope." His hesitancy brought a scorn into the searching eyes of his pale questioner that Chad could not face, and without daring even to look at Margaret, he turned away.

Such retaliatory measures made startling news to Dan. He grew very grave, while he listened, but as he followed Chad, he chatted and laughed and joked with his captors. Morgan would have Lexington in three days. He was really glad to get a chance to fill his belly with Yankee grub. It hadn't been full more than two or three times in six months.

All the time, he was watching for Jerry Dillon, who, he knew, would not leave him if there was the least chance of getting him out of the Yankee's clutches. He did not have to wait long. Two men had gone to get the horses, and as Dan stepped through the yard-gate with his captors, two figures rose out of the ground. One came with head bent like a battering-ram. He heard Snowball's head strike a stomach on one side of him, and with an astonished groan the man went down. He saw the man drop on his other side from some crashing blow, and he saw Chad trying to draw his pistol. His own fist shot out, catching Chad on the point of the chin. Then there was a shot and the Sergeant dropped.

"Come on, boy!" said a hoarse voice, and then he was speeding away after the gigantic figure of Jerry Dillon through the thick darkness, while a harmless fusillade of shots sped after them. At the edge of the woods they dropped. Jerry Dillon had his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing aloud.

"The hosses ain't fer away," he said. "Oh, Lawd!"

"Did you kill him?"

"I reckon not," whispered Jerry. "I shot him on the wrong side. I'm al'ays a-fergittin' which side a man's heart's on."

"What became of Snowball?"

"He run jes' as soon as he butted the feller on his right. He said he'd git *one*, but I didn't know what he was doin' when I seed him start like a sheep. Listen!"

There was a tumult at the house—moving lights, excited cries, and a great hurrying. Rufus was the first to appear with a lantern, and when he held it high as the fence, Chad saw Margaret in the light, her hands clenched and her eyes burning.

"Have you killed him?" she asked, quietly but fiercely. "You nearly did once before. Have you succeeded this time?" Then she saw the Sergeant writhing on the ground, his right forearm hugging his breast, and her hands relaxed and her face changed.

"Did Dan do that? Did Dan do that?"

"Dan was unarmed," said Chad, quietly.

"Mother," called the girl, as though she had not heard him, "send someone to help. Bring him to the house," she added, turning. As no movement was made, she turned again.

"Bring him up to the house," she said, imperiously, and when the hesitating soldiers stooped to pick up the wounded man, she saw the streak of blood running down Chad's chin and she stared open-eyed. She made one step toward him and then she shrank back out of the light.

"Oh!" she said. "Are you wounded, too? Oh!"

"No!" said Chad, grimly. "Dan didn't do that"—pointing to the Sergeant—"he did this—with his fist. It's the second time Dan has done this. Easy, men," he added with low-voiced authority.

Mrs. Dean was holding the door open.

"No," said Chad, quickly. "That wicker lounge will do. He will be cooler on the porch." Then he stooped, and loosening the Sergeant's blouse and shirt examined the wound.

"It's only through the shoulder, Lieutenant," said the man, faintly. But it was under the shoulder, and Chad turned.

"Jake," he said, sharply, "go back and bring a surgeon—and an officer to relieve me. I think he can be moved in the morning, Mrs. Dean. With your permission I will wait here until the Surgeon comes. Please don't disturb yourself farther"—Mrs. Dean had appeared at the door again with some bandages that she and Margaret had been making for Confederates—"I am sorry to trespass."

"It is nothing. If you need anything you will call a servant?" Mrs. Dean closed the door.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Dan and Jerry Dillon were far across the fields on their way to rejoin Morgan. When they were ten miles away, Dan, who was leading, turned.

"Jerry, that Lieutenant was an old friend of mine. General Morgan used to say he was the best scout in the Union Army. He comes from your part of the country, and his name is Chad Buford. Ever heard of him?"

"I've knowed him sence he was a chunk of a boy, but I don't rickollect ever hearin' his last name afore. I nuver knowed he had any."

"Well, I heard him call one of his men Jake—Jake Dillon." The giant pulled in his horse.

"I'm goin' back."

"No, you aren't," said Dan; "not now—it's too late. That's why I didn't tell you before." Then he added, angrily: "You are a savage and you ought to be ashamed of yourself harboring such hatred against your own blood-brother."

Dan was perhaps the only man on earth who would have dared to talk that way to the man, and Jerry Dillon took it only in sullen silence.

A mile farther they struck a pike, and, as they swept along, a brilliant light glared into the sky ahead of them, and they pulled in. A house was in flames on the edge of a woodland, and by its light they could see a body of men dash out of the woods and across the field, and another body dash after them in pursuit—the pursuers firing and the pursued sending back defiant yells. Daws Dillon was at his work again, and the Yankees were after him.

. . . . . .

Long after midnight Chad reported the loss of his prisoner. He was much chagrined—for failure was rare with him—and his jaw and teeth ached from the blow Dan had given him, but in his heart, he was glad that the boy had got away. When he went to his tent, Harry was awake and waiting for him.

"It's I who have escaped," he said; "escaped again. Four times now, we have been in the same fight. Somehow fate seems to be pointing always one way—always one way. Why, night after night, I dream that either he or I——" Harry's voice trembled—he stopped short, and, leaning forward, stared out the door of a tent. A group of figures had halted in front of the Colonel's tent opposite, and a voice called sharply:

"Two prisoners, sir. We captured 'em with Daws Dillon. They are guerrillas, sir."

"It's a lie, Colonel," said an easy voice, that brought both Chad and Harry to their feet, and plain in the moonlight both saw Daniel Dean, pale but cool, and near him Rebel Jerry Dillon—both with their hands bound behind them.

(To be continued.)

EMULATION

By Alice Duer Miller

Illustrations by T. K. Hanna, Jr.

HIS friends were in the habit of saying that Bill Emmons had always had everything he had tried for, and there was enough truth in the assertion to save it from fatuity. Achievement had marked every stage of his career.

He had gone to a college whose democracy and whose millionaires are usually mentioned in the same breath, and here he had been so democratic that old graduates, who feared that the millionaires were too much in the ascendant, pointed him out as the best example of the true ideals of the university. The millionaires, meanwhile, walked humbly and appreciatively before Bill, as behooved those who did not represent true ideals.

Now Bill was not only extremely popular with all sets and ages (and that, without the artificial fascination of being on the crew, or the eleven, for he had never gone in for athletics), but, as if to show his originality, he actually studied: and, not content with this, he even went so far as to take honors and prizes. The faculty distinguished him, not because he was the "strongest" man in the class, but because, from their own point of view, he was the most prominent.

It need scarce be said that Bill liked all this. His spirits were high, and he said openly that this was the happiest time of a man's life, to which people often replied: "Ah, well, we don't all do it like you, you know," an answer which did not lessen Bill's appreciation of his own blessings.

There was, indeed, only one little ripple upon the sea of his content, and this was a man nominally his friend, at least, all their friends were mutual, and they themselves found enough interest in each other's company to be often in the other's room, discussing the questions of the minute. Dale Fenton belonged to about the same organizations that Bill did, only his membership was more of a matter of course and less of a triumph for pure democracy. This was precisely the fact that sometimes annoyed and sometimes flattered Bill. Fenton had no other spheres of activity at college. He did not feel the obligations of putting the millionaires in their proper place; of being a true ideal.

But it was not Dale's success that irritated Bill. His own was on a larger scale. It was rather the knowledge that Fenton did not value his. Bill was anything but analytical, and he had never been able to explain to himself the disquieting effect of Fenton's presence. If he had asked Fenton, he could have found out. Dale knew that the key-note of Bill's success was not irrepressible natural ability, no triumphant expression of character. The demon that drove him on was the spirit of emulation—a sort of unselective, ubiquitous ambition that never let him rest. He could not see anyone excelling in anything, without being compelled to outdo him. Ambition is generally supposed to be a hard master. But this was something worse. His widespread susceptibility to rivalry worked him like a slave-driver. On this susceptibility Fenton continually touched in a way too subtle for Bill to grasp. He only knew that he never left Fenton without wondering whether he really had got so very far, without feeling the necessity of again asserting himself; of achieving some new pre-eminence—a pre-eminence which, it always subsequently appeared, Fenton did not so particularly respect.

After they left college, though they both came to New York, they saw but little of each other. Bill went into business, taking his place in the broking-house of which his father had been a member. One native capacity he undoubtedly had—the power of work—and this he began to display to a degree positively dazzling to men who had settled down into complaisant routine. Yet he still found opportunity in leisure mo-



Bill was not analytical.—Page 732

ments for activity that manifested itself in an occasional article in the magazines on the political aspects of business.

The rest of the time he spent in maintaining the old college spirit which, he had heard graduates lament, was never kept up after a year. He went about in an overcoat ostentatiously old, with the collar turned up, and smoked many pipes, with his feet on the mantel-pieces of former classmates. All such conduct was very distressing to his mother.

She was a pretty capable little woman, from whom, it took no great imagination to discover, Bill had inherited some of his characteristics. Her success, however, was more in details, was more complete, but of smaller scope. With no very large share of either brains or money, she had managed to arrange her life exactly to suit her. She was no sooner left a widow than she set about this task. She wanted, happily, nothing more than to go about among the people she selected, wearing clothes which were admired.

Bill's course of ignoring all things social was disappointing to her. She had always looked upon him as "bound to succeed," and it seemed to her that he was wilfully neglecting a particularly conspicuous sphere of success. She had, however, learnt the most difficult of feminine arts—to exert pressure without nagging.

Bill could hardly have said when it was that he awoke to the fact that a struggle, more or less bitter according to the position you had attained in it, was going on about him, while he stood inactive in the midst. Society, he had thought of, inasmuch as he had thought of it at all, as a poor sort of amusement in which girls and those who basked in their smiles indulged. Suddenly it flashed upon him that it was not exactly an amusement, but a difficult and sometimes dangerous game. He could make out no set rules, no line along which one could

develop special expertness. Simply one had to have something to bring, to contribute in some way to the gayety of one's fellows, and then, presto, one's hand was taken, and one was whirled along with the others. Not the faintest sensation of whirling, or of the first advances thereunto, had come to Bill.

Day after day fresh examples of the value of such success greeted his quickened sensibility. He saw men, even great men, measuring by this standard. His nature responded to this stimulus like a war-horse to the bugle.

Who can tell that it was not in recognition of the psychological moment that his mother said to him one morning, as she poured out his commendably early cup of coffee:

"Why did you never tell me that Mr. Fenton was a classmate of yours? He spoke so warmly of you last evening."

Bill said nothing, though the arrow pierced him. He knew the slim enviable company of which his mother had made one the previous evening. He had grown suddenly acute. Formerly her engagements had been merely names and dates to him—evenings on which he might count most surely on his own time.

"Such music, dear," his mother went on. "It seems wicked to offer it to only a score of people half of whom don't know one note from another. Not that that applies to Mr. Fenton, who was extremely technical."

"Trust him to be that," said Bill, and then added, as if a little ashamed of himself: "I had really no idea Dale went in for that sort of thing."

Mrs. Emmons had a delightful little air of being about to bestow a confidence. "Do you know," she said, "I believe it is one of the few instances of the things going in for him. You have no notion how foolish the girls are about him, and older women, too, who ought to know better. He is, of course, an intelligent, well-looking young man, but after all, we know of others." She smiled at Bill across the table.

"The others can only envy his leisure," returned her son.

"Leisure, my dear boy; he is a hard worker, and doing wonderfully well. I thought," she added, "that I would send him a ticket for the opera to-night. You, I know, won't want to go. I have only one left."

"Why, no, I suppose not, though I don't know why I should not," said Bill, disagreeably conscious of a vague emotion that the subject scarcely warranted.

Mrs. Emmons did not seem as much pleased at the possibility of his company as he had expected. He looked up inquiringly, to find her hesitating.

"The only thing is," she said, "that Miss Gerard is going with me, and she would prefer—she would enjoy herself more—though I doubt if it is an engagement between them as yet, still——"

"What!" cried Bill, "the great John Q.'s daughter and Dale Fenton!" Mrs. Emmons nodded, and after a second he broke out with "Good Lord!"

He saw Dale the son-in-law of the most prominent railway man in the country, and for a moment to his distorted vision it seemed as if life could hold nothing more worth while.

"It will be interesting to see how it will turn out, what he will do," Mrs. Emmons went on; "a clever young man like that plunged into such a position!"

Bill had risen and was looking at his watch. "Well, Mother," he said, "send him the ticket, by all means. If I want to, I can take an entrance, and I dare say I shan't much want to." But his mother insisted she preferred his having the ticket, anyhow, and by not answering he seemed to think he had left the question in abeyance.

Miss Gerard and a man, not Dale, an older gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Emmons, were to dine with them. Though Bill would have said that he had not thought of the girl since he had heard her name for the first time at breakfast, something may be gathered from the fact that on beholding her he was acutely disappointed. The fact that she had not a trace of good looks gave him the feeling of having been defrauded. His taste had not yet become sufficiently artificial to find that her pretty, perfect clothes relieved her appearance from the ordinary. She herself seemed to be utterly unconscious of any necessity for relief. Her bearing, without being actually aggressive, was self-confident to a degree Bill found positively shocking in a woman he just refrained from summing up as plain. It is not, after all, beauty that gives women assurance, as much as the experience of



Drawn by T. K. Hanna, Jr.

He skilfully whisked the lady away from Dale.—Page 733.

having often pleased, and this experience had always been Miss Gerard's. The trouble was, of course, that she did not consider that causes other than her personal charm had been operative.

Bill had scarcely been introduced to her when she turned to him confidently: "I want to thank you, Mr. Emmons," she said, "for your last article in the *Overseer*. It helped me so much. It said so many things that had been floating in the back of my own mind for months."

Bill was naturally pleased, and though he could have wished that his ideas had floated in nobody's mind but his own, he answered cheerfully that he had hardly expected to be so fortunate as to be read by young ladies.

She smiled at him intensely. "No doubt you would have said the same of the poets in the time of Dante; but the poets to-day have become almost exclusively the property of my sex, and the essayists are following. Soon, even the scientists will find in us their only readers. You men will be too deeply engaged in the struggle for the 'World's Common Necessities.'" She was quoting his article, and Bill writhed between pain and pleasure. The same phenomenon may be observed in the cat, proudest of animals, when its back is rubbed. It enjoys the sensation and yet prefers not to be touched.

"And yet," continued Miss Gerard, as, dinner being announced she rose and took his arm with an impulsive air, as if it were a delightful way of her own rather than a convention of generations—"and yet, of what real importance is pure thought, compared to feeling? I often say, Mr. Emmons, that I would gladly become an abject fool for the sake of gaining the smallest spiritual truth—a grain of the wisdom of the heart."

Bill looked, as he felt, hopeless.

Throughout dinner she continued to talk to him in this vein. He could not enjoy his whitebait, without her finding in the taste a point of contact with the larger elements of his nature – an intense appropriateness to what she already knew. The most casual remark presented itself as an instance of self-revelation, as a signal for her to spring into the deeper intricacies of intimacy. Bill, who, as we have said, was not analytical, only said to himself that the girl talked like an ass. Yet, when his other guest, a man of affairs, leant across the table to ask pointedly if her father had returned from Arizona, Bill was reminded that it was, after all, by the daughter of the great John Q. that his mind had just been rummaged.

At the opera, after all, Dale appeared. He and Bill met cordially, and stood talking in the back of the box, until the importunities of a lady in the next box, wearing pearls as large as young onions, interrupted them. She wanted to know whether Mr. Fenton were coming to dine with her on the sixth? Miss Gerard, overhearing, replied for him that he certainly was not, as he was dining with her. The ladies contested the point prettily, and Bill noticed that Dale looked as little like a fool as a man under the circumstances could. When Miss Gerard had established her claim she turned to Bill:

"You will come, too, won't you, Mr. Emmons?" she said. "I shall like to hear you two clever men talk together about the things that are worth while."

Bill was annoyed to find himself elated, and accepted so coolly that Fenton said, pleasantly:

"Don't mind his manner, Miss Gerard. It is the greatest compliment possible that he accepts at all. I don't believe he has dined out six times this winter." This was quite true, but not because he had persistently refused. As usual in Dale's presence Bill felt ruffled.

One day, not long after this, he saw among the distinguished directors of a new trust company the name of Dale Fenton. He tried to take it as a matter of course, but during the day it kept returning to his mind, until, in self-defence, he mentioned it to his senior partner, who offered an explanation, not much more agreeable than the thing itself.

"Oh, there were reasons why they could not put on old John Q. himself, and this, I suppose, was about the same thing."

"That's it, is it?" said Bill, but he knew Fate had made another pull at the string.

For about this time a number of things, he would have said, combined to throw him with Miss Gerard. In the first place, she was, for a little while, the only girl he knew, so that he naturally looked for her when he entered a ballroom, and nowadays



"Hush! you must not talk like that," she whispered.—Page 735.

he entered a good many. Then, too, it was both easy and sometimes pleasant to talk to her, and he was not averse, as he himself would have put it, to giving Dale a run for his money.

Before a month had gone by, before he thoroughly realized it, people began to exchange smiles when he and Dale were seen together in Miss Gerard's company. He had, in fact, engaged in a contest which many were amused to watch. When Bill did recognize this state of affairs, he could not resist the glory of a few cheap triumphs. Once or twice, in public, he skilfully whisked the lady away from Dale, almost amid applauding hands. By this time it was too late to draw back.

His life would have been pleasanter if in his heart he had liked the girl better. He did like her keen interest, the flattery that her excellent memory and love of admiration combined to enable her to bestow upon all such as would give ear to her at all. But the wear and tear, the high pressure of her intellectuality, he found at times an intolerable bore. He often wondered frankly how Dale, who was so much more intolerant, stood her at all, feeling inclined to de-

spise the other for being so little fastidious. At length, however, it occurred to him, on overhearing a few words of conversation between them, that Dale stood her by amusing himself in out-Heroding Herod; that, in an unobtrusive way, he relieved his feelings by making game of her.

As far as Dale himself was concerned, Bill could find no fault with his behavior. He was the most courteous of antagonists, always giving Bill every opportunity, as if, Bill sometimes thought bitterly, he had nothing to fear. Only now and then Fenton had a way of offering the girl a word of advice, to which she always listened, or of bringing a message from her father with an air strangely proprietary. Such things acted on Bill like a spur.

Fenton had now, also, struck up quite a friendship with Mrs. Emmons, one of those cheerful irresponsible relations possible between an entertaining older woman and a clever boy. They discussed art, society, and often, Bill feared, himself.

He would have been more annoyed if he had had time to think about the matter, but his thoughts were suddenly taken up by alarming hints of disaster. The air was full of threatenings. If books had been opened, it would have been said that the odds had turned heavily against him. He felt this without actually seeing any definite proof of it. Far less could he see any reason for it. Only it now became manifest that Dale was looked upon as an easy winner. Yet, as far as Bill knew, he and Miss Gerard were as good friends as ever.

At length her best friend, in so many words, warned him. As he was putting her into her cab after a ball, she whispered in his ear:

"Be on your guard. Something important is trembling in the balance."

He spent a night bitter and sleepless. What could be trembling in the balance but her decision to marry Dale? He actually groaned aloud in the darkness; he had seen the first hint of how he would be regarded, how he would be pitied and ignored. He wondered how he would first hear positively of the engagement. Would she tell him, or would Dale, with perfect good taste? He looked forward and saw Dale, the great business man, and all the praise and opportunity that would be his. The night was bitter.

In the morning, however, he was inclined to feel that he was not beaten yet. In the afternoon, he went to see Miss Gerard, and found her alone.

She came into the room—her own well-considered drawing-room, wherein every object made a conscious claim to cultivation—dressed in a dark velvet, her hair done low at her neck. It was not particularly becoming, but it served admirably to emphasize her pose. She held out both hands.

"Ah, dear friend!" she said. "Did you guess I was just writing you a note asking you to come? Sit down and tell me about yourself. What have you been doing and thinking?"

"I have been thinking of you and feeling very uncomfortable," said Bill, with perfect truth. "I wish I had had your note. I wish I had anything from you that convinced me that you really want to see me."

If Miss Gerard had been good-looking, she would have been called a flirt. As it was, no one had the temerity to do so.

"You have my word," she now answered, with a look. Then, just as she saw that he was about to respond to it, she added: "I wanted to see you before we go. We start on Saturday, you know."

Bill did not know; he had heard of no threatened departure. It took him some moments to pluck from her enthusiasm the fact that she was about to make a tour of the West with her father in his private car. They were to be gone six weeks.

Bill's feelings at these tidings were confused, but principally he experienced a certain sense of reprieve, of relaxation. He looked forward to this brief cessation in the struggle. Yet, even as he thought this, he became aware that Miss Gerard was not talking quite spontaneously. A shade of constraint in her manner, or, if not this, then his own supersensitiveness to such suspicions, the concrete dread we all feel of the worst that can possibly happen, caused him to turn on her abruptly.

"Who else is going?"

She tried to be very direct, without injuring her cause.

"A few railroad men, friends of papa's, and Mr. Fenton, whom he also asked."

Silence followed. Bill was alarmed to find himself actually, though very slightly, trembling. This indeed was final. Six

weeks of her interrupted society; six weeks of being pointed out as a young man John Gerard thought it worth his while to take about with him. And for Bill, six weeks' waiting for the bolt to fall; six weeks of the ridiculous position in which his brilliant little struggle had left him.

At length he held out his hand. "Good-by," he said.

Miss Gerard was clearly nervous. "I'll see you as soon as we come back," she said, combating not very happily the finality of his manner.

"You'll never see me; not this way, at least. Why should I come? It is not worth while to go on being tortured for nothing. What do I mean by being tortured? Seeing you go off for six weeks on a party in which Dale Fenton is the only man you will speak to. I have been restless since I first knew you. I have given you everything that I had to give. And what is my reward? You do the one thing of all others to hurt me. I would almost rather see you dead. There! Think what you like!"

Miss Gerard did her thinking quickly. She rose and laid her hand on his arm. "Hush! you must not talk like that," she whispered. "I won't go. I am not going. If you feel like that, I would rather stay here."

An hour later Bill left the house an engaged man. As he went down the steps he was almost giddy with excitement. He could smile to think of the humor of the Western trip without its hostess, and wondered lightly whether Dale would render him the satisfaction of backing out of it. Then he recalled that his future wife had insisted that Dale had never once made love to her. The idea took the edge off.

He was still cheerful when he let himself into his own house, and managed to tell his mother, but, in the midst of her too jubilant congratulations, he broke away from her and went to his own room.

Here, behind locked doors, blank despair took him.

It does not require much imagination to follow. He was a young man, not without his ideals, and of great capacity for happiness. Marriage was a step on which he had always looked with theoretical dread. It was a closing of many doors, a leaving behind of much, a bound into responsibilities and middle age. And this renunciation, which he had fancied himself making only for the choice of his heart, he was about to make for a silly, gushing girl, with unreasoned, obtrusive ideas. It came to him that it would be one of her ideals to share his every thought, and understand his business life.

He had intended something different. He had expected to do more important things in the future than to expose his soul to her excavations.

He heard the bell ring, and in a moment of second sight knew that it was Dale. He started to the staircase to send word that he could see no one, and was arrested by voices in the hallway below him.

His mother's voice was saying:

"He has just told me," and Dale answered, meditatively:

"Why, then, I think I won't go up."

His mother laughed gently.

"I believe you are jealous."

Dale's answering laugh was no less cordial.

"Jealous! My dear lady, you know very well that it was I made the match."



THE LONG ROAD OVER THE HILL

By William Young

COPSE, and meadow, and wimpling stream;
And voices, calling to flocks that stray;
And the loitering herd; and the plodding team;
And the hamlet, fair in the dying day:
Blossoming orchards, branching wide;
A rose-gray tower; a dusky mill,
Murmuring low, by the water-side—
And the long road over the hill!

O my soul, wilt thou farther fare?
Here is plenty, and here is peace.
Surely blesséd, beyond compare,
Are these, secure in their tranquil lease,
Who take, with thanks, what the gods bestow—
Flower, and fruit, of the fields they till—
And tarry, content, while the travellers go
By the long road over the hill.

Never the call to strife they hear—
Never, the din of the moiling throng;
But blitheful greetings, and sounds of cheer—
Praise at matin, and even-song:
These, and the mill-wheel's drowsy hum,
Pipe of bird, and babble of rill,
And the tinkle of bells, when the slow kine come
To the hamlet under the hill.

And thus, for aye, would I have them bide—
Wholly happy, and simply wise;
Never to dream of a boon denied,
Far adventure, or vain emprise.
Never a foot from the fold should stray!
But *I* would be the traveller, still,
Who looks, and envies—and goes his way—
The long road over the hill.

A PROFFERED HEROINE

By George Buchanan Fife

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

A SOFT, quick, bird-like little run high into the treble as an impromptu finale, and Alicia turned from the piano.

"I wonder why it is," she said, "that when you write, you always go so far afield for your womenfolk."

Back to earth I came with a bump. Heaven only knows where I had been, but it was somewhere beyond the rim of the world, on that uncharted isle whence the glowing arch of the rainbow springs from its pot of gold, and where we come suddenly upon ourselves in the full, searching sunlight and talk of Might Have Been and Hope To Be. Alicia's music often takes me thither.

I was all save breathless from my quick return, and as I gathered my vagrant wits, I said "Far afield; what do you mean?" which possessed none of the elements of an answer. Alicia, with a hand still lingering on the keys, in apparent token that if I should prove unsatisfactory she could return to her music instanter, spread her net a trifle wider.

"I have been inspecting some of your heroines rather critically this afternoon," she said. Her tone was far from reassuring, especially as she supplemented the announcement with two carefully selected notes.

It has always been my plan and my pleasure, to submit my womenfolk, as Alicia bucolically termed them, to her for critical inspection. I do not profess, even to myself, to know a great deal about women, *other* women, and several times I had introduced mine to Alicia with undeniable timorousness. But, as well as I remembered, all had passed muster, some, even, had been patted very prettily on the cheek. Therefore, I did not quite understand why she had driven the poor things together that afternoon for a general overhauling. However, as the subject was woman, I approached it strategically.

"What did you find wrong with their clothes?" I asked. Alicia is, by special appointment, modiste and milliner to my womenfolk.

As soon as I spoke she folded her hands in her lap and looked at me with a strange little smile which told me I had struck a discord.

"I was not thinking of their frocks," she said; "but of them—and of how far you have gone to get them. I knew you wouldn't understand."

She arose abruptly from the piano, and I heard her laughing softly as she searched along the book-shelves. Presently she returned to the piano-seat with two or three volumes in which markers were conspicuous. I recognized them as my own books and wondered in what wise they were to be used against me, because I did not understand Alicia at all. That which gave me greatest concern was her strange, only half-happy smile.

"You seem to be making this a very serious affair," I said lightly, as Alicia, after some deliberation, selected one of the books and opened it at a marked place.

"If you think that," she looked up with sudden alarm, "I'm sure you'll *never* understand; you'll only think me silly." Her gaze wandered over my shoulder—"Perhaps I am"—and returned, bringing something of merriment with it—"but you mustn't tell me so."

"Then it *is* a serious affair?"

Alicia did not raise her eyes from her book as she replied, "No-o-o, not very." She read awhile in silence, and I, uncomprehending still, awaited her royal pleasure, I even fell to admiring her shining hair—we were fast making for my Rainbow Isle, hand in hand, when she spoke.

"I want you to listen very carefully while I read your description of Frances Trevor in 'Castleton.' It's where Barron meets her, you remember?"

I nodded. Of course I remembered. I had rewritten it at least three times, and even now I confess to a longing to try my hand at it again. Without acknowledging my nod, Alicia began to read:

Barron desired simply to look at her, not to talk to her just then, only to stand a little apart from the others and from her and wonder at her. Coming back to his own country, to his own people was like being born into the fulness of a new being with the clamor of the glistening, toiling blacks, the monotonous cha-cha-cha of the hoisting engines, the ring of the riveters, even the bridge itself, the thing for which he had seemed to live so long, faint in the background. He recalled the countless visions of home-coming which had kept him company in the restless nights, of the pictures he had patched together in his mind. He remembered, too, that from many fragments he had constructed a woman who had been the object of countless imaginary gallantries and the sole romance of that God-forgotten region—the only woman to whom he owed allegiance. She had stood at his side and watched the bridge crawl from pier to pier, had even clambered after him along the swaying false-work the day he rescued McLaughlin, and her hand had been the first to grasp his when the centre-pin was driven. And he had brought her over-seas with him, enchanted with her companionship, wondering when she would choose to bid him farewell and whether he would have the temerity to raise her hand to his lips.

Alicia paused a moment, long enough I hoped, to permit me an inquiry as to how much of the book she intended reading, and what bearing this had upon—but I was peremptorily told that it was still her turn and she continued, deigning me no further notice:

But she had never left him and he had grown to recognize her as an inseparable part of himself and his life. The home-coming, which had driven much of the remembrance of the labor and anxiety from his mind—because the bridge did not seem to him such an achievement after all—had dimmed no light nor line of her.

I realized that it was high time for me to interpose, so, braving certain displeasure, I said, "Alicia, my dear, you are only recalling an agonizing struggle by reading that. I thought you said you wished me to hear my description of Frances Trevor."

"Yes; but first I'm reading the part *I* like. Now I'll read *your* part, if you wish."

"Certainly, if you are not tired." I smiled—and failed.

This was the first time the book had even been apportioned between us, and I was really anxious to hear how *my* part sounded. Also I wanted to learn how much of the other books had been allotted to me, but I was determined that there should be no such extensive reading of the respective shares. Alicia ran her eyes down the page.

"Now, here's *your* part," she said, jarring me somewhat with the insistence of the "your."

"Then you don't like what you're pleased to call *my* part?"

"Yes, I think it's perfectly lovely; just listen to it." A woman says "perfectly lovely" in as many ways as the French cook eggs.

And as he watched Frances Trevor the Lady of the Bridge came and stood close beside her. She had done this with other women, and her eyes had been full of questioning of his faithfulness. Now they were looking into his without reproach. Suddenly, to his bewilderment, she spoke to him, and in that instant the Lady of the Bridge became a living creature. It was Frances Trevor who had built the bridge with him; it was her gold-brown hair which had whipped across his face as they leaned upon the steamer's rail; it was her dark, compelling eyes which had searched his heart in the hours of unreasoning dread, her tall, strong figure which had always seemed a challenge to his own.

"There you are!" The book was closed with a clap. "So much for Miss Frances Trevor! now I'll show you some of your other women."

Alicia took up a second volume and I protested. "This is really awfully good of you, my dear, but to what end? You say, 'So much for Miss Trevor;' are the others to have that much?"

"Goodness, what disloyalty! You know you like it."

"Yes, I think it's—'perfectly lovely.' Go on with it." I could have drawn Alicia's broadside with one "I don't," and I am sure I disappointed her. That she was determined to keep me well within range, however, was entirely clear from the next manœuvre. This was the production, from between the leaves of the second volume, of a sheet of note-paper. Alicia was crowding on canvas.

"I'll not read about the other women," she said, dividing her look of amusement between me and the bit of paper, "since you seem so bored. I've written here all that's necessary." The new sail caught the wind and she came racing after me.

"I've read your description of Miss Trevor, tall with gold-brown hair and dark eyes and athletic figure; now here's Mar-

garet Wingate in 'The Rector of St. John's': decidedly light hair—yellow hair, quite natural, though—gray eyes, brilliant color; rather a small woman, one of the fluffy type, plays bridge, decidedly attractive in her own way—no, don't thank me, I rather like her—and here's Rachel Dayne, in your first book: black hair, black eyes, pale and cold as ice, an imperious woman."

Alicia put down the paper looking as if she had just read a recipe to the cook. "Now," she said, arising from the piano-seat, the books tumbling noisily, "will you be kind enough to describe *Alicia Rushton* to me?"

For one instant I was confounded and stared dumbly at the graceful, black-clad figure, with round, white shoulders, glowing cheeks, and shining crown of hair, which stood before me, hands clasped, awaiting answer. Then I leaned forward in my chair and laughed unnaturally, which is the transparent way some men have of pulling themselves together. The advantage was decidedly with Alicia, and she knew it, because she said not a word; she smiled and waited.

"Well, let me see——" I had to begin somehow. "You are amiable, affectionate, and——"

"You know that's not what I mean; what's the color of my hair?" She could no more have restrained the hand that rose to her brow than she could have flown.

"Your hair?—auburn." What an aureole it was!

"You're sure I'm not—red-headed; not even if I were someone else's wife?"

I bowed my denial, hand on heart, and she continued, "My eyes?"

"Gray." How many times I had heard her declare them green!

"And my color, my figure, my general appearance?" Had I not known Alicia I should have considered this consummate vanity.

"Your color is, I should say, variable; your figure, slender, that's why you ride so well, and as for your general appearance—add to what I have already related a height of about five feet six, and you will have your truthful slave's most queenly mistress, Alicia Rushton, whom the gods preserve."

With a gesture which I construed to mean "I told you so," she sank back upon the seat. "And I do not bear the slightest resemblance to any of those women, do I?" she asked.

"No, you do not, but——" Alicia spared me recourse to the unnatural laugh by interrupting. "Now will you tell me why it is you have gone so far afield for them? This is neither vanity nor jealousy, simply curiosity." She imagined she had divined my thoughts. "You seem to have gone to such extremes to avoid auburn hair, gray eyes, and slender figures."

Alicia will probably never know the magnitude of my discomfort as she smiled down upon me. Had I detected in her manner the slightest trace of pique or exultation, I might have been provoked to the incivility of combat, but I saw nothing save amused inquiry; the sword I had looked for had its hilt toward me.

"This is the first time you have ever charged me with disloyalty," I said, with studied seriousness. "To attempt a defence would be to discount the attractiveness of a very dear relative of the accused, and to plead guilty would be high treason."

As an example of explanation I was rather pleased with this, but Alicia evidently was not.

"If she be so dear and attractive," she said, "why has she been so utterly ignored? Certainly, she would not have marred a tale. If a man admires his wife—or deludes her into the belief that he admires her, is there any reason why he should not put her in a story?" She was looking very earnestly at her foot. "I should think it rather nice to be a heroine."

I arose and went to the piano. "There are several reasons," I said. "Women are put into stories to make them love stories; they are put in to love and be loved, to be happy or to suffer. To him who fashions them they mean much. He has done his utmost to make them human, and, for him at least, they *do* live." Alicia had begun to play softly, first a little random triplet of notes, then another and another, until she was adrift in one of the nameless melodies of our Rainbow Isle. "He makes their lives what they are, to them he is Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; he plans all their pleasures and their plights; he leads them into love and through it, and sometimes beyond it. When they are wooed he is there in his invisible cap guiding heart and eyes and lips. It is he who sends the blood

flaming joyously to their cheeks—he who first lets their hands linger in an eager clasp; he who, at last, bids them yield heart and lips—and opens their account with Cupid. You ask me why in my stories there is no woman like you. Because such a woman *would* be you. The hair, the eyes, the slender figure would be yours, however I named her, however I contrived her lot. And being you, I would have her blithe and winsome, for that is you. Then she would love, for that is you, too." Alicia's face was turned partly from me and the slow, poignant melody which rose beneath her loitering touch seemed to come from a great distance. "I should feel her heart quicken and glow with the new-found happiness; I, who know her so well, should read her love in her lightest smile, and should know it to be love. It would be like sharing her, sharing you—more than that, like giving you up, if only to one whom others would see as nothing more than a lover in a book. Am I foolishly selfish to want to keep you only in our own unwritten story?"

The melody was hushed for a moment as Alicia laid her hand upon my arm. "Why will *you* not come and be the lover in the book?" she said with sweet seriousness. "Then there could be no thought of sharing."

Her hand crept lower until it found mine and sought its clasp, and I, gazing at her in the fanciful half-light, seemed suddenly to gather her in my arms and speed with her down the years to the first season of our love, the first chapter of our story. "Why will you not come and be the lover in the book?" I heard Alicia ask, and somewhere above me the nameless melody began anew.

"Once upon a time," I said slowly, my eyes following the white hands rippling over the keys, "there was a woman who was much beloved. She was straight—and slender—with red-gold hair—and the man who loved her lived in the sunlight she made, and he stood before her worshipping. And although he did not know it then, a bud in her heart was growing and unfolding slowly, slowly. One day it bloomed, and that day she gave it into his keeping, not to pluck, but to cherish it and nurture it where it grew.

"So it was that he entered the garden of her love and pledged his life for the flower she had given him.

"All went well for a season or two; the gardener had never relaxed his watchfulness, and not a petal of the flower had fallen. In reward his wage was raised and all confusion, cap in hand, he bowed and stammered his protest that he was already overpaid—and overdrawn." A smile, like a ray of light, shone for a moment on Alicia's lips. "But the mistress of the garden had a sister and that sister a husband, and into the lives of the sister and the husband a crisis had come. The gardener had known of its coming and the dread of it had weighed upon him. When it did come he alone could help, because he alone knew. He had been so careful for his mistress's sake to keep it from her and she—she misunderstood and took the flower from him. Being only the gardener——"

Alicia ceased playing abruptly and rose to my side. There were tears in her eyes as she caught my hand and pressed it to her breast.

"No, no, dear," she said, "that's our own story-book, ours."

"It's the only book in which I can picture you," I replied. "And yet you ask why——"

"No, not now." She came close to me and raised her face to mine. "I understand. I am quite content."

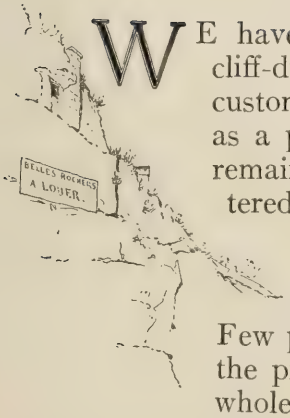


A street among the cliff-dwellers. A wall on the left.

CLIFF-DWELLERS

By E. C. Peixotto

Illustrations by the Author



WE have often heard of the cliff-dwellers and are accustomed to think of them as a pre-historic race, the remains of whose few scattered dwellings are a matter of curiosity to tourists and a prize to antiquarians. Few people know that, at the present day, there are whole communities in France whose only habitations are hollowed in the rocky hill-sides and whose entire business life is carried on in caves.

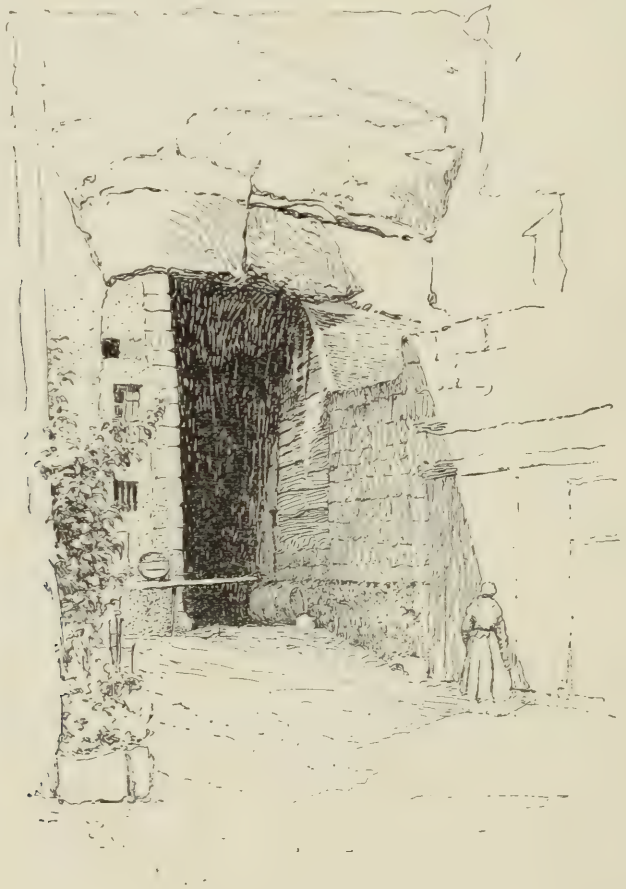
We had seen in Normandy isolated instances of people living in habitations half house and half cave. But they were in far-away towns and villages, and only the very poorest class of people lived in them. Our first real cave city came as a great surprise, for we had just left Tours, one of the most highly civilized cities in France. We were riding on the road to Vouvray when suddenly, at a turn near Rochecorbon, this first town of cliff-dwellers burst upon us.

High above us towered a huge mass of overhanging rock, strata upon strata, bearing upon its summit a most peculiar tower, supposed to have been a watch-tower in ages gone by. Its foundations hung over the rock upon which they were built, and it seemed as though it would crash down at any moment upon the village beneath.

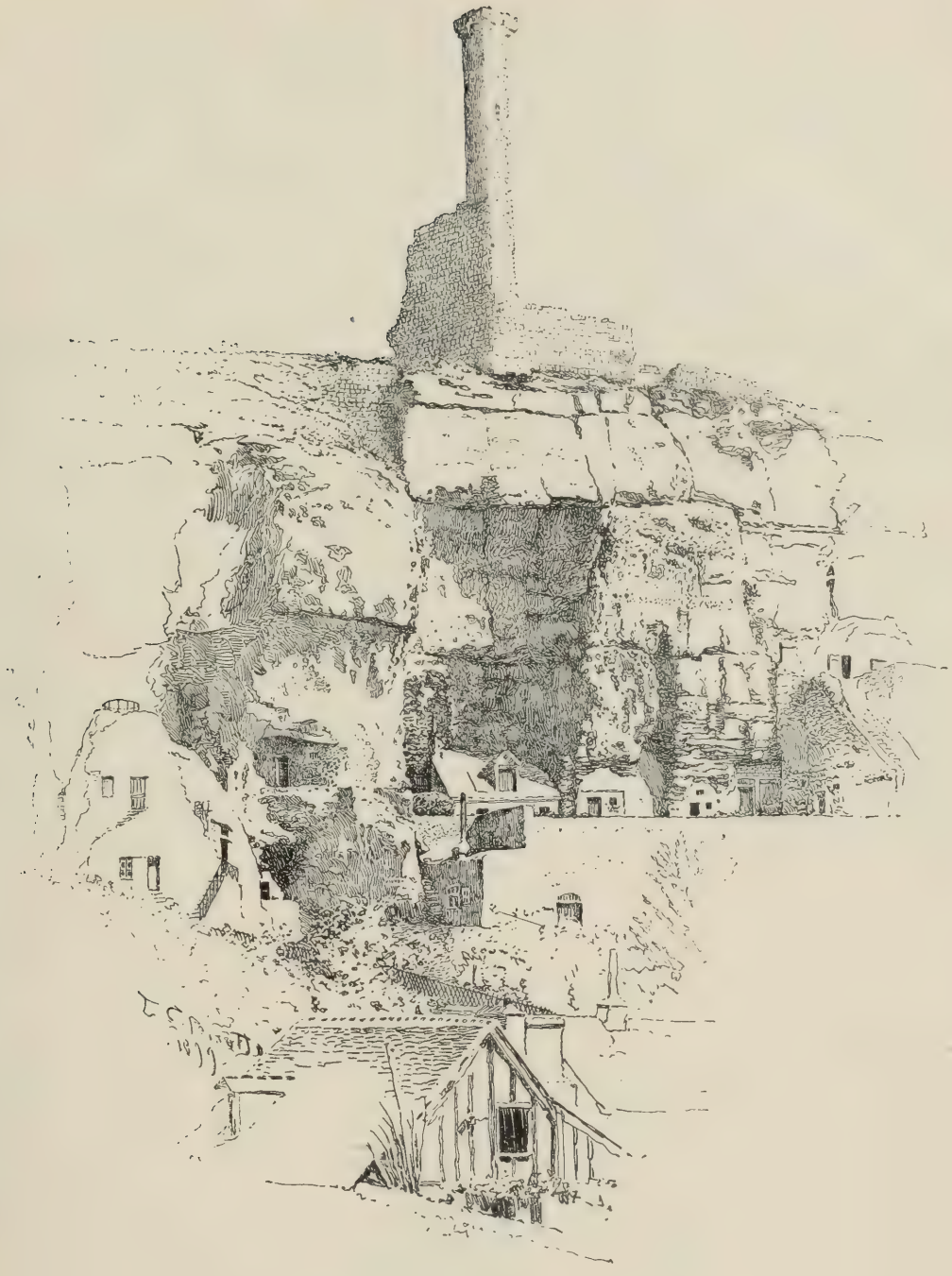
Scattered over the face of the cliff, doors and windows, narrow stair-ways and little belvideres could be seen, habitation upon habitation, in most picturesque disorder.

Walls along the high road hid the immediate foreground, and we looked in vain for an opening by which we could have a nearer view of this strange community. At last we found an open gate, and, peeping through, were greeted by a dear little old woman, whose wrinkled, smiling face was surmounted by a snowy white cap. Her door-way was a bower of flowers, hollyhocks, asters, nasturtiums and deep June roses. By its side was an old well and a little out-house for her wood and gardening tools. Her cheery "*Bon jour*" was an invitation to enter, and we gladly accepted her cordiality. We followed her across the little yard and were soon seated in her one and only room. This room was cosiness itself; a large canopied bed occupied the far corner; a great open fire-place filled one side, and around and on it were grouped all her lares and penates; her wedding-wreath—ah, so old!—her little crucifix, little china jars to hold her flowers; photographs and tin-types of all her family and of her son in his soldier's uniform; cane chairs, a huge armoire and a long, low chest completed the furnishing of this little home. Spotless muslin curtains hung in the tiny windows and tempered the glaring red of the geraniums placed on the sill outside. Our hostess was only too glad to tell of her life and her home. Our first thought was that these cave houses must be damp and unsanitary. She told us, and we afterward found that her opinion was shared by all cave-dwellers, that these houses are very dry and healthful. Certainly, if we judged by the number of old people whom we saw living in them, they do not shorten the lives of the occupants. The peasants say, too, that they are cool in summer, and in the winter, on the contrary, they so moderate the cold that a fire is scarcely necessary.

The houses that are built at the foot of the hills are inclined to be damp, but those cut high up on the hill-side are extremely dry and mould is never known in them.



Entrance to one of the great caves.



High above us towered a huge mass of overhanging rock.

These upper caves are reached by special staircases cut in the rock up the face of the cliffs, and, if the houses have more than one story, the stairs still wind up on its façade to reach the upper floor!

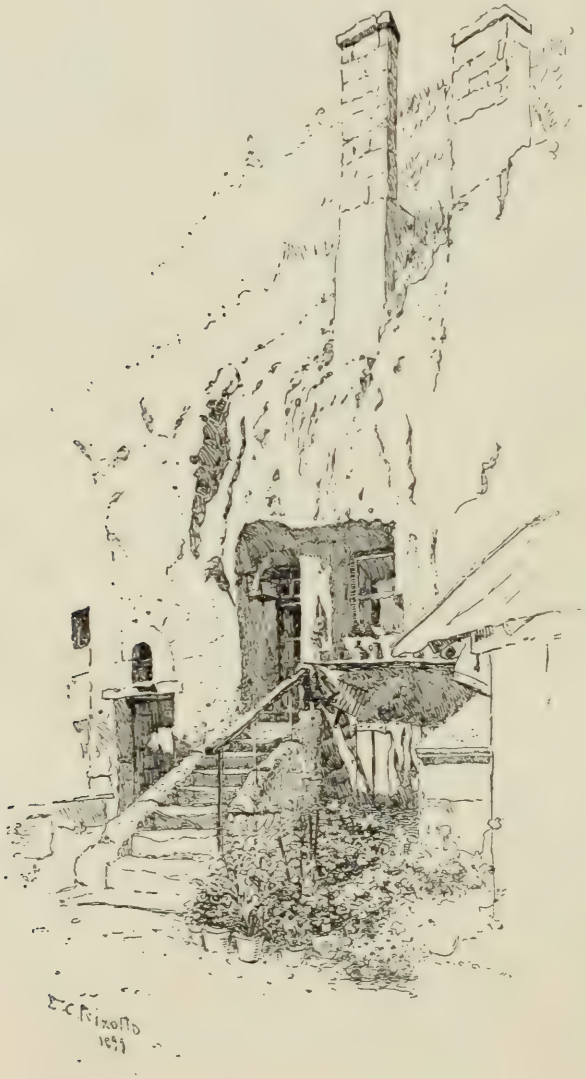
I have even known these houses to be superposed one upon the other, each approached at a different angle by its individual stairway. These cliff-dwellings often contain three or four rooms and are sometimes floored with tiles and roofed with huge wooden beams. Often the only light is through the door, though there is usually a small square window, and, frequently, when the house is built in an abrupt angle of the cliff, it has as many as four and five windows.

Sometimes, too, a house has been made in what was a large opening to a regular cave. In this case masonry is used to fill up the mouth of the cave, leaving the door and window openings. The long chest of which I have spoken, is found in every dwelling, and is used for provisions. In it

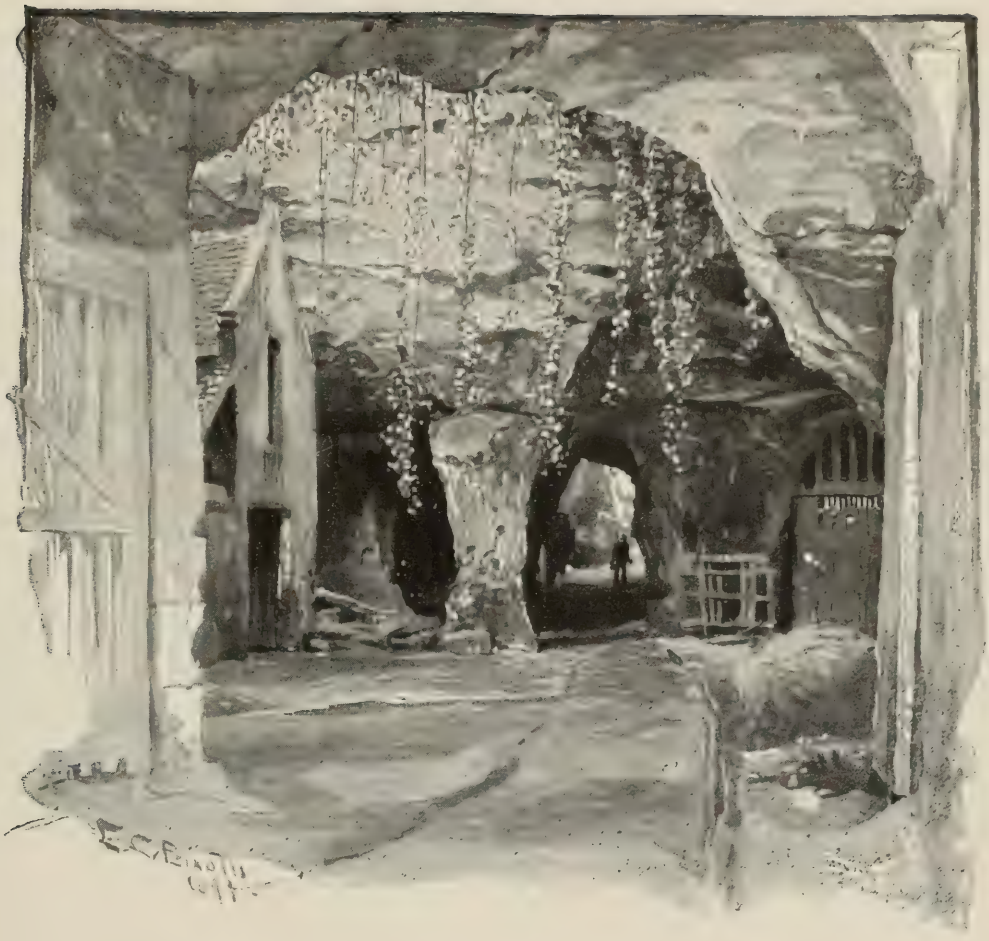
are kept the great loaves of bread which feed the little ones, the butter, cheese and comfiture, if the family is well-to-do. The vegetables are brought from the little garden, for each house possesses one; and if it be cherry season or grape time each *bonne femme* will proudly offer you of her prized fruit. But the comfort of the home is the open fire-place, wherein always hangs the great iron pot, blackened with the smoke of years. The peasants rarely have a match; if the fire be dead they go with a shovel to their neighbor and return with embers, as in the days of yore. There is always a well not far off, whose opening is closed with a little locked door, so that no one can use the water save those entitled to do so.

The rents paid for these little homesteads are really amusing; $5 a year and you have a snug little place with a garden in front, and a view—oh, a view such as M. le Comte in his château below cannot boast of. Eight dollars a year and you have a house of three or four rooms, with a stable and a store-house in a great cave not far off. We remained for several weeks among these cliff-dwellers and became thoroughly interested in their life.

A place that had great charm for us was bought outright for $20! To think of providing a shelter for a lifetime at such a price! The owner, fancying to enlarge her domain, purchased an adjoining garden for $12. In it she raises green peas, cauliflower, lettuce, beets, and carrots, and a number of cherry and apple trees give her their fruit. With the pears she makes



A cliff-dwelling.



Entrance to a series of caves.
House on the left and stables on the right.

a drink of which the peasants are very fond.

The animals are kept in stables, also cut in the rock, the mangers and water-troughs being hollowed out of the solid stone. In these dark interiors glimpses are caught of cows sleepily chewing their cud; of horses eating their evening meal; of donkeys, who loudly bray their welcome as the door is opened. The peasants tell us that in such stables the animals never suffer from heat or cold, as Mother Earth tempers the extremes of the outer world with her own genial warmth.

So are the caves near the surface utilized, but another world exists in the great labyrinths which tunnel the hill-sides to their very centres. Here strange trades are carried on, and here the wines, for which this country is famous, ripen and become mellow in their cool cellars. The high caves were used as ateliers for the drying of hemp and the making of linen, and many of the great rafters on which the hemp was hung still remain. Often these quarries are forty feet high at the opening and lead into an interior chamber nearly one hundred feet square, with rough columns left to support the great weight overhead. Sometimes a house is built within this darksome chamber, vine-clad and moss-grown, and to such a home many a peasant bride has been taken to spend her honeymoon.

The strangest of these underground worlds which I visited was one devoted to the raising of mushrooms. Its limits seemed unbounded, as indeed they were, for it pierced the hill-sides in every direction. We entered through an opening under an orchard of cherry trees. About ten feet inside the entrance was a well, and near it a lantern, which my kind guide lighted. We had proceeded but a few steps when suddenly the air became very close and warm and a dense white mist shut

us in. I found this was heat and steam rising from huge piles of manure, stacked in an adjoining passage. When brought from the cavalry barracks near by, it is here "worked" by the admixture of water until it attains the required consistency. We soon passed this steam and heat and entered caves where the air was dry and cool.

In these manure is laid out in rounded hummocks along the walls, and in the wider passages, in lines down the centre as well. Sometimes there are as many as five of these rows. The mushroom seed is then placed in these manure piles, and the date of the "planting" is written on the wall above the section.

The mounds are then covered with a fine powder obtained by sifting the tailings from the quarried limestone, just as coal dust is separated from coal. The mushroom is now planted and the hummock is left undisturbed for three months, more or less, when the first growth begins to appear. The mushrooms continue to sprout during three months, but then engender a certain poisonous gas which kills their own seed. The whole planting must then be removed and the place thoroughly cleaned.

During "harvest time" a crop is gathered every twenty-four hours. Three men with their great baskets, make the rounds of this underground farm every morning, and every day in the year can count on an immense crop which they ship to the large cities near by, and even several miles away. The discolored and inferior mushrooms are sent to the canneries, but for his best growth the producer receives only twenty cents a pound!

There is occasionally great danger connected with these mysterious dark worlds. I saw the awful result of a cave-in of gigantic masses of stone crushing all beneath it —house and stables. The clear light of heaven shone down through the great gaping hole and tons of débris lay where they had fallen, completely blocking the cave entrance. The peasants point it out with a shudder.



Interior of a cave dwelling.

A MOTHER IN INDIA

By Mrs. Everard Cotes

CHAPTER I

THERE were times when we had to go without puddings to pay John's uniform bills, and always I did the facings myself with a cloth ball to save getting new ones. I would have polished his sword too, if I had been allowed. I adored his sword. And once, I remember, we painted and varnished our own dog-cart, and very smart it looked, to save fifty rupees. We had nothing but our pay—John had his company when we were married, but what is that?—and life was made up of small knowing economies, much more amusing in recollection than in practise. We were sodden poor, and that is a fact; poor and conscientious, which was worse. A big fat spider of a money-lender came one day into the veranda and tempted us—we lived in a hut, but it had a veranda—and John threatened to report him to the police. Poor when everybody else had enough to live in the open-handed Indian fashion, that was what made it so hard; we were alone in our sordid little ways. When the expectation of Cecily came to us we made out to be delighted, knowing that the whole station pitied us; and when Cecily came herself, with a swamping burst of expense, we kept up the pretence splendidly. She was peevish, poor little thing, and she threatened convulsions from the beginning, but we both knew that it was abnormal not to love her a great deal, more than life, immediately and increasingly, and we applied ourselves honestly to do it, with the thermometer at 102° and the nurse leaving at the end of a fortnight because she discovered that I had only six of everything for the table. To find out a husband's virtues you must marry a poor man. The regiment was under-officered, as usual, and John had to take parade at daylight quite three times a week; but he walked up and down the veranda with Cecily constantly till two in the morning, when a little coolness came. I usually lay awake the rest of the night in fear that a scorpion would drop from the ceiling on her. Nevertheless we were of excellent mind toward Cecily; we were in such terror, not so much of failing in our duty toward her as toward the ideal standard of mankind. We were very anxious indeed not to come short. To be found too small for one's place in nature would have been odious. We would talk about her for an hour at a time, even when John's charger was threatening glanders and I could see his mind perpetually wandering to the stable. I would say to John that she had brought a new element into our lives—she had indeed!—and John would reply, "I know what you mean," and go on to prophesy that she would "bind us together." We didn't need binding together; we were more to each other, there in the desolation of that arid frontier outpost, than most husbands and wives, but it seemed a proper and a hopeful thing to believe, so we believed it. Of course the real experience would have come, we weren't monsters; but fate curtailed the opportunity. She was just five weeks old when we were told that we must either pack her home immediately or lose her, and the very next day John went down with enteric. So Cecily was sent to England with a sergeant's wife who had lost her twins, and I settled down under the direction of a native doctor to fight for my husband's life, without ice or proper food or sick-room comforts of any sort. Ah, Fort Samila, with the sun glaring up from the sand—however, it is a long time ago now. I trusted the baby willingly to Mrs. Berry and to Providence and did not fret; my capacity for worry, I suppose, was completely absorbed. Mrs. Berry's letter describing the child's improvement on the voyage and safe arrival came, I remember, the day on which John was allowed his first solid mouthful; it had been a long siege. "Poor little wretch!" he said

when I read it aloud, and after that Cecily became an episode.

She had gone to my husband's people; it was the best arrangement. We were lucky that it was possible; so many children had to be sent to strangers and hirelings. Since an unfortunate infant must be brought into the world and set adrift, the haven of its grandmother and its Aunt Emma and its Aunt Alice certainly seemed providential. I had absolutely no cause for anxiety, as I often told people, wondering that I did not feel a little all the same. Nothing, I knew, could exceed the conscientious devotion of all three Farnham ladies to the child. She would appear upon their somewhat barren horizon as a new and interesting duty, and the small additional income she also represented would be almost nominal compensation for the care she would receive. They were excellent persons of the kind who attend what they call missa cantata, and embroider priestly vestments and coquet with the confessional. They helped little charities and gave little teas and wrote little notes, and made deprecating allowance for the eccentricities of their titled or moneyed acquaintances. They were the subdued, smiling, unimaginatively dressed women on a small definite income, that you meet at every rectory garden-party in the country — a little snobbish, a little priggish, wholly conventional; but apart from these weaknesses, sound and simple and dignified, managing their two small servants with a display of the most exact traditions and keeping a somewhat vague and belated but constant eye upon the doings of their country as chronicled in a bi-weekly paper. They were all immensely interested in Royalty, and would read paragraphs aloud to each other about how the Princess Beatrice or the Princess Maud had opened a fancy bazaar, looking remarkably well in plain gray poplin trimmed with Irish lace, an industry which, as is well known, the Royal Family has set its heart on rehabilitating. Upon which Mrs. Farnham's comment would invariably be, "How thoughtful of them, dear!" and Alice would usually say, "Well, if I were a princess, I should like something nicer than plain gray poplin." Alice, being the youngest, was not always expected to think before she spoke. Alice painted in water-colors, but Emma was supposed to have the most common sense.

They took turns in writing to us with the greatest regularity about Cecily; only once, I think, did they miss the weekly mail, and that was when she threatened diphtheria and they thought we had better be kept in ignorance. The kind and affectionate terms of these letters never altered except with the facts they described — teething, creeping, measles, cheeks growing round and rosy, all were conveyed in the same smooth pat and proper phrases, so absolutely empty of any glimpse of the child's personality that after the first few months it was like reading about a somewhat uninteresting infant in a book. I was sure Cecily was not uninteresting, but her chroniclers were. We used to wade through the long, thin sheets and say how much more satisfactory it would be when Cecily could write to us herself. Meanwhile we noted her weekly progress with much the feeling one would have about a far-away little bit of property that was giving no trouble and coming on exceedingly well. We would take possession of Cecily at our convenience; till then it was gratifying to hear of our unearned increment in dear little dimples and sweet little curls.

She was nearly four when I saw her again. We were home on three months' leave; John had just got his first brevet for doing something in the Black Mountain country, which he does not allow me to talk about; and we were fearfully pleased with ourselves. I remember that excitement lasted well up to Port Saïd. As far as the Canal, Cecily was only one of the pleasures and interests we were going home to; John's majority was the thing that really gave savor to life. But the first faint line of Europe brought my child to my horizon, and all the rest of the way she kept her place, holding out her little arms to me, beckoning me on. Her four motherless years brought compunction to my heart and tears to my eyes; she should have all the compensation that could be. I suddenly realized how ready I was—how ready!—to have her back. I rebelled fiercely against John's decision that we must not take her with us on our return to the frontier; privately I resolved to dis-

pute it, and if necessary I saw myself abducting the child—my own child. My days and nights, as the ship crept on, were full of a long ache to possess her; the defrauded tenderness of the last four years rose up in me and sometimes caught at my throat. I could think and talk and dream of nothing else. John indulged me as much as was reasonable, and only once betrayed by a yawn that the subject was not for him endlessly absorbing. Then I cried, and he apologized. "You know," he said, "it isn't exactly the same thing. I'm not her mother," at which I dried my tears and expanded, proud and pacified. I was her mother.

Then the rainy little station and Alice, all-embracing in a damp water-proof, and the drive in the fly, and John's mother at the gate, and a necessary pause while I kissed John's mother. Dear thing, she wanted to hold our hands and look into our faces and tell us how little we had changed for all our hardships, and on the way to the house she actually stopped to point out some alterations in the flower-borders. At last the drawing-room door and the smiling housemaid turning the handle, and the unforgettable picture of a little girl—a little girl unlike anything we had imagined, starting bravely to trot across the room with the little speech that had been taught her. Half-way she came; I suppose our regards were too fixed, too absorbed, for there she stopped with a wail of terror at the strange faces, and ran straight back to the outstretched arms of her Aunt Emma. The most natural thing in the world, no doubt. I walked over to a chair opposite with my handbag and umbrella and sat down, a spectator, aloof and silent. Aunt Emma fondled and quieted the child, apologizing for her to me, coaxing her to look up, but the little figure still shook with sobs, hiding its face in the bosom that it knew. I smiled politely, like any other stranger, at Emma's deprecations, and sat impassive, looking at my alleged baby breaking her heart at the sight of her mother. It is not amusing, even now, to remember the anger that I felt. I did not touch her or speak to her; I simply sat observing my alien possession, in the frock I had not made and the sash I had not chosen, being coaxed and kissed and protected and petted by its Aunt Emma. Presently I asked to be taken to my room, and there I locked myself in for two atrocious hours. Just once my heart beat high, when a tiny knock came and a timid, docile little voice said that tea was ready. But I heard the rustle of a skirt and guessed the directing angel in Aunt Emma, and responded, "Thank you, dear—run away and say that I am coming," with a pleasant visitor's inflection which I was able to sustain for the rest of the afternoon. "She goes to bed at seven," said Emma. "Oh, does she?" said I. "A very good hour, I should think." "She sleeps in my room," said Mrs. Farnham. "We give her mutton-broth very often, but seldom stock-soup," said Aunt Emma. "Mamma thinks it too stimulating." "Indeed?" said I to all of it. They took me up to see her in her crib, and pointed out, as she lay asleep, that though she had "a general look" of me, her features were distinctively Farnham. "Won't you kiss her?" asked Alice. "You haven't kissed her yet, and she is used to so much affection." "I don't think I could take such an advantage of her," I said. They looked at each other, and Mrs. Farnham said that I was plainly worn out, I mustn't sit up to prayers.

If I had been given anything like reasonable time, I might have made a fight for it, but four weeks—it took a month each way in those days—was too absurdly little, I could do nothing. But I would not stay at mamma's. I spent an approving, unnatural week, in my farcical character, bridling my resentment and hiding my mortification with pretty phrases; and then I went up to town and drowned my sorrows in the summer sales. I took John with me. I may have been Cecily's mother in theory, but I was John's wife in fact.

We went back to the frontier, and the regiment saw a lot of service. That meant medals and fun for my husband, but economy and anxiety for me, though I managed to be allowed as close to the firing-line as any woman. Once the Colonel's wife and I, sitting in Fort Samila, actually heard the rifles of a punitive expedition cracking on the other side of the river—that was a bad moment. My man came in after fifteen hours' fighting, and went sound asleep sitting before his food with his knife and fork in his hands. But service makes

heavy demands besides those on your wife's nerves. We had saved two thousand rupees, I remember, against another run home. It all went like powder in the Chinar Expedition, and the run home diminished to a month in a boarding-house in the hills. Meanwhile, however, we had begun to correspond with our daughter, in large round words of one syllable, behind which, of course, was plain the patient guiding hand of Aunt Emma. One could hear Aunt Emma suggesting what would be nice to say, trying to instil a little pale affection for the far-off papa and mamma. There was so little Cecily and so much Emma—of course, it could not be otherwise—that I used to take, I fear, but a perfunctory joy in these letters. When we went home again, I stipulated absolutely that she was to write to us without any sort of supervision. The child was ten. "But the spelling!" cried Aunt Emma, with lifted eyebrows. "Her letters aren't exercises," I was obliged to retort; "she will do the best she can."

We found her a docile little girl with nice manners, a thoroughly unobjectionable child. I saw quite clearly that I could not have brought her up as well; indeed there were moments when I fancied that Cecily, contrasting me with her aunts, wondered a little what my bringing up could have been like. With this reserve of criticism on Cecily's part, however, we got on very tolerably, largely because I found it impossible to assume any responsibility toward her, and in moments of doubt or discipline referred her to her aunts. We spent a pleasant summer with a little girl in the house whose interest in us was amusing, and whose outings it was gratifying to arrange; but when we went back I had no desire to take her with us. I thought her very much better where she was.

Then came the period which is filled, in a subordinate degree, with Cecily's letters. I do not wish to claim more than I ought; they were not my only, or even my principal, interest in life. It was a long period; it lasted till she was twenty-one. John had had promotion in the meantime, and there was rather more money, but he had earned his second brevet with a bullet through one lung, and the doctors ordered our leave to be spent in South Africa. We had photographs—we knew she had grown tall and athletic and comely—and the letters were always very creditable. I had the unusual and qualified privilege of watching my daughter's development from ten to twenty-one at a distance of four thousand miles by means of the written word. I wrote myself as provocatively as possible; I sought for every string, but the vibration that came back across the seas to me was always other than the one I looked for, and sometimes there was none. Nevertheless, Mrs. Farnham wrote me that Cecily very much valued my communications. Once, when I had described an unusual excursion in a native state, I learned that she had read my letter aloud to the sewing-circle. After that I abandoned description, and confined myself to such intimate personal details as no sewing-circle could find amusing. The child's own letters were simply a mirror of the ideas of the Farnham ladies; that must have been so, it was not altogether my jaundiced eye. Alice and Emma and grandmamma paraded the pages in turn. I very early gave up hope of discoveries in my daughter, though as much of the original as I could detect was satisfactorily simple and sturdy. I found little things to criticise, of course, tendencies to correct; and by return post I criticised and corrected, but the distance and the deliberation seemed to touch my maxims with a kind of arid frivolity, and sometimes I tore them up. One quick, warm-blooded scolding would have been worth a sheaf of them. My studied little phrases could only inoculate her with a dislike for me, without protecting her from anything under the sun.

However, I found she didn't dislike me, when John and I went home at last to bring her out; she received me with just a hint of kindness, perhaps, but, on the whole, very well.

CHAPTER II

JOHN was recalled, of course, before the end of our furlough, which knocked various things on the head; but that is the sort of thing one learns to take with philosophy in any lengthened term of Her Majesty's service. Besides, there is

usually sugar for the pill; in this case it was a Staff command, bigger than anything we expected for at least five years to come. The excitement of it, when it was explained to her, gave Cecily a charming color; she took a good deal of interest in the General, her papa. I think she had an idea that his distinction would alleviate the situation in India, however it might present itself. She accepted that prospective situation calmly; it had been placed before her all her life. There would always be a time when she should go and live with papa and mamma in India, and so long as she was of an age to receive the idea with rebel tears, she was assured that papa and mamma would give her a pony. The pony was no longer added to the prospect; it was absorbed, no doubt, in the general list of attractions calculated to reconcile a young lady to a parental roof with which she had no practical acquaintance. At all events, where I feared the embarrassment and dismay of a pathetic parting with darling grandmamma and the aunties, and the sweet cat, and the dear vicar, and all the other objects of affection, I found an agreeably unexpected philosophy. I may add that, while I anticipated such broken-hearted farewells, I was quite prepared to take them easily. Time, I imagine, had brought philosophy to me also, equally agreeable and equally unexpected.

It was a Bombay ship, full of returning Anglo-Indians. I looked up and down the long saloon tables with a sense of relief and of solace; I was again among my own people. They belonged to Bengal and to Burma, to Madras and to the Punjab, but they were all my people. I could pick out a score that I knew in fact, and there were none that in theory I didn't know. The look of wider seas and skies, the casual experienced glance, the touch of irony and of tolerance, how well I knew it, and how well I liked it! Dear old England, sitting in our wake, seemed to hold, by comparison, a great many soft, unsophisticated people, immensely occupied about very particular trifles—how difficult it had been all the summer, to be interested! These of my long acquaintance belonged to my country's great Executive, acute, alert, with the marks of travail on them; gladly I went in and out of the women's cabins and listened to the argot of the men—my own ruling, administering, soldiering little lot.

Cecily looked at them askance. To her the atmosphere was alien, and I perceived that gently and privately she registered objections to it. She cast a disapproving eye upon the parched and wiry wife of a Conservator of Forests, who scanned with interest a distant funnel, and laid a small wager that it belonged to the Messageries Maritimes. She looked with a straightened lip at the crisply stepping women who walked the deck, in short and rather shabby skirts, with their hands in their jacket pockets, talking transfers and promotions; and having got up at six to make a water-color sketch of the sunrise, she came to me in profound indignation, to say that she had met a man in his pajamas, no doubt, poor wretch, on his way to be shaved. I was unable to convince her that he was not expected to visit the barber in all his clothes. At the end of the third day she told me that she wished these people wouldn't talk to her, she didn't like them. I had turned in the hour we left the Channel, and had not left my berth since, so possibly I was not in the most amiable mood to receive a douche of cold water. "I must try to remember, dear," I said, "that you have been brought up altogether in the society of pussies, and vicars, and elderly ladies, and of course you miss them. But you must have a little patience. I shall be up to-morrow, if this beastly sea continues to go down, and then we will try to find somebody suitable to introduce to you."

"Thank you, mamma," said my daughter, without a ray of suspicion. Then she added, considering, "Aunt Emma and Aunt Alice do seem quite elderly ladies beside you, and yet you are older than either of them, aren't you? I wonder how that is."

It was so innocent, so admirable, that I was enormously amused at my own expense, while Cecily, doing her hair, considered me gravely. "I wish you would tell me why you laugh, mamma," quoth she. "You laugh so often."

We had not to wait, after all, for my good offices of the next morning. Cecily came down at ten o'clock that night

quite happy and excited ; she had been talking to a bishop, such a dear bishop. The bishop had been showing her his collection of photographs, and she had promised to play the harmonium for him at the eleven o'clock service in the morning. " Bless me ! " said I, " Is it Sunday ? " It seemed she had got on very well indeed with the bishop, who knew the married sister, at Tunbridge, of her very greatest friend. Cecily herself did not know the married sister, but that didn't matter, it was a link. The bishop was charming. "Well, my love," said I —I was teaching myself to use these forms of address, for fear she would feel an unkind lack of them, but it was difficult—" I am glad that somebody from my part of the world has impressed you favorably at last. I wish we had more bishops."

" Oh, but my bishop doesn't belong to your part of the world," responded my daughter, sleepily. " He is travelling for his health."

It was the most unexpected and delightful thing to be packed into one's chair, next morning, by Dacres Tottenham. As I emerged from the music saloon after breakfast—Cecily had stayed below to look over her hymns, and consider with her bishop the possibility of an anthem—Dacres's face was the first I saw ; it simply illuminated, for me, that portion of the deck. I noticed with pleasure the quick toss of his cigar overboard as he recognized and bore down upon me ; we were immense friends ; John liked him, too. He was one of those people who make a tremendous difference ; in all our five hundred passengers there could be no one like him, certainly no one whom I could be more glad to see. We plunged at once into immediate personal affairs, we would get at the heart of them later. He gave his vivid word to everything he had seen and done ; we laughed and exclaimed and were silent in a concert of admirable understanding. We were still unravelling, still demanding and explaining when the ship's bell began to ring for church, and almost simultaneously Cecily advanced toward us. She had a proper Sunday hat on, with flowers under the brim, and a church-going frock ; she wore gloves and clasped a prayer-book. Most of the women who filed past to the summons of the bell were going down as they were, in cotton blouses and serge skirts, in tweed caps or anything, as to a kind of family prayers. I knew exactly how they would lean against the pillars of the saloon during the psalms. This young lady would be little less than a rebuke to them. I surveyed her approach ; she positively walked as if it were Sunday.

" My dear," I said, " how *endimanchée* you look—the bishop will be very pleased with you. This gentleman is Mr. Tottenham, who administers Her Majesty's pleasure in parts of India about Allahabad. My daughter, Dacres."

She was certainly looking very fresh, and her calm, gray eyes had the repose in them that has never known itself to be disturbed about anything. I wondered whether she bowed so distantly also because it was Sunday, and then I remembered that Dacres was a young man, and that the Farnham ladies had probably taught her that it was right to be very distant with young men.

" It is almost eleven, mamma."

" Yes, dear. I see you are going to church."

" Are you not coming, mamma ? "

I was well wrapped up in an extremely comfortable corner. I had " La Duchesse Bleue" uncut in my lap and an agreeable person to talk to. I fear that in any case I should not have been inclined to attend the service, but there was something in my daughter's intonation that made me distinctly hostile to the idea. I am putting things down as they were, extenuating nothing.

" I think not, dear."

" I've turned up two such nice seats."

" Stay, Miss Farnham, and keep us in countenance," said Dacres, with his charming smile. The smile displaced a look of discreet and amused observation. Dacres had an eye, always, for a situation, and this one was even newer to him than to me.

" No, no. She must run away and not bully her mamma," I said. " When she comes back we will see how much she remembers of the sermon," and as the flat tinkle from the companion began to show signs of diminishing, Cecily, with one grieved glance, hastened down.

" You amazing lady ! " said Dacres,

"A daughter—and such a tall daughter! I somehow never——"

"You know we had one."

"There was a theory of that kind, I remember, about ten years ago. Since then—excuse me—I don't think you've mentioned her."

"You talk as if she were a skeleton in the closet!"

"You *did'nt* talk—as if she were."

"I think she was, in a way, poor child. But the resurrection day hasn't confounded me as I deserved. She's a very good girl."

"If you had asked me to pick out your daughter——"

"She would have been the last you would indicate! Quite so," I said. "She is like her father's people. I can't help that."

"I shouldn't think you would if you could," Dacres remarked, absently; but the sea-air, perhaps, enabled me to digest his thoughtlessness with a smile.

"No," I said, "I am just as well pleased. I think a resemblance to me would confuse me, often."

There was a trace of scrutiny in Dacres's glance. "Don't you find yourself in sympathy with her?" he asked.

"My dear boy—I have seen her just twice in twenty-one years! You see I've always stuck to John."

"But between mother and daughter—I may be old-fashioned, but I had an idea that there was an instinct that might be depended on——"

"I am depending on it," I said, and let my eyes follow the little blue waves that chased past the handrail. "We are making very good speed, aren't we? One hundred and eighty knots since last night at ten. Are you in the sweep?"

"I never bet on the way out—can't afford it. Am I old-fashioned?" he insisted.

"Probably. Men are very slow in changing their philosophy about women. I fancy their idea of the maternal relation is firmest fixed of all."

"We see it a beatitude!" he cried.

"I know," I said, wearily. "And you never modify the view."

Dacres contemplated the portion of the deck that lay between us. His eyes were discreetly lowered, but I saw embarrassment and speculation and a hint of criticism in them.

"Tell me more about it," said he.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't be sympathetic!" I exclaimed. "Lend me a little philosophy instead. There is nothing to tell. There she is and there I am, in the most intimate relation in the world, constituted when she is twenty-one and I am forty." Dacres started slightly at the ominous word; so little do men realize that the women they like can ever pass out of the constated years of attraction. "I find the young lady very tolerable, very creditable, very nice. I find the relation atrocious. There you have it. I would like to break the relation into pieces," I went on, recklessly, "and throw it into the sea. Such things should be tempered to one. I should feel it much less if she occupied another cabin and would consent to call me Elizabeth or Jane. It is not as if I had been her mother always. One grows fastidious at forty—new intimacies are only possible then on a basis of temperament."

I paused; it seemed to me that I was making excuses, and I had not the least desire in the world to do that.

"How awfully rough on the girl," said Dacres Tottenham.

"That consideration has also occurred to me," I said, calmly, "though I have perhaps been even more struck by its converse."

"You had no earthly business to be her mother," said my friend, with irritation.

I shrugged my shoulders—what would you have done?—and opened the "Duchesse Bleue."

CHAPTER III

MRS. MORGAN, wife of a judge of the High Court of Bombay, and I sat amidships, on the cool side, in the Suez Canal. She was outlining "Soiled Linen" in chain-stitch on a green canvas bag; I was admiring the Egyptian sands. "How charming," said I, "is this solitary desert in the endless oasis we are compelled to cross."

"Oasis in the desert you mean," said Mrs. Morgan. "I haven't noticed any,

but I happened to look up this morning as I was putting on my stockings, and I saw through my port-hole the most lovely mirage."

I had been at school with Mrs. Morgan more than twenty years agone; but she had come to the special enjoyment of the dignities of life while I still liked doing things. Mrs. Morgan was the kind of person to make one realize how distressing a medium is middle age. Contemplating her precipitous lap, to which conventional attitudes were certainly more becoming, I crossed my own knees with energy and once more resolved to be young until I was old.

"How perfectly delightful for you to be taking Cecily out," said Mrs. Morgan, placidly.

"Isn't it?" I responded, watching the gliding sands.

"But she was born in 'sixty-nine—that makes her twenty-one. Quite time, I should say."

"Oh, we couldn't put it off any longer. I mean—her father has such a horror of early *débuts*. He simply would not hear of her coming before."

"Doesn't want her to marry in India, I daresay—the only one," purred Mrs. Morgan.

"Oh, I don't know. It isn't such a bad place. I was brought out there to marry, and I married. I've found it very satisfactory."

"You always did say exactly what you thought, Helena," said Mrs. Morgan, excusingly.

"I haven't much patience with people who bring their daughters out to give them the chance they never would have in England, and then go about devoutly hoping they won't marry in India," I said. "I shall be very pleased if Cecily does as well as your girls have done."

"Mary in the Indian Civil, and Jessie in the Imperial Service Troops," sighed Mrs. Morgan, complacently. "And both, my dear, within a year. It *was* a blow."

"Oh, it must have been," I said, civilly. There was no use in bandying words with Emily Morgan.

"There is nothing in the world like the satisfaction and pleasure one takes in one's daughters," Mrs. Morgan went on, limpidly. "And one can be in such *close* sympathy with one's girls. I have never regretted having no sons."

"Dear me, yes. To watch one's self growing up again—call back the lovely April of one's prime, etcetera—to read every thought and anticipate every wish; there is no more golden privilege in life, dear Emily. Such a direct and natural avenue for affection, such a wide field for interest!"

I paused, lost in the volume of my admirable sentiments.

"How beautifully you talk, Helena. I wish I had the gift."

"It doesn't mean very much," I said, truthfully.

"Oh, I think it's everything. And how companionable a girl is! I quite envy you, this season, having Cecily constantly with you, and taking her about everywhere. Something quite new for you, isn't it?"

"Absolutely," said I. "I am looking forward to it immensely. But it is likely she will make her own friends, don't you think?" I added, anxiously.

"Hardly, the first season. My girls didn't. I was practically their only intimate for months. Don't be afraid—you won't be obliged to go shares in Cecily with anybody for a good long while," added Mrs. Morgan, kindly. "I know just how you feel about *that*."

The muddy water of the Ditch chafed up from under us against its banks with a smell that enabled me to hide the emotions Mrs. Morgan evoked behind my handkerchief. The pale desert was pictorial with drifting, deepening, purple shadows of clouds, and in the midst the sharp blue line of the Bitter Lakes, with a white sail on them. A little frantic Arab boy ran alongside, keeping up with the ship. Except for the smell it was like a dream, we moved so quietly; on, gently on and on between the ridgy clay banks and the rows of piles. Peace was on the ship—you could hear what the Fourth in his white ducks said to the quartermaster in his blue denims; you could count the strokes of the electric bell in the wheel-house; peace was on the ship as she pushed on, an ever-venturing, double-funnelled impertinence, through the sands of the ages. My eyes wandered along a plank-line in the deck till they were arrested by a petticoat I knew, when they returned of their own ac-

cord. I seemed to be always seeing that petticoat.

"I think," resumed Mrs. Morgan, whose glance had wandered in the same direction, "that Cecily is a very fine type of our English girls. With those dark-gray eyes, a *little* prominent possibly, and that good color—it's rather high now, perhaps, but she will lose quite enough of it in India—and those regular features, she would make a splendid 'Britannia.' Do you know I fancy she must have a great deal of character—has she?"

"Any amount. And all of it good," I responded, with private dejection.

"No faults at all?" chaffed Mrs. Morgan.

I shook my head. "Nothing," I said, sadly, "that I can put my finger on. But I hope to discover a few later. The sun may bring them out."

"Like freckles! Well, you are a lucky woman! Mine had plenty, I assure you. Untidiness was no name for Jessie, and Mary—I'm *sorry* to say that Mary sometimes fibbed."

"How lovable of her! Cecily's neatness is a painful example to me, and I don't believe she would tell a fib to save my life."

"Tell me," said Mrs. Morgan, as the lunch-bell rang and she gathered her occupation into her work-basket, "who is that talking to her?"

"Oh, an old friend," I replied, easily, "Dacres Tottenham, a dear fellow, and most benevolent. He is trying, on my behalf, to reconcile her to the life she'll have to lead in India."

"She won't need much reconciling, if she's like most girls," observed Mrs. Morgan, "but he seems to be trying very hard."

That was quite the way I took it—on my behalf—for several days. When people have understood you very adequately for ten years you do not expect them to boggle at any problem you may present at the end of the decade. I thought Dacres was moved by a fine sense of compassion. I thought that with his admirable perception, he had put a finger on the little comedy of fruitfulness in my life that laughed so bitterly at the tragedy of the barren woman, and was attempting, by delicate manipulation, to make it easier. I really thought so. Then I observed that myself had preposterously deceived me, that it wasn't like that at all. When Mr. Tottenham joined us, Cecily and me, I saw that he listened more than he talked, with an ear specially cocked to register any small irony which might appear in my remarks to my daughter. Naturally he registered more than there were, to make up perhaps for dear Cecily's obviously not registering any. I could see, too, that he was suspicious of any flavor of kindness from me; finally, to avoid the strictures of his upper lip, which really, dear fellow, began to bore me, I talked exclusively about the distant sails and the Red Sea littoral. When he no longer joined us as we sat or walked together, I perceived that his hostility was fixed and his *parti pris*. He was brimful of compassion, but it was all for Cecily, none for the situation or for me. (She would have marvelled, placidly, why he pitied her. I am glad I can say that.) The primitive man in him rose up as Pope of nature and excommunicated me as a creature recusant to her functions. Then, deliberately, he undertook an office of compensation; and I fell to wondering, while Mrs. Morgan spoke her convictions plainly out, how far an impulse to repair a misfortune with which he had nothing to do might carry a man.

I began to watch the affair with an interest which even to me seemed queer. It was not detached, but it was semi-detached, and of course on the side for which I seem, in this history, to be perpetually apologizing. With certain limitations it didn't matter an atom whom Cecily married. So that he was sound and decent, with reasonable prospects, her simple requirements and ours for her would be quite met. I could predict, with a certain amount of confidence, that in her first season she would probably receive three or four proposals, any one of which she might accept with as much propriety and satisfaction as any other one. For Cecily it was so simple, prearranged by nature like her digestion, one could not see any logical basis for difficulties. A nice up-standing Sapper, a dashing Bengal Lancer—oh, I could think of half a dozen types that would answer excellently. She was the kind of young person, and that was the summing up of it, to marry a type and be typically

happy. I hoped and expected that she would. But Dacres!

Dacres should exercise the greatest possible discretion. He was not a person who could throw the dice indifferently with fate. He could respond to so much, and he would inevitably, sooner or later, demand so much response! He was governed by a preposterously exacting temperament and he wore his nerves outside. And what vision he had. How he explored the world he lived in and drew out of it all there was, all there was! I could see him in the years to come ranging alone the fields that were sweet and the horizons that lifted for him, and ever returning to pace the common dusty mortal road by the side of a purblind wife. On general principles, as a case to point at, it would be a conspicuous pity. Nor would it lack the aspect of a particular, a personal misfortune. Dacres was occupied in quite the natural normal degree with his charming self; he would pass his misery on, and who would deserve to escape it less than his mother-in-law?

I listened to Emily Morgan, who gleaned in the ship more information about Dacres Tottenham's people, pay, and prospects than I had ever acquired, and I kept an eye upon the pair which was, I flattered myself, quite maternal. I watched them without acute anxiety, deploring the threatening destiny, but hardly nearer to it than one is in the stalls to the stage. My moments of real concern for Dacres were mingled more with anger than with sorrow—it seemed inexcusable that he, with his infallible divining-rod for temperament, should be on the point of making such an ass of himself. Though I talk of the stage there was nothing at all dramatic to reward my attention, mine and Emily Morgan's. To my imagination, excited by its idea of what Dacres Tottenham's courtship ought to be, the attentions he paid to Cecily were most humdrum. He threw rings into buckets with her—she was good at that—and quoits upon the "bull" board; he found her chair after the decks were swabbed in the morning and established her in it; he paced the deck with her at convenient times and seasons. They were humdrum, but they were constant and cumulative. Cecily took them with an even breath that perfectly matched. There was hardly anything, on her part, to note—a little discreet observation of his comings and goings, eyes scarcely lifted from her book, and later just a hint of proprietorship, as the evening she came up to me on deck, our first night in the Indian Ocean. I was lying in my long chair looking at the thick, low stars and thinking it was a long time since I had seen John.

"Dearest mamma—out here and nothing over your shoulders! You *are* imprudent. Where is your wrap? Mr. Tottenham, will you please fetch mamma's wrap for her?"

"If mamma so instructs me," he said, audaciously.

"Do as Cecily tells you," I laughed, and he went and did it, while I, by the light of a quartermaster's lantern, distinctly saw my daughter blush.

Another time when Cecily came down to undress she bent over me as I lay in the lower berth with unusual solicitude. I had been dozing and I jumped. "What is it, child?" I said. "Is the ship on fire?"

"No, mamma, the ship is not on fire. There is nothing wrong. I'm so sorry I startled you. But Mr. Tottenham has been telling me all about what you did for the soldiers the time plague broke out in the lines at Mian-Mir. I think it was splendid, mamma, and so does he."

"O *Lord!*" I groaned, "Good-night."

(To be concluded.)

THE MODERN FRENCH GIRL

By Mrs. Philip Gilbert Hamerton

ABOUT forty years ago Mr. Ruskin once said to Mr. Hamerton that in his opinion "the sweetest being on earth was certainly a French girl," and, with due allowance for the exaggeration of such general statements, there was probably a great deal of truth in Mr. Ruskin's remark forty years ago.

At that time the French girl was modest, retiring, simple in dress, diffident in talk, and respectfully obedient to her parents—either from natural bent and the powerful influence of her surroundings, or through the discipline of education and the weight of public opinion in her own country. That some French girls were by nature coquettish, fond of finery and show, impatient of restraint and control cannot be doubted, but when these tendencies did exist, they had to be carefully hidden behind the outward appearance of a willing and contented self-effacement in all circumstances by every girl who wished to be thought "*bien élevée.*" For the slightest deviation from this strict rule was sufficient to mark her as "*mal élevée,*" and to banish her from the intimacy of all friends who wished to be "*comme il faut.*"

In "Round my House," written in 1874, Mr. Hamerton has given the following faithful description of the French *jeunes filles* of that time: "In our neighborhood girls are brought up with a degree of strictness of which English people have no conception. Their existence is composed entirely of religious duties and homely service, with hardly anything in the way of pleasure or variety. They get up early, work from morning till night at household duties of some kind, see hardly any society, never speak to a young gentleman by any chance, go to church very often, retreat occasionally to a convent to make themselves more pious than ever, and cultivate practically to the utmost the two virtues of simplicity and obedience. They dress plainly, never wear jewels, and if by chance they are thrown into society they never open their lips." This last statement was humorously endorsed by a young Englishman who was contrasting American with French manners, and who said to me: "If you speak to a French girl it's her mother who answers you, but when you address an American lady the answer is sure to come from her daughter." Mr. Hamerton adds, in the same paragraph: "They may not cross a street alone, nor open a book which has not been examined, nor have an opinion about anything"—and in another part of the same chapter: "The French ideal of a well-brought-up young lady is that she should not know anything whatever about love and marriage, that she should be both innocent and ignorant, and both to a degree that no English person can imagine." This brings back to my mind a severe reprimand which I received, when being about eighteen, from the father of a young friend of mine who had surreptitiously overheard our interchange of anticipations and dreams of marriage, and who seemed to be quite shocked at what he called the "immorality of the subject."

How astonished would the modern French girl be, were she told not to take the leading part in conversation, not to giggle loudly, not to set her arms akimbo, and never to talk privately with a young gentleman. She would think such recommendations perfectly ridiculous as preventing all possible flirtations, for the art of flirtation is never at its best unless practised in private. But forty years ago, when parents deemed that marriage was not a proper subject for the thoughts of their daughters, flirtation—even as a word—was unknown in France. At that time simplicity in dress was the order of the day for young maidens, and even conferred a certain distinction, being carried as far as possible among the aristocracy. There were special light silks and inexpensive trinkets for *jeunes filles*, set with corals, enamels, and pearls, among which the tiniest of diamonds would never have

been tolerated any more than costly laces, furs, or elaborate trimmings. At a glance it was easy to ascertain by the style of dress whether a young woman was married or not, whereas it is not by any means so easy now, the same satins, velvets, feathers, and jewels being worn alike in both cases. And it is not any easier to guess from the behavior in society, for it may happen that the conversation is taken up and carried on by the girls in their desire to shine and to attract attention—the married ladies being silenced and ignored in the midst of the excitement and amusement artfully created by free sallies, unrestrained laughter, and much attitudinizing.

No doubt the conventional restrictions of forty years ago were somewhat excessive, and kept French girls till after marriage in a state of prolonged childhood; nevertheless it remains to be seen whether the rapid change which has supervened is a real gain, for if it has remedied some evils of the old system, it has also engendered new ones, and on that account many thoughtful French parents are now seriously disquieted about the future of their daughters.

The principal feature of this change is the greater independence allowed to young girls. Some people in favor of it argue that what is deemed objectionable in the results of the new system is only temporary and due to the novel and intoxicating sense of liberty after so much restraint. They say that it will be as with a pendulum suddenly set in rapid motion, and requiring some time before it slackens to its proper pace. Let us hope that it may be so, but some moderating influence seems necessary to attain this end, and it can only proceed from parental authority countenanced by public opinion.

In order to judge of the recent alterations in the education of French girls, and of their results for good or evil, it is necessary to compare the old and the new systems from the very beginning. Teaching a child to read was formerly rather a trying task, usually devolving upon the mother Now, thanks to the new methods, it is almost an amusement in which the teacher becomes rather a play-fellow than a disciplinarian. It is the same with all infantine lessons and exercises till school-life begins, and in a child coaxed to do easy tasks and praised for doing them, the sense of vanity and self-importance develop rapidly. This is, however, soon checked by contact with plain-spoken school-fellows and unbiassed mistresses if the child is sent to school. But to-day there are few and fewer flourishing schools of the old pattern in France. Most middle-class French girls in large towns attend *lycées;* others of the *bourgeoisie* and of the aristocracy are taken to different sorts of *cours* by an *institutrice* or by their own mother, while a certain proportion are still educated in convents and in private schools. The majority of girls of the working class go to the *Écoles Communales*, and the rest to divers religious establishments.

Before the creation of *Lycées de jeunes filles* middle-class parents sent their daughters to private schools—generally as boarders; while convents only were considered "the thing" for those having the least pretension to belong to the upper class; and it is now admitted that the instruction given either at convents or schools was greatly inferior to that of modern *lycées*, and that the average of female acquirements is much higher than it was forty years ago. Yet, it has been remarked that, so much being attempted, too many of these acquirements are only superficial and remain useless afterward if, as usually happens, the course of studies is considered complete and ceases when a girl reaches her eighteenth year, and sometimes sooner. For it has come to pass that some worldly women, who are no longer young enough to indulge in frivolous tastes without fear of criticism, bring out their daughters very early as an excuse for their own presence in places of amusement, thus fostering a taste for dissipation which precludes any serious study in literature or art. Yet these same mothers are perfectly aware that society has grown intolerant of indifferent artistic performances, and that the acquisition of any art, to the point of being acceptable, requires long and steady practice, and therefore time and strength; yet how are girls to bear the fatigue of regular and strenuous study after nights spent in the theatre or ball-rooms, and find the necessary time between visits, receptions, and daily appointments for tennis or cycling? The truth is that under such conditions no

mastery over anything can be attained, and that a mere varnish or *trompe-l'œil* is aimed at. But this *trompe-l'œil* is absolutely indispensable for a chance in the marriage-market, because men having such a large choice will not put up with an obviously deficient education in their wives. And for this reason fond parents take good care to acquaint their friends with the names of the *celebrated* professors who are "finishing" their daughters in music, painting, and modern languages.

When girls find out that no real importance is attached to their progress, it is not to be expected that their efforts will be either great or sustained—except in a few cases where the desire for learning and improvement is genuine. Happily there is always and at any time a certain number of girls sincerely eager for culture who will strive after it in whatever circumstances they are placed, and in France the most favorable of these circumstances appear to be found in the middle class, where there is less time lost in frivolities than in the upper class, and there is also more of sterling respect for intellectual pursuits. This difference may be due to the fact that the middle class includes a great number of professors of both sexes, and of men holding Government appointments who often retain from their student days a taste for letters, which they indulge in their spare moments—several successful authors have had, and still hold positions in Government offices. Therefore when the French girl is of the middle class, it is likely that she will be greatly helped in her studies both by her parents and by circumstances—for circumstances are to her much more favorable than they used to be to her predecessors when there were no *Lycées de jeunes filles* to put the best education within the reach of moderate incomes,* and when parents with any claim to respectability would never have dreamt of allowing their daughters to cross a street unaccompanied.

The change of public opinion in this respect has worked quite a social revolution, particularly as regards schools, for many parents averse to the "internat" had to waive their objections because of the impossibility of finding the necessary time for taking their children to school in the morning, and fetching them back at night, as half boarders. In the case of "externes" it was even worse; for the walks to and from home had to be repeated before and after the déjeuner à la fourchette. So strong used to be the objections to letting girls go out by themselves, that people who could not do otherwise carefully concealed the fact under false pretences, as if it were a disgrace. I clearly recollect attending, in my youth, a school where the portress used after school-time to call out each of us in these words: "*La bonne de Mlle. A.* (or B. or C.) *attend;*" and she had strict orders to call in the same manner—but sooner than the others—two or three girls who, alas! for them, had no *bonnes*, and who, in order to avoid detection and unpleasant commentaries, had to leave before the other pupils. Such false pretences are, happily, no longer necessary, and it is without disparagement that girls are now seen going singly or in groups to their "cours," lycées, or schools, though it may not be thought quite decorous for them to take a stroll or to join a pleasure-party unchaperoned.

Of this restriction, however, too many girls make light, and contract, uncontrolled, in the company of young men, a freedom of manners and language more suited to the Quartier Latin than to any other. In fact they often use slang expressions, and even seem proud of their knowledge! I have heard well-educated and perfectly respectable girls say, quite naturally, "*Je ne veux pas leur payer ma tête;*" "*Il n'en menait pas large;*" "*Elle a une sale tête;*" "*Avez-vous des tuyaux;*" "*C'est un lapin qu'on lui pose;*" "*Ils sont du dernier bâteau;*" and the words "bonhomme," and "bonnefemme" are constantly applied to persons deserving of the highest respect. Without attaching undue importance to such venial blemishes, one can but realize that they are not conducive to a poetical conception of maidenhood. But then it is clear that many of our modern maidens do not care to inspire poetical sentiments, for they boast of being more practical than sentimental, since they have to take into consideration the probability of having to provide for themselves

* "Avant 1880 l'enseignement secondaire des jeunes filles n'avait aucun établissement public. Il compte en 1900 d'abord l'Ecole normale supérieure de professeurs femmes de Sèvres; 37 lycées et 3 lycées provisoirs; 25 collèges et 2 collèges provisoires, et en plus le Lycée de Tunis dans le protectorat."—CAMILLE SÉE.

—marriage having become so uncertain. Truly matters have altered since early marriages were almost a certainty for French girls—so much so, that I do not remember a single old maid in the circle of my girlish acquaintances, though it was rather an extensive one. But the expenses of married life have increased at such a rate during our days that men are wisely afraid of it when they possess no fortune, and are not willing to make a mercenary marriage. They hear the girls they meet with openly express their expectations of varied pleasures, their desires for luxury and show; they hear them laugh at and ridicule the notion of finding happiness in love and duty; a notion which is styled "*vieux jeu*" by the new woman. Meanwhile prudent bachelors reckon how much it would cost to keep them content and satisfied; how little of their time would be devoted to home life; and they stand back.

In bygone days if our grandmothers and even our mothers did not always spell accurately when they left their convent, they were at least proficient in the science of house-keeping, having learned its most important parts successively in the sewing-room, laundry, kitchen, dairy, infirmary and even in the dispensing-room —not merely by watching the nuns, but by doing the work with their own hands, under able direction. And the same practical domestic knowledge was acquired at the parental home by girls of the *bourgeoisie* in the year or two which elapsed between leaving school and getting married. As to the pleasures that they had access to they were—as recently as forty years ago—of the most innocent description; concerts, "*sauteries en famille*," and now and then special theatrical performances in which nothing could possibly hurt the sense of purity; there was even a theatre in Paris "le théâtre de Madame," afterward "le Gymnase," to which girls might be taken without misgivings. While to-day, under the specious pretence of extending their culture or their knowledge of life, they hear—and without a blush—plays that even married women ought not to countenance by their presence. Here is a quotation from a notice in the *Temps* of August 20, 1900, of a play adapted from the "Pseudolus" of Plautus by M. Jules Gastambide.

"On pouvait craindre que Baillon et son troupeau [slaves and prostitutes] ne parussent intolérables à un public contemporain. Quoi qu'il y eut à Orange beaucoup de femmes et de jeunes filles, *elles ne se sont pas même étonnées.*" Then M. Larroumet goes on to explain: "C'est l'ordinaire effet des œuvres consacrées par le temps. Le prestige de l'antiquité fait accepter ce qui semblerait répugnant dans une œuvre moderne."

Despite this benevolent, or artful, explanation, the subject from beginning to end remains totally unfit for the ears or the understanding of pure-minded girls, and cannot possibly tend to their intellectual or moral development. In such cases ignorance is far better than knowledge.

Then it may be asked, why do parents allow their daughters' minds to be thus sullied? In most cases weakness is responsible for it, parents being no longer the disciplinarians of former times; aiming instead at being the *camarades* of their children, and therefore disinclined to forbid anything authoritatively. No doubt it seems hard to be looked upon as a narrow-minded tyrant by your child, who may tell you that it is supremely ridiculous to be forbidden what her friends are allowed to do, and that such restrictions are musty and *rasantes*. Yet the line must be drawn somewhere, far as we have receded from the rule which tabooed to girls of the past generation the mere sight of the printed word *amour*, except indeed in songs, and then only when it was found impossible—on account of the rhyme—to replace it by any other.

The result of this acquaintance with lax literature is often disastrous for girls in fostering the most erroneous notions, which they mistake for knowledge. They fancy that they know much theoretically about the passion of love and the power it may give them over men if skilfully used. They are also lured to mistake the costly elegance of the all-conquering heroines of to-day's novels in their attempts at inspiring great passions, and they forget or ignore that in all ages simplicity has often proved an incentive to love and never a deterrent. It would be well for them not to pass over this passage in Casimir De-

lavigne's love-letters to Élise de Courtin, Demoiselle d'honneur de la Reine Hortense, whom he married afterward. "Je vous aime telle que vous étiez, avec cette robe de pénitente [she was a Chanoinesse] que vous pariez de vos grâces si simples, avec votre voile et votre schall, jetés négligemment, et même avec cette chaussure dont vous étiez un peu honteuse et qui, je m'en souviens, défendait assez mal vos jolis pieds."

In all times simplicity and natural charms have been sung by poets, but although our fast girl is sure to have heard the following couplets, she has not taken their moral home :

Une robe légère,
D'une entière blancheur,
Un chapeau de bergère,
De nos bois une fleur.
Ah ! telle est la parure,
Dont je suis enchanté,
Car toujours la nature,
Embellit la beauté.

The laborious attempts of modern girls at inspiring great passions by means of expensive toilettes and skill in sports are, however, often fraught with bitter disappointment in the end, even when the outset of a flirtation seemed full of promise, even when the victim-elect has got (in their parlance) "*un béguin.*" As an instance—by no means isolated—it has come to my knowledge that a young and extremely elegant girl, admired by a gentleman to the point of exciting general remark in their circle, became after awhile somewhat impatient for the expected offer, and asked a friend to sound the dilatory lover as to his intentions, and to let him know, confidentially and as an incentive, of the 30,000 francs ready for her dowry. "Why, the interest would hardly pay for her shoes," was the perspicuous reply. So that this girl's wishes were frustrated by the very means she had been using for their attainment and over which her mother had failed to exercise a wise control.

This extension of liberty has, however, brought about, along with some regrettable consequences, a most important change for the better in the condition of the French girl by allowing her to acquire a sense of self-reliance and to use it in choosing her own path in life, now that she has been freed from the debasing habit of considering marriage as a necessity at any cost "*pour vivre.*" Instead of being accustomed to hear her mother repeat, as of old, "*Il faut qu'une fille se marie,*" she is told early to prepare for a profession in order to provide for herself if need be. Even in well-to-do families girls are encouraged to work for their degrees or to study an art which may be turned if necessary to account, because "*on ne sait jamais ce qui peut arriver,*" and if they are never obliged to make it pay, it will at all events give them enjoyment and a certain distinction.

The families in which such arrangements are carried out mostly belong to the middle class, where the professional incomes hardly leave a margin for saving, after meeting the expenses of the children's education and providing a small dowry for the girls.

The salaries given to public functionaries in France are, as a rule, very low, "just enough for a bachelor to live on comfortably," Mr. Hamerton used to say. But, by dint of very careful management and some help from the wife's dowry it is just possible to bring up a small family, so long as the father can earn the daily bread. If he reaches sixty years, there is generally attached to his post a retiring pension barely sufficient for himself and his wife—what, then, if there are unmarried daughters to be kept also ? or in case the father dies too soon for his widow to have a right to part of the pension after him ? The boys have usually contrived to earn enough for themselves, and now the time has come for girls to emulate them. They become teachers, governesses, private secretaries, telephonists, telegraphists, post-office clerks, and book-keepers. A smaller number, more gifted intellectually, who have successfully gone through the course of secondary instruction at Sèvres, get professorships in the national lycées and colleges—situations to which general consideration is deservedly attached. Fewer still, but well worthy of mention are the French girls so pertinaciously courageous as to devote themselves to the study of law or medicine; for even after passing through the usual examinations in a brilliant manner, and wresting the degree of "*Avocat*" by talents and learning from

prejudiced examiners, the female "Docteur en droit" was until very recently denied the right to plead in a court of justice. This right has at last been granted to her by a law passed in the chamber of deputies in November and promulgated in December, 1900. Her fellow "*Doctoresse-en-médecine*" has been more fortunate, and though she has still to put up with too much resistance, stupid sneers and gross imputations, she has, nevertheless, won the day—at least in Paris, where she is in full practice and great demand. And no wonder, for she is naturally needed in various infantine and feminine maladies. Even within my limited personal experience, several important services—both medical and surgical—have been rendered by lady doctors, where the patient would rather have faced death than a man's intervention. Yet, in France more than in other countries—certainly more than in England or in America—there exists a strong feeling of disapproval for the prosecution of medical studies by females. No doubt it is a remnant of what was formerly expected of them: the candor, ignorance, and helplessness which made their charm, but which are incompatible with a state of scientific development. This lost charm has been replaced by knowledge which places doctoresses on a footing of equality with doctors, as they both go through exactly the same course of studies together, and have to pass the same examinations. I have ascertained from several young doctors that the course of medical and surgical studies in common with men does not seem to affect for the worse the tone of female students. They meet together on terms of fellowship and like comrades—the girls neither receiving nor expecting the marks of usual polite deference customary in social intercourse, but having to bear no wilful disrespect, and marriages are not infrequent between doctors and doctoresses—a fact which may be accepted as a proof of the esteem in which these last are held.

Marcel Prévost in one of his "Lettres à Françoise," of November 29, 1900, says: "On peut prévoir que les mœurs féminines changeront beaucoup et que la différence sera plus sensible de 1950 à 1900, par exemple, que de 1900 à 1850. Jamais l'esprit de la femme n'a fermenté comme à cette heure. La femme reprend par devers soi le souci de son bonheur au lieu de le confier à l'homme. . . . La femme au cours des prochaines années tiendra de plus en plus à rapprocher sa condition de celle de l'homme. Et les habitudes, les apparences même des deux sèxes inclineront de plus en plus à se confondre."

There it no doubt that since so many women can and *do* provide for themselves their condition has been greatly modified. When marriage was unavoidable for poor girls, they had to accept the man who was generous enough to make an offer, almost regardless of their own likes or dislikes, for it was mainly a question of propriety and maintenance; whereas now those who support themselves can afford to wait and choose; and even to remain single if they prefer it. And if they marry, the dignity of their married life is enhanced by reason of their former independence, which shields them from the supposition of mercenary motives.

This is the best aspect of the question, but there is another not quite so satisfactory to be considered.

The accomplished and well-educated girl has, generally, formed tastes for higher culture and refinement which it is difficult to indulge in the married state; when a small income entails much domestic drudgery. Difficult, but not impossible, though in the majority of cases, the difficulty proves insurmountable. Everyone knows that both culture and refinement require time; and there is not much left to a young wife and mother, anxious to keep the home pleasant and comfortable for her husband, and who attends also to the multifarious needs of babyhood probably with only the help of an untrained little "*bonne à tout faire.*" There may be in the beginning a brave attempt at keeping up music and serious reading, but too often will lassitude make the effort too great, and whenever a spare hour is snatched it will be for rest and light reading, probably embittered by the sense of dissatisfaction and discouragement at one's powerlessness, until habit engenders first resignatian and later unconcern. Sometimes the young wife cannot be reconciled to such a mode of life and seeks to improve it by turning her acquirements

to account in some way, but if her occupations lie outside of the house there is an end — unavoidably — to family and home-life. Husband and wife only meet in the evenings—both tired with the day's work and only fit for rest; and both the care of the children and domestic comforts are left to servants—in such conditions conjugal life is little more than an association of interests.

A more satisfactory arrangement is arrived at when the wife is able to undertake some kind of remunerative work in her own house, such as giving lessons, copying manuscripts or music, writing for the press, or making translations, painting fans, screens, lamp-shades, or bonbon-boxes, for she can at the same time direct servants, watch over her children, minister to her husband's comforts, and remain the centre and soul of the home and family. The earnings are not usually considerable, yet they are always important enough to make an appreciable difference in a modest budget, and it is quite worth while to get a "*femme-de-ménage*" at four pence an hour to replace the wife in the household drudgery if she can, by other and pleasanter work, earn fifteen or twenty times as much in the same space of time.

Therefore the best solution of the problem of women's maintenance now arrived at by a sort of common national agreement, is to provide them early with means of self-support, which may be used or not toward that end. It brings them emancipation from the coercion of hazardous marriages—but, in too many cases, it brings also emancipation from paternal authority and guidance; so that after a dispassionate consideration of the subject under its complex bearings, it is still difficult in summing up to decide whether the "Modern French Girl" is a loss or a gain to her nation. She has grown more like her sisters in other nations; she is better informed, better educated, less dependent than her predecessors; she can shift better for herself, and even prove helpful to others—altogether she is quite a different creature from "the sweetest being on earth" of John Ruskin. Of such, a few perhaps are still living serenely and contentedly submissive to the old traditions, in some retired and peaceful provincial homes, but as a body or a class they belong to bygone times, for their subtle charm and grace have become obsolete and useless in the stern struggle for life in which women have been driven by circumstances to take an active part.

THE POINT OF VIEW

A Radical Departure in Unionism.

AN event whose significance seems to have escaped general comment, is the formal affiliation of the Chicago Teachers' Federation with the Chicago Federation of Labor. This means that the delegates for the "unionized" teachers are admitted to membership in the central and controlling labor Senate of Chicago, on the same conditions with the delegates of any other "unionized" body of "working people"—the teamsters or the hod-carriers, for example. Here is thrust upon us a novel, practical application of the good old American tradition that "we are all 'laborers' in this country, whether we labor with hand or brain." Yet, familiar as is the tradition, accepted in the matter-of-course way in which we subscribe to the Declaration of Independence doctrine of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," most of us would be at a loss to account for a re-classification of "labor" distinctions in such literal interpretation of the terms of the tradition. It upsets preconceived notions in quite a startling way, and puts present emphasis on a question we are given to asking vaguely: "Where is this sort of thing going to stop?"

Whatever the impelling motive that first led the Chicago teachers to organize a union, to offer combined resistance to some form or forms of petty tyranny, to end "the power of

special privilege," as one teacher put it, such motive has obviously a local rather than a general interest. It may have been a case of the political exaction. For in some American cities, not to include Chicago with no evidence at hand to warrant it, the shameful fact seems to be that public school teachers pay regular "assessments" to the dominant party "machine," and a percentage on the increased salary in case of a promotion, to the official or "boss" whose "influence" has secured it. But whatever there may have been originally behind the Chicago departure, its real significance lies in the final identification of the teachers with a "Central Labor Union." Of this the *American Federationist*, the official organ of the American Federation of Labor of which Mr. Gompers is president, gives an explanation as startling as the departure itself: The need of saving "the democracy of the public schools" from the dominance of university bias. The universities have been largely successful, the article charges, in an attempt "to compel the school course to conform to university requirements, thus making public high schools mere feeders for universities, instead of being the people's universities where the boys and girls of the poor could be trained for the real work of life." University dominance means adoption of "the Greek idea of contempt for manual labor"; a spirit "impervious to all appeals to associate for mutual helpfulness with any trade-union movement"; and the acceptance of a political economy representing "the old exploded school of 'grab-all' economists." In place of "a flexible public educational system which will accommodate itself to the changing industrial, economic, commercial, and social conditions of the people," we have a system modelled on that of "privately endowed educational institutions," which "must teach in accord with private interests or cease to teach." These conclusions are stated largely in the language of the Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics, whose report is quoted at length as authority for them.

Such a revelation of an unsuspected attitude toward university endowment by "private interests," insinuating sinister motives in the educational gifts of great wealth, presents in a new aspect the much-debated propriety of accepting such gifts from donors whose business methods are open to question. But of far greater importance is the direct issue thus raised of a divorce between the university and public school systems, for whose closer union, direct and indirect, through the summer school, the university extension course, and the pedagogic department of the university, all friends of popular education have been unanimously and earnestly striving. Does this apparent tacit endorsement, given as it is in an official explanation, commit a body of representative teachers to the new doctrine of delimiting education in antagonistic spheres? Is the long-settled belief in the solidarity of education, like many other inherited doctrines, now called upon to justify itself? A suggested answer to the first question is found in the cardinal principle of unionism, its most pernicious principle, President Eliot declares, that of subordinating individual development to the capacity of the average. To that principle, essentially hostile to independence or advance in education or professional life, do these Chicago teachers stand committed by their act in becoming "unionists?"

"I do not want to discuss the advisability of the Chicago public school teachers joining the Federation of Labor," says Professor Graham Taylor, "but I know that the action will be of immense benefit to the trade-unions. It will broaden their scope and bring to their assistance thousands of people who have hitherto opposed them." Perhaps. But there is more than a possibility that the modification will come from unionism, that the teachers, instead of broadening the scope of unionism, will find their own narrowed. The dominating force of unionism, its power of resistance, is extraordinary. This is a fact that must be reckoned with in any estimate of the effect of incorporating in it even a selected body of fresh members of a different point of view, such as teachers.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE PROPOSED BUILDING FOR ART EXHIBITIONS

THE artists who are associated together in groups, in the different art societies of New York, are asking the public or its wealthy members for a building in which exhibitions may be held. It is well to state the proposal and the demand in brief words: because the matter has more importance than will be allowed it by those who see in it merely a question of better opportunities for each artist to sell the works of art which he may produce. Even that demand would be reasonable! Even if there were nothing in the proposal more interesting to the community than the providing of such an exchange as that, the community might perhaps have a general interest in the matter. Even if the workers at fine art were convicted of seeking their own worldly advancement, their wishes might be considered. They have proved to be liberal-minded; for it is not the artists who ask for a duty on foreign works of art, or who begrudge the free coming in of what Europe and Asia have to offer, or who protest against the giving of commissions to French portrait-painters in the way of free choice and an open market. The artists are patient and reasonable; but they and the whole community are unable to deny that American work in fine art has received, as yet, less than its due. The artists must have a chance to sell if the community asks them to work, and a good chance to sell, if their work is to be good.

This would be well; but the New York proposal has much more in it than this. It is a proposal for enlightening the community; first directly, then indirectly by enlightening the artists. First, there should be an opportunity to hold exhibitions of fine art in a central location, central for non-residents as well as for citizens, and therefore on the line of communication between the different hotels, and also between the hotels generally and the great shops; and the accommodation should be so ample that many societies could exhibit at the same time. Second, the societies would work with more effect, if their own places of meeting were provided in the same building or group of buildings with the exhibition galleries.

II

IT will mislead the inquirer if he thinks about this scheme as one for a Parisian *salon*, or for something equivalent to what is known by that name in France. You cannot have such an exhibition out of France. There are reasons to believe that our present picture exhibitions, with the less frequent sculpture exhibitions, represent the American art world as fully as the two salons represent the French art world. Five hundred pictures and a few drawings in the United States assuredly stand for American art production, both in its quantity and in its value, as well as five thousand can be thought to represent what France is doing. There used to be one salon only, exhibiting three or four thousand pictures, a thousand or more works of sculpture, as many prints from engraved plates, and a very small number of works of decorative and industrial fine art. There are now two such exhibitions held every year, and the aggregate number of exhibits is increased, though perhaps not doubled; but no one is to assume that there are not other exhibitions, smaller exhibitions, private ones, held in Paris. There are as many of them as there are in New York, proportionally, which is another way of saying that there are five times as many. It has not been observable that the doubling the number of salon exhibitions has diminished the number of exhibitions at private galleries. Whatever may come of the housing under one roof of the two salons, as has now been achieved in *le Grand Palais*, left over from the exhibition of 1900, the change does not seem to have diminished the general interest in matters that are excluded from these two exhibitions; or which are not proposed to them—perhaps on the ground that they will be overwhelmed in the vast mass of exhibits, and therefore, as the owners or authors think, too much overlooked.

Let it be repeated, that as far as New York

is concerned, representing as it does a vast section of the country, the Academy of Design stands for one salon and the Society of American Artists for the other, fairly well. If the National Sculpture Society were to join forces with one or the other of the above-named societies, mainly of painters, that joint exhibition would be altogether equivalent, for us, to one or the other of the great Paris shows. It is a mere local accident or temporary lack of means that has caused sculpture to be separated from painting in our American gatherings of works of art; it so happens that for fifty years the painters had "flocked by themselves"; there being so few sculptors that the work of these latter was immediately caught up and utilized in public places and in public buildings, while the public was too ignorant to bear the exhibition of those original plasters which should have been chosen to send to the annual shows. The union of the Sculpture Society with either one of those societies which shows a great collection of paintings and water-color drawings every year, would produce approximately a salon; but this would not by any means fulfil the requirements of the moment, or satisfy at all those who are longing to get something valuable, something permanently useful by the concentration of artistic effort in one of the ways above suggested.

III

THERE comes from Paris itself a suggestion of the ideal salon.* It is urged that pictures are badly shown when they are hung on walls in endless succession, horizontally and vertically, without grouping, without the possibility of wise arrangement, without proper setting-off, without surroundings; set side by side in endless and unseizable quantity. To this proposition taken by itself the reader may not at once object; it may even seem a pleasant suggestion to him that, as is proposed by the reformers in question, the paintings shall be grouped with hangings, with decorative furniture, with such sculpture as will not by its white mass destroy the pictures in the neighborhood, with decorative objects set, not behind glass, but on pedestals and on tops of cabinets. That is tempting; one realizes that in his own apartments, if he be well-to-do, or in rooms which he loves to remember or to imagine. In a well-handled, private collection, things are arranged in this way, prettily combined one with another; even a precious painting on the wall helped by the neighborhood of other even if minor works of fine art, and helped, moreover, by such harmonies of color as are derived from the neighborhood of other paintings and from the background itself. The picture in question is not picked out for special insistence on the student's attention; it is when seen far more agreeably seen than if it had been more isolated. The reader will feel that if he had one hundred pictures of value he would not put them in a bare room which had nothing else in it; but then also he would feel that he would not invite as many people as that room would hold, to carry catalogues in their hands and jostle one another in the attempt to see his pictures. He would object to the one feature of a great public show as much as he would to the other. And so it is that it dawns upon the reformer that he is asking something which it would be quite immeasurably difficult to obtain. And, as one reads the arguments advanced by those who desire an ideal "salon," he sees that the grouping of furniture and vases, statuettes, and bijouterie, pictures and hangings, would involve such an encroachment upon the space left for the coming and going visitors and would involve such restrictions and police regulations and so much watchfulness on the part of the care-takers, that the first purpose of these great annual shows would be largely defeated.

On the other hand, it is very true that something might be done; and the annual exhibition of the Architectural League shows in a way what might be done. Great credit is due to the exhibition committees of that society for the independent way in which they have organized what they call their "Decoration" department. The rooms, which are more or less given up to the Sub-committee on Decoration, are used with great discretion, and color is combined with color, form with form, artistic thought with thought, design with design, in a very instructive fashion. It has not been found impracticable there to encroach even upon the floor space in a reasonable way, with decorative pieces of hard pottery, with large bronzes, with chests and screens. The owners and exhibitors of such pieces run a certain risk, of course; but so do those who

*See the Field of Art for November, 1901.

send an oil painting to an exhibition. There is a tacit agreement among the visitors, a bit of public spirit, which in some way prevents them from fingering the paintings or from poking their umbrellas into wood-carvings. It is indeed but seldom that injuries are heard of and those few are not often serious. A squabble once in every five or six years is the worst of the bad results so far reported; and the conclusion is that the committees who are trying to make their exhibits attractive will do more good than the theorists; for already in the exhibition above named, paintings are hung between "painted cloths" and are none the worse for the neighborhood—marbles grouped with rough designs in pottery and their beauty thereby enhanced. In what is said below about the inexpediency of confounding all the exhibits of the societies into one, there is no implication of any unwillingness to see works of art in different materials or inspired by different lines of thought so compared and contrasted that their difference is the more strongly visible.

IV

A YEAR ago in these columns* there was much insistence upon the great value to the artists and to the whole community of the different societies. Not all of those societies hold exhibitions. Some of them by their very nature are out of the way of doing so and others have not yet begun such work. It hardly appears that the Society of Mural Painters can hold an exhibition very often, because the display of two or three of the productions of its members for the year would fill a gallery; and then it is almost never practicable with our American habits of work to secure the loan of one of these mural pictures for a month; they are always wanted in a hurry, having been ordered about a year too late or called for a year too soon. The Sculpture Society suffers from the same obvious difficulty; but there is now so much sculpture produced that in spite of this a sort of exhibition has been brought together five times in the course of twice as many years. There are then, six societies which hold exhibitions nearly every year; three or four others which exhibit less frequently, and the immediate possibility of the foundation of other societies organized for special purposes, and, in some cases, really needed for the intellectual advancement of the artistic community. Once assume, as it is assumed in this paper, that the separate action of societies with special objects in view, is on the whole very desirable, and it will be found that there is a call for a Society of Portrait Painters, a Society of Glass Workers, with special reference to the making of ornamental windows—"stained glass" as the unlucky phrase puts it—and societies of workers in metal, pottery, and the like, organized to encourage and enlighten those much-needed and really patriotic members of the community who are trying to do needed work. There is, of course, somewhere in the country, a Society of Arts and Crafts which indeed has not yet exhibited in New York, but which, either in its own capacity, or through some of its off-shoots and imitators, may be expected to do so very soon. If not, a society of similar aims will grow up in New York; but this will be only a step toward the inevitable, an aid to the growth of the separate clubs of enlightened handicraftsmen. There is much to be desired and even much to be hoped for in the labor of those workmen at small enterprises of their own, the holders of pottery-making plants with one little kiln, the enamellers who have a single furnace not too big nor too hot to stand indoors, the makers of delightfully designed bindings who occupy a back room with a good, steady north light, the carvers who are not working for great furniture firms. The workers in pastel, striving to stimulate their beautiful art after a century of torpor; the wood-engravers, to whose work we are going to turn again, for pure fine art, as soon as the limitations for photographic copying become familiar; the etchers; the lithographic artists; the book-illustrators *as such*, with thoughts of a great past in their minds: all of these bodies and groups of workmen need their own associations and alliances.

Now what is it that forms the chief difficulty in the way of the foundation and prosperity of these associations large and small? It is the unreasonable cost of city rooms fit for the meetings of any such society no matter how small. The meeting-room must be in a place which the members will find it easy to reach; it must be pleasant, with a good light by day and a fair chance of illumination by night; it must be large enough to allow of the gradual accumulation of books or even of ob-

*See the Field of Art for December, 1901.

jects of art which, were the rooms themselves less costly, might be within the reach of the funds of each. The more successful of the art societies stagger under the burden of their annual rent, in whatever shape that rent presents itself. The hopefulness and the not wholly blamable ambition of each society causes it to aspire to larger and handsomer rooms than it can really pay for. To this there must be added the further great cost of the halls necessary for public exhibitions. If then it were possible to offer rooms to these societies at such a price as, for instance, they might be had in London or in any other city where the burden of daily outlay is less heavy than it is in New York, the first effect of this relieving of the burden might be to increase unreasonably the number of such societies; but this exaggeration of a healthy sentiment would soon disappear and the number of the societies come back to that which would be within the power of the artistic community to maintain in a fairly successful way.

Now, if there were any doubt of the inherent desirability of there being all these societies with separate objects, the solution of these problems would be easy—it is offered us every once in a while by persons who assume that the little societies should be fused into one big one "in order to concentrate the power of the artist world." But in fact it is exactly the need of the separate schemes, the separate whims, the separate advocacy of separate principles that makes these societies most useful; nor is it in any way likely that much intellectual advancement will come from the very large aggregations of artists which are proposed. The action of a very small society may not be so immediately visible, its utterances may not be as boldly pronounced and may not excite as much attention as might be desired, but the main thing is that the intelligence of its separate members shall be constantly cultivated and helped by their mutual aid. It is of but secondary importance that each society should be recognized by its public utterances; the important thing is that the members of each of these societies should encourage one another in such way that the separate work of the separate artists shall be bettered, as a final result.

V

ALL the considerations presented above seem to tell against the uniting of the different exhibitions into one annual show. There is, however, every reason why there should be simultaneous exhibitions; it would even be a delightful thing if the student could walk out of the room where the paintings are shown into the larger and differently lighted hall where the sculpture of the year would stand about or would be raised upon walls and screens. Again it would be altogether desirable if the maker of especially decorative furniture should be able to compare his own ways of design with those of the jeweller, for instance. Nor should there be any hindrance to the competition of the great commercial houses. If the employers on a great scale of skilled labor and artistic taste would exhibit the proceeds of such labor and taste for direct comparison with the work of those artists who are working at their own expense and risk, the field would be enlarged and unquestionably a vastly greater interest would inhere in the whole combined display. Things cannot be conducted on too great a scale, if they are intelligently conducted; no one will object to a huge building with twenty galleries of different sizes, ten of them devoted to the uses of certain societies, while the other ten stand waiting for the larger needs of the occasional great general display, or again for hiring out to private persons who have a show of art to undertake. No one can object to such an enterprise on however great a scale. Something of this kind was undertaken under excellent management in the case of the handsome house built in West Fifty-seventh Street; and the experience gained by the managers of that society is undoubtedly at the service of the community when a greater scheme shall be in hand.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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